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OLD AND NEW

VOLUME IV

JULY 1871, TO JANUARY 1872

“Tear the thick veils God’s works that fold,
And let the light of God shine through :
The rent is new, the light is old,—
Old as Himself, and always new”

THE WIDOW OF NAIN

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OLD AND NEW.

VOL. IV.—JULY, 1871.—No. 1.

“ Thus what is persecuted here finds refuge there; and ever, one way or other, the New works itself out full-formed from under the Old: nay, the Old, as in this instance, sits sedulously hatching a cockatrice that will one day devour it.”

CARLYLE ON DIDEROT.

THE editor of “ OLD AND NEW ” had gone to Middletown, that most lovely of towns in the Connecticut Valley, if it can be said that one town is more lovely than another there when “ May decks the world.” Nothing could have been lovelier when “ Arthur filled the throne.” The editor had gone to address the convention of delegates of ALPHA DELTA PHI, one of the oldest and largest of the affiliated college literary societies, in which, in his boyhood, he had done some of the first literary work of his life. So, as the rest of the editorial staff met on the piazza, their talk naturally fell upon colleges, college life, and college systems, the New Education and the Old.

“ All that I complain of,” said Haliburton, “ is that people keep talking to me of their experiments in this business. First, because I do not care to have experiments tried on boys or girls of mine; second, because these experiments, as they call them, have all been tried, and the results are known by all people of intelligence.”

Ingham intimated, that, as usual when Haliburton gave two reasons, they were inconsistent with each other. And Felix Carter said, “ What do you mean when you say the experiments have been tried before ? ”

“ I mean,” persisted Haliburton, “ that about half of what I hear and read here about introducing into our colleges the system of universities has been fairly tried in the University of Virginia a generation ago; and that, if you could bend your proud necks so far as to make any inquiries there as to how it worked, you would save yourself the necessity of experimenting on my poor children.” (N.B. Haliburton’s children are none of them more than six years old; and the boy is but three months old.) “ That is what I mean by saying that

the experiments have been tried, and need not be tried again if we did not prefer trying experiments to doing our duty."

"I remember very well," said Felix, "that that white-kid-gloved Chippeway chief used to prefer begging money in New York and Boston for buying hoes, to any practical weeding of corn with the hoes in any part of Ojibwadam, wherever that may be. Is it, perhaps, more pleasant for a college president to construct a new system for his college, than grimly to address himself to the business of meeting a class of seniors every day, and explaining to them the difference between Horace Greeley's systems of political economy and Mr. Tweed's?"

Ingham said he would not stand by, and hear any college professors abused; that they were a long-suffering and under-paid set of men. For his part, he had never found out why they did not enter the Sandemanian ministry, or go into the employ of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

"As for the Telegraph Company," said Hackmatack, "I suppose it goes against their consciences to charge the high rates for messages, and then have their errand-boys stop and play jackstones instead of delivering them. But I tell any of you, that if you were ever the trustee of a Western college, making its reputation, you would learn to have a very high opinion of the pluck, courage, versatility, and manhood of college professors. I agree with you, Ingham, that something ought to be done about their salaries, — unless you put it frankly on the ground that the world is not worthy of them."

"Mr. Loomis told me a curious thing," said Ingham. "He had had a good deal of your trustee experience; and he said that you must, in practice, rely on your invested funds entirely for the salaries of your professors; that you would want the students' fees for your fuel and janitors and college-grounds and repairs and printing, and all these incidentals. If you had good luck, the term-money might pay a tutor or two; but you had no right to appoint a professor unless you had a regular income with which to pay him."

"Well," said George Hackmatack, "I never put it in that form; but substantially that is my experience in the Great Western. I will tell you another thing. In these new colleges, which have their reputation to make, you will have about fifteen or sixteen students for every *bona fide* professor. If you try to make a great programme, and persuade people that you can do greater things than your neighbors, you will come to grief, unless you have men enough for teachers to meet your pupils thoroughly. There are no judges so keen as the average student as to how well the work of a college is done. The

older colleges seem to get along with rather smaller staffs in proportion to their numbers."

Ingham said that the item of students' fees was disappearing from the ways and means of the colleges at the West; that in more and more instances the tuition was given free. "But," he said, "I do not regard this as any decided change of system. The charges for instruction have always been a great deal less than was paid for instruction."

"I read," he said, "every circular that I receive from every college; and I am fond of visiting colleges when I am off on a tour. After all the statements which you receive from this or that institute, that they have hit on something wholly new, there are possible but five systems; and all those systems are now on trial in America.

"1. You may make one course, and say that the student shall follow that. This is the old system, the system now of the high schools, the system of West Point, and of most of the theological seminaries. It is indeed the system for attaining a special end when you have found out what that end is.

"2. You may have two or more such ends. Then you may bring together, nominally in one university, two different colleges to fit men for these two ends. Thus you may have a law and medical college under the same board of trustees. The students in these colleges may not know each other's faces, nor ever meet each other.

"This is the arrangement at this moment at New Haven, not simply of their law and theological schools, but, in their under-graduate life, of their academic and scientific students. The scientific student never goes to a recitation in what you would call the old college, nor, *vice versa*, does the academic student go to a scientific recitation. With slight exceptions, the professors are distinct, the libraries are distinct, the students' lives and occupations are distinct. The scientific students, for instance, do not enter the academic societies, and *vice versa*. I have to use this word, "academic," to denote the old-fashioned college.

"3. It is easy to conceive, however, that, from either side of this Jordan, people may look across, and covet what is on the other side. To meet that passion for 'excursions' across the border, you may arrange your plan so that every student shall look each study in the face, and say 'Yes' or 'No' to it; as, in dancing the German, he does or does not dance with each lady. Tom will study Latin, civil engineering, metaphysics, the history of the middle ages; and William, who came with him, will study Greek, architecture, the history of morals, and analytic chemistry. This is substantially what is offered in many of the Western programmes. It is a good deal limited, in fact, by

the sheer inability in any staff to do what is thus proposed, and by the insanity of the courses the boys would elect if they were really left as free as the programmes say.

"4. Recoiling from this license, misnamed freedom, you may group your studies into three, four, five, or six courses; and you may let your student take one or other of these, with an occasional and exceptional 'elective' from the other side the line. This is substantially what they propose at Cornell and at Ann Arbor; and they have carried it out at the University of Virginia for many years. You will read with great interest our account of their plans.

"5. You may begin your course on one of these plans, and then may adopt another as you go on. This is what we do at Cambridge, where for the freshman year the class is kept substantially together, with a view, I think, of letting them find out where they are themselves, and letting their instructors find out. At the end of the freshman year, a student may abandon Latin, Greek, and even mathematics, and 'elect' from the whole range of the college. Only he must elect enough to keep him fully employed. The Cambridge plan is therefore my No. 1 for the freshman year, and No. 4 for the three remaining years."

"Do you suppose they would let a young man enter sophomore at Cambridge without knowing any Greek or Latin? Suppose he only wanted to pursue their scientific or philosophical studies, and did not mean to follow the classics?"

"No: they would not. And I believe the line they draw is philosophical and practical. You see their whole plan is to raise their standard so that the academies and high schools shall send them young men who can really use these languages. They mean to insist that there shall be a working knowledge of them. Beyond that the student may make his own election."

"In looking over the various accounts which these gentlemen have given us of their various colleges, I have been greatly interested in seeing that each one has its special point of interest and value."

"That is what the editor asked for. Of course, all colleges resemble each other in many points,—if you please, in most points. What 'OLD AND NEW' undertakes to show, in our 'Commencement Number,' is the distinctive features in which the American colleges differ from each other,—the special points of which the professors or the governors are proud. They all verify what Dr. Irons says, rather more epigrammatically than Carlyle, that 'the New World and new society is constituted out of materials furnished and partly shaped by the Old.'"

UPS AND DOWNS.

A NOVEL IN THIRTY CHAPTERS.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

CHAPTER I.

It was the day before Commencement at Cambridge; and they sat together in Massachusetts Twenty-seven, the pleasantest room in the oldest building inhabited by students in Harvard College.

It was the pleasantest room then, I think it probably is now. It overlooks both the "yard," that is the College yard, and the "Common," that is the Common of the town. Jasper had lived in Massachusetts Twenty-seven for two years. In summer he had a spyglass hanging by a cord from the open window, ready to be trained on any passer, near or distant. He said, that, though a wayfarer were passing a quarter-mile away, a shrill shriek for an instant would make him turn an unsuspecting look directly to the spyglass. Nay! It would make her turn, if the object of the reconnoissance were a she.

Here they sat in Massachusetts Twenty-seven. The work, and even the play, of the four college years were over, — the next day was to graduate them, to give them their grade in life; and the next day they were to be men, to instruct and astonish a waiting world.

Preparatory to which they were sitting, most of them on the two hinder legs of their chairs, some of them smoking, and all of them occasionally sipping, — not juleps, not cocktails, not smashes of any form, but iced lemonade. Such was the daily entertainment in Massachusetts Twenty-

seven. Jasper was the great unrequited discoverer of the scientific fact, that, if the ice-man come late, you can keep ice for six hours in the pail in the wash-stand. For these six hours the hospitable entertainment above described endured for all comers, — generally indeed protracted till the six o'clock bell for evening prayers, which were then one of the institutions of the University.

— "The best education our country can afford!" said Horace, laughing.

"Top-notch and nothing less!"

"And, at the end of four years, we are here smoking and laughing, with no more idea what we will do with the best education our country can afford, than we had the day we first saw each other, in our freshman round jackets and swallow-tails."

"St. Leger, what have you done with that olive-green frock?"

"Don't laugh at the olive-green! I will wear it on the stage to-morrow if you make fun of it. How queer it was that day! Those two examination days were the hardest days I have ever spent here!"

"Of course they were. Is that perhaps one of the dodges of what they call Life, — that the gates are made narrow so that one shall be more at ease when he gets in?"

"I believe I knew the multiplication table better than I do now. Jasper, what is nine times eight?"

"Dear old Watrous!" said Jasper, to whom the question recalled some sophomore story, "he is probably now on the topmast of his beloved 'Marie

Antoinette,' and she is tossed on the top wave of the highest curved meridian of the Pacific Ocean; and Watrous, with his weak eyes, is looking for fish, and cursed by an exuberant captain below, because he does not cry 'There she blows!'"

"Stuff!" said St. Leger, between the curls of his cigar. "Watrous is lying on the turf in the Friendly Islands, and two lovely Tahitian girls are fanning him with palm-leaves."

"I hope so," said Horace; "but, in the Friendly Islands, they eat white people alive, and there are no Tahitian girls within two thousand miles."

"How can you be so statistical? Do you remember how we all deaded when George Simmons asked us whether London or Amsterdam were the more northerly?"

"I remember we deaded. I forget what he asked us. That is the curse of such questions. For, if he asked me to-day, I should not know any better than I knew then. Yet that afternoon I must have known, after he told me."

"And you are the man who has the best education his country can afford!"

"Yes: you see unfortunately my country could not afford a Malte-Brun professor of Geography. I know as much of Amsterdam—and as little—as I did the day I came here!"

"I mean to go to Amsterdam," said Jasper. "Dr. Palfrey told me he spent a day there. Then I shall know where it is. That is the only way. I don't wonder so many fellows go to Europe."

"No, nor I, when they have a maternal relative to pay the bills, as you have. When shall I make you understand, Jasper, that that carnal advantage which you enjoy, unimpor-

tant, indeed, to the philosopher, materially changes the character of some people's aspirations and projects. Here am I, wondering how I am to pay Madam Hyde for the patches on the trousers I wear, the strap-buttons on those I don't wear, and the silk gown I am to wear to-morrow,—and I am invited to go to Holland with a gentleman whose friends fear to trust him on the other side of the ocean alone, who has a wild desire to ascertain the position of Amsterdam. Yet no man explains to me first how Mrs. Hyde is to be paid,—second, how my stateroom is to be provided."

"Ma'am Hyde is not married: she is an ancient virgin, vulgarly called an old maid."

"She is a nice old soul anyway, and has been very kind to me. But I wish you would not turn the conversation from this subject of finance. I do not suppose we all mean to go through the world the beggars, or putative beggars, that we are."

"What does putative mean?"

"What does beggar mean? I have begged for nothing. I have only said that I have the best education my country can afford, and I have meekly inquired what I am to do with it. Can any man inform me? Where is a market for abscissas and ordinates? Who will give me my living in return for an adequate explanation of the meaning of the word asymptote?"

"I would have given five dollars to anybody who would have provided me with it one day when I had the blackboard before me and Pierce behind me."

"Had you only had the five dollars to give! I find those most willing to recompense me for my wares who have nothing but good wishes to give."

"We are in the prime of life now;

we may forget about these asymptotes and paroxytons. I am shaky myself; and what can I hope for from the rest of you? Is there, then, no method by which we can store away what we now have and enjoy, for the blessing of after days?"

"When we are on the shady side of thirty, like that fellow with the manilla-stick that came into Commons yesterday."

"Yes, think of it; the days will come when we are no longer in the graduating class; when ten graduating classes are behind us; when eager statesmen, looking for young life to recruit the treasury benches in Congress, will no longer send us private despatches, such as Jasper expects to receive to-morrow; when careful papas, desirous to find safe tutors who shall escort two brave boys and one lovely blonde, — oh, so lovely! — through Europe, will no longer address themselves to Horace, as he expects to be addressed to-morrow; when a new-founded university at the West, represented at our annual games by a committee of ten trustees seeking a president, will no longer wait upon me impressively, as I expect them to do to-morrow. More briefly spoken, the days will come when we are aged men, when we are past thirty. What shall we have laid up in provision for those years?"

"What indeed, seeing we have nothing to lay?"

"There must be something that improves by age, which, perhaps, by borrowing from Jasper a little capital, we could store up now, which at thirty will be so valuable that we shall in that dotage be able to sell it for enough to pay him, and to provide for the decline of life. What is there which grows more valuable as it grows older?"

"Is that a conundrum?"

"Conundrum? no! It is a most serious question, bearing on the whole future of life."

"What grows better as it grows older? I thought everybody knew. Wine does."

"Yes," said Horace pensively; "but it is very hard to keep it. Is there nothing but wine?"

"Trees," said Jasper. "Soap," said Gilman. "Paper," said Ferguson. "There is a note my father sent me yesterday, on paper ten years old: see how hard and firm that is!"

"Wine, soap, paper, trees. Can that be all? And none of us have any wine or trees or paper; and we have only five half-cakes of soap between us. Jasper will have to lend us a good deal."

"Perhaps Jasper will save us the other half of the trouble by buying the wine, the soap, the paper, and the trees, and keeping them for us. Is not there at the Grange some cluster of tight old barns, which could be locked up, and marked St. Leger, Ferguson, Gilman, and Haliburton, in which from time to time, as good wine, soap, paper, and trees turned up, you could store them away for us? Or the trees might stay out doors."

"Plenty of them," said Jasper, laughing, "without buying. Come and see the Grange, and you shall all make your own arrangements. I have told them, Horace, that you will arrive with me; and, if the rest of you fellows would come before August, it would be jolly."

Jasper Rising, the host in this interview, and the centre indeed of the circle wherever they were, had fairly earned the thorough love and thorough respect with which the others regarded him, in the well-worked and well-crowded and well-amused college-life

which was ended on this day. He had been sent to college by the relative of whom the boys had spoken as his "maternal uncle," one of Nature's noblemen, who, having early struck off westward, self-reliant and enduring, had, before twenty years, established on Lake Michigan an immense lumber business, receiving timber from every stream in a principality, cutting it in his own mills, and delivering it where most needed in the then new region of the north-west. All this work left him none the less the chance and the time to do what was a thousand times better, — to build up "the Grange," which was the most comfortable and home-like of homes. Since Jasper was a child, he had lived here with his widowed mother so long as she lived, who was not the sister of John Hughitt, but a cousin of some distant remove. But he was fond of her, and she of him; and when his wife fell ill, and dragged along a wretched career of invalidism, Mrs. Rising, who went there first as a guest, and then staid because she could not be spared, became gradually installed as the domestic head of the immense establishment. Jasper always called John Hughitt "uncle;" and John Hughitt loved him and treated him as if he had been the son who in truth died in his cradle. When the time came, he sent the boy to college, — he had taken infinite pride in his success, — and now Jasper was to go back with "the best education his country could afford" to work his way as he could into the management of the mills, and the immense mercantile and financial interests connected with them. He was, indeed, virtually John Hughitt's son, and was so regarded by his friends. Of the five young friends who sat finishing his ice, or looking out through

his spyglass, or in otherwise awaiting evening prayers, he was the only one whose future seemed to be definitely determined.

"I say, Jasper," said Horace Kenney, after they had finished the plan for the storehouses, "did you see old Bernhardt?"

"Of course I did," said Jasper. Bernhardt was the leader of the band which was to play at Commencement.

"Did you ask him about the Adelaïde?"

"Adelaïde! Jove, no! What possessed me! I forgot it clean and clear. I must have been crazy. But, — I don't know, — he was full of some stuff about two trombones. Is it too late now?"

"Too late! of course it is, you good soul; and it does not make the least matter. Who cares whether the Adelaïde is played or not? Like enough Miss Marshall will never think of it again. If she does, of course she will not care."

"But I care," said Jasper. "I don't see how I forgot it. I mean to go in now and see Bernhardt. I told you she should have the Adelaïde, and she shall; besides, I want to see that fellow about my uncle's shot-bag. Who of you fellows wants to go in? I can be back to chapel."

But they all tried to persuade him not to go. Horace cursed himself for having said any thing about the Adelaïde. But the truth simply was, that Miss Marshall had spoken pleasantly of the air, and Horace had said it should be played at Commencement, and Jasper had undertaken to see to it. This being so, they might as well have turned to heaving the half-finished Bunker Hill Monument over, as to stop him. He bade them make themselves comfortable, and crossed alone to Stearns's, to drive a little mare into

Boston, give his order about the march, inquire about his uncle's shot-bag, do one other errand if there were time, and be back for their last meeting at chapel and tea.

"What a good fellow he is!" said Horace, as he ran down stairs. "There is not a fellow in the class who deserves Jasper's luck as Jasper does."

"Born with a silver spoon, and has always known how to use it."

CHAPTER II.

"HOBSON'S choice," as we are taught by John Milton, was the choice which was given to the Cambridge undergraduates of his day, by the man to whom they went to hire horses. "You must have the beast who is next the door or none," said Hobson then.

But Stearns, of our New Cambridge stable, in these days of which I write, knew no such arbitrary law; and the pretty, glossy little Morgan mare, which was led out and harnessed into a "buggy" at Jasper's order, knew his hand and touch and voice as well as did the favorite in his uncle's stable at the Grange. Jasper had driven her, whenever he drove at all, now for three years. Stearns always managed to have her ready at Jasper's order, — having, perhaps, a fine instinct which taught him when Jasper would come to use her. "She is mine, pretty creature, to the extent of sixpence," Jasper used to say, quoting what was one of the latest Carlylisms of the time. But the sixpence was a large one. For had anybody footed up the three "term-bills" which Stearns sent to Jasper every year, and which Mr. Hughitt punctually paid, he would have seen that the mare was his to an extent much larger by that count than was his horse at home. In the three years that he used her, those

"term-bills" would have paid for her three times over.

"I shall be back before prayers," said Jasper to the hostler; and, as he looked at his watch, he saw that he had an hour and fifty minutes for his three errands.

Let it be observed to distant readers, that, as the bird flies, the farthest point he was to go to was not four miles away. But, in those primeval days, the only public conveyance at Jasper's command was a long four-horse omnibus, such as is now unknown in all parts of the world, unless they use them in Alaska, which once an hour would have carried Jasper to Boston. Under the agreement which the young men had made to meet at evening prayers, the omnibus was useless to Jasper.

"Is it the last time, Puss, that you and I shall go over the causeway together?" said Jasper, almost aloud, as the little creature rushed toward town with him. "How little while it is since I learned your merits, pretty one, — that day of the Watertown picnic, when Alice Cohoes and I were all too late, when she would have been mortified if we had reported long after the rest of the party, and when my pretty Puss took that long upper road with us, did four miles in seventeen minutes, and then paced into the village ahead of all the rest of them, as slow and demure as any of the old Quakers on the road." Thus his soliloquy went on, — and one and another memory of Alice Cohoes came into it, and of Pauline and the Leslies, and wonders that all the people of his sophomore year should have scattered so, — wonders whether Alice liked her new husband as well as the husband liked her, — wonders what women found to like in such veterans. The new husband was, in fact, twenty-seven years

old, — six years Jasper's senior. Ah! it was a short ride, before Puss brought him to the toll-house, and stopped of her own accord that he might pay his toll.

After the bridge was crossed, no more such two-forty trotting. Perhaps Jasper really loved the little mare most for what he called the divine instinct, by which she accommodated herself to relations, as different from those of the Arabian deserts, as are the entanglements of the narrow streets of Boston. Never did he need this instinct more than he did to-day. For, when he rendered himself at the office where the Boston Brigade Band received its orders, it dawned on him for the first time, that the band did not sit at the office all day and all-night, tuning their horns or practising marches. The office, on the contrary, proved to be a snuffy little room up two flight of stairs, the door of which no one had even taken the precaution to lock, seeing there was nothing to steal there but a rusty stove, two armchairs, and a "Herald" seven days old, — a room in which you could not play a trombone, and in which, at this moment, there was not so much as one weary arpeggio note still resounding from the forgotten end of the finest twiddle of the last quickstep of the month's practice.

Jasper stamped round, — knocked on the door, — knocked at all the doors, — went down stairs and knocked, — went up stairs and knocked, — and disinterred at last a frightened copying girl, who was making a transcript of a long mortgage deed to be ready in the morning.

No, — she knew nothing about the Brigade Band, — believed their office was down stairs, did not know when they came, did not know when they went away, did not know if they had

any secretary, far less knew who he was, — did not know any thing, in short.

And, as Jasper retired, he was just "mad" enough to say to himself, she did not want to know any thing. But she did, — that girl did, — she wanted at that moment very much to know how she could get the grease out of the front breadth of her new merino. I believe she also wanted to know the significance of the myth of Ceres. Most Boston girls of her time did whom I knew. But of this I am not certain.

The Directory served Jasper better. The Directory showed that the secretary of the band was Mr. Shrapnel, and that Mr. Shrapnel lived in Berlin Court. The Directory also showed that Berlin Court opened from Menotomy Street, that Menotomy Street ran from Sun-moon Street across to Merrimac Street. With the last name Jasper was familiar; and so, after long delay in these tentations into which he had been led, he began an experiment in Boston geography.

He was rapidly threading Sudbury Street where it runs down hill, — when he met his destiny. Under the edge of the quaint old house which still stands there, a crowd had assembled so dense that he had to check the mare again, and in a moment, being part of the crowd now, to ask what was the matter. A teamster — not drunk, — no, sorry — had made a botch in turning the corner, his wheels had slipped, so that, in spite of him, he had backed with his heavy load upon the sidewalk, — a frightened little German boy had been thrown down and badly jammed. This was the story.

Puss again, the little Morgan mare, understood her part, — to possess her soul in patience, and stand harmless and unharmed. Jasper

was on the sidewalk in a moment, — in a minute he understood the trouble. The little boy was in the lap of a motherly woman who sat on the door-steps. The medical student who had been improvised, pronounced, what everybody knew, that the poor little leg was broken. All this time the child was screaming, the teamster protesting sorrow, the crowd maledicting, and most persons advising. But Jasper, in a moment, discerned that the child was not friendless, — the girl with a loaf of bread was the child's sister. Only the girl could not speak English. Nor, for that matter, could Jasper speak much German. But thanks to five or six terms of Follen's German Reader and Hermann and Dorothea, — thanks to dear Roelker, whom so many men since and before have thanked, — thanks to a warm heart and determined resolution, — Jasper made out, through the girl's repressed sobs, what her agonized words meant; and he made her understand, that, if she would sit in the buggy, he would lift the little one upon her lap on the seat, and would lead Puss to the home, — wherever the home might prove to be. It was bad German which said all this; but the poor child understood enough. She climbed to the seat; the motherly woman lifted the screaming boy there, with help from the teamster, and hindrance from twenty others; Jasper took the little mare by the head, and, guided by two capless and hatless boys, who were delighted to be of importance, led her from corner to corner, not far, to the two German children's home. Here he rang loudly. In a moment the excited and wondering mother appeared; and, in a minute more again, Jasper and she had carried the poor little fellow to a bed. Jasper

made offers about going for a doctor; but there was no need. A bigger boy, who knew where to go, was sent, and Jasper saw that he was not needed. The house was comfortable enough, — a little two-story brick house, in which, had he only known it, these people occupied two rooms on the lower floor. They thanked him civilly for his attention. He promised to call before the week was over, and see how the little Wilhelm was. He found Puss the admired centre of all the boys of the neighborhood, took his seat again, and again started for the discovery of Berlin Court. This time no accident intervened. What was more, Mr. Shrapnel was at home. "Would he bid the band bring the Adelaïde?" Would he? Of course he would. They had selected it to bring. If the gentleman would look he would see. Here it was, in the trombone's music. Adelaïde! Of course they would bring that! In fact, it seemed as if they had never thought of bringing any thing beside! Jasper left, with that cheap feeling to which boys of twenty are too often reduced by pretenders who have a little more brass than they, — that he was simply a fool, — at least, he thought he had given two hours, more or less, to a fool's errand.

He looked at his watch to see he had thirty-five minutes. Five minutes finished the message for the shot-bag, — two minutes more bought four cakes of brown Windsor soap for a joke on the fellows, — five minutes creeping brought him to the Boston toll-house, — and then, "Now's your time, Puss," — and by the middle road to Stearns's, eleven minutes and a half took him to Dr. Webster's house. There Puss and he assumed a gait more sedate; and just as Paddy Kiernan, the "janitor," was begin-

ning to ring the first bell for evening prayers, Jasper walked into Massachusetts Twenty-seven.

The adventure was nothing in itself. But it seemed worth while to tell it here in the beginning of this story. Because, so far as I know, it was in this adventure, that, for the first time, Jasper met his destiny. This tearful, brown-faced Bertha, who had hardly made out his German, and hardly made him understand hers, — this girl of the heavy shoes, the loaf of bread, the freckled face, and the wounded brother, was to be the woman to whom Jasper was one day to give the whole treasure of a man's love, and who was to give him the whole treasure of a woman's. Neither of them dreamed of this, this evening, nor thought of the other for a moment. But, after many ups and downs, this was to come. And to tell the progress of those ups and downs is the business of this story.

CHAPTER III.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

A BRIGHT morning, presaging a hot day. But no danger of rain! The class, that year, breakfasted with the President, in a comfortable, rambling old wooden house, which still stands, — which was, in those days, the abode of a hearty and noble hospitality. Then, by gatherings and marshallings and calls of the classes, well known to Harvard men, the procession of graduates was formed, to move to the church under the escort of the seniors. He whom they had nicknamed St. Leger, whose real name was Asaph Ferguson, was one of the marshals, chosen by the class for good address, handsome face and figure, and ready tact. He

and Follett were here and there and everywhere, making old gentlemen fall in, respectfully notifying professors and other dons that all was ready, — waving batons forward to Mr. Bernhardt and his band, and backward to loiterers who had not found their places in time, — and at last the class, radiant in shiny new round hats, headed by the band, who were playing the march in *Der Freischutz*, moved along the front of University and Holworthy, followed by what, in their young enthusiasm, they really thought was one half of the wisdom, science, eloquence, and wit of America. For these boys, let us confess it, had not yet learned much of their own country or its greatness.

The class numbered about seventy. Of the seventy, some thirty, or less, marched in silk gowns, mostly of the most flimsy and perilous material, but still unquestionably silken. The academical customs had almost faded out. It was only on two or three state occasions that these robes were worn. And no man dreamed of adding to his permanent wardrobe such a garment, for the improbable chance or the infrequent ceremony when it might be used. But to prepare for such exigencies, their loyal friend, of whom Jasper's comrades in Massachusetts spoke so gratefully, — who repaired the rents of the cricket ground and the Delta, restored buttons which had vanished, and, in general, cared for decaying broadcloth, kept a narrow store of silk gowns, sufficient for Exhibition purposes; and for a wretched half dollar, the boys might hire one. These were the flimsier of the flying robes of the procession. Their number was eked out by those which other boys had borrowed from their friends among

the neighboring clergy, — so that, by hook and crook, the procession assumed the semblance of academic dignity.

Arrived at the church, the seniors opened to the right and left; and the procession passed through, followed then by their young escort, who gathered in the front pews. The president, the venerable Josiah Quincy, took his place in the pulpit of the church; which was surrounded, for the occasion, by a large temporary platform, through which, here and there, appeared some mysterious pinnacles of painted wood, — a part of the architecture never very intelligible, and wholly inexplicable now that their basis was concealed.

The fact that near thirty of the young men wore silk gowns, was sufficient evidence that there were to be the same number of addresses, longer or shorter. One's rank might then be measured by the length of his address. If it were four minutes long, it was the minimum of honor; if it were fifteen minutes, it was what they now call *summa cum laude*. Thus, as in most things, do academical authorities reverse the judgments of an active world. There was one result of this multitude of speakers, which later authorities at Cambridge have forgotten. To hear each of the speakers came a certain clientèle of his friends or relatives. The church, therefore, though of considerable size, was in those days crowded with an audience, in which, tired though it soon was, there was one sympathetic corner for each speaker. In later days, they have reduced the length of the exercises two-thirds, by diminishing the number of the speakers in a larger proportion. The audience diminishes in precisely the same ratio with the speakers.

Of our five friends of Massachusetts Twenty-seven, Horace did the salutatory Latin. He *salved* the old men and the old women, the professors and the tutors, the sophomores and the freshmen, and drew the annual laugh as he looked at the galleries on both sides, blazoned with thin muslins and pink ribbons, — pink was in that year, — and *salveted* "*vos quoque* the pretty girls who have done us the honor to take a part in our annual solemnity." All our friends had something or other to say upon the stage, in colloquy, dissertation, or oration. Probably not one of them would have crossed the street to change his college-rank by one or two grades; but all of them were glad to be among the "first twenty." And all this speaking, and the music of the band which came in for relief sometimes, lasted, hour after hour, — hear this, degenerate moderns, — from nine in the morning till after two in the afternoon! "The fellows" went out, and they came in; they lounged in the bookstore, they swung on certain chains in the yard; they gave the last orders to the men who were arranging for them entertainments for their friends, — not then called "spreads" as now; they hurried back to the church, to hear one favorite of the class or another. But there was one close rally of them and of all the audience, as the game drew near its conclusion, as everybody else had been bowled out by the unwearied president, and Jasper stepped forward, a little pale, but with almost a smile on his face, to deliver the closing oration, — the first honor of the day.

No: it makes little difference what were the words in which his subject was printed on the bill, "Modern Conservatism," "The Demand of

our Time," "New Light and More," "The Lesson of To-day," — they call it one thing or another: that matters little. These timid but courageous young fellows, anxious and confident at once, who have spent four years in studying antiquity, but have spent the latter part of those four years in forecasting their own future, if they are true to themselves, always hit on substantially the same line of emotion, — it is scarcely thought, — and, by whatever name they call their essay, they try to show us in the same moment the result of their retrospect, and the cheerfulness of their outlook. Jasper's "oration" was moulded chiefly around certain things, which had impressed him in the history of the Greek democracies. He knew next to nothing about them, as how should he? Nobody had told him! But in the I. O. H. Library he had found "Thirlwall's History of Greece," which had not long been printed; and he was in fresh amazement over what he thought its revelations. Of some of the things he had learned there, he spoke now, — spoke, he it remembered, in words which he had written down; then copied, then revised under the careful eye of Prof. Edward Channing, (blessing and honor be on his name!) which then he had committed word by word to memory, and had repeated in one or two "rehearsals" before an instructor in elocution. Think of the eloquence likely to follow such a process!

But Jasper was handsome, graceful, and confident. Whatever else he knew, he knew that he could repeat the words of this oration, though he were burning at the stake. He looked, only too carelessly, round upon the assembly, and began. His eye fell on one and another of the favorite belles

in the gallery: he even noticed Miss Marshall, and was pleased to see that she was there. And as he went mechanically on with Bœotia and Epaminondas, he was thinking of the Adelaïde, and wondering if she had noticed it. His eye ranged out at the open door; and he could see a lobster-man weighing a lobster in the street; was even amused with the dumb-show, as the purchaser counted out his pence, Jasper's lips going steadily on with the thirty tyrants of Athens and their fall, till he was fairly startled when he detected himself in this odious parrot's talk, and compelled himself, by an effort of which he was conscious, to return to some thought of what he was saying, and to renew the interest which its idea had for him when he began. He compelled himself with some success. His eye lighted, fortunately for him, on two fine boys, who, in a favorable seat, were leaning forward, their arms just supported by the top of a pew, and drinking in his words as if he were an oracle. Jasper's eyes ceased wandering, and fixed on the eyes of one of these boys. He even forgot the rest of his audience, as he spoke to him, and, with a revulsion, of which he was himself aware, spoke with a tone now wholly real and natural, as if the words were new to him, when at the end of a paragraph he came upon the epigram, —

"Never did Senate of Greeks rise to the sacrifices of Christian patriotism. Separate men were unselfish; but never did an assembly act as one. We must come later down, into another civilization, before we find a unanimous Senate, of one heart and one soul, pledge to a country just born in throes of agony, their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors."

There was a freshness in the tone which struck on the jaded audience like water-drops on the dry desert.

From the seniors before him, from old men behind them, even from women in the galleries, there came a hearty round of hand applause; not the noisy manufacture of a sympathetic *claque*, but the genuine sympathy of an assembly which believed. Jasper waited till it seemed over, tried to begin then with, —

“The lesson which Athens teaches,” — as it was writ down on the manuscript which the good old President held behind him, but was interrupted by a second and by a third wave of the same applause, which then died unwillingly away. When it was hushed, Jasper stepped forward again to say, —

“The lesson which Athens teaches” — and in the instant felt that he had forgotten this catch-word, and had no idea where he was to begin. He had been wholly absorbed, as the applause spent itself, in watching the eagerness of the two boys who were his audience.

It was a trifle in itself, that slip of memory: it was probably to Jasper one of the prime blessings of his early life. For by a divine instinct, by a rapidity of perception for which words have no name, he knew that he had lost the catch-word; and he did not care that he had lost it. He did not sacrifice the infinitesimal differential of the millionth part of a second in seeking for it. What he was there for, as he now felt, though it had never crossed his mind before, was that those two eager boys, who would be freshmen to-morrow night, should take true views and manly, of the place of men in a republic. He saw that they believed in him, whoever they were. He saw that he had a golden oppor-

tunity with them. Perfectly careless, therefore, for the loss of the catch-word, perfectly careless of what he had written down, perfectly careless of himself, he went on speaking across the audience to those two.

“You see, do you not? I am sure you see, or I can make you see, that so long as those men thought of themselves, — of their own eating and drinking, their own clothes and houses, their jealousies and quarrels, — they were thinking of things so small that they could not be great men. You see, or I am sure I can make you see, that it is only when men have an object nobler than such trash as that, that they come into the line of what we call greatness, or that the plans they make, are worth even their own remembering.” This was the idea which was on his paper, in words more like fustian. Fortunately for Jasper, he had now cut wholly loose from the paper; and the intense earnestness with which he spoke in these sentences to the two boys was his salvation. He saw, more than ever, that they believed in him, that they comprehended him. For the first time in his life, he drank in the delicious inspiration which is for the moment the divine life of the speaker who is at one with his audience, no matter whether that audience is large or small. Jasper’s thus far was two. But, in this inspiration, he went on. The house was hushed as death in presence of his earnestness. The still calm did not frighten him, however; nothing frightened him. Of course there was no danger now. It was divine power by which Jasper was carried on, — the divine power of a human soul in complete accord with one, two, or three other souls, doing its infinite best to move or to persuade them. Step by step of his appeal

he pressed forward much as he had meant to do; for his thought had been serious in the preparation of the whole. And for five minutes of absolute self-forgetfulness to him, — five minutes of eager, breathless, confident and excited attention of his audience, — he told the two boys, and others around them, whom he began to notice now, what was the sway over the world which in our time men would win, when for the world they were ready to live, and for the world to die. Of course he said a word then on the magnificent prospect which the world of to-day offers to such devotion. And, as he said this, his mind acting as all along it did, a hundred times as fast as his lips, he said to himself as he spoke, "Why this is just what Tennyson says in 'Locksley Hall!' — why, yes! that was what I copied out, to finish my oration with, — why, yes! this is my oration! I must finish it now;" and so he came to the words again, which of all this outburst were the only words upon the manuscript, —

"Not in vain the future beacons: onward, forward,
let us range, —
Let the peoples spin forever down the ringing
grooves of change.
Through the shadow of the world, we sweep into
the wider day:
Better fifty years of Europe, than a cycle of Ca-
thay."

And then, with a smile of the real triumph which he felt, he was done. He made his bow to his audience, of course; that etiquette reminded him that he must turn and bow to Mr. Quincy. Then, he hardly knew how, he stepped down the steps to where the fellows were now clapping and stamping, hardly held in from cheering, and staggered into the seat which Horace kept open for him; and, pale and frightened, for the first time nestled back into it, to wonder with

an infinite wonder, as he reflected on what he had been doing.

And the assembly had waited dumb while he bowed to them, waited till they saw his back as he bowed to the President, had roused then to some consciousness that this appeal was over, when he stepped, almost staggered forward, across the platform; and then it burst into that rapture of applause which sounds so seldom, which is perhaps only due to youth, simplicity, intense conviction and emotion together, when they all appeal to us as one.

It is strange to say, the words from Tennyson were new to ninety-nine out of a hundred in that assembly. They had been published in London only a few months before; and Jasper's quotation was probably the first of ten thousand repetitions of them before such audiences in the generation which has since gone by.

Wave after wave of applause swept over the assembly. Horace found some means to slip his hand into Jasper's. That was a comfort; and, by the time stillness came, he was as ready as any man for his part in the closing ceremonies.

It is not necessary to detail the course of those solemnities. An hour or less closed them all. And then, relieved at last from escort duty, these young men, each with a parchment diploma tied with a light blue ribbon, ran joyfully, and with the sense of complete freedom, to the room or suite of rooms where the party of his friends — ladies and gentlemen, flames and teachers, father's friends and mother's friends — were assembled. These people had earned their appetites, and were to refresh themselves, as they could, with salmon, lobster salad, sandwiches, raspberries

and cream, and the other luxuries of a summer collation. In those days, such parties were at every exhibition, at "Class Day," and at Commencement. Never is hospitality more charming, nowhere are hosts more sedulous, nowhere are women more lovely, never is sympathy more genuine, or talk more witty or more true. Jasper was supported by Horace and George. He was happy. He was a freeman; he had pleased his friends; he was not himself disappointed. No one could flatter him. The truth itself as to what he had done that day was the best possible compliment. No one tried to flatter him. His friends were proud of him. His teachers were more than satisfied with him. Everybody admired him. "Dear boy," said Dr. Liston as he pressed his hand fondly, "I am so glad for you. If only she could have been here."

And Jasper bowed; he knew the good doctor meant his mother.

"Kenney," said Dr. Webber, — if he was the divinity professor of those days, — "I have heard nothing so fine as your friend's oration, in the Commencements of thirty years. No! fine is not the word; I have heard nothing so strong, so manly, and so true."

"You use just the right words, sir," said Horace, delighted. "When you know him as we do, you will know he is himself true, manly, and strong."

"He is going back to Michigan?"

"Yes, sir! He has a splendid opening, almost in the line he describes. His uncle is rich; and his enterprises cover half that country. And Jasper will be needed in them all."

"So the President told me. I remember no young man who has so auspicious a beginning."

So sped the afternoon. At last it

was over. They all went to the President's to tea; and at last that was over. As Jasper went up at ten o'clock at night, he met Horace on his way to his room.

"Good-night, old fellow! There is a letter for you on your table. I brought it from the office."

And Jasper ran up two stairs at a time, struck a match, and found it. The hand was awkward and not familiar; but he knew the name.

DEAR MR. JASPER, — I rite these lines to beg you to come home immediately. We have had a horid fire, wich is not indeed out, at this riting. It is with distress that I inform you that Mr. Hughitt stept off the roof of the lenetoo as he was carrying a hose, and never spoke another word. We have been working all night; and I hope still we shall save the north warf: but the others are all gone. The Sarah is burnt to the water, and the Thetis and the Jasper; indeed, The Mary Ann wich is at Green Bay, is the only vessel left. Come as soon as you can, and excuse haste.

Yours to command,

ANDREW HAZLITT.

Andrew Hazlitt was the oldest of the fresh-water skippers, — a favorite of Mr. Hughitt's and of Jasper.

Jasper read his letter twice, and then lighted a cigar. Then he reached far out of his window, and cried, "St. Leger! St. Leger!"

A head appeared from the other entry of Massachusetts.

"Are you undressed, St. Leger?"

"No! what's up?"

"I wish you would come round." And Ferguson, whom they called St. Leger for fun, came, — came quickly. As he ran into the room, he found

Jasper making rings of cigar-smoke. Jasper gave him a cigar, but, before he lighted it, handed him the letter, which he read.

“What does all this mean, Jasper?”

“It means, my dear boy, that I am a beggar.”

[To be continued.]

EDWARD EVERETT'S COLLEGE LIFE.

[THE following fragment of autobiography, describing the two first years of Mr. Everett's college life, seems to have been prepared by him in the year 1855. It will be read with curious interest, as a picture of Harvard College in 1807 and 1808, and as showing how the men and manners of that time affected the quiet boy.]

I WAS thirteen years old in April, 1807, and entered as freshman the following August, being the youngest member of my class. I lived the first year with my classmate, Charles P. Curtis, in a wooden building standing at the corner of the Main and Church Street. It was officially known as the “College House,” but known by the students as “Wiswall's Den,” or more concisely, “The Den,” whether from its comfortless character as a habitation, or from some worse cause, I do not know. There was a tradition that it had been the scene of a horrid domestic tragedy, and that it was haunted by the ghosts of the Wiswalls; but I cannot say that during the twelve-month I lived in the Den this tale was confirmed by my own experience. We occupied the south-west corner chamber, up two flights of stairs, — a room about fourteen feet square, in which were contained two beds and the rest of our furniture, and our fuel, which was wood, and was kept under the beds. Two very small closets afforded a little additional space; but the accommodations certainly were far from brilliant.

A good many young men who go to college are idlers, some worse than

idlers. I suppose my class in this respect was like other classes; but there was a fair proportion of faithful, studious students, and of well-conducted young men. I was protected in part, perhaps, by my youth from the grosser temptations. I went through the prescribed studies of the year — which were principally a few books of Livy and Horace for the Latin, and *Collectanea Græca Majora* for the Greek — about as well as most of the class; but the manner in which the ancient languages were then studied was deplorably superficial. It was confined to the most cursory reading of the text. Besides the Latin and Greek languages, we had a weekly recitation in Lowth's English Grammar, and in the Hebrew grammar *without points*; also in arithmetic and history, the last from Millot's compend as a text-book. In all these branches, there was an entire want of apparatus, and the standard compared with that which now exists was extremely low. And yet, in all respects, I imagine a great improvement had taken place in reference to college education over the state of things which existed in the previous generation. The intense political excitement of the Revolutionary period seems to have unsettled the minds of men from the quiet pursuits of life.

In addition to the studies which I have named, I had the benefit of three months' instruction in French from M. Faucon. This laid the foundation for a reading acquaintance

with that language, in which I got no further instruction for several years. Afterwards, while residing in Europe, I devoted a good deal of time to this language. There was, while I was a student, no provision made by the college for any instruction in any modern language but the French; and for that an extra charge was made. The department of the modern languages has since been greatly developed at Cambridge; and instruction is now given in French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, and German.

President Webber was at the head of the University when I entered it, having succeeded to President Willard, who died in 1804. The office remained vacant for two years; during which time it was offered without success to Fisher Ames, then living in retirement from political life in his native village of Dedham. A humorous allusion to this subject in a letter from Mr. Ames on the subject of this appointment may be found in his works.¹ The election of President Webber was one of the first occasions on which the present existing divisions of the theological world in Massachusetts disclosed themselves. It was wished by the Orthodox (so called), that Dr. Eliphalet Pearson, the Professor of Hebrew, and himself one of the trustees, should be chosen in Dr. Willard's place. President Webber was brought forward rather as a neutral than as an opposition candidate. He was not at all known or classed as a theologian, and probably accepted the ancient doctrinal formulas. As soon as the election was decided against him, Dr. Pearson resigned his professorship and his place in the corporation of the college, and removed to Andover. Here he was mainly instrumental in building up the theological institution of

that place; a most respectable and munificently-endowed institution, with the management of which, however, in consequence of further refinements in doctrinal speculation, Dr. Pearson did not long remain connected.

President Webber was a man of great worth, but destitute of popular gifts. Mr. Ames, in speaking of his election, observes, "He has, it is said, great learning in the mathematics and great modesty." This, I believe, was strictly true. He had passed his life in the study of that branch of science, and in the discharge of the duties of the mathematical professorship of the college. He was a person of tradition and routine, and never attempted to say a word to the students except from a manuscript prepared beforehand. He could not be said to be popular with the young men, but it was simply from the want of the art of kindly intercourse. I remember going to his office in my freshman year to ask leave of absence for one night, that I might be at home for some family gathering, as I did not like to have to return to Cambridge at a very late hour. I found the whole academic corps assembled in the President's office, — a circumstance which did not diminish my trepidation at being there for the first time. I modestly stated my request and the reason. I had never asked a favor nor incurred a penalty; and I had never passed an hour away from the college without permission. I received my answer, however, in the monosyllable "No," without the addition of a word to soften the flat refusal. Such was the tone of authority in those days.

The professor of divinity at this time was the well-remembered Dr. Henry Ware, sen., who had been chosen in 1805 to succeed Dr. David Tappan. This election, from the na-

¹ Ames's Works, vol i. p. 355.

ture of the professorship, contributed still more than that of President Webber to the organizations of the theological parties which have since prevailed. It was the subject of some controversial pamphlets. A growing tendency on the part of some of the New-England clergy to escape from Calvinism had existed for two generations, perhaps longer. Dr. Ware was the first professor of divinity at Cambridge known as an Arminian and an anti-Trinitarian; and his election in this respect forms an era in the history of the college. The mind of New England, as that of Christendom in almost every age, still beats itself into foaming but profitless rage on the adamantine rocks of these insoluble mysteries. But of these matters, of course, in the freshman year we heard little and heeded less. They have had very important bearings on the condition of the college ever since, and their force is by no means exhausted. Dr. Ware performed his duties with the utmost possible avoidance of sectarian controversy; he was a man of great purity of life and character.

The other professors were Mr. John Farrar, who had succeeded President Webber in the chair of mathematics and natural philosophy; Mr. Sidney Willard, who was professor of Hebrew, of which a smattering was required to be learned of every student in the ridiculous system of Masch; and Mr. Levi Hedge, who, with the title of permanent tutor, conducted the department of logic and metaphysics, — all men of exemplary character, and faithful in the discharge of their duties. The standard of attainment was low, and these gentlemen did not attempt to rise above it; but they were all amiable and respectable, some of them very able men.

My immediate instructors in the freshman year were Mr. Levi Frisbie, Latin tutor, afterwards professor of moral philosophy, a man of distinguished talent, refined taste, and elegant fluency, but early afflicted with almost total loss of sight; Mr. Ichabod Nichols, tutor in geometry, and when he left the college settled in the ministry at Portland, in Maine, a clergyman of great eminence in the Unitarian communion; Mr. Asher Ware, tutor in Greek, and afterwards Judge of the District Court of Maine; and Mr. William Pitt Preble, also tutor in geometry, the successor of Mr. Nichols, and in after life minister of the United States to the Netherlands, where for a short time he played a somewhat important part in reference to the great question of the North-eastern boundary. I may repeat of these gentlemen the remark already made of the permanent members of the Academic Board; they were all most respectable and amiable men, devoted to the faithful performance of their duty. They possessed the favor of the students in different degrees, nothing being so capricious as the likes and dislikes of young men at college; but there is no one of whom (three are still living, 1855) towards whom I do not feel a grateful sense of obligation.

They lived, I believe, very harmoniously together; and some hints of their sportive humor — for tutors and professors, contrary to the impressions which prevail among students, have the kindly feelings and social tastes of common Christians — reached us undergraduates. One evening, as we heard not long after, they were assembled at the room of one of them, and amused themselves with the little game of "What's my thought like?" Mr. Nichols, who was not a stout

man, had lately come up with a grand new cloak; and one of his colleagues selected that as his "thought." Mr. Abbot, then librarian, and a man of a good deal of quiet, dry humor, had assimilated this *thought* (not as yet proclaimed) to a solar microscope which stood on a side-table. It became necessary for him, therefore, in turn, to give a reason why "Mr. Nichols's cloak" was like a "solar microscope." The prompt answer was, "Because it makes a little thing look big." This sally was heard with shouts of laughter which did not often proceed from a tutor's chamber.

With young men, or rather boys as young as most of those who attend our colleges, emulation is necessarily the chief motive to exertion. Mature plans and purposes for life cannot be formed at that age, and a passion for learning for its own sake is as little to be expected. I was a diligent student; but I doubt not under the influence of motives like those which influenced others of my age. I remember, however, toiling upon some self-imposed tasks in vacation, from which nothing was to be gained in reference to comparative college standing, such as a metrical translation of the Georgics into English, and a Latin translation of Edwin and Angelina. This was the employment of the summer vacation at the close of my freshman year. I have kept no specimen of either. As I never at any time received any instruction in versification, or had any practice in it as an exercise at school or college, I have no doubt the last-named attempt was wretched. The almost total neglect of Latin and Greek versifications at our schools and colleges is a great defect in our system of classical education. Although the accomplishment in itself is of little practical value,

there can hardly be exact and elegant scholarship without it; and the exercise of writing verses is extremely useful in acquiring a mastery of the language. It is possible that too much time is given to it at some of the English schools; but Dr. Arnold, who went to Rugby with this impression, became more and more convinced of the importance of versification. I never myself constructed an hexameter and pentameter distich until years afterwards, at the time of my residence in London as the American minister.

In the course of my freshman year, 1807-8, I made my first juvenile efforts as a writer for the press. I had a classmate several years older than myself who dabbled a good deal in that way. Encouraged by his example and counsel, I began a series of papers in a small literary journal which was published weekly at that time in Boston. The topics were literary, moral, and patriotic; the style what might be expected from a freshman, and young at that. Pretty soon the publisher of the paper took offence at some political allusion which had crept into one of my essays, and refused to publish the piece in which it was contained. This I took in dudgeon, and happily, for a time, gave up writing for the press.

The mode of life of students in Cambridge is greatly changed since my day. We then lived in commons; the five classes assembling daily for the three meals in the Commons Hall, where the tutors and other parietal officers occupied an upper table. Till the year 1806, the evening meal was not even served in the hall, but was received by the students at the kitchen window, and conveyed to their rooms. The disagreeable nature of this operation in bad weather in a New-England winter may easily be

conceived. The practice was done away with, and supper, like the two other meals, provided in the hall, the year before I entered college. The tables were served by beneficiary students, according to the custom formerly existing in the English colleges; and I believe it may with strict truth be added, that the said position of the "waiters," as they were called, was in no degree impaired by performing this office for their fellow-students. Although commons were attended with some inconveniences and evils, I have regretted that some other remedy could not have been found than entire discontinuance. The present practice of boarding in small parties at private tables is much more expensive, and is attended with evils of a different kind, but fully as great as those of the old system. Few things that fell within my observation at the English universities charmed me as much as the liberal but simple cheer on great occasions, the munificent academic hospitality, and at all times the excellent company at the fellows' table in the hall of Trinity College, Cambridge. The lofty raftered roof; the central brazier with its generous charcoal fire; the original full-lengths of Lord Chief-Justice Coke, of Bacon, and of Dryden, and other illustrious graduates of the college, looking down from the walls; the reflection that this had been the social gathering-place of the institution for ages; the academic grace, — the ancient Latin grace, — all united to produce a very pleasing effect on my mind on many occasions that I had the happiness of being a guest at the master's lodge.¹

When I was a student at Cambridge, there was but a single stage-coach which plied between the col-

leges and Boston, making the trip twice each way daily. This was the sum total of public conveyances. There were, of course, no omnibuses and no railroads in those days. The practice of permitting the students who belong to Boston and the neighborhood to pass Sunday at home had not been introduced. Saturday, after the morning recitation, was our only holiday. On that morning, when walking was practicable, I used to walk to Boston, carrying the week's soiled clothes in a bundle to be washed, and bringing back the bundle of clean clothes in the evening. The days of express-wagons had not come. The rooms were furnished in a very simple style. I do not recollect that there was a carpet, a window-curtain, a sofa, or an easy chair in any student's room; and nearly all the young men brought their own water from the pumps, and trimmed their own lamps. A little luxury in this respect crept into the higher classes. One or two persons got their living about college as general boot-blacks. Charles Lennox, a respectable colored man, became in this way, I have heard, the richest man of his complexion in the State. He used to bring in his bill so much for brushing *bootes*.

The practice of fagging, borrowed from the English schools, or rather, perhaps, growing out of that amiable propensity in human nature which leads the strong to find pleasure in oppressing the weak, prevailed to some extent in the last century at Cambridge. A member of the freshman class was obliged to take off his hat in the presence of members of the higher classes, and to do their errands if required. As a check on the abuse of this latter obligation, each freshman placed himself under a member of the senior class, who was called his senior;

¹ In my time, Dr. Whewell was the master, to whose kindness I was greatly indebted in various ways during my residence in England.

and it was a lawful excuse for not obeying the orders of any other student, that you were doing an errand for your senior. These practices in my time were obsolete, though it was still not unusual for a freshman to have "his senior," usually some family friend, to whom he could go in case of need for a word of advice.

The cruel practice which has for some years prevailed among the sophomores, of subjecting the newly-arrived freshmen to various gross indignities and personal outrages, was then unknown. When I was president of the college (1846-9), I succeeded by appeals to the good sense and good feeling of the sophomore class in almost wholly putting an end to these abuses. It appears to me quite time that the young gentlemen at college should understand that they are subject to the same laws which govern the rest of the community; and that they cannot be allowed, under the name of youthful frolics, to commit with impunity outrages for which a poor friendless vagabond would be sent to the House of Correction.

At this period of my life, I began to take some interest in political discussions. The embargo was then the great topic of the day. This measure was extremely unpopular in the Eastern States and generally with the navigating interest, though approved by one or two of our largest ship-owners, as it was also by Mr. John Quincy Adams, then one of our senators in Congress, who, however, resigned his seat in consequence of his dissent from the legislature of Massachusetts on this subject. Party spirit ran very high, and political excitement in the community was intense. The wags, however, still had their joke out of the embargo, though nine-tenths of the shipping of Boston was rotting at

the wharves, and the grass was springing up between the paving-stones in State Street.

I remember a sort of tabular contrivance by which the word "embargo" was arranged so as to be spelt backwards, "O-grab-me," a hundred different ways. I recollect the town-meeting, called in Fanueil Hall to discuss the measure, the first meeting of the kind I ever attended. I heard with deep interest an argument from Mr. Samuel Dexter against the constitutionality of the embargo law of the 22d December, 1807. It was delivered in an unimpassioned but highly impressive and effective style from the gallery of the hall. He took the ground, that however Congress might be warranted in laying a temporary embargo for some specific constitutional purpose, that an unlimited, and therefore perpetual, embargo on the general ground of the danger of trusting property abroad in critical times was unconstitutional. I was of course too young to appreciate the strength of the reasoning as an argument on a constitutional question; but it struck me as a noble display of intellectual power. Mr. Dexter was replied to by Mr. George Blake, who, though an able man, and at that time a spirited popular speaker, was too unequally matched with Mr. Dexter to give interest to the contest.

I lived in my sophomore year in Number Twenty, Hollis, — a comfortable room both for summer and winter. I chummed with Joseph S. Hixon, a member of the freshman class, with whom I had been intimately associated before we entered college. He was a superior declaimer. He was a young man of great promise, but died prematurely in his junior year.

Besides the college studies, to which I attended diligently, especially to those in Mr. Hedge's department, of

logic and metaphysics, I did a great deal of miscellaneous reading, without system, and consequently without great benefit. Among the books I read were (driest of the dry) Rollin's "Ancient History," Boswell's Johnson, Rowe's two historical works, most of Goldsmith's miscellaneous writings, a good deal of the standard poetry of the language, especially Pope, Goldsmith, and Johnson's imitations of Juvenal, and all the novels I could get hold of.

This last I had been accustomed to do for many years, drawing my supplies from the Boston circulating libraries. This was before the golden days of Miss Edgeworth and the Waverley novels; but Miss Burney's were still in fashion, and I read the "Mysteries of Udolpho" with intense interest. This may be conceived of; but I also thought "Thaddeus of Warsaw," "The Children of the Abbey," and "The Outlaws of Barra" (I think it was) delightful.

I was of course, as all young men at college are, surrounded by temptations; but a virtuous education, boyhood, narrow means, and a strong desire to excel in scholarship, preserved me. The excellent example of my elder brother was also habitually set before me.

I was considered, I believe, as taking rank among the best scholars in the class; although there was no branch in which I was not equalled, and in several was excelled, by some one of my classmates, except, perhaps, metaphysics.¹ Thus I was surpassed by Cooper in Latin; but he was wholly deficient in mathematics, and regarded with pity, not altogether unmixed with contempt, all who had

a taste for that study. Story (a brother of Mr. Justice Story) excelled me in Greek; but he neglected every thing else, and seemed to get at the Greek rather by intuition than study. Fuller, Gray, and Hunt were my superiors in mathematics, but in other studies I was the rival of Fuller; and Hunt made no pretensions to general scholarship,—for the branch in which he excelled, he had a decided genius. Gilman was a more practised writer than I; so was Damon; and Frothingham greatly excelled me in speaking, and was in every thing a highly accomplished scholar. If I had any strong point, it was that of neglecting no branch, and doing about equally well in all.

I have mentioned metaphysics as a study in which I succeeded. I mean, of course, only that I prepared myself thoroughly in the text-books. Watts's Logic was the first book studied in this branch; not a very inviting treatise compared with that of Archbishop Whately, but easily comprehended, and not repulsive. The account of the syllogistic method amused me; and the barbarous stanzas describing the various syllogistic modes and figures dwelt for a long time in my memory, and have not wholly faded away. Locke's "Essay on Human Understanding" came next. This was more difficult. I recollect we used to make sport of the first sentence in the Epistle to the Reader, which was, "I have put into thy hands what has been the diversion of some of my idle and heavy hours; if it has the good luck to prove so of any of thine, and thou hast but half so much pleasure in reading as I had in writing it, thou wilt as little think thy money, as I do my pains, ill bestowed." I cannot say that we any of us derived much diversion from it; but I overcame its difficulties by the

¹ I admit that there is something altogether ludicrous in associating the idea of excelling in metaphysics with that of fourteen years of age.

resolute purpose to accomplish whatever was required. We recited from it three times a day the four first days of the week; the recitation of Thursday afternoon being a review of the rest. We were expected to give the substance of the author's remarks, but were at liberty to condense them, and to use our own words. Although the style of Mr. Locke is not remarkably compact, it requires a greater maturity of mind than is possessed by many boys of fourteen to abridge his paragraph, or state his principles or their illustrations more concisely than he does himself. I had at that time a memory which recoiled from nothing; and I soon found that the shortest process was to learn the text by heart nearly *verbatim*. I recollect particularly on one occasion of the review of Thursday afternoon, that I was called upon to recite early; and, commencing with the portion of the week's study which came next, I went on repeating word for word, and paragraph after paragraph, and finally, not being stopped by our pleased tutor, page after page, till I finally went through, in that way, the greater part of the eleven recitations of the week. The celebrated passage on the memory happened to be included.¹ A portion of it, after the lapse of forty-seven years, remains in my recollection as distinctly as it did the day after I learned it. I refer to the passage beginning, "Thus the ideas, as well as children of our youth, often die before us; and our minds represent to us those tombs to which we are approaching, where, though the brass and marble remain, yet the inscriptions are effaced by time, and the imagery moulders away."

I may observe, that, beautiful as is

¹ Locke's Essay on Human Understanding. Book II., chap. x. sect. 4.

this language beyond any thing else in the work of Locke, it will not stand the test of criticism. There is no resemblance between what befalls the ideas and the children of our youth; and, supposing there were such a resemblance, there is not the slightest analogy between the premature decrease of the ideas and children of our youth, and the disappearance of monumental inscriptions and imagery from the brass and marble of tombs. But I feel ashamed of this attempt to pick flaws in this beautiful passage.

In the sophomore year, admissions begin to take place to some of the permanent clubs. There was one existing at that time under the name of the "Patriotic." It was a secret association, founded in the Revolutionary War; and, since it threw off its secret character, has assumed the name of the Institute of '76. In my time, its existence and the fact of membership were studiously concealed. The meetings were held in a room hired for the purpose, in a retired quarter of the village; the members of the new class invited to join it were first "sounded" as to their inclination to become associates. On their first introduction they were "initiated." Before the laws were read, they gave a promise of secrecy in the event of declining to become members after learning more particularly the nature of the institution. But, after this formidable apparatus for concealment, the doings of the society were limited to exercises in declamation. That an association of students, having this inoffensive object and nothing else in view, should wish to conceal its existence, and be at great pains to do so, is a curious illustration of the love of mystery for its own sake. This little college club had taken the trouble for thirty years, when I joined it, and

long afterwards, to remain unknown and unsuspected, and had exacted a promise of secrecy from hundreds that had gone before us, without the slightest motive for doing so but the love of mystery for its own sake.

It was the practice of this club, after each individual had spoken, to make free remarks on his performance. These remarks were serious, impartial, and good-natured, and always taken in good part. I do not remember an exception to this. Nor was there any buffoonery or farce in any part of the proceedings, as in most of the present clubs at Cambridge. For these reasons the "Patriotic" was really a good school of practice. The remark generally made at the close of my declamations was, that "brother Everett still retained the disagreeable habit of catching his breath."

At the close of the sophomore year, my classmate, John C. Gray, and myself, received the appointment of a Latin dialogue to be translated by ourselves for the autumnal exhibition. We took a short scene from Dr. Johnson's "Irene,"—I believe the first in the play. As far as I was concerned, the translation was a very indifferent one. The exercises of this kind are now prepared in a far superior style at Cambridge.

Mr. John Quincy Adams was chosen professor of rhetoric and oratory in 1806, and entered upon the performance of the duties of the office, if I mistake not, the following year. He delivered a course of public lectures to the two upper classes, and presided over their declamations in the Chapel. These last were attended by the whole body of students, though the seniors and juniors only, in divisions of twelve or fifteen each time, declaimed. These arrangements gave

the declaimers a large and formidable audience, and made the exercises much more useful as a school for public speaking. The criticisms of a person like Mr. Adams were of course of great value. The declamations are now conducted before a division only of the class to which the declaimer belongs. This privacy admits of greater freedom of comment on the part of the teacher, and it relieves the inexperienced speaker from the terror inspired by a large audience. Yet I cannot but think the entire suppression of the public declamations an evil, and that a more judicious course would be to combine the two systems.

Mr. Adams's lectures were extremely popular. Though delivered only to the two classes which preceded ours, many of us went into the chapel to hear them, till requested by Mr. Adams not to do so, as we were to hear the course in turn the following year. This, however, was prevented by his appointment as minister to Russia, and consequent resignation of his professorship. The lectures were shortly after published in two volumes. At the present day they would not be regarded as a finished treatise on the subject of rhetoric and oratory; but certainly no other man in the country, whose education and career had been as exclusively professional and political as Mr. Adams's, could have prepared a course of lectures of equal merit on any literary subject in so short a notice. As models of style, they are somewhat too ornate for the present simple taste.

The great popularity which Mr. Adams enjoyed among the students at Cambridge was highly to the honor of both parties. At no period within my recollection has party-spirit run so high in the community; and a

large majority of the students were the sons of parents opposed to the administration of President Jefferson, to which Mr. Adams at a critical period had given his support. Young men at college usually, as a matter of course, sympathize with their fathers in political opinion; but Mr. Adams's personal popularity remained unshaken at Cambridge. To this circumstance he made a pathetic allusion in his Valedictory Address.

Among the permanent clubs at Cambridge, and the highest in repute, is that known by the three Greek initials, *Φ. Β. Κ.* This society had its origin at William and Mary College in Virginia, and a branch of it was established at Cambridge in 17—. It was originally a secret association, — not as far as the fact of its existence was concerned, — but the import of the Greek letters which form its name was a profound mystery; and it was provided with grips for mutual recognition, with a cipher for private correspondence. Oaths of secrecy were administered on admission. Its membership was guarded with great jealousy, and a single black ball excluded the candidate. Its objects, however, were, as far as I know, purely literary, and there was not the slightest motive for concealment. In after years I had the satisfaction, in conjunction with a few members who agreed with me in the opinion that these mysteries were childish and absurd, of procuring their abrogation, and also of effecting a considerable relaxation in the rigid conditions of admission. We obtained, in opposition to a most resolute minority, a modification of the constitution; so that henceforth six votes at least, if I recollect, were required to exclude a candidate.

The admissions to the membership of this society do not take place till

the end of the junior year. Its anniversary exercises, consisting of an oration and poem delivered by honorary, that is graduated, members, are open to the public. The oration at the close of my sophomore year (August, 1809) was delivered by the Rev. Joseph Stevens Buckminster, the well-remembered pastor of the Brattle-street Church in Boston. My mother and family had attended this church since our removal to Newbury Street; and, after the return of Mr. Buckminster from Europe in 1807, I had been personally acquainted with him. The generation which has come upon the stage since his untimely decease, in 1812, can hardly form an adequate idea of the charm of his appearance and manner, and of the ascendancy he possessed over his associates. The brilliancy of his genius is sufficiently seen from the accounts given of him in the memoir by his friend Mr. Samuel C. Thacher, and the perusal of his posthumous sermons, recollecting that they are but a small portion of those written by him, and that they were prepared under the pressure of the most dispiriting malady which can assail the human frame.

The oration to which I have referred, delivered by Mr. Buckminster before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at their anniversary in 1809, was surpassingly beautiful in itself, and was eminently so to my youthful judgment, as being the first specimen I had heard of the highest order of academic eloquence. It made an impression upon me not yet effaced by time. It was published shortly after it was delivered in the monthly *Anthology*, a literary journal of which Mr. Buckminster was one of the editors, and afterward in the volume already referred to, containing his sermons, and published after his decease.

EXAMINATIONS FOR WOMEN IN CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

At first sight, the most remarkable aspect of this movement in the interest of the higher education of women is the readiness and success with which methods and forms already existing have been adapted to the new undertaking. It was a happy inspiration which led the promoters of it to forego all the excitement and charm of novelty for the solid advantage and real prestige of a scheme of which the use and value had been already proved.

A very brief review of the position and work of the English universities will best explain the origin as well as the aim of the examinations for women. It is rather a rough distinction, but, in the main, a correct one, that the university is essentially an examining body. Its work is not to teach practically and directly except in the very limited scope of the professors' lectures, but "to estimate the product of education by other parties," — the colleges, &c., &c. In this view, while Cambridge and Oxford have been the centre and source of national culture, a guaranty for its genuineness and its elevation exists in the fixed and well-known standards of the university. The honor of being senior wrangler is largely augmented by the fact, that all men who ask about it may know just the labor and the study that have gained it.

Yet the relation of the university to the community has been greatly altered by the growing up of a large circle of educated persons outside of it and independent of it. How to bring this class under the influence of the university, and to draw nearer together all studious minds, were important questions in the discussions

about university reform fifteen years ago. Behind these questions lay another not less weighty. By far the larger proportion of teachers in ordinary schools must necessarily be taken from this class of persons educated outside the university; yet no standard existed whereby their attainments could be measured, or, short of actual experiment, the thorough man could be distinguished from the superficial or the charlatan.

To meet these difficulties, and "to bring to bear on the general education of the country those tests, and maybe those influences, which the university could so ably use and so disinterestedly employ," was the end in view when the Cambridge and Oxford "local examinations" were established.¹

The plan was put into execution in 1857. It involved nothing less than that the university, in its character as examiner and as guardian of the public education, should, for the time being, forsake the sacred arena of the schools, and set forth into the world, to inspect the learning and the wisdom growing up outside its classic shades.

The offer was made to examine at stated times and places all young men, of suitable age, who should prepare themselves upon specified subjects. Certificates of proficiency should be awarded in the name of the university, with honors for special merit. Under certain conditions, the same examination would be extended to schools for boys. Doubts and scruples were not wanting, prompted partly by simple fear of change, partly

¹ The term "Middle Class," which was first employed, was soon dropped, as a distinction wholly inadequate and probably because too invidious. It was never sanctioned by the universities.

by jealousy lest this irregular proceeding should interfere with the dignity of the ordinary degrees of the university; but all these have been silenced by the success of the plan, in the eager appreciation of the opportunity by those who could avail themselves of it. It has been an incentive to the solitary student; and the certificates are potent recommendations in seeking employment.

Such is the main idea of the scheme, which, by the simple substitution of the feminine pronoun, has been now so vastly widened. The universities of Cambridge, Dublin, Edinburgh, and London have all entered into it, with only slight differences as to details.

The London examination for women is perhaps the most difficult, as the whole work is required from the candidates in a single week. At Cambridge, the series of subjects are so arranged, that a part may be taken at a time, making in all a three-years' sequence.

A simple *résumé* of the Cambridge plan will illustrate the whole system, and at the same time give some interesting glimpses of education among English women at the present moment.

The examination papers for 1869 and 1870, and the report of the syndicate for 1870, are before us, together with the regulations for the examination in the coming July (1871).

The syndicate, or board of examiners, is appointed by the senate,—the government of the university. They are assisted by several ladies at each centre, one of whom acts as local secretary. A list of more than twenty ladies is printed; who will gladly supply candidates with any desired information. Three centres were appointed last year,—at London,

Rugby, and Manchester. The syndicate requires, before appointing any centre, that suitable accommodations should be guaranteed by the local committees. The fee for the first year is forty shillings. To the same candidate on the second and third year, twenty shillings only. "To meet the actual expenses of candidates who are engaged in tuition as a profession, or who are preparing for it, the sum of five pounds each will be given to the five candidates fulfilling these conditions, who are placed highest in order by the examiners." The syndicate also repeats the offer of last year of "an exhibition of twenty pounds, and free admission to three courses of lectures in each term at Cambridge (equivalent to nine guineas), to the candidate who is placed first on the list in 1871."

There are courses of lectures now open to women at Cambridge on all the subjects of the examination papers. The course in English history by Prof. Seeley is naturally the first to attract an American eye. The lectures are apparently to women only, though the prospectus before us is not explicit upon that point. It is, very likely, a mere matter of chance; but Trinity and St. John's appear to lead the way in this new hospitality.

The subjects for examination are divided into six groups.

Group A contains English history, language and literature, with simple arithmetic and religious knowledge. The latter subject may be omitted by any candidate declaring her objection to it at the time of her application.

The third day's work in this group consists in writing an essay upon one of a half-dozen specified subjects. Whether all minds and temperaments could do themselves justice

under such a test might be doubted; but the work might give some notion of the candidate's general culture. The subjects have a wide range, from "The political position of Greece, with a review of its history from the beginning of the century," to "Systematic directions for furnishing a family residence of moderate size and requirements."

One would like to see the essays upon "The Education of Women in England; its Existing State as compared with that of the Sixteenth Century, and its Possible Future Development;" or, "A Series of Rules for the Management of a Household, and an Adequate System of Domestic Finance, in a Letter to a Friend."

Group B contains the languages, Latin, Greek, French, German, Italian.

C, Mathematics, including Astronomy.

D, Political Economy and Logic.

E, Natural Sciences.

F, Music and Drawing.

We have not the means of comparing the papers with those used in the local examinations for men; but, for American readers, a reference to Harvard papers may be more satisfactory. The comparison is made obviously only for the advantage of using a known standard. A list of text-books is printed with the papers (after the examination) with the remark that two-thirds of the questions of the next year will have a direct bearing upon them. Judging from the books and papers together, the work seems not to be beyond that of the junior year at Harvard.

In mathematics, except one or two questions in astronomy, it hardly passes the sophomore year; but, in language, the standard is much higher. It is evidently expected that the suc-

cessful candidates will be able to write the modern languages correctly. Extracts from Goldsmith and Helps are given to translate into French, from "Romola" into Italian, and from Macaulay and Sheridan into German.

We believe the English generally pay much more attention to the translation of the mother-tongue into foreign ones than we do.

To receive a certificate, all candidates must pass in all the subjects of group A, and in one subject of the other groups. Candidates for honors must pass in at least two of the subjects of these groups. Each certificate will specify the subjects in which the candidate has passed; but honors are not given in music and drawing, which guards against preference for mere accomplishment.

The report of the syndicate contains elaborate tables, showing the success of all the candidates, but distinguished only by numbers.

It is manifest that such a scheme must for some years be in great part simply tentative. Those who would pass such an examination most successfully at the outset are already at work as teachers or governesses. The printed reports of the syndicate may therefore be regarded rather as evidence of what already exists than of what will be done when the importance of the opportunity is fully understood. When it becomes apparent that the successful candidates are specially sought for as teachers, the record will appear very different.

In 1869, thirty-five entered for examination; nineteen passed in honors, six passed in the third class (lowest), and ten failed. In 1870, seventy-one entered; thirty-five passed in honors, fourteen in the third class, and twenty-two failed; showing very

similar results in proportion to the numbers for the two years. The ages varied from eighteen to forty.

A gentleman in Manchester, much interested in the work, writes, "Of my twenty-four, about one-half entered chiefly to encourage the movement, and perhaps to test their own powers. They appear to be ladies, not professional,—at least, not governesses." "Some are school-mistresses, having governesses under them." "Of the remainder, several are qualifying themselves for teachers."

The lady who is secretary to the "North-of-England Council for promoting the Higher Education of Women" writes generally of the candidates, "The older ladies were teachers; but there were several young ladies, the daughters of wealthy parents, who get up the subjects from having an interest in them."

We make a few extracts from the details of the report of the examiners in 1870, again reminding the reader that this is the experiment of only two years, and is rather an evidence of what has been among the average of young English women than of what they will do when the interest in higher education is fairly awakened.

In religious knowledge, the answers gave great satisfaction; but there were "fewer traces of independent thought than expected;" and the answers relating to doctrine were "generally very inaccurate."

In Latin, the answers were "terse, and business-like;" and some of the translations "to a high degree vigorous and idiomatic." Shall we confess to a small personal satisfaction to read "The weakest point with all of them was the Latin prose composition"? And is it out of place here to hope, that ere long a study of such

remote and improbable usefulness will be dropped from the already overcrowded list of requirements for a woman's education? "The answers to general questions on antiquities, &c., seemed to show that the candidates had not had access to works of general reference, or to editions with good explanatory notes."

In French and German, the work was well done. The German composition was even better than expected; but few good and clear answers were given to the questions in comparative philology (e. g. State Grimm's law).

The work in mathematics would seem to justify the saying, that nowhere do women study them so much as in New England.

The answers in Euclid and algebra were on the whole satisfactory. "No one, however, understood the inductive proof; and there was a want of logic in the treatment."

"In trigonometry, no real knowledge was shown by the two candidates who attempted it." Only one person attempted astronomy, and that "was not at all well done." Could the examiner have intended a quiet satire on feminine ways of study, when he added, "She might have done very tolerably, if she had read much less, and had understood what she did read"?

The gentleman in Manchester writes, "The general failure has been in arithmetic." Apropos of which comes a paragraph in "The Pall Mall Gazette," to the effect that a deputation of school-teachers, headed by five members of Parliament, had called upon Mr. Forster for the new council of education, to urge certain changes in the new revised code; one of which was, "that the standard for girls in arithmetic should be lower than for boys in arithmetic, as

the girls had needlework to attend to." There is a truth at the bottom of the matter really vital to large classes of women; but on that principle, to come out fairly at the end, the Cambridge syndicate should add another group to their list, for hemming, stitching, and embroidery.

The paper on logic was hardly attempted; while all the candidates showed intelligence and interest in the subject of political economy. It is not in human nature, under the circumstances, not to put such queries in this paper as, "What are the advantages or disadvantages to women of the system of peasant proprietorship?" or "Show that combinations of journeymen, to keep women out of particular trades, are as injurious to the laboring class as to the rest of the community;" or "Point out the mischiefs of the unequal distribution of the sexes in emigration to both mother country and colony."

But, in general, the whole plan has a directness and straightforwardness which has no dealings with "questions," nor ever attempts "hobby-riding" of any sort. It has to do with women, never with that intangible ideal "woman," that has become such a *bête-noire* to so many of us.

The good this movement will do is, first of all, as we before hinted, to secure a supply of superior teachers, through whom the whole standard of education will be raised. It may give

a point to solitary studies which might else be but broken and desultory; and it offers the best possible opportunity for bringing together persons of similar tastes. The lady before quoted writes, "Our London Committee have been aided by a lady who gives her advice and assistance to the students, sometimes by personal help, and, where this is not possible, by letter. Much may be done in this way. The lady often sends questions, suggests books and modes of study. Thus one who has a gift in teaching may have a rich influence, and the distant scholar find help and sympathy. In your vast country, such a plan would have manifold advantages."

The examination also commends itself, as affording an objective point; toward which not only the efforts of the student may be directed, but also the endeavor of the teacher or the professor. The difficulty about lectures, apart from a regular school or college course, seems to be their apparent aimlessness, and the want of *rapport* between lecturer and listener. The courses of lectures now undertaken in England with reference to these examinations attempt to provide a remedy. Miss — writes, "A great number of those who attend our lectures read the appointed books, and write weekly in answer to questions given by the lecturer."

C. B. M.

LYRICS.

LONGFELLOW. — "THE SHIP OF STATE."

NEC tu languidior navis in æquora
 Vento provehere, O fortis et omnium
 Instar patria ; magna
 Te spe prosequitur, simul
 Gens humana pavens quid tibi, quid suis
 Venturo dederint numina sæculo ;
 Prosit nosse carinis
 Quis te junxerit artifex,
 Qui fabri trabibus robur aheneis
 Firmârint lateris ; cui fuerint labor
 Mali, cuique rudentes
 Cura, et vela ; nec ignibus
 Fallat quæ fuerit flamma furentibus
 Incude imposita, præsidium ut tui
 Cursus pulsa sonaret
 Duris anchora malleis.
 Ne vocem trepides icta noti novam
 Ne sit rupis aqua sub tacita fragor ;
 Neu dum carbasa languent
 Ne scisso crepitent sinu.
 Quamvis aura fremat,¹ et scopuli strepant,
 Falsis et niteant litora turribus,
 Pergas non trepidantem
 Proram trudere in æquora.
 Te spes nostra vehit, te lacrymas timor
 Qui miscet precibus ; tecum abigens Fides
 Curas alta triumpho
 Vivat seu pereat libens.

UTRIUSQUE PATRIÆ CANTABER.

¹ Hor. Carm. III. xviii. 23.

TWO COLLEGE FRIENDS.

BY FRED. W. LORING.

[Concluded.]

*"The morn broke in upon his solemn dream;
And still with steady pulse and deepening eye,
'Where bugles call,' he said, 'and rifles gleam,
I follow though I die."*

IX.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

STONEWALL JACKSON sat in his tent, writing rapidly on a rough pine table. There was in the man, in spite of his old coat stained here and there with mud, and his awkwardness of position and figure, an appearance of power,—power conscious and self-sustaining. At a first glance he seemed an old Virginia farmer; but an instant's careful scrutiny showed, beneath his awkward simplicity, the grace of a true soldier, while the slow, hesitating speech had in it an undertone which made it evident that at times each word might be charged with fire and eloquence and life. As he moved one hand to brush back the thinned hair on his temples, this hot afternoon, a staff-officer entered the tent.

"I have some curious news, General," he said.

"What is it?" asked Jackson briefly; for a word was a power with this man, and he never wasted power.

"The prisoner who broke his parole this morning has returned here," said the officer.

"What!" exclaimed Jackson, "has he given himself up?"

"Yes, General: they have him in confinement, and he has asked to see you."

"To see me, Lieutenant!" said

Stonewall Jackson. "That will make no difference. He is to be shot at sunrise."

"Very well, General;" and the lieutenant turned to depart.

"Stop a moment, though," said Jackson. "I should like to know what defence, what excuse, he has to offer. Have him brought here."

"Very well, General. But he is to be shot?"

"Certainly, sir!"

Jackson laid down his pen, and folded his arms before him on the rough board which served him as a writing-table. He had not long to wait. In less than five minutes, Ned appeared, guarded by two soldiers, his face pale but determined. He met Stonewall Jackson's scrutinizing look clearly and fearlessly, yet respectfully. "You may withdraw," said Jackson to the men. "Now, sir, you wished to see me. What have you to say?"

"I broke my parole this morning," said Ned.

"I know it, sir," said Jackson; "and, having some compunction for your violation of honor, you have tried as a manœuvre giving yourself up again. You have made a mistake, sir."

"It is just because I knew you would misconstrue my motive and my action thus that I asked to see you," said Ned. "I wished to explain."

"No explanation is possible, sir," cried Stonewall Jackson; "and this will avail you nothing."

"Oh! wait a moment," cried Ned impetuously. "Don't deceive yourself. I know what I am doing: I knew a few hours ago, when I left the Union lines, what I was doing. I came here to die, — to be shot. Do you hear, — to be shot! I broke my parole; I expected no mercy from you, I asked for none, I would take none. I claim only my right, and my right is death."

"Then why did you give yourself up, if you knew death must be your fate?" asked Jackson.

"Death has not frightened me very much," said Ned contemptuously.

"There is something about you," said Stonewall Jackson, "which makes me wish to respect you. I see you are not a coward."

"And I wish you to see that I am not a liar," answered Ned. "I gave myself up to death; and I wished you to bear witness, that, having sinned, I accepted the penalty."

"But why sin?" said Stonewall Jackson.

"I will tell you why," said Ned. "I have only one person in the world to care for: I have no family, no relatives, only this one friend. He was all the world to me, and I was something to him. When the war broke out, I enlisted, and he went with me. We have been side by side through every thing. He saved my life in battle at the risk of his own; and a few weeks ago, when I was taken sick by fever, and he had a leave of absence, he gave up his home, he sacrificed every thing, to watch by me. Last night he was taken sick while with the party at the bridge, when in another day he would have been with

his mother at Washington. You paroled me. I was left there with him, and he raved and groaned until I could bear it no longer. Every word he said seemed to stab me to the heart. Then I saw the river and the boat; the men were scattered, and the means of escape were at hand. I hesitated. I thought of my parole; and then I thought of him a prisoner, an invalid, a corpse perhaps, if he waited here, while back of us his mother was hastening to meet her only son. He had given up so much for me, and what had I done for him? It seemed as if I must get him away; and then he cried out again, 'Ned, Ned, won't. you help me?' And I said, 'yes!' And I knew that *yes* was death to me. Oh! you see I am prepared. I have not tried to arouse your sympathy or your compassion, I have only told you the bare facts. Do you think if I hoped for life, if I cared for pardon from you, that I could not say more, that I could not pour out words of fire and blood to show you what our friendship is and what last night's temptation was? I ask no mercy; and you could give me none if you wished it: my act must bring its consequences. Only I wished you to see that I was neither liar nor coward; that, having forfeited my life, I did not evade the payment of my debt; in a word, that I was enough of a gentleman to be worthy of the great privilege of serving in my country's cause."

"Sir," said Jackson, "you are not only a gentleman but a soldier. I love war for itself, I glory in it; but it saddens me when it brings with it the useless sacrifice of such a life as yours."

"I am not a soldier," said Ned quietly. "I hate war; I hate to have

to long for the death of such a man as you are. But I am ready for all that, when there is a cause at stake."

"A cause at stake!" said Stonewall Jackson. "Well, God be with the right!"

"God is with the right," said Ned; "and time will show thus which is the right. Ah! if I could live to see that time!"

"Be thankful rather," said Jackson, "that you are going to die before you find you are in the wrong. I wish you had been with me in this campaign."

"If it had been possible," — said Ned, and then he stopped.

"I should like," said Stonewall Jackson slowly, "though doubtless you consider me a rebel and a traitor, to have you shake hands with me."

"Not with a rebel or a traitor," said Ned, "but with a sincere and honest man, whom I respect and honor;" and, with this grasp of hands, these two great souls gazed in each other's eyes.

"And now you know what I must say," said Stonewall Jackson.

"I know it," Ned replied.

"Do not think me cruel, do not think me lacking in human feeling," Stonewall Jackson continued; "but war has its duties as well as peace. God help those who must execute these duties."

"There is but one thing you can do!" said Ned tranquilly.

"There is but one thing I can do," repeated Jackson. "You will be shot at sunrise." He called the men outside. "Give this gentleman," he said, "as good accommodations as the camp affords. See that he is left by himself, and is undisturbed to-night. — All letters, all directions, which you may wish to give, shall be forwarded to the North," he

continued, addressing Ned; "and if you wish any thing to be done about burial" —

"I shall wish nothing," said Ned.

"In that case," said Jackson, with princely courtesy, "I have only to say farewell." He rose again, and took Ned's hand; then the soldiers marched away, and he was left in his tent alone.

X.

THE LAST LETTER HOME.

DEAR PROFESSOR,—I am writing to you the last words I shall ever say, the last thoughts I shall ever think, the last farewell to all I have ever known and loved. To-morrow, at day-break, I am to be shot. There is nothing which can possibly prevent it, — this is my last night on earth. Am I resigned to my lot? am I willing to lose my life? I cannot tell, it seems so like a dream. It is terrible to me to think that this is the end of all my youth and hope; and you will understand me when I say that I do dread and fear death. Yet I am calm and self-possessed. I am half dead already indeed, for my end seems inevitable; and I do not suffer so much as I wonder. I seem to have lost all volition, and, as it were, to have gone out of myself. A little while ago I wound up my watch; and then the uselessness of that performance struck me, and I said, half aloud, "Poor Ned!" and then laughed at myself for doing it. As my laugh died away, there was a cold silence around which chilled me through and through. Yes, I must be half dead already. It is only when I think of Tom that the life seems to rush back again; and, as I believe this sort of torpor is well for me, I dare not trust myself to write to him. Besides, he must get

well; and so you must try and keep my death hidden from him for a time. You can tell him better than I could, that my last thought will be of him, and that I cannot trust myself to say farewell to him. Even now, I have this cruel uncertainty about his health, and I do not know but what you may lose us both.

Stonewall Jackson is a hero. I never thought that I could say that of any rebel, but I am glad that I have known him. He will work us more terrible injury, I fear; but I am sure that he will not live long. The excitement of this war is killing him; and here, when I so thoroughly admire him, I have to rejoice that he is doomed. How strange war is,—stranger and stranger now than ever! Oh! if I could only see the end,—if I could only know whether we shall gain our country by all this blood, and if Tom will live, I could die perfectly contented. There is Tom again, you see. I have to think of him in spite of myself. When you tell him my story, you can give him this letter, if he wants it, as perhaps he will.

And now good-by for yourself. It is not well for me to write, it brings me back to life too much; but I cannot die without telling you something of my feeling for you. Do you think that I have not fully appreciated all your sympathy, all your kindness, all the wealth of intellect and culture which you have laid before me? I always have had a sort of hope, that some time, when I should win some great honor, and the world should applaud, I could say, "Look here; here is the man to whom I owe all this; here is the man who advised me, who guided me; the man with the strong soul and the woman's tenderness, who loved youth and beauty, and sympathized with sorrow.

You take off your hats to me; but I kneel before him." But all that is over now, and you have only a numb good-by from a man who is to be shot in a few hours.

My body will not be sent North. When I am dead, I am dead; and here or there, it matters not where it is buried, to me nor to any one else. But if you ever want to think of me, and to feel that I am near, walk through the yard at Harvard, over by Holworthy, in the lovely evenings of the spring weather. It was at such a season and at such a time, that I last saw the dear old place; and, if I ever can be anywhere on earth again, it is there that I should choose to be. Ah, if I could only see Harvard once again! God bless it forever and forever! I wonder how many visions of its elm-trees have swept before dying eyes here in Virginia battle-fields!

Ah, well! there is only good-by to say once more. When he asks for me, tell him that I constantly think of him, that I am well and happy. Don't let him know the truth until he is clearly out of danger, and then tell him all. It is not so very hard to bear; and I am sure now that I shall never be forgotten by him, and that nothing can ever come between us now. Tell him the only thing, after God, worth living for and worth dying for is our country,—our noble country. Oh! she must be strong and glorious and united, at any cost. I feel it and I know it. And now good-by, once more and forever.

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He sealed and directed the letter; then, throwing himself on the blanket in the corner of the tent, fell into a deep, refreshing slumber. He woke to feel the grasp of a hand upon his shoulder, to see a file of men beside

him. Without a word he rose and went with them. They led him out a little from the camp, where it seemed quiet. He saw them stand before him; he heard one preliminary order given, and caught the flash of rifle-barrels in the early morning sunlight. Then there was a noise and disturbance in the camp beyond, and a voice cried out, —

"It's an attack by the Federals!"

Ned turned involuntarily. And with these words, in one great sweeping flood, his life came back. No more numbness, no more indifference; but, in that one instant, every drop of blood in his veins seemed charged with electric power, and the morning air was like nectar. He stood there, strong, a man; and then there was one report, and he fell dead, — dead in the dust of the Virginia soil.

XI.

AFTERWARDS.

This is the one picture that has been ever before my eyes, even in the wild regions of Nevada and the undulating lawns and woody slopes of California. In the snow-clad forests of the Sierra Nevada, and even in the tropical glory of sky and air in Arizona, amid the noise and bustle of the camp, with heavenly peace and loveliness above and murderous savages, thirsting for our blood lying in deadly ambush all around, I still have seen this picture. A dead man lying with his face to the earth; while close by his side one little spot of dust seems blackened and congealed by blood.

And afterwards? The sunshine steals softly and furtively through the darkened windows of a happy Northern home. It is June, and the perfume of the roses is on the air. In an easy-chair half sits, half reclines,

a pale girl, with a happy face looking down with a perfect smile at Tom, who sits at her feet. And near by stands a nurse, holding in her arms a baby, — a baby whose two gelatinous arms beat the air wildly, while his voice is raised in a shrill note, which may be triumph or which may be agony.

"By Jove!" Tom says admiringly, "his high notes are stunning; arn't they, Nettie?"

"Tom," replies Nettie threateningly, "dare to make fun of your offspring again, and we will leave you, and start for Indiana. Won't we, Baby?"

To this question, reply is given by an absurd inclination of the head on one side and another wheezy shriek.

"I am not laughing, I am not laughing," Tom hastens to remark, lest the threat of Indiana should be repeated; "so don't get angry, Baby. I say, Nettie, we must have a name for him. We can't call him Baby all the time, you know."

"He was named long ago, Tom," said Nettie, "though of course I had to wait. We must call him 'Ned;' we couldn't call him by any other name."

"Thank you, darling," said Tom gravely; "that is the way you make me love you more and more every day." And he kisses his wife, and, rising, takes the baby and looks on its face, while his eyes are filled with tears.

And afterwards? The Professor's room at Harvard is still as it was when we first knew it, with the photograph still hanging over the mantle-piece. And the Professor sits there gazing at it more lonely now than ever before. He is growing quite old; he is very sarcastic and astonishing; and dreadful stories are current among the students in regard to his severity against culprits in the

meetings of the Faculty. There are two or three who know him, and to whom he is very kind. They heard him tell the story of his boys, and they heard poor Ned's last letter. But the Professor declared then that he should never speak of the subject again; and the few who heard him saw that the rest of his life must be sad. And now, as he takes up the notes and emendations of his old lecture on "Domestic Arts," whose turn has come again, his eye falls on the picture. Again it is the spring weather, again the fresh breeze enters his room. He rises, and walks to the window.

"I wonder if he is near," he says, half aloud. "'It was in such a season and at such a time, that I last saw the dear old place; and, if ever I can be on earth again, it is there that I should wish to be.' Poor Ned! Poor Ned!"

And, as he sits in his chair again, the picture fades from my view, and I see only the moonlight on our mountain camp, and hear the wailing of the western wind.

And afterwards? Once more the country is intact, freed from the deadly perils which assailed her. We know now what the words "our country" mean, — rocks which the Atlantic lashes with its spray; broad uplands, and vast prairies where al-

most spontaneously fruit and grain seem to spring forth from the rich soil; and barren hills as well, with only the sage-brush for vegetation, within whose secret treasure-houses lie great masses of gold and silver ore. From the summits of the Sierra Nevada you can stand at midsummer in a forest where wreaths of snow lie on the trees, and can gaze far down into valleys, thousands of feet beneath, where there are rippling streamlets, and masses of flowers of the most brilliant and the most delicate hues. This wonderful country, that is still in its infancy, that is nursing men of every nation to form a new nation; this country, that, with all its imperfections, stands now on the grand basis of universal freedom, — justifies not merely enthusiasm, but any loss of human life which may aid in its preservation. These friends, these brothers, knew what was the true meaning of life, and with that knowledge, gained by zeal and study, offered their lives as a sacrifice. Woe to our country should the great debt owed to these heroes be ever forgotten!

"May God forbid that yet,
Or in all time to come, we should their names
forget!

May every springtime's hours
See their graves strewn with flowers,
To show that still remembered is our debt!"

HORACE I. 38.

TO THE BOYS.

I HATE this Persian gingerbread,
These fixins round a feller's head;
I want the roses in their bed
All in a body.

Give me the myrtle as it grows;
And let me take my sweet repose
Beneath the vine, unless it snows,
And sip my toddy.

THE CAMBRIDGE UNION.

BY WILLIAM EVERETT.

WHEN Harvard students can find nothing else to grumble about, they are apt to fall upon their rulers for not instantly establishing "a reading-room;" where, when, or how it is to be established being left to said rulers, without one-twentieth of the inevitable difficulties being considered.

Nor is it proposed to consider them now, but to see how a graduate and undergraduate population considerably larger than Harvard's provides its reading-room, and something else as well.

The most popular reading-room at Cambridge, in England, belongs to the Union Debating Society, commonly called "The Union." This was formed, as nearly as can be ascertained, in the year 1815. At that time the Debating Society occupied a very different position in England from what it does now. The country was so inadequately represented in Parliament, and within its walls the Tory element reigned so arrogantly, that the voice of liberality and reform had to make itself heard as well as it could by outside imitations of Parliament. There had been a variety of these existing at Cambridge for some time; three of them being finally consolidated into one, which took the name of "The Union," about the year named above.

It seems to have been conducted quite as much by graduates as by undergraduates. The great Dr. Whewell, who took his degree in 1816, opened his first debate — a thing every new member had to do as soon as possible after entrance — in 1817. And here let us advert again to the difference

in English and American colleges, in respect to the position occupied by the degree in the social, or even the disciplinary position of a university man. With us it fixes a great gulf. But in England it is a good deal like the coming of age. It is an epoch, and a very important one; and one would rarely fail to see a difference between a son of Trinity or Magdalene two years before his degree, and two years after. But the process is altogether an insensible and continuous one. After taking his degree, the student in a very large number of cases continues to live just as he did, and do just as he did; and the idea of a social or literary club exclusively for undergraduates, terminating the active connection of its members with the degree, would seem very absurd in England; cutting off members just as they were getting sufficient leisure and experience to manage its affairs. Nay, men often join societies after graduation.

Particularly is this circumstance, which it is interesting to connect with the growth of the Union in the days of its youth, true of it in its maturity. Graduates and undergraduates meet there in perfect freedom in the canvass for office, the management of the library, and the strife of debate; deference and precedence being accorded to one, liberty and encouragement to the other.

The Union Society was strenuously opposed by the university authorities in its early days. Their ostensible reason — and to a certain extent, doubtless, in good faith — was that it distracted men from their studies.

This was at once disproved by exhibiting the class-lists, published by authority, in which many most honorable positions were filled by active members of the Union. The real objection, we may with equal confidence assert, was a dread of the radical and subversive tendencies of such a society. That any men, but especially young men, should presume to think there could be two sides to a political question, and discuss them, was an outrage in the minds of the Lords of the University; and accordingly in the year 1817, the Union debates were suppressed; Dr. Wood of St. John's College, hated by Cambridge men as author of an algebra, being vice-chancellor. The officers remonstrated at length, but Dr. Wood refused to discuss the matter. The Society, however, was continued as a reading-society, chiefly, doubtless, of books rather than periodicals. From its earliest days the collection of a library had been a prominent object, and heavy fines for its support were levied for all irregularities.

In 1821, under the milder rule of Dr. Wordsworth, debates were allowed to revive; but all political questions of a date subsequent to 1800 were excluded! This prohibition has long been removed; and the policy of England at the present hour is discussed as fiercely in the Union as in Parliament.

The years shortly after the revival of the debates are always looked upon as the palmy days of the Union. It was in 1822 that Macaulay first addressed the society, to show that the political course of John Hampden was not deserving of approbation! He is understood to have been always a favorite and powerful debater; his worthiest antagonist being Winthrop Mackworth Praed, the elegant poet.

In the year 1829, when Lord

Houghton (then Monckton Milnes) and Arthur Hallam were leaders at the Union, they and others performed the difficult journey across country to Oxford, where they encountered the members of the Oxford Union in a debate on the resolution — audacious to Oxford ears — that Shelley was a greater poet than Byron. At that time Gladstone, Wilberforce (now Bishop of Winchester, but better known as Bishop of Oxford), and Archbishop Manning, were prominent members of the Oxford Union. The Cambridge men were allowed to be overpowering in debate, but the vote was largely for Byron.

Since then, forty years and more have passed; and still the Union debates survive, and are likely to, but they are not of a very high order. They are left, as every thing else is at an English university, to specialists, — men who debate at the Union and nothing else; and the real force of the colleges goes off to the specialists in what are considered more important specialties — the studies, literary or scientific, and the athletics, terrestrial or aquatic. Accordingly, although prestige and locality are eminently favorable, there are generally lacking the two great helps to lively debate, — first-class men to speak, and large audiences to listen.

It should be said, however, that the debates at the Union far excel those at our colleges in their observance of parliamentary rules. True, Cushing's Manual is unknown in England; and the order they keep is altogether founded on general parliamentary tradition. But it is kept; and, above all, the monstrous absurdity of appealing from the decision of the chair, so much favored by American debaters, is, as it should be, practically unknown.

But, while debates have languished, the other objects of the society have grown and flourished. It has inhabited, since its formation, various sets of rooms; but it was not till 1866 that it became settled in a building of its own, built on ground of its own, for its own purposes. To this it is proposed to introduce the reader.

A stranger going to Cambridge is sure to be taken to see the Round Church, or St. Sepulchre's; properly speaking, the church of the Holy Sepulchre, which dates from the Knight Templars. Behind this curious mediæval structure, in massive gray stone, rises another, in by no means massive red and gray stone of that style which a witty comparative philologist describes as "Mæso-Gothic." It has all the vagaries of porch, oriel, fantastic roof, and that studied irregularity which is all the rage now in England; where architects, mistaking reverse of wrong for right, are doing their best to caricature the designs of the Plantagenets and Tudors. "The style," says the authorized description of the Union, "is thirteenth century Gothic; but this has not been strictly adhered to throughout the building." No: you might as well attempt to put '46 La-fitte into Horace's "Sabina Diota," without risk of bursting, as to put the Cambridge Union into thirteenth century Gothic strictly adhered to.

"On entering, you pass into the hall. This is a wide passage running through the building to the debating-room, having on its right hand the committee and clerks' rooms, and on the left the library and out-offices. The hall-floor is inlaid with encaustic tiles in Casterton stone, and the ceiling is of varnished wood.

The principal feature of the building is the debating-room. It is sixty feet long by forty-five feet wide, and will accommodate about six hundred persons. Around

three sides it has a wooden gallery for ladies. This is supported by double timber brackets, and is approached from the first floor. Opposite the entrance is the president's dais. On each side of the dais are arranged sofas, and leather seats with backs. The ceiling is divided into panels by bold timber-work. The lower windows have in them stained glass, on which are painted the arms of the university, the monogram of the 'Union,' and the date. In the evening the room is lighted by two pendants, containing forty-two burners in each, over which are two large ventilators.

"The library is situated on the left hand as you enter, and is of the shape of the letter L, with large bay-windows. On one side of the room is an arcade through the arches, forming a series of recesses, lined with books on either side, and tables and seats for readers. The room is lighted principally from the south; and at the farther end is built a large stone corbel chimney-piece, inlaid with encaustic tiles.

"The clerk's office is fitted up with every suitable convenience, and a door therefrom leads into the committee-room.

"Ascending the principal staircase, which is of stone, with iron balustrading, we find three large stained-glass windows; and at the top of this landing are the doors leading into the ladies' gallery. Ascending a few steps higher on the right hand, we enter the magazine-room, which is built in conformity with the library below. Stuffed seats, covered with green morocco, run round the room, and accommodate about sixty persons. This room is covered with a fine Brussels carpet and with dark maroon repp curtains, and looks very comfortable.

"The writing-room is on the opposite side to the magazine-room, and is arranged so as to allow as many as thirty-six members to write at the same time.

"Ascending still higher, up a wooden staircase, with grained wooden balustrade, we come to the smoking and newspaper-file rooms. In the smoking-room there is a liberal supply of papers, and coffee is served between the hours of four and nine. There are sofa-seats all round the room, and iron tables with marble tops in

front of these. The file-room is used for purposes of reference, and the files of all the newspapers taken in by the society are kept there. These are all the rooms in the main part of the building. Behind is a six-roomed house for the head clerk."

One of the last items in this description, which is extracted from a little account published when the new building was opened, was long the source of great contention,—the smoking-room. The old quarters were really very limited; and, if smoking had been allowed in any part of them, it would have poisoned the house. The subject was brought up again and again; and finally it was felt, when new buildings were in contemplation, that a large number of new subscriptions, which were much needed, would be secured by providing a room for smokers.

It may be safely asserted, that the Union offers as liberal a supply of reading as any similar place in the world. The library is a very valuable one, about eight thousand volumes; and there is a regular provision for its increase, large enough to amount to something, and small enough to shut out all but valuable purchases. The society subscribes to Mudie's circulating library, which affords an excellent means for testing new productions. Twenty-five copies of "The Times" are taken daily; two of a few other leading London dailies, half a dozen of "The Pall Mall Gazette," three or four of "Punch" and "The Saturday Review;" one of each of the other principal dailies and weeklies, and of the monthly and quarterly magazines. Writing materials are furnished free; postage-stamps may be procured in the building; and there is a free delivery for the town of Cambridge.

In extracting an account of the

rooms, a variety of complimentary epithets applied to the furniture, fittings, and general appearance, have been omitted. And yet a stranger, visiting these rooms for the first time, might well feel that a building so compact, yet so roomy, so comfortable, yet so plain, so evidently meant for use, yet so instinct with true elegance, deserved the hearty compliments of every describer. Nothing has been left out, yet nothing has been exaggerated. One can read, write, smoke, or play chess; he can be silent or speak; he can find a wash-room for his outer, and coffee for his inner man; and, though beds are not provided, members do sleep there,—*crede experto*; and, indeed, it must all be seen, to be understood.

The rest of this article must be devoted to answering a few questions that an outsider will necessarily ask.

And, first, who gets up the Union,—“who runs the machine,”—the students, or the authorities? I answer,—the members of the university without distinction; of course, as the graduates engaged in instruction and government have more to do than those *in statu pupillari*, as the phrase is, they have less time to give to such an institution as the Union. But the Union Society, though its recruits are chiefly undergraduates, does not cut off its members after they take their degrees, or after they become officers. They are perfectly competent, after having been members ten years, to take any part in the management of its affairs that they would in their earlier years; and, if an older graduate does choose to come forward as an active member, his age and university rank have their full weight, and he is considered to be doing the kindest possible thing, rather than to be interfering invidiously. In short, the

lines so sharply drawn in our universities, between class and class, graduate and undergraduate, pupil and master, are scarcely recognized in England, and never in such an institution as the Union: all members are equally concerned in its management.

Secondly, Being in theory a society for all the university, who, practically, avail themselves of its privileges? Not so many as might be supposed. Ten years ago, when the society inhabited its old inconvenient quarters, not more than three hundred of the fifteen hundred undergraduates were members. But the new and elegant building has of course proved a very great attraction; and the numbers are largely increased. Still, many join who never come. A hundred and twenty votes at a debate is an immense number. The daily papers arrive at eleven o'clock, and from then till six one can generally find a "Times" disengaged; often two or three. Though the requisites for admission are nominal, and the duties of membership limited to paying a subscription, the society is not that universally patronized body one would suppose. The fact is, many men dislike the very openness, and prefer to get their reading in smaller societies, with some exclusive principle.

Thirdly, What supports the society? The subscriptions. Every new member pays one pound entrance fee, and one pound a term for nine terms (three years). He is then an honorary member for life, entitled to all the privileges of subscribing members. Any one can commute for all dues by a payment of seven pounds ten shillings on his admission.

Fourthly, Who has the practical working of the club? There are the

usual officers, chosen every term, except the Treasurer, who is chosen annually; the library committee, including also the other officers and all ex-officers who elect to serve on it. But except the selection of books, and presiding, the real work is done by the clerks. Herein the Union resembles all clubs in England; it having been learned in that country by long experience, that the daily drudgery of clubs should not be done by honorary officers taken from among the members, but by paid servants, who are in this case not university men at all. The only evil resulting from this is, that occasionally the clerks, who have held their places for twenty years, are apt to be patronizing and obstructive to the officers of the time. But the amount of money and trouble saved is infinite. There is also an ample staff of other servants necessary for so extensive an establishment, — all on regular wages.

And to conclude a rather long-winded article rather abruptly, — the great mark of the Union is its propriety. Sometimes, when Tuesday evening brings the weekly debate, and an exciting subject, especially one on the ecclesiastical policy of the country, stirs up men's passions, there will be boiling over; but then only in the large hall, — otherwise there reigns throughout the entire building, even when crowded with readers and writers, the greatest stillness compatible with ease of body and mind. For members of English universities, so terribly behind our advanced institutions, are benighted enough not to have learnt that you can do every thing much more enjoyably by making a row about it: they cling to the old-world notion, that decorum and quiet are nearly synonymous.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MEXICO AND BUENA VISTA.

BY AN ENGINEER OFFICER.

No. II.

EARLY in the morning of the 23d, a small parapet was thrown up in front of Washington's battery, the roadway being closed by wagons filled with stones; and at the earliest light I resumed my position in the advance with the mounted orderlies to watch and report the movement at their left, near which appeared to be their head-quarter position. By 7, A.M., or a little later, a large and brilliant group of officers, who, as we afterwards learned, were Santa Ana and his staff, came out on their advanced spur near the road, some four hundred yards from me. I noticed their horses, with their showy trappings, and several large and beautiful greyhounds gambolling round them. After a brief observation of our lines, they retired, and their infantry columns were rapidly formed for attack; and, after another ineffectual salute to our position, of three guns in succession, the column moved forward upon our centre. Having sent in full notice of these movements to our right, and being then unable to return by the road, I passed up that advanced spur to our left (against which a second column was forming), to join and report to Gen. Taylor. This column at the road moved forward against Washington's battery; but the fire from his pieces repulsed them at a distance of some five hundred yards, between the first and second ridges in advance, or just in rear of our lookout spur. The horse of Santa Ana was killed under him in this charge, the only one attempted here during the day. Near noon, a most

daring, hairbrained reconnoissance was made by a single Mexican officer up to within sixty yards of the battery; when our advance sentinel was about to lay a hand on his bridle, he turned his horse, and fled under our infantry fire from the hill. He was successful in riding back to his lines, but was killed later, in the last charge of the afternoon. Major Washington forbade the fire of his guns on "so brave a fellow."

On getting up to the plain, at our left and front, I found that Gen. Taylor had not yet arrived; while all was anxiety at the sight of the immense masses of Mexican infantry, their bright arms glittering in the early morning sun, that were seen approaching, under the fire of their heavy guns, from the ridge just across the narrow valley. I turned to our rear to seek the staff, and met my friend Capt. Lincoln, Wool's adjutant-general, on a gallop to the front. My greeting of "Buena Vista!" with the right arm pointing to the rear, was responded to with his right arm forward, and "Buena Vista!" which was probably the last exclamation of his life except his closing cheer.

As I passed onward, I first met Col. Belknap, moving quietly along under a perfect hail of musketry, and next found Gen. Taylor and his staff, as they came upon the plain from Saltillo, where the anxiety of the General had carried him during the night to assure himself again of the proper disposition of the troops there.

We had scarcely moved a hundred yards upon the plain, when Capt.

Bragg rode up with the exclamation, "General, they are too strong for me, —they are six pieces to my two!" Upon this Gen. Taylor authorized him to withdraw to a safer place. As he turned to join his battery he saw me, and, grasping my hand, cried out, "I give you joy. I shed a tear for you just now. I thought I saw you dead." I followed him, and saw at the feet of the horses of one of his pieces all that was left of the gallant Lincoln, so recently in full and joyous life. My first impulse was to save his sword, as of priceless value to those who loved him; and I carried it with his pistol to our field-hospital under the edge of the plain, for safety. Upon returning some short time after, and finding his body still left where he fell, I had that also taken off the field. He had pressed forward as I passed him, to the front of Bissell's regiment, then forming to support a section of artillery under Thomas, and to meet the charge of the advancing columns. Riding along their front, he turned back to their left and rear to cheer them on, with the words, "Come on, my brave Illinoisians, and save this battery." In the storm of musketry that then rained down upon them, one ball struck him in the waist, another entered the back of his head; and drooping slowly forward, he was caught by a captain of the charging regiment, who passed him into the arms of his orderly; and he was laid upon the ground, without a groan or a word. After waiting several weeks, I sent a long letter to his friends, giving them every detail, and with it flowers which had blossomed on the spot where he fell. Long may such flowers bloom over him, gallant son of a noble race of Massachusetts, the names of whose heroes and statesmen

still glitter among the brightest on her rolls of fame!

The arrangement of our troops for the battle which had then commenced was, very briefly, as follows: the plain referred to was held by us in force, to receive the main assaults of the enemy; for our right was felt to be secured by Washington's battery and the steep interlaced gullies beyond it; and our left was protected by the high Sierra range, if we could hold the plain at the mountain foot; for which three pieces under O'Brien (a part of Washington's battery) held our right centre, with Bowles's Second Indiana Infantry as guard. A part of Bragg's battery was in rear of our right centre; a part of Sherman's battery under Thomas, with Bissell's Illinois regiment, and McKee's Kentucky regiment, was at the heads of the gullies, with Lane's Indiana and Harden's First Illinois. The bulk of the remaining infantry regiments were at first under cover in rear of and at the edge of the plateau; and in the wide ravines in the rear were Humphrey Marshall's five companies of Kentucky volunteer cavalry, Jeff Davis's Mississippi regiment, Gen. Taylor's escort, and eight of Zell's regiment of Arkansas cavalry, being held as a kind of reserve, with the two squadrons of regular cavalry.

The storm of fire under which Lincoln had fallen came upon us from the main and partly successful column of attack against our centre on the plain, pushed forward by the Mexicans immediately after their failure on our right, at the road; its approach being by the way of our short advanced spur (the *thumb* of the model of position suggested). It was at first repelled by O'Brien's pieces, which enfiladed the upper part

of this ridge. Having cleared the space on his front, O'Brien ordered the advance of his guns, when the heading of the horses to the rear, "to limber up," appears to have caused an alarm to Col. Bowles, and given him the idea that they were preparing to retreat; and in his ignorance and ill-judgment, rather than cowardice, he ordered his regiment to the rear, when in fact they had lost but five men. The regiment moved at first only after repeated orders, and by companies even, till once fairly in retreat, when it became a flight to them, although fortunately to them only; for though rallied in part by several officers of the staff, Maj. Dix, Capt. Linnard, and myself, they never again acted that day as an organization. The bitter shame and burning disgrace of this unnecessary rout, caused by the blunder of this ignorant colonel, was deeply felt for months and years. Among their blackest, saddest days may be counted that of their departure for home when relieved by the new troops, — a day to all the other regiments there so gay and joyous. For, as all the other regiments filed by in succession, the battalions of the new columns, consisting of some six thousand men, turned out on parade, with presented arms, and saluted as it passed with martial music and loud cheers. But the Second Indiana Regiment marched by in the sadness and silence of their own grieved hearts, while the men of all these battalions remained in their tents. This is perhaps among the most sorrowful memories of the war.

When I reported the difficulty of rallying these men to Gen. Taylor, he said, "Call upon their State pride, call upon their State pride: they will not resist that."

This was tried a short time afterwards, with some fifty or sixty stragglers at our field hospital, — with the call, "Up! up! we want you; your State wants you." Seeing that no one moved, the inquiry was made, "What State are you from?" A lazy-looking rascal, after coolly looking all round upon the others, answered "Well, sir, we are from various States, if you must know." The General acknowledged himself beaten.

The flight of this regiment at once opened our centre to the enemy, for this retreat was the signal for renewing their assault; and O'Brien left alone, at the very moment of his intended advance, could only hope to save his pieces, in which for that time he succeeded. The enemy in heavy force then gained the plain, and the whole front, as also that left half of the battlefield, near the mountain, which they held through the whole contest. They soon afterwards brought up a heavy battery, whose fire covered and commanded nearly the whole of this plateau. For two hours after this the fire on either side raged with unabated violence. During this time a large body of Mexican cavalry, some three thousand or more, succeeded in passing over this plain at our left, along the mountain foot, apparently with the design of attacking our camps and the trains in the rear. Davis's regiment, with Sherman and one piece of artillery, and May's squadron, were sent to watch the movements of the enemy, and guard our trains; while Marshall with his volunteer cavalry was ordered to move in this ravine, a short distance to his right, to guard our centre. But this man continued his movement to the Hacienda and the plain beyond, a mile from the battlefield, where he remained for the rest of the day, simply as a spectator of

the contest, in a good position to retire if we were routed; and neither the repeated messages of Gen. Taylor, nor his own personal solicitation made after the lull of battle, soon after mid-day, could bring him to the field again.

It was shortly after this Mexican cavalry had passed beyond our line, while the fire of the artillery on both sides was of the hottest, the plain being completely covered with smoke, that occurred one of those incidents,—those blunders,—that at times even decide the fate of battles. In this case we felt that it cost us at least the loss of these three thousand cavalry as prisoners. For as the fire slackened a little, and the smoke cleared for a few moments, a cry rose of a “message from Gen. Santa Ana;” and two Mexican officers were led forward to Gen. Taylor, who, with his staff grouped around him, was just in rear of the centre of the plateau. I noticed that they had no white flag, and was still more surprised at the message they gave in French, that “Gen. Santa Ana desired to know what Gen. Taylor wanted.” Honest Gen. Taylor, without any punctilio or any wile in himself, and without suspicion of this in others, at once replied “His surrender,” which was called out to them by others in French. While Gen. Wool returned with these men towards the line for a parley, Gen. Taylor at once stopped the firing in our front, and sent similar orders to our left and rear, where our reserves were engaged with that very cavalry; and thus, on the cessation of our fire, those three thousand men, except one or two small detachments, quietly passed back to their own lines unmolested under our very eyes.

Gen. Wool soon returned, and re-

ported to Gen. Taylor, that, as he approached the enemy, those officers advanced towards their own troops and joined them; but, as the Mexicans still continued to fire upon him after this, he gave up the attempt at a parley and returned. Though few of us, if any, suspected the good faith of this strange message at the moment, I have little doubt that these officers, being well in advance, found themselves, by the lifting of the smoke, surrounded by our men, and with ready wit at once feigned this message, “*a ver se pega*,” as their phrase is,—“to see if it would take;” and it did take most fortunately for them, for, as they neared their own lines, they deserted Gen. Wool, and escaped; and not only this, but unwittingly on their part, by our order to stop the fire, their large body of cavalry was also saved.

Of the two detachments referred to, one body of some three or four hundred men, apparently advancing on our train, was met by Jeff Davis with his small regiment, with Sherman and a piece of artillery. After a near approach, but not an actual charge, the rifles of Davis and the canister of Sherman were too much for them, and they turned and fled to their column, escaping to their own lines. I counted seven dead Mexicans the next day at the scene of this contest. This gave his first military prestige to Davis, who was offered a general’s position in our army soon after. He was wounded in the foot at this affair; and in the battle his regiment lost one hundred men out of three hundred and seventy.

The other detachment, of about two hundred and fifty only, bore down towards our dépôt at the Hacienda of Buena Vista. Here were drawn up in line Marshall (senior colonel) with

his five, and Yell with his eight companies of volunteer cavalry. The Mexicans in "column of fours," advanced moderately, halting from time to time; and Marshall, though repeatedly urged by others, could not be prevailed upon to order an advance or charge. But Yell, a brave man, but without discipline, felt the humiliation of the moment; and with passionate appeals to his men, and with most bitter, biting sarcasm upon those who held back, he succeeded in getting some sixty to join him in the charge which Marshall would not order. With these only, he advanced to meet the Mexican lancers, who now came upon him, and overwhelmed him at the charging pace, when Yell with several of his officers and men went down, and the lines of Marshall in his rear turned at once, without waiting the shock, and rushed pell-mell between and around the buildings of the ranch, followed by the Mexicans. Yell's adjutant (afterwards the lieutenant-colonel of his regiment) said afterwards of this charge, that is boasted of for our cavalry, "I was at full speed, with Mexicans on the right, left, and rear of me." This column of lancers then passed rapidly across the valley at our right and rear, rejoining their line, by passing around the gullies on our right, and being fired at by their own artillery as they approached them in our front. They suffered somewhat as they passed, from the stragglers, and the small guard of infantry on the roofs of the adobe houses; and they barely escaped destruction from a charge under May, who was approaching by the road on their flank at the moment of their charge, when his command was halted, as one of his officers, Lieut. Givens, afterwards told me, "to let the dust clear away." May soon after re-

sumed the pursuit; but the critical moment had passed, not to return.

While this last skirmish was occurring, the battle recommenced with increased fury on the plain. It had been observed by the two Mexicans that Gen. Taylor rode a white horse, the only white horse, I believe, ridden by any officer that day except Lincoln. During the lull of our fire, a heavy battery of artillery was placed in position to cover every part of the plain; and the white horse, with the staff grouped around it, was a most conspicuous mark. I recollect at one time, as we crossed the rear ridge, in an attempt to take cover, three balls, in true line-shots, came over us in succession, as we moved from one side to the other. The firing down hill without doubt saved Gen. Taylor. We learned afterwards that this was a battery commanded by Capt. Riley, formerly a sergeant of our infantry, who had deserted our army at Matamoras, and who had been promised a lieutenant-colonelcy if he succeeded in killing or disabling Gen. Taylor. Riley was subsequently captured on Scott's line; and though unusual efforts, even petitions of large numbers of the ladies of Mexico, were made to save him, he was tried and sentenced. Under the immediate direction of Twiggs (who subsequently became a far greater traitor to his country) he was severely branded as a deserter, while some seventy other such deserters were hung, at the first wave of our flag over Chapultepec. Riley's life was saved, on the plea that he deserted just before the actual date of the declaration of war.

It was during the severe enfilading fire, that the gallant Harden, who had a regiment in admirable discipline, came up to Gen. Taylor to beg that he might be allowed to charge,

and capture that battery; and, grasping his hand warmly with the exclamation, "You are our regulars!" I joined in urging his request. But the General felt that it was scarcely safe to assault them; and he remarked to me, as Harden turned away, "I know Harden would go; but I do not know what his men would do: they have never been under fire. If I only had one regiment of regulars, I would order this charge." Nor is it perhaps too much to say, that if he had had the troops, to order such a charge, it would probably have been, like all our other daring charges on the Mexicans, successful; and the total rout of all that army, with the loss of all its war-material and camp-equipage, must have been the result. With such a result, these troops and this material, instead of being safely and quietly withdrawn in the night, as was the case, would never have formed the nucleus of the force that met Gen. Scott at Cerro Gordo; even more, there would have been no Cerro Gordo. Had there been one regiment of regulars at Buena Vista, Gen. Scott could have marched almost unopposed into the valley, if not even into the city of Mexico; and, though the military fame of that chieftain would not have been so great, the bloodshed and slaughter on that line that gave him his success would have been far less.

Towards noon, and during the rage of the battle upon the plain, when orders were sent to the rear for assistance from the reserves, I met Lieut. (now Gen.) Kilburn, as he was attempting to ascend the plateau with a section of Bragg's battery; which had been sent to our rear at the time of danger there. These guns had moved rapidly to the right and left, to meet the expected attacks

over a wide space in our rear; and this celerity of our artillery in moving to different points had so astonished the enemy as to give them the impression of our having a vastly superior force in this respect. But Kilburn's horses were now entirely exhausted, and unable to move the pieces; upon seeing which, I told him I would get him other animals. Calling his sergeant, I rode off to Major Washington, and appealed to him for fresh teams for these guns, which were at once given by this noble old soldier; so that this section for a second time joined in this morning's fight on the plateau. The fresh horses played a still more important part in the afternoon for their battery and its commander.

Soon after this, or about mid-day, and after some three hours of almost continuous fire, the rage of war on the earth was silenced for the time by a greater conflict of the elements from the heavens above; for a most violent storm of rain and even hail poured down upon us in torrents for some fifteen or twenty minutes, completely silencing the strife of the contending armies. Some three to four hours later in the afternoon, after a second long-continued firing of the artillery on both sides during the last fatal charge, a second such shower of rain poured down upon us, and closed the contest; while a slighter shower had fallen on the night of the twenty-second, just after the lesser battle in the mountain. Now, as not a drop of rain had fallen there for many months previously, and none fell again, as I personally know, for at least two to three months after this battle, I think we may consider these instances to be conclusive evidence that the firing of cannon produces rain even in dry seasons.

Just previous to this shower, and while the fire was raging at the hottest, Gen. Wool, a man personally as brave as Gen. Taylor himself (though other impressions had been given me before the battle), in an excess of caution, and in fear of a defeat, had urged on Gen. Taylor to send, or let him send, an order to Capt. Washington to have his battery got ready for a retreat; and Gen. Taylor very doubtfully yielding, Wool sent his aid, Lieut. (now Gen.) McDowell, from whom I had the facts, down to Washington to give the order. The horses were at once attached to the pieces; and one gun, by the mistake of a sergeant, had actually started towards the rear. But they were ordered back by brave old Washington, who vowed he would not move till he had the positive orders of Gen. Taylor. A very few minutes after, Major Bliss (Taylor's adjutant-general) came down, and ordered them "to limber up, to be prepared to go to the front;" and when Washington said, "I thought we were defeated, from the order just now received," Bliss replied, "On the contrary, Gen. Taylor thinks they are pretty badly whipped; and he wants you to be ready to pursue them."

I understood that this order was afterwards forgotten or denied by Gen. Wool; but it was an order, which, if known to the volunteer troops, would at once have caused their retreat, and of course their utter rout under the circumstances. I cannot doubt that Gen. Taylor yielded for the moment only to the urgings of this old veteran officer, his second in command, from the kindness of his nature; but immediately after, to prevent the danger which he foresaw with his raw troops, he sent down Bliss with a counter-order and a

message even of false hope, as I must feel sure it was. I mention this fact as one of the accidents by which the results of the battle might have been changed.

After the storm, the Mexicans having for some time appeared to rest quietly, the generals and their staffs indulged themselves in a little rest and refreshment. While troops were changed in position, — brought up to near the plateau, and at the heads of the ravines, to be ready for any new assault, and the batteries, in part at least, descended to the centre position, near the pass, to forage their horses, — Gen. Taylor, whom no personal urging had before prevailed upon to dismount from his white horse for safety, exchanged that animal for another, — a favorite "clay-bank pacer." He at once visited the ranch and trains, to inspect their condition, and see to their safety. He also went to the cavalry under Marshall, then near the ranch, and commanded, urged, and implored him to come up close to the plain, to be ready to assist us, begging him in the homely farmer's phrase, though with inverted meaning, to "stand up to his fodder, rack or no rack." But all his efforts were in vain; for I recollect hours after, during the last conflict, the General told me to look with my glass, and tell him what men those were in our rear, beyond the ranch. I could only answer, "I see they are our cavalry, as they are not in uniform;" when his earnest, feeling exclamation was, "I wish in God's name they would only come up and show themselves. I would not ask them to fight." It was also about this time, or near the middle of the day, that Gen. Miñon, with a large cavalry-force which had been sent round by a mule-path beyond the high mountains on our left, to threat-

en our train and dépôt at Saltillo, had succeeded in crossing those mountains by a most wild and dangerous path, and approached our rear, as if to cut off our communication with the town. Upon this, an officer of Major Webster, who commanded the redoubt overlooking Saltillo, Lieut. (now Gen.) Donaldson, moved out with one piece of artillery. Lieut. Shover, with another piece from our train-guard, joined him; and they both gallantly approached and shelled this large body of cavalry without a single bayonet or sabre other than those of their artillerists to protect them. To their own astonishment—in fact, to escape the fire of these two pieces—the whole brigade of Miñon turned back, and retraced their steps over the mountain-path. And thus closed all battle in our rear; although we had good reason afterwards to feel assured that several thousand guerillas were still beyond them, to cut off all stragglers, in case of our defeat.

To return to our main position. About this time, between one and two, P.M., the two generals, Taylor and Wool, with most of the staff-officers, had collected near our central position, in rear of Washington's battery, reporting and gathering information; while some jests were passed round in spite of the anxieties of the hour. Among others, a bet was fastened on me by Garnet, Taylor's aid, for looking with eyes too large upon a shell filled with musket-balls that an hour or two before had passed uncomfortably near me, while I was sitting quietly in the saddle, carelessly exposed, with a full side-view offered to the enemy. The bet was on the diameter of this seven-inch shell; and I lost it by a quarter of an inch. The wager was faithfully paid the next

day. (I will not say how, in this region of the Maine law.) I could not but think sadly of the occurrence thirteen years after, when the winner of that bet lay before me at Corrick's Ford, his last fight over, with a rebel star upon his shoulder.

As we soon saw much movement in the troops of the enemy on our front, along the road, Gen. Taylor directed me to ascend a knoll, just in the rear of our centre, to reconnoitre. When, after a few minutes, I reported to him that the enemy appeared to be retiring in large numbers, he at once mounted, with his staff, and moved round to ascend the plain. I continued at the hill, and a short time after observed that they appeared to be wavering or halting in their retreat, of which I sent notice immediately up to the general, by a horseman resting at the hill-foot; soon after, seeing them return on the road towards us in considerable force, I left the hill, and remounted to join and report this at once to the general.

Upon reaching the plateau, I found the contest raging with all the force of the early morning strife. From the facts, as gathered then and immediately after, I should judge that the enemy, though holding in force the left and front of our original position on the plateau, and commanding this plain, were still uncertain or undecided about another attack upon us, while we held this plain by the heads of the valleys on our right, and the ravine in rear of our centre; though they held, with a great force of infantry, the first valley on our front (between the thumb and forefinger of the suggested model), they still had actually commenced a withdrawal of a portion of their troops. Soon after Gen. Taylor came upon the plain, an attack on our side, probably in the

belief of this withdrawal, was ordered and made by the three regiments that held the heads of the two main valleys. Harden's and Bissell's Illinois, and McKee's Kentucky regiments, some fifteen hundred men in all, which were supported in rear by three guns under Lieut. O'Brien, one of the most noble, gallant men on that field.

These men moved forward in an echelon line towards the next valley, just above referred to; the existence of which, from the clearness of the atmosphere, they could not suspect even, the whole succession of ridges in front appearing as but a simple plain. But as they neared this ravine, within some fifty to eighty yards only, an immense force of some five thousand to seven thousand men suddenly rose as it were from the open earth upon them, "six to seven lines deep," as one officer stated to me, and outflanking them in both directions. There was nothing then for them, but "*Sauve qui peut*;" and our men fled to the rear as best they could, a large part taking refuge and escaping down the first valley to their right, just in rear of our former lookout spur, and down this valley also, on either side, passed the Mexicans in full pursuit. It seems they sent word to their cavalry to meet our men at the mouth of the valley, near the road, and thus holding the broken regiments completely caught in a *cul-de-sac*; and the work of massacre began, and finished only when no more were left for slaughter. Survivors who escaped related to me that they saw parties of our men giving up their arms and bowing low, even kneeling in Mexican fashion, to surrender to the cavalry, who, while retaining their arms, called to their infantry to shoot them. Col. Bissell told me, that, finding a narrow gully of six or eight feet deep,

he took to that for safety, at the same time calling to McKee and Clay, retreating on the hillside to his right, to take that cover also. Bissell kept this shelter till near the road, when a run of one hundred yards brought him under the cover of Washington's guns. Col. McKee continued on the exposed hillside, and was killed. Lieut. Col. Clay, at first wounded, was carried off by three of his men, whom he begged would leave him and save themselves; but the noble fellows still bore him on, till all were slaughtered in cold blood. Col. Harden had all but escaped, when he was seen at the very top and end of the next spur, in front of his own men, then under Richardson, in conflict with a lancer; and when they went out to bring in his body a few minutes after, they found the dead lancer and his horse beside him, and the lance half cut off by Harden's sword: that sword was gone, but the scabbard still remained belted to the waist, as they had not time to take it. Within half an hour after, I saw the body of that gallant officer, with the lance and scabbard, laid upon the ground in the tent where Jeff Davis was lying with his wounded foot. One man, and one man only, was saved here that they had power to kill; he was afterwards my trainmaster, after his discharge from Bissell's regiment. He told me he had taken cover, and thought, "they had just got in good shooting distance," when he saw that no one of his regiment was near him. Turning to run, he was met by two Mexicans with unloaded guns, one of whom struck at him with the bayonet, the other with the breech of his piece, when an officer approached, and, knocking up their muskets, called out "dollar" to him. He at once handed him a belt with sixty dollars in it; and this officer then

and afterwards saved his life. The men had been paid but a few days before the fight; and many of them had hundreds of dollars even on their persons, which made it impossible for the wounded to escape, as is often done, feigning death; for the search for this plunder was too vigilant to be deceived.

The portion of our men that were forced directly to the rear on the plain without being near enough to take cover in the ravine, were followed closely by another party of this overwhelming force, up to the very muzzles of O'Brien's pieces, all three of which they captured, after that gallant officer had abandoned them, limping off, himself wounded, with but a single artillerist remaining with him. Lieut. Franklin (now Gen.) saw a Mexican officer deliberately ride up to the head horse of one of the guns, and, taking him by the bridle, turn him round, and thus capture the piece. But this hitherto resistless return charge was now met by another fire still more resistless as it proved,—that of the guns of Bragg and Sherman, which reached the plain at the most opportune moment. These batteries, as previously stated, had been resting and recruiting in the ravine below, when, as those regiments moved forward to the charge, Capt. (now Gen.) I. H. Eaton, Gen. Taylor's aid, came down to order them forward to the plain, urging them with, "The general wants you: up, up, or you will be too late!" Both batteries sprang forward, and the fresh horses of Bragg took the lead; and, in the narrow practicable roadway, the senior officer, Sherman had to follow in rear; but he rose the plain close upon Bragg, throwing his line forward at an angle with him, when both poured a cross-fire over the same ground, which repelled

this last impetuous charge of the enemy, and thereby saved the day, an achievement unjustly attributed to Bragg alone in the official report. I say unjustly; but it is the only injustice that I am aware of that the good Gen. Taylor has ever even appeared to be responsible for. It was unjust towards Sherman; for he had previously been kept by a positive and very unjust order from the command of his own company (then under Bragg, his actual lieutenant), at Monterey. Again, as Bragg first rose the plain with his pieces, probably he alone was then seen by Bliss; and his favoring view held Bragg only in view in the making up of the reports to the general.

It was at this time that the remark was made which was changed to become so famous, "A little more grape, Capt. Bragg," so apt and useful afterwards for orations, and for dinners to this officer. As the captain reached the plain, seeing no infantry near, he rode to Gen. Taylor, saying, "I have no support; they will take my pieces." And the General replied, "They will take them anyhow, fire away;" adding, as Bragg told me, unluckily for the poetry of the story, "Give 'em hell, Bragg." How well this injunction was obeyed, the shattered ranks of the assailants bore ample witness. The whole force was suddenly driven back with great slaughter. I counted nine dead the next morning in one group,—heap, I may say,—and scores of others lying near, under the cross-fire of this artillery.

I may here mention that serious doubts existed afterwards as to authority of the order for that last fatal charge; it being stated that Gen. Taylor had denied that he gave such orders, and much feeling arose among the officers of the regiments that suffered against the person who bore the

order, Capt. Chilton (since the rebel adjutant-general of Lee)."

This officer, whatever peculiarities of character he might have, was a man of undoubted gallantry and truth; and he sacredly vouched to Major Mansfield, who told me within a day or two, that Gen. Taylor did most assuredly give him the order for this charge. The careful major cautioned him, as a young captain, not to insist upon this against the General's denial. I cannot doubt that the good old General did really issue this order while in the excitement of the moment; possibly it did not rest upon his mind: it was an order, that, but for the opportune arrival of our artillery, would have insured our destruction. I was told by those who witnessed the interview, that the brave but impulsive Harden was, at about that time, most earnestly urging upon Cols. Bissell and McKee to join him in making such a charge; these officers at length, still doubtful, assenting, though I was assured the order also reached them before their own proposed movement could be carried out.

This last bloody strife, again stilled by another violent shower, closed the contest for the day. But an hour or two after, or a short time before sunset, we saw their heavy battery at the upper part of the plain limbered up as if for a movement, supported by some three thousand to four thousand infantry, which we feared were arranging for a final overwhelming charge upon us. Gen. Taylor sent me over to the spur on our right, near the road, to get the battalion of Richardson to move up the ridge to be ready to assist the broken remnants of their own, Harden's, and the other regiments, to resist the expected assaults. With great difficulty, and only after directing their officers to take

the list of those reporting as tired, sick, or wounded, I at length succeeded in getting them out of their slight breastwork, and partly up the ridge, to be nearer at least, and in time to aid in case of need, should this force (which I was closely watching with my glass) move down to the attack, which fortunately they did not attempt, upon our shattered lines.

Here, again, the Providence above, or our good fortune, saved us from the effects of another blunder, — an order given by our other old general, Wool. While we were in this suspense, and awaiting what we feared was the final grand attack, Gen. Wool sent an order to May, with his dragoons and the spy company, some two hundred and thirty in all, to attack that heavy force, when Mansfield rushed up to him, and urged him to revoke the order, "if he would not destroy us, as we had no support for such a charge, if they were driven back." The general then countermanded it. This the major told me at our own mess a day or two after. There were disputes about this order also, and publications by Col. May denying its receipt. But there can be no doubt it was given and countermanded. The bearer of the order, the interpreter, Addicks, a former Texan officer, told me he carried it; and I heard Wool state to Jeff Davis, who was lying wounded in the hospital, that he sent it. I told the actual facts to Davis soon after, receiving a caution as to the impolicy of truth-telling. And a former Texan surgeon, Irvine, in the spy company, told me that he heard it delivered, and that, turning to his companions, he said, "Good-by, boys," with the feeling that this was to be the last of all of them.

I mention these circumstances to show some of the confusions and mis-

takes ever incident to these contests; so that I have ever since then characterized battles as but a series of blunders, when he who happened to blunder the least must win the victory. They show, at least, how often, and on what slight chances, our salvation hung during those two days of bitter strife.

No further movement was now made by either side, until the sun set and the night closed in, when, after the placing of our pickets, the different groups of our shattered regiments, having food and water brought to them, for the most part lay in bivouac in their positions at the heads of the ravines, and near the edge of the plain. Gen. Taylor, from the exhaustion of his troops, declined to order a night attack upon the enemy, although it was again suggested.

After visiting the outposts near midnight, I lay down in the bitter cold, just outside the tent where were Davis and other wounded officers, with Harden. I could scarcely rest, till roused up about three o'clock by the cheering news that Capt. Prentiss, with four heavy guns and his lieutenants (now generals) Rickets and Doubleday, had by a forced march since the previous night passed over nearly sixty miles from Monterey to join us. Gen. Taylor at once ordered them from Saltillo to re-enforce us on the field. The satisfaction was intense with which we found we had our lost guns replaced, even in greater force.

As daylight approached, I began to strengthen the breastwork at the centre, near Washington's battery, taking the wagons from the roadway, where they had been left to be ready for a rapid charge forward, if we should wish to make it; and I now attempted to cover the whole front, by a new

parapet of earth, well satisfied that now we could make no such forward charge.

While these preparations for a final defence were being made, at the earliest daylight, there came a faint and uncertain rumor that no enemy could be seen on the plain above. Then these reports grew more confirmed, till at length, fifteen or twenty minutes after, men came rushing in with the welcome intelligence that they had been a long distance in advance, and that no enemy was to be seen, that the whole army of Santa Ana had retired during the night.

By this time, our old officers were all up, and out of the two or three tents pitched near Washington's battery; and Gen. Wool rushed up to Gen. Taylor, embracing him with both arms, with the exclamation, "My God, sir, you are the greatest man in the country: you will be President of the United States!" Col. Belknap (father of the present Secretary of War) then embraced Col. Whiting, the quartermaster-general; and this amusement soon became general, our older officers generally joining in these hearty congratulations much more than the junior.

In a few minutes, Gen. Taylor directed me to order the batteries down to refresh the men and horses, and be prepared to make pursuit. I then moved forward with McCullough to reconnoitre the route. The cavalry near us were pushed on for some six or eight miles, to Encantada, when it was found that the withdrawal of the enemy, which must have commenced with the earliest darkness, was complete, with the bulk of all his war material and trains, then already passed beyond the valley of the Agua Nueva even, leaving only the dead and wounded, and a few stragglers,

with the *débris* of his camp-equipage, as our spoils of the victory.

Their dead were some three hundred to four hundred; and their severely wounded left behind amounted to perhaps double that number, with two hundred to three hundred stragglers. We found here also the evidences of their cruelty in the bodies of our men shot through the head, after apparent struggles to retreat with lesser wounds, from mile to mile on this route.

The hatred, horror even, with which these people had been taught to think of us, was well shown by a little incident in this scout. As McCullough and myself were working our way through the *chapparal* (or scrub-oak brush) some five or six miles in advance to our left of Encantada, we came across a poor, exhausted Mexican woman, lost in the retreat of their army. She was sitting under a bush, by her pony, whose saddle she had removed from its severely galled back. I have her in my mind's eye now, a most beautiful woman, of some twenty-five years, with large, liquid hazel eyes, and full round cheeks, with but the faintest tint of the Indian shade. She was neatly and modestly dressed, wearing kid gloves with the tips of the fingers cut off. She would scarcely speak to us at first; but at length, to our questions, admitted she had lost her way, that her *marido* was killed in battle the day before, and that she was famishing for food and water. I offered her food, but she refused it; coffee from my canteen, filled just before, and telling her it was "café," only "café," and still she refused it, until I raised it to my lips and drank a little, when she seized it, and gorged the whole of it at a draught. I then gave her *piloncillo*, the sugar-cakes of the

country, and some crackers, which she took, then for the first time looking up most gratefully. We could not but suppose that she had feared we would poison her; for it was by such ideas that the ignorant Mexicans were induced so readily to murder us all. Such a barbarity might well be expected from these savages, who, as I learned, after capturing wagons loaded with our wounded about the time of their attack upon the Mississippi regiment, had deliberately thrown these poor sufferers out of the wagons, and murdered them in cold blood.

The cavalry squadrons under Capt. Albert Pike (since too well known to our country), with the companies of regular dragoons under Lieuts. Rucker and Carleton, the latter subsequently on the staff of Gen. Wool, and the historian of this battle, as they found no prospect of reaching the enemy by a successful pursuit, soon returned from their reconnoissance; and our main efforts were at once directed to the care of the wounded, and the gathering in of our heroic dead. Of less than three thousand noble men who stood their ground, over one-fourth, or seven hundred and fifty, had fallen; and of these, over one-third, or more than two hundred and seventy, were dead; a slaughter unexampled in the history of battle-fields, and far beyond that of our former bloodiest contest, Lundy's Lane, where, with nearly the same force, the dead were over one hundred less.

But the enemy was repelled, his army shattered and hurled back to their own capital, our position was held, and the field of Buena Vista won by this gallant band of volunteers against ten times their numbers of mostly veteran troops. Gen. Taylor, unambitious but to do right, an honest, reliable, well-judging soldier,

holding these qualities in common the army I have ever known, be-
with Grant and with Thomas, more came the next president of the United
than any three prominent officers of States.

PINK AND WHITE TYRANNY.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

CHAPTER XXV.

WEDDING BELLS.

SOME weeks had passed in Springdale while these affairs had been going on in New York. The time for the marriage of Grace had been set; and she had gone to Boston to attend to that preparatory shopping which even the most sensible of the sex discover to be indispensable on such occasions.

Grace inclined, in the centre of her soul, to Bostonian, rather than New-York preferences. She had the innocent impression, that a classical severity and a rigid reticence of taste pervaded even the rebellious department of feminine millinery in the city of the Pilgrims,—an idea which we rather think young Boston would laugh down as an exploded superstition; young Boston's leading idea at the present hour being apparently to outdo New York in New York's imitation of Paris.

In fact, Grace found it very difficult to find a milliner, who, if left to her own devices, would not be-feather and be-flower her past all self-recognition, giving to her that generally betowzled and fly-away air which comes straight from the *demi-monde* of Paris.

We apprehend that the recent storms of tribulation which have beat upon those fairy islands of fashion may scatter this frail and fanciful population, and send them by ship-

loads on missions of civilization to our shores; in which case, the bustle and animation and the brilliant display on the old turnpike, spoken of familiarly as the "broad road," will be somewhat increased.

Grace however managed, by the exercise of a good individual taste, to come out of these shopping conflicts in good order,—a handsome, well-dressed, charming woman, with everybody's best wishes for, and sympathy in, her happiness.

Lillie was summoned home by urgent messages from her husband, calling her back to take her share in wedding festivities.

She left willingly; for the fact is, that her last conversation with her cousin Harry had made the situation as uncomfortable to her as if he had unceremoniously deluged her with a pailful of cold water.

There is a chilly, disagreeable kind of article, called common sense, which is of all things most repulsive and antipathetical to all petted creatures whose life has consisted in flattery. It is the kind of talk which sisters are very apt to hear from brothers, and daughters from fathers and mothers, when fathers and mothers do their duty by them; which sets the world before them as it is, and not as it is painted by flatterers. Those women who prefer the society of gentlemen, and who have the faculty of bewitching their senses, never are in the way of hear-

ing from this cold matter-of-fact region; for them it really does not exist. Every phrase that meets their ear is polished and softened, guarded and delicately turned, till there is not a particle of homely truth left in it. They pass their time in a world of illusions; they demand these illusions of all who approach them, as the sole condition of peace and favor. All gentlemen, by a sort of instinct, recognize the woman who lives by flattery, and give her her portion of meat in due season; and thus some poor women are hopelessly buried, as suicides used to be in Scotland, under a mountain of rubbish, to which each passer-by adds one stone. It is only by some extraordinary power of circumstances that a man can be found to invade the sovereignty of a pretty woman with any disagreeable tidings; or, as Junius says, "to instruct the throne in the language of truth." Harry was brought up to this point only by such a concurrence of circumstances. He was in love with another woman,—a ready cause for disenchantment. He was in some sort a family connection; and he saw Lillie's conduct at last, therefore, through the plain, unvarnished medium of common sense. Moreover, he felt a little pinched in his own conscience by the view which Rose seemed to take of his part in the matter, and, manlike, was strengthened in doing his duty by being a little galled and annoyed at the woman whose charms had tempted him into this dilemma. So he talked to Lillie like a brother; or, in other words, made himself disagreeably explicit,—showed her her sins, and told her her duties as a married woman. The charming fair ones who sentimentally desire gentleman to regard them as sisters do not bargain for any of this sort of brotherly plainness;

and yet they might do it with great advantage. A brother who is not a brother, stationed near the ear of a fair friend, is commonly very careful not to compromise his position by telling unpleasant truths; but, on the present occasion, Harry made a literal use of the brevet of brotherhood which Lillie had bestowed on him, and talked to her as the generality of *real* brothers talk to their sisters, using great plainness of speech. He withered all her poor little trumpery array of hot-house flowers of sentiment, by treating them as so much garbage, as all men know they are. He set before her the gravity and dignity of marriage, and her duties to her husband. Last, and most unkind of all, he professed his admiration of Rose Ferguson, his unworthiness of her, and his determination to win her by a nobler and better life, and then showed himself to be a stupid blunderer, by exhorting Lillie to make Rose her model, and seek to imitate her virtues.

Poor Lillie! the world looked dismal and dreary enough to her. She shrunk within herself. Every thing was withered and disenchanted. All her poor little stock of romance seemed to her as disgusting as the withered flowers and crumpled finery and half-melted ice-cream the morning after a ball.

In this state, when she got a warm, true letter from John, who always grew tender and affectionate when she was long away, couched in those terms of admiration and affection that were soothing to her ear, she really longed to go back to him. She shrunk from the dreary plainness of truth, and longed for flattery and petting and caresses once more; and she wrote to John an overflowing tender letter, full of longings, which brought him at once to her side, the

most delighted of men. When Lillie cried in his arms, and told him that she found New York perfectly hateful; when she declaimed on the heartlessness of fashionable life, and longed to go with him to their quiet home, she was tolerably in earnest: and John was perfectly enchanted.

Poor John! Was he a muff, a spoon? We think not. We understand well that there is not a *woman* among our readers who has the slightest patience with Lillie, and that the most of them are half out of patience with John for his enduring tenderness for her.

But men were born and organized by nature to be the protectors of women; and, generally speaking, the stronger and more thoroughly manly a man is, the more he has of what phrenologists call the "pet organ," — the disposition which makes him the charmed servant of what is weak and dependent. John had a great share of this quality. He was made to be a protector. He loved to protect; he loved every thing that was helpless and weak, — young animals, young children, and delicate women.

He was a romantic adorer of womanhood, as a sort of divine mystery, — a never-ending poem; and, when his wife was long enough away from him to give scope for imagination to work; when she no longer annoyed him with the friction of the sharp little edges of her cold and selfish nature, he was able to see her once more in the ideal light of first love. After all, she was his wife; and in that one word, to a good man, is every thing holy and sacred. He longed to believe in her and trust her wholly; and now that Grace was going from him, to belong to another, Lillie was more than ever his dependence.

On the whole, if we must admit that John was weak, he was weak where strong and noble natures may most gracefully be so, — weak through disinterestedness, faith, and the disposition to make the best of the wife he had chosen.

And so Lillie came home; and there was festivity and rejoicing. Grace found herself floated into matrimony on a tide bringing gifts and tokens of remembrance from everybody that had ever known her; for all were delighted with this opportunity of testifying a sense of her worth, and every hand was ready to help ring her wedding-bells.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MOTHERHOOD.

It is supposed by some that to become a mother is of itself a healing and saving dispensation; that of course the reign of selfishness ends, and the reign of better things begins, with the commencement of maternity.

But old things do not pass away and all things become new by any such rapid process of conversion. A whole life spent in self-seeking and self-pleasing is no preparation for the most august and austere of woman's sufferings and duties; and it is not to be wondered at if the untrained, untaught, and self-indulgent shrink from this ordeal, as Lillie did.

The next spring, while the gables of the new cottage on Elm Street were looking picturesquely through the blossoming cherry-trees, and the smoke was curling up from the chimneys where Grace and her husband were cosily settled down together, there came to John's house another little Lillie.

The little creature came in terror and trembling. For the mother had

trifled fearfully with the great laws of her being before its birth; and the very shadow of death hung over her at the time the little new life began.

Lillie's mother, now a widow, was sent for, and by this event installed as a fixture in her daughter's dwelling; and, for weeks, the sympathies of all the neighborhood were concentrated upon the sufferer. Flowers and fruits were left daily at the door. Every one was forward in offering those kindly attentions which spring up so gracefully in rural neighborhoods. Everybody was interested for her. She was little and pretty and suffering; and people even forgot to blame her for the levities that had made her present trial more severe. As to John, he watched over her day and night with anxious assiduity, forgetting every fault and foible. She was now more than the wife of his youth; she was the mother of his child, enthroned and glorified in his eyes by the wonderful and mysterious experiences which had given this new little treasure to their dwelling.

To say the truth, Lillie was too sick and suffering for sentiment. It requires a certain amount of bodily strength and soundness to feel emotions of love; and, for a long time, the little Lillie had to be banished from the mother's apartment, as she lay weary in her darkened room, with only a consciousness of a varied succession of disagreeables and discomforts. Her general impression about herself was, that she was a much abused, and most unfortunate woman, and that all that could ever be done by the utmost devotion of everybody in the house was insufficient to make up for such trials as had come upon her.

A nursing mother was found for the little Lillie in the person of a goodly

Irish woman, fair, fat, and loving; and the real mother had none of those awakening influences, from the resting of the little head in her bosom, and the pressure of the little helpless fingers, which magnetize into existence the blessed power of love.

She had wasted in years of fashionable folly, and in a life led only for excitement and self-gratification, all the womanly power, all the capability of motherly giving and motherly loving, that are the glory of womanhood. Kathl en, the white-armed, the gentle-bosomed, had all the simple pleasures, the tendernesses, the poetry, of motherhood; while poor, faded, fretful Lillie had all the prose — the sad, hard, weary prose — of sickness and pain, unglorified by love.

John did not well know what to do with himself in Lillie's darkened room; where it seemed to him he was always in the way, always doing something wrong; where his feet always seemed too large and heavy, and his voice too loud; and where he was sure, in his anxious desire to be still and gentle, to upset something, or bring about some general catastrophe, and to go out feeling more like a criminal than ever. The mother and the nurse, stationed there like a pair of chief mourners, spoke in tones which experienced feminine experts seem to keep for occasions like these, and which, as Hawthorne has said, give an effect as if the voice had been died black. It was a comfort and relief to pass from the funeral gloom to the little pink-ruffled chamber among the cherry-trees, where the birds were singing and the summer breezes blowing, and the pretty Kathleen was crooning her Irish songs, and invoking the Holy Virgin and all the saints to bless the darlin' baby.

"An' it's a blessin' they brings wid

'em to a house, sir; the angels comes down wid 'em. We can't see 'em, sir; but, bless the darlin', she can. And she smiles in her sleep when she sees 'em."

Rose and Grace came often to this bower with kisses and gifts and offerings, like a pair of nice fairy god-mothers. They hung over the pretty little waxen miracle as she opened her great blue eyes with a silent, mysterious wonder; but, alas! all these delicious moments, this artless love of the new baby life, was not for the mother. She was not strong enough to enjoy it. Its cries made her nervous; and so she kept the uncheered solitude of her room without the blessing of the little angel.

People may mourn in lugubrious phrase about the Irish blood in our country. For our own part, we think the rich, tender, motherly nature of the Irish girl an element a thousand times more hopeful in our population than the faded, washed-out, indifferentism of fashionable women, who have danced and flirted away all their womanly attributes, till there is neither warmth nor richness nor maternal fulness left in them, — mere paper-dolls, without milk in their bosoms or blood in their veins. Give us rich, tender, warm-hearted Bridgets and Kathleens, whose instincts teach them the real poetry of motherhood; who can love unto death, and bear trials and pains cheerfully for the joy that is set before them. We are not afraid for the republican citizens that such mothers will bear to us. They are the ones that will come to high places in our land, and that will possess the earth by right of the strongest.

Motherhood, to the woman who has lived only to be petted, and to be herself the centre of all things, is a virtual dethronement. Something weak-

er, fairer, more delicate, than herself comes, — something for her to serve and to care for more than herself.

It would sometimes seem as if motherhood were a lovely artifice of the great Father, to wean the heart from selfishness by a peaceful and gradual process. The babe is self in another form. It is so interwoven and identified with the mother's life, that she passes by almost insensible gradations from herself to it; and day by day the distinctive love of self wanes as the child-love waxes, filling the heart with a thousand new springs of tenderness.

But that this benignant transformation of nature may be perfected, it must be wrought out in Nature's own way. Any artificial arrangement, that takes the child away from the mother, interrupts that wonderful system of contrivances whereby the mother's nature and being shade off into that of the child, and her heart enlarges to a new and heavenly power of loving.

When Lillie was sufficiently recovered to be fond of any thing, she found in her lovely baby only a new toy, — a source of pride and pleasure, and a charming occasion for the display of new devices of millinery. But she found Newport indispensable that summer to the re-establishment of her strength. "And really," she said, "the baby would be so much better off quietly at home with mamma and Kathleen. The fact is," she said, "she quite disregards me. She cries after Kathleen if I take her; so that it's quite provoking."

And so Lillie, free and unencumbered, had her gay season at Newport with the Follingsbees and the Simkineses, and the Tompkineses, and all the rest of the nice people who have nothing to do but enjoy themselves;

and everybody flattered her by being incredulous that one so young and charming could possibly be a mother.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHECKMATE.

If our readers ever have observed two chess-players, both ardent, skilful, determined, who have been carrying on noiselessly the moves of a game, they will understand the full significance of this decisive term.

Up to this point, there is hope, there is energy, there is enthusiasm, the pieces are marshalled and managed with good courage. At last, perhaps in an unexpected moment, one, two, three adverse moves follow each other, and the decisive words — *check-mate* — are uttered.

This is a symbol of what often goes on in the game of life.

Here is a man going on indefinitely, conscious in his own heart that he is not happy in his domestic relations. There is a want of union between him and his wife. She is not the woman that meets his wants or his desires; and in the intercourse of life they constantly cross and annoy each other. But still he does not allow himself to look the matter fully in the face. He goes on and on, hoping that to-morrow will bring something better than to-day, — hoping that this thing or that thing or the other thing will bring a change, and that in some indefinite future all will round and fashion itself to his desires. It is very slowly that a man awakens from the illusions of his first love. It is very unwillingly that he ever comes to the final conclusion, that he has made *there* the mistake of a whole lifetime, and that the woman to whom he gave his whole heart not only is not the woman that he supposed her to be, but

never in any future time, nor by any change of circumstances, will become that woman, — that the difficulty is radical and final and hopeless.

In "The Pilgrim's Progress," we read that the poor man, Christian, tried to persuade his wife to go with him on the pilgrimage to the celestial city; but that finally he had to make up his mind to go alone without her. Such is the lot of the man who is brought to the conclusion, positively and definitely, that his wife is always to be a hindrance, and never a help to him, in any upward aspiration; that whatever he does that is needful and right and true must be done, not by her influence, but in spite of it; that, if he has to swim against the hard, upward current of the river of life, he has to swim with her hanging on his arm, and holding him back, and that he cannot influence, and cannot control.

Such hours of disclosure to a man are among the terrible hidden tragedies of life, — tragedies such as are never acted on the stage. Such a time of disclosure came to John the year after Grace's marriage; and it came in this way, —

The Spindlewood property had long been critically situated. Sundry financial changes which were going on in the country had depreciated its profits, and affected it unfavorably. All now depended upon the permanency of one commercial house. John had been passing through an interval of great anxiety. He could not tell Lillie his trouble. He had been for months past nervously watching all the in-coming and out-goings of his family, arranged on a scale of reckless expenditure, which he felt entirely powerless to control. Lillie's wishes were importunate. She was nervous and hysterical, wholly incapable of

listening to reason; and the least attempt to bring her to change any of her arrangements, or to restrict any of her pleasures, brought tears and faintings and distresses and scenes of domestic confusion which he shrank from. He often tried to set before her the possibility that they might be obliged, for a time at least, to live in a different manner; but she always resisted every such supposition as so frightful, so dreadful, that he was utterly discouraged, and put off and off, hoping that the evil day never might arrive.

But it did come at last. One morning, when he received by mail the tidings of the failure of the great house of Clapham & Co., he knew that the time had come when the thing could no longer be staved off. He was an indorser to a large amount on the paper of this house; and the crisis was inevitable.

It was inevitable also that he must acquaint Lillie with the state of his circumstances; for she was going on with large arrangements and calculations for a Newport campaign, and sending the usual orders to New York to her milliner and dressmaker, for her summer outfit. It was a cruel thing for him to be obliged to interrupt all this; for she seemed perfectly cheerful and happy in it, as she always was when preparing to go on a pleasure-seeking expedition. But it could not be. All this luxury and indulgence must be cut off at a stroke. He must tell her that she could not go to Newport; that there was no money for new dresses or new finery; that they should probably be obliged to move out of their elegant house, and take a smaller one, and practise for some time a rigid economy.

John came into Lillie's elegant apartments, which glittered like a tu-

lip-bed with many colored sashes and ribbons, with sheeny silks and misty laces, laid out in order to be surveyed before packing.

"Gracious me, John! what on earth is the matter with you to-day? How perfectly awful and solemn you do look!"

"I have had bad news this morning, Lillie, which I must tell you."

"Oh, dear me, John! what is the matter? Nobody is dead, I hope!"

"No, Lillie; but I am afraid you will have to give up your Newport journey."

"Gracious, goodness, John! what for?"

"To say the truth, Lillie, I cannot afford it."

"Can't afford it? Why not? Why, John, what is the matter?"

"Well, Lillie, just read this letter!"

Lillie took it, and read it with her hands trembling.

"Well, dear me, John! I don't see anything in this letter. If they have failed, I don't see what that is to you!"

"But, Lillie, I am indorser for them."

"How very silly of you, John! What made you indorse for them? Now, that is too bad; it just makes me perfectly miserable to think of such things. I know *I* should not have done so; but I don't see why you need pay it. It is their business, anyhow."

"But, Lillie, I shall have to pay it. It is a matter of honor and honesty to do it; because I engaged to do it."

"Well, I don't see why that should be! It isn't your debt; it is their debt: and why need you do it? I am sure Dick Follingsbee said that there were ways in which people could put

their property out of their hands when they got caught in such scrapes as this. Dick knows just how to manage. He told me of plenty of people that had done that, who were living splendidly, and that were received everywhere; and people thought just as much of them."

"O Lillie, Lillie! my child," said John; "you don't know any thing of what you are talking about! That would be dishonorable, and wholly out of the question. No, Lillie dear, the fact is," he said, with a great gulp, and a deep sigh, — "the fact is, I have failed; but I am going to fail honestly. If I have nothing else left, I will have my honor and my conscience. But we shall have to give up this house, and move into a smaller one. Every thing will have to be given up to the creditors to settle the business. And then, when all is arranged, we must try to live economically some way; and perhaps we can make it up again. But you see, dear, there can be no more of these kind of expenses at present," he said, pointing to the dresses and jewelry on the bed.

"Well, John, I am sure I had rather die!" said Lillie, gathering herself into a little white heap, and tumbling into the middle of the bed. "I am sure if we have got to rub and scrub and starve so, I had rather die and done with it; and I hope I shall."

John crossed his arms, and looked gloomily out of the window.

"Perhaps you had better," he said. "I am sure I should be glad to."

"Yes, I dare say!" said Lillie; "that is all you care for me. Now, there is Dick Follingsbee, he would be taking care of his wife. Why, he has failed three or four times, and always came out richer than he was before!"

"He is a swindler and a rascal!" said John; "that is what he is."

"I don't care if he is," said Lillie, sobbing. "His wife has good times, and goes into the very first society in New York. People don't care, so long as you are rich, what you do. Well, I am sure I can't do any thing about it. I don't know how to live without money, — that's a fact! and I can't learn. I suppose you would be glad to see me rubbing around in old calico dresses, wouldn't you? and keeping only one girl, and going into the kitchen, like Miss Dotty Peabody? I think I see myself. And all just for one of your quixotic notions, when you might just as well keep all your money as not. That is what it is to marry a reformer. I never have had any peace of my life on account of your conscience, always something or other turning up that you can't act like anybody else. I should think, at least, you might have contrived to settle this place on me and poor little Lillie, that we might have a house to put our heads in."

"Lillie, Lillie," said John, "this is too much! Don't you think that I suffer at all?"

"I don't see that you do," said Lillie, sobbing. "I dare say you are glad of it; it is just like you. Oh, dear! I wish I had never been married!"

"I *certainly* do," said John fervently.

"I suppose so. You see, it is nothing to you men; you don't care any thing about these things. If you can get a musty old corner and your books, you are perfectly satisfied; and you don't know when things are pretty, and when they are not; and so you can talk grand about your honor and your conscience and all that. I

suppose the carriages and horses have got to be sold too?"

"Certainly, Lillie," said John, hardening his heart and his tone.

"Well, well," she said, "I wish you would go now and send ma to me. I don't want to talk about it any more. My head aches as if it would split. Poor ma! She little thought when I married you that it was going to come to this."

John walked out of the room gloomily enough. He had received this morning his *check-mate*. All illusion was at an end. The woman that he had loved and idolized, and caressed and petted and indulged,

in whom he had been daily and hourly disappointed since he was married, but of whom he still hoped and hoped, he now felt was of a nature not only unlike, but opposed to his own. He felt that he could neither love nor respect her further. And yet she was his wife, and the mother of his daughter, and the only queen of his household; and he had solemnly promised at God's altar, that, "forsaking all others, he would keep only unto her, so long as they both should live, for better, for worse." John muttered to himself, "for better, for worse. This is the worse; and oh, it is dreadful!"

A THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

SOME school of theology is allied to almost every one of our larger colleges, in more or less close relations. Most of the colleges, indeed, were established by one or another ecclesiastical body. In the lists published in the almanacs and elsewhere, they will be found marked with the letters B., R. C., E., P., and the rest, to indicate that they are under Baptist, Roman Catholic, Episcopal, Presbyterian, or other control. In many of the older colleges, the original plan was the training of young men for the Christian ministry. In the more recent instances of colleges thus fostered, the wish is rather to protect boys from the proselyting of other sects, to give them a direction towards the ministry, and such an inclination for it as may be followed up in the theological seminary or college, distinctively so-called. The academical college is no longer made a place for the formal study of theology. Every denomination of Christians has its own in-

stitutions for that special purpose. Special societies for education are formed, to supply them with students. The Presbyterian Church in each of its organizations — North, South, and "United" — maintains such societies for assisting in the education of young men in these schools. The largest of these, that of the Presbyterian Church North, expends nearly a quarter million annually in this service. The American Education Society, in similar service, expended twenty-eight thousand dollars last year; and the similar society of the Reformed Dutch Church thirteen thousand dollars. The various beneficiary funds which the Unitarians apply to like service, afford about ten thousand dollars a year for this purpose. Under such auspices, there are now in this country just one hundred theological schools, existing either as independent institutions or as the theological departments of universities.

What is the reason why young men do not go to these institutions in much larger numbers?

The reason, as we suppose, is twofold. First, An objection lies against the method supposed to be pursued in the theological school.

Second, An objection lies against the profession to be pursued as the result of this method.

We are certain that both these objections rest on insufficient grounds; and we propose to discuss them both, giving most space to the first, as requested by the editor of "OLD AND NEW." The objection is taken on a limited view of theological schools as they were: it is certainly not to be sustained by any adequate view of the better theological schools of America, or the schools of Germany, as they are.

If we could look in on the free conversation of some literary club or friendly gathering of seniors in any of our colleges, and hear the familiar talk on this subject, we should hear it said, first, that the young man who goes to a theological seminary goes pledged in advance to certain convictions, of which he has never examined the grounds satisfactorily. To make his training at the seminary of any practical use to him, he has got to say at the end of the course, that he believes in each and all of certain formulas of doctrine; regarding which he is, at this present moment, only partially informed. It would be said that no such implied pledge restricted him in going to a law school or a medical school. He might believe opium to be a good drug in practice, or a bad drug; and yet no professor or school would follow him into the world to stigmatize his practice. He might come out from a law school wholly ignorant of nine-

tenths of the studies pursued there; still, when he nailed up his shingle, no president of the law school would send messages after him, to say that his doctrine of mortmain was faulty, and that he was quite unsound in the theory of the canon law. The young doctor, or the young attorney, it would be said, is left to stand or fall on his own merits.

But a young clergymen, these seniors would tell us, has a very different career in the professional school. Whether it be a school of thirty-nine articles, of twenty, or of five, he is expected from the beginning to come out squarely and loyally, — the supporter of them all. So far as he has received money from any education society to carry him through the expenses of his course there, he is under a pledge of honor, if not of verbal contract, to do the duty for which they pay this money to prepare him. And, if he is under no such formal pledge, his difficulty is the same. If, as he goes forward in his studies, he should doubt even the least tittle of the formulas put down in the books, if he should think modern science had something to say which in these books is neglected, the officers of the school would mark his dissent. It would be their duty to, indeed. And, go where he might, they would — as from their point of view they ought to do — follow him up with letter or warning to this, that, or another synod, consistory, consociation, or association, to say, that, though of admirable moral character, he was unsound in faith.

Now, young men do not like to enter on a course of study, which, as they suppose, is thus hampered.

The next thing we should hear said, in such talk of seniors, would be, that there was nothing to study in

“theology” that any man was much interested in. We should hear that a man had got to study a new language, — namely, Hebrew; while he knew he was not really master of Greek, Latin, or the modern languages. Then we should be told that the rest of the time at a theological school is spent in studying Greek, and criticising the New Testament; in writing sermons, and in hammering over Calvin’s Institutes. This is about the popular idea which most seniors have of studying theology. The men who have really heard the gospel-trumpet sound, who know in their own hearts what the Holy Spirit is, because the Holy Spirit has spoken to them, may have courage to take on the armor thus offered to them, because they are told it is useful armor. Many of them do take it on; but the majority of men solicited to take it, refuse. They are Christian men, born again into the divine life; as truly so as the young men who go into the schools of theology. But they hesitate before attempting more Latin and Greek, before launching upon Hebrew, before spending three years on what seem to them merely technical studies. They say what is true, that there are many ways in which a man can work for the kingdom of God outside the pulpit; and that, if the pulpit require this preparation, other men may take it, but they will not. They enter upon some other profession.

Now, in answer to the impression which is popular among seniors, and which we have attempted thus to describe in its detail, we write this article, to show in brief what a theological school is, and what it is not, when it is at work on a true footing. We say, in the outset, that such a

theory of a theological seminary as we have described is a gross caricature on any theological seminary in this land. And we say, next, that when a first-class theological seminary of one of the liberal communions is contrasted with such a theory, every one of the objections which young men make to such institutions without knowing what they are disappears.

First, as to the subjects studied. We venture the statement, that all the great questions of modern discussion in which the young life of this country is specially interested, are nowhere studied in America so thoroughly as in its best theological seminaries.

Ask at the bookstores what those questions are, or ask the secretary of a debating club. The answer will be, first, that all the questions regarding the creation of the world and the origin of man are the leading questions, — evolution, protoplasm, Darwinism, as for convenience people say. Every wide-awake senior of this year has read Darwin, or the reviews of Darwin, Mivart perhaps, — he has read a few articles on the theories discussed by these gentlemen, and the subject involved has been the subject of the familiar discussion of the philosophical circles among young men.

Now, where is a man to study this subject? Where, in the first place, can he get the books about it, — German, French, and English?

He will find them in a well-furnished theological library. He will not find them anywhere else.

In the second place, if he wants to find any professor vitally interested in the study, who will manfully introduce it into his courses, and give the last word of science with regard

to it, as well as the view which science has taken of it for twenty-five hundred years, he must seek that professor in a theological seminary. He may find the man in what is called a scientific college; but he will not find there any course of lectures devoted to such subjects. The bread-and-butter studies pursued there, do not permit much use of time in speculation. Precisely the line of speculation in which at this moment the world is most interested is, from the nature of the case, because it is speculation, and is not what is called practical,—shut out from all the American schools except the theological seminaries. They are, and for a long time must be, our only schools of pure philosophy.

Take another set of questions,—the questions of race,—on which all young men of intelligence of our times think a great deal and talk a great deal: Chinese question, African question, Catholic question,—they all hinge on questions of race. Who studies these questions of race? Do the lawyers study them? Not they. They are no affair of theirs. Do the medical schools? Scarcely. The pulse of a Calmuck and the pulse of a Hottentot beat in much the same way. The theologians do study them; they have to study them. This new book of Dr. Clarke's, on "The Ten Religions," is based on his lectures as a professor of theology. Dr. Everett's studies of Confucius are studies made for his classes in theology. "The Ethnic Religions," as they are called, which involve the full study of the relations of the races to each other, are studied in the theological seminaries, and nowhere besides.

Then there are the social science questions, as people call them, for

want of a better name. These occupy largely the attention of young men,—questions of the relations of classes to each other, of labor to capital, of poverty to wealth, of emigrants to native citizens, of prisons, of punishment, of the social evil, of the relief of pauperism, and other questions of this class. All men of sense are interested in these questions,—nay, all men of sense have to deal with them in life. Now, with regard to these questions, as with regard to the questions of the theory of creation, the books of reference alone are not to be found outside a well-furnished public library, collected with a view to the study. No law library contains such books; though, in a broad sense, it ought to. Social science is a specialty which thus far in this country has not made its own collections. The young man interested in the discussions it involves, will have to go to a well-furnished theological or university library to get his materials. And a theological seminary of the first class is the only place where he will find many persons interested in the same inquiries. He will find them there. He will find one or more professors personally well informed in the details of the subject. He will find fellow-students who make it their special study, who propose to themselves the struggle with the blunders and evils of society as their work in life. Much of the student-life and vital interest of a theological school is given to the methods and direction of such a struggle.

Now, we do not pretend that a young man entering on a course of theology at most theological seminaries would be permitted to choose simply such philosophical or practical studies as these,—which happen to

attract young men, — and to pass by other studies in the curriculum. What we wish to show is, that, in the curriculum of a well-furnished seminary, the very topics of philosophy most interesting to the public mind now occupy a very large place, though they be shielded and concealed from the public eye under such old-fashioned and academic phrases as “systematic theology” and “philosophy of religion.” We will attempt now to unravel some of the other phrases, which in the programmes of the schools cover over a set of interests which all young men of intelligence share.

“Ecclesiastical history” is a great bugbear. “They have to spend so much time in ecclesiastical history.” Popularly, in the average student mind, it is supposed that this is the study of lists of popes, of the dates in which Scotch synods sat, and of the order of the apostolic succession of Bishop Colenso and of the Rev. Mr. Cheney. The truth is, that ecclesiastical history is the history of the world, studied on the side of ideas, rather than on the side of forms or statistics. History studied as Gibbon or Milman or Buckle or Lecky or Carlyle or Michelet study it, is ecclesiastical history. History studied in its outside or pictorial form, as Livy studies it, or Suetonius or Richard of Devizes, or Hume or Prescott, is only an auxiliary to ecclesiastical history. Now, we need only refer to the real and lasting popularity of such books as Stanley’s Lectures on Church History to show that the philosophical or ideal method, the only true and comprehensive method, is at the same time the method which really interests intelligent people. And here again, as before, we have a right to say, that philosophical history

is scarcely studied anywhere else in this country but in the better arranged theological seminary. The College of History in Cornell, and the classes at Charlottesville, Va., are the only striking exceptions which we remember. So far from its being a study encumbered with detail of the methods of administration of the so-called “Church” of its time, it is very indifferent to such chaff, which gets itself forgotten very speedily. Dealing with such subjects as the Puritan Revolution in England, the Reformation in all its forms, the civilization of the north of Europe, the abolition of slavery in the Roman Empire, the establishment of the civil law, the diffusion of letters over the world, to name only three or four essential points of consideration, it is wholly impossible that “ecclesiastical history” should be either a dry or an unpractical study.

“Homiletics” again. “Who, in his senses,” says the average senior, “would study homiletics?” Well, we confess we are tempted to ask, what dean of a theological school in his senses would put an old-fashioned word like “homiletics” into his programme of study, or rather a word like this, which was never in fashion. Homiletics is the science of address, the science, so far as it can be put in science, by which such men as Beecher and Wendell Phillips and Charles Finney and Newman Hall and Fred-eric Robertson and Charles Spurgeon affect in speech their fellow-men, when they want to affect them. Is it, or is it not, worth while to learn any thing about that? Is that, or is it not, an interesting study? To the average American student, whose duty and destiny it is to move throngs of men by the way in which he shall state to them the truth, is it, or is it not, an impor-

tant study? But people say, "Homiletics sound like 'homily;' and homilies are supposed to be dull!" No matter what it sounds like. It is the science of address. We never understood that anybody who sat under the preaching of Ward Beecher or Robert Collyer, the chiefs of homiletics just now, found their preaching dull. Precisely because they knew something of homiletics, was their preaching vital and entertaining.

We have before us the programme of the work of the Theological Seminary at Cambridge, where the "homiletics" are under the charge of Prof. Everett, a gentleman with whose writing the readers of "OLD AND NEW" are somewhat familiar. Here is a man who has written the one thorough statement of "The Science of Thought" which has appeared in the English language, so careful and accurate is his process of reasoning. On the other hand, he is a born poet, and sees the natural illustration of every spiritual truth on the instant that the truth asserts itself. That man, by good fortune, is placed in the position of teaching young men how to address audiences. Does any one who ever heard him suppose that his presentation of that subject will be antiquated or dull?

And yet again we are tempted to ask, What place is there, after a man has left college, where he will be taught any thing of this essential business of addressing other men, except in a theological seminary? Certainly not in a law school, unless by good luck there is a spirited debating club among the students. Certainly not in a medical school. The doctors suffer till the day they die, from their inability to tell other men in public speech what they want to say to them. The chairs of the better theological

seminaries, alone supply this necessity; and they veil it under the unintelligible and disregarded title of the "homiletics."

There remain, of the studies of a well-appointed theological school, the criticism of the Bible and the science of ethics. These are unquestionably those at which the average senior, whom we have tried to describe, looks most suspiciously. Like a horse free in the pasture, he sniffs at the salt in the proffered measure, but determines, on the whole, that he prefers freedom without salt, to salt with a halter. He throws up his heels in the luxury of life without a tether, and gallops to the farther part of the enclosure; and his freedom ends in such liberty as he may find in a lawyer's office, or within sound of a doctor's bell, or as a principal of an academy!

What, then, is the critical study of the Old Testament and the New? It is the scientific, philosophical, manly study of a series of books which, as any Christian man believes, nay, knows, are of the very first importance to the world. And does any Christian man really say that he means to get along with any thing less than the scientific, philosophical, manly study of these books? Does he really mean to take his opinion of them at second hand, — and at second hand, perhaps, from very questionable or very ill-educated teachers? If a man really means that he knows more and better than is taught in the Sermon on the Mount, or that he can come nearer God than the Saviour brings him in the fourteenth chapter of John, that is one thing. That man may, with a certain consistency, excuse himself from careful and adequate study of the Bible; but even in that consistency there is a

lamentable confession: "I know very little of the Bible; therefore I do not want to know any more." But, not to inquire into the duty or the choice of that man,—for other men,—for men who have found Jesus Christ to be their living help, and the Holy Spirit the true leader of life,—is it a natural or a consistent thing for them to say, that they are satisfied with a Sunday-school knowledge of our indifferent version of the Bible, and that they will not attempt to extend that knowledge by a systematic or critical study of it in the original? To say the very least, have such men a right to pronounce, *à priori*, that such study must be functional, formal, and dull?

To speak very briefly of the last fifty years alone. The opening of the Egyptian hieroglyphics has made a new thing of the five books ascribed to Moses; the opening up of the Assyrian and other Eastern inscriptions, and the daily reports of researches and travels in the East, have made a new thing of the study of the historical books of the Old Testament. The emancipation of Christianity from the dogmas of the darkest ages has re-opened the whole subject of the person, nature, and character of Christ. Seeley's "Ecce Homo," Renan's "Jesus," Furness's book with the same title, Parker's "Ecce Deus," and a hundred other recent books, show that this is so. For the study of the relations of Christianity to the history, social order, and philosophy of the Roman Empire, which is the subject of the critical study of the Epistles, such books in popular circulation as Merivale's, Colenso's, and Lecky's "History of Morals," are enough to show that that study is to-day a study as fresh and as important as it ever was.

Lastly, with regard to ethics or morals, no intelligent or high-minded young gentleman will enter into any discussion with us. It will be acknowledged, on all hands, to be the most vital and suggestive subject of our familiar thought and conversation.

Thus much reason have we for saying, that a theological seminary, so far from confining itself to obsolete subjects of study, addresses itself to the most important and vital subjects of the day, if it is true to its position,—nay, must do so, from the very law of its being. And thus much reason have we for saying, that such a school, instead of pursuing certain antiquated methods, such as would be called functional, is in fact at this moment the only school we have of philosophy proper, speaking in distinction from that study of smoke and dust which is now called natural philosophy or science, to which we owe the present enthusiasm for what are called scientific schools.

Now, in reply to this statement, we expect to be told, with courtesy, but earnestly, that the theological schools of the country are not true to their position. We shall be told at this point, that what we have said is an account of what they ought to be, but that in fact they are something very different; that their professors do not dare enter freely into the popular questions of the day; and the students do not dare take them up without the countenance of the professors.

It is here, therefore, that we have to say, that all that we have written, we have written with the constant use of the programme of one of the oldest and best seminaries in this country,—that at Cambridge. We

have no reason to doubt that many other schools can say what we say distinctly of this; from its printed reports and from official opportunities of visit and information. This school is under the nominal government of the Corporation of Harvard College; in fact, its arrangements are made by its own Faculty; who are, Dr. OLIVER STEARNS, as well known West as East.

Dr. FREDERIC H. HEDGE, the author of "Hebrew Tradition," "Reason in Religion," "The Collection of German Prose Writers," and so many other books.

Dr. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, author, among other books, of "The Ten Religions of the World," "The Steps of Belief," "The Truths and Errors of Orthodoxy."

Dr. CHARLES CARROLL EVERETT, author of "The Science of Thought," to which we have alluded.

Prof. EDWARD JAMES YOUNG, one of our most successful students in Germany as in America.

Besides these, Prof. SOPHOCLES, the author of "The Byzantine Dictionary;" Prof. ABBOT, the American editor of Smith's "Bible Dictionary;" and several Boston clergymen, — lecture in the school.

Now, will anybody pretend to say, that gentlemen who have in print and before the world used the free, broad, and scientific system which all of these gentlemen have illustrated, will, in their relations with a few students, be narrow, functional, bigoted, or petty? Can such words in any fashion be applied to such men? Can any reason be conceived why they should not do their best to make the study they have in hand, broad, natural, suggestive, and even with the times? We are convinced, that, if any young man who believes in

study which is study, will inquire of any student like himself in that, who is now in the Cambridge Divinity school, he will be told that the studies there pursued, are in fact pursued in the broadest, most generous, and philosophical spirit. Nor have we any reason to say, that the same may not be asserted of the other leading theological seminaries in the country. With regard to them, however, it has not been our duty to obtain the information in detail which we have in regard to that at Cambridge.

There remains to be examined the familiar statement which we placed first, that, on entering a theological seminary, a young man pledges himself in advance to certain opinions of which he is yet to examine the foundations.

This charge, however true it may have been of other eras in the Church, is not in any sense true of the Divinity School at Cambridge; and we suppose it to be equally untrue of other leading theological seminaries. Of course, if a man is not a Christian, he will not wish to enter on a course of studies which are arranged to train him to be an effective Christian minister. The presumption is undoubtedly, that men who study theology in Christian theological seminaries will try their abilities in the Christian ministry. But even to this they are not pledged at Cambridge. We doubt if they are so pledged at any institution of the first rank. Undoubtedly, before a young man accepts the flattering help of what are called "beneficiary funds," he should inquire very carefully what are the relations in which the acceptance of such funds involve him. They belong to a system wholly un-American, and which has no parallel in any

thing else in our social order. But we can conceive of cases where the use of such funds shall imply no pledge as to the after-course of the man who uses them. And, however that may be, the entrance into a first-class theological seminary in itself, and the use of its advantages, involve no compromise of opinion whatever. At Cambridge, any man who can pass the simple literary examination, and is of good moral character, may enter. Any man who passes the regular term-examinations, and retains his moral character, may graduate, whatever his theological opinions. If he have been well-prepared for entrance, and have used his three years to advantage, he may take the degree of Bachelor of divinity; and this degree is open to him, whatever his theological convictions. Chunder Sen could take it, or Pius Ninth, if they could pass, as we presume they both could, the examinations.

There remains the question, whether the profession of the Christian ministry is worth the three years' preparation, supposing that a man find in the course of that time that he can fit himself for it respectably. Thus far we have intentionally avoided this question. We have regarded the theological seminary as what it is, — the one professional school which enlarges and continues the range of philosophical and speculative studies in which, at college, a young man begins. Neither of the other schools professes to do this. They profess to select a single walk of life, — law, medicine, physics, or engineering, and to prepare for that; but a theological school is different. Because God rules every thing, all law, in whatever line, moral, physical, or historical, may be studied there; and,

where the school is rightly organized, it is studied there. A theological seminary, therefore, takes up and enlarges the line of study in the college.

Now, we will frankly meet the question regarding the interest or value of the ministry itself to a man choosing his profession in our time. The popular idea of the life of a clergyman is, that he spends his mornings in writing sermons and translating Hebrew, and his afternoons in visiting sick people and burying the dead. The supposition is, that he does all this in a certain pre-ordained or conventional way; which leaves very little play for imagination, fancy, personal character, or indeed for the intellect in any of its enterprises. As this is the popular idea, it probably enters largely into the discussions of such a club of seniors as we have imagined looking forward upon their profession. Now, we confess, that if young men, with the enthusiasm, vitality, and ambition of young men, liked any such life as that, or could be largely bought into it by the bribes of any education societies, we should think very sadly of our times. We believe it is because young men believe in action, advance, and in the improvement of society, that in general they reject the proposals made to them to enter such a profession, about which, for one or another reason, there hangs such a reputation. And we believe that the bounties paid by the education societies have clouded the matter more, and made it worse than before.

In point of fact, and as we observe society, this description of the life of an American clergyman is ridiculously untrue. Perhaps it would be better if a few more of them did study their Hebrew in the morning. Cer-

tainly the number that do may be counted on the fingers of a man's hands. It would not be fair, perhaps, to inquire as to the private life of Bishop Simpson, Mr. Beecher, Bishop Huntington, or Dr. Bellows; but we are disposed to believe that there are few more active men in the community. As for general influence on the public, we must say that the one thing certain at school meetings, college meetings, Indian meetings, meetings to welcome, and meetings to say farewell, natural-history meetings, public-library meetings, or meetings of whatever sort, which have our enlarging civilization in hand, the men you are certain to meet are clergymen. Nor is the domain of literature to be forgotten. It is not by an accident, that, among the few first-class names in our literary history, the names of such leaders as Everett, Bancroft, Sparks, Channing, and Ripley should be the names of clergymen. There is but one profession which of necessity trains men to express themselves simply, distinctly, and from conviction; and that profession was theirs. And if any man asks the question of general influence on men, we should be glad to be told what man at the bar, in medicine, or in any walk of physical science to-day, exercises so wide an opinion upon other men in America, when he attempts to move them by personal appeal or by the indirect influence of those on whom he acts, as do the great leaders of the religious communions, such men as Dr. Bacon, Bishop Simpson, Dr. Bellows, Henry Ward Beecher, or Mr. Chapin?

The theological seminary which shall first devise a method of showing to its students, in their vacations from the study of books and of ideas, the romantic and exciting detail of the

life of a working minister, the seminary which will give them what the best medical schools do in giving a *clinique* to their students,—will, as we believe, become the most popular of professional schools, if only its conductors remember, that, for the study of truth, the first requisite is freedom.

Theological training in our universities is like all other training, taking the advantage of the elective system. We have given some idea in the first part of this paper of the regular curriculum of the Cambridge school, with its five regular professors, and as many more assistant lecturers. The course of this school is three years; and, if it have been diligently attended, the student may take the degree of Bachelor of divinity at the end of it. A course even wider than this is open at Cambridge to any person who enters as a "university student of theology." Such a student may "elect" what he likes of the lectures and instructions of these ten teachers, and may select also from the "University Lectures" so-called, delivered at Cambridge by a large number of other professors. Thus, in the last year, he might have attended lectures by Mr. R. W. Emerson, by Dr. Phelps of Andover, by Dr. Eliot on History, by Mr. J. E. Cabot, by Dr. Hadley or Dr. Fisher of Yale, by Mr. Perkins on art, by Professors Agassiz, Lowell, Everett, and many other gentlemen connected with the university. Any man of sense would so select these lectures that his course should lead him to a Bachelor's degree; and, at the age when young men study theology, they ought to know what they want. At Cambridge, their only difficulty is the "embarrassment of riches."

TALK ABOUT THE TEA-TABLE.

IV.

THE DISFRANCHISEMENT OF MEN.

[*President and S— talking aside.*]

President. — I think it will hardly do.

S. — Why not? This club means to get at what people really feel and think. I grant that it would be ill-mannered to read it in any other company; but here it is just the thing to give us some forcible talk.

President. — I fear the force would soon be absorbed in its correlative heat.

S. — Not at all; I know X— well, and will warrant him able to stand fire. As for our friend Mrs. Alpha, it would do her all the good in the world to learn why that generous, pathetic seed she scatters from press and platform fails to vegetate in the best soil.

President. — Well, I will read it upon your responsibility. But I hope you are sure of the parties; for I tremble a little.

S. — Dash into it, and see what a charming variety of thought and feeling goes to make up the world.

President. — Ladies and gentlemen, by way of starting our conversation this evening, I have been asked to read the concluding paragraph of a letter published in "The Universal Emancipator." It comes from a correspondent of that Journal, one Mrs. Wildbird; who, as it appears from an editorial introduction, is winning nightly laurels as a lyceum lecturer in the West. The paragraph is headed, "A RECREANT PETER," and runs thus:—

"Our late glorious Convention, while serving as an index-hand to point out many noble spirits who ride upon the crest of the progressive wave, could also throw its truthful glare upon a poor apostate, who for a time walked the billows, and then, lacking faith, began to sink in the surging flood. This remark is suggested by the case of Mr. T— X—, who once gave promise of fine instincts, but who has recently passed through some of our obscurer towns as a twenty-dollar lecturer upon what he calls the lessons of social statistics. It may be remembered that many years ago, in an address before some college-society, this man committed himself to the absolute emancipation of woman, and was full of crocodile sympathy for the victims of man-government, bound to perpetual vassalage. And now, when woman's right to the ballot is buttressed by the impregnable logic of a Mill, and glorified by the splendid eloquence of a Phillips and a Dickinson, he writes this reply to an invitation to appear upon our platform. Well-knowing the value of your columns, I quote only such portions as are material, '*Ladies, . . . for these reasons I am compelled to decline the invitation to attend the Suffrage Convention with which you have honored me. Very respectfully yours, T— X—.*'"

"But I have wasted too much space over this renegade, who takes the back track, and prefers darkness to light. Let him strain never so convulsively to bind woman in fresh chains of po-

litical servitude, the grating of the harmonial file is already heard upon her fetters! I hold him up for a moment to the gaze of an outraged humanity, and then drop him into the limbo of obscurity prepared for those who, as sings Elizabeth Browning, 'cannot bring their highest courage to their highest fate.' Ever strenuously for the cause, GUSSIE D. V. WILDBIRD."

X. — *Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ!*

[A pause.]

S. — Come, ladies, have none of you any thing to say? You sit there like a fair band of Oceanitides, gazing upon the sufferings of Prometheus.

Miss Omega. — Sir, the women about this table are not to be caught by a silly compliment. And as for Mr. Prometheus X——, those who accuse him of stealing fire have only to hear one of his dry statistical lectures, and render a verdict of "Not guilty," without leaving their seats.

President. — Perhaps they would render it *by* leaving their seats.

S. — Or why not allow him his fire, and assert that he never stole it from heaven, but from a locality where it is abundant?

Mrs. Alpha. — The subject is too grave for jesting. While I am grieved at the present position of one from whom it once seemed as if the world had something to hope, I cannot sympathize with the spirit of what has been read. My friend, the editress of "The Emancipator," will regret its appearance. Having given strict orders that all sarcasms about marriage should be omitted before printing Mrs. Wildbird's letters, she supposed she was safe. This correspondent is far from being a person to my taste.

From the point of view of the professor of English literature, her style is certainly detestable; but, with a large portion of the public we address, it is very effective. In advocating a great principle that will regenerate human society, we cannot choose our associates, but must work with those who will work with us. For Mr. X—— I have compassion rather than censure. There must be times when he sadly repeats to himself the verse of his favorite Schiller, "Tell him when he is a man he must reverence the dreams of his youth." To one who has not wholly lost sight of the higher life which has been bartered for a wretched thralldom to conventions, that deep word of the poet will bring retribution enough.

President. — Some Frenchmen or other, Joubert perhaps, gives us this aphorism, "Il n'y a de bon dans l'homme que ses jeunes sentiments et ses vieilles pensées." Both may be good in their time.

Miss Omega. — Gussie Wildbird applied the lash just where it was needed. In such a case, the more sting the better. Any man who has once recognized the absurdity of a representative system which excludes a majority of the people on account of sex cannot claim credit for sincerity, when he goes over to the enemy. I do not see that Mr. X—— has any right to remain in this club. It was organized to promote the plain-speaking of those holding different views, provided they held them earnestly. There is the Rev. D——, grimly clutching his millstone of mediæval theology, and thus claiming his benefit of clergy. Even the President is supposed to go in heavily for ripe scholarship and general mustiness; but poor X—— sits astride the fence, a conservative-radical-liberal-bigoted-evan-

gical-free-thinker. He is in earnest about nothing.

S. — May not a man be in earnest in not being in earnest?

Miss Omega. — Let him try it, and take the consequences. There was once a church at Laodicea that undertook to be neither hot nor cold, but lukewarm. Will some minister tell the company what was done to it?

President. — Earnestness, or rather what commonly passes for it, is not necessary for all characters. There is a noble balance of constitution that kills zeal, and is friendly to some of the finest qualities of the human mind.

Miss Omega. — Illustration, Goethe, of course. A Babbage's calculating machine, with poetical and critical attachments. No prophet, no woman's hero.

Mrs. Alpha. — Our appreciation of any quality in the abstract cannot lessen the sadness we must feel in thinking of a friend who has lived to be ashamed of the insights of his youth.

X. — But I am not ashamed of them. Thank Heaven, I was deeply impressed with the imperfections of human society, with the injustice shown by man towards woman, with the bitter wrong done by woman towards herself, and that I soared in the illimitable horizon of speculation for a remedy! If a young man has cause to rejoice in his youth, it is because his feelings are worth more than his thoughts. I was under bonds to satisfy my aspiration; now I must satisfy a more disciplined intelligence. Life has taught me, that I must be content to work for a minor and subordinate end.

Mrs. Alpha. — And you profess to believe in a Power that works towards perfection, and rules the universe with absolute justice?

X. — To the large way in which you put the question, I answer, Yes. It is a faith without which I could not live. Do you know what the critics mean by anthropomorphism?

Mrs. Alpha. — A certain necessity which the Spaniard is under of representing the Deity as a Spaniard, and the Frenchman as a Frenchman.

X. — Well, I cover heaven with my nationality just as they do. I see the Governor of all as a Yankee who means to do "about what's right," but not exactly what's right.

D. — I pardon the irreverence of that confession for its frankness. Nature hides and misrepresents God. Only the Church can reveal him.

X. — Do not misunderstand me. My faith that absolute justice will somehow and somewhere be done is not, I hope, inferior to that of the churches; but I have come to doubt whether it is expedient to change a political system because we can demonstrate that injustice is sometimes wrought by its requirements. The great system of creation, so far as we can see it, is not run upon any such principle. So long as divine Omniscience finds it inexpedient to put an end to much that is clearly unjust, the statesman may justify himself in doing "about what's right," even if in certain cases he is forced to do a little wrong.

Mrs. Alpha. — Casuistry! We must strike boldly for our ideals, and be content with nothing less. I have only to state from any platform the case of one noble woman, the widow of a soldier, who owns house and farm acquired by her own and her husband's labor. I tell my audience that her property is taxed by the vote of every drunken loafer in town. I ask, "Must not that woman have the ballot at any cost?" And the great

heart of the people leaps up and cries, Amen!

X. — I think it might be shown, that your friend's property and personality have, in fact, more power in determining the town tax than the votes of any ten of the drunken loafers you mention. I allow that woman should be represented in government. But you beg the question in assuming that to give all women the liberty of casting ballots is the best way of insuring representation.

D. — If the possibility of what is called "a hard case" is to justify any social disturbance promising a remedy, why, let us be logical, and make voters out of paupers, idiots, and children. I know a case that may be handsomely dressed in lyceum rhetoric when agitation for the next suffrage extension is in order. Will you have it in plain clothes?

President. — By all means.

D. — Eight years ago, a young teacher in my Sunday school enlisted in the war for the Union from the highest motives. He had carefully studied the causes that led to it, and believed that the future character of his country was staked upon its issue. He thought it right to abandon the luxuries of wealth, as well as the opportunities for distinction which his character and talents could not have failed to win. For two years he fought bravely. Then he was brought home with a disease, contracted by exposure, that was soon to cause his death. This was just before the second election of Lincoln. My friend believed that the value of all that he and his comrades had suffered hung upon the result of that political contest. And yet the government, which taxed his poor soldier's pay, and called for the costly sacrifice of his life, refused him the privilege of casting a

ballot which it accorded to the debased rowdies of New York, notoriously leagued with its enemies. Do you ask what excuse was offered for this hideous injustice? My friend was not twenty-one.

X. — I think I know the young man to whom you refer, and will maintain, that, if the parties opposed to the re-election of Lincoln could have given him fifty votes in exchange for the influence his example exerted against them, they would have made an excellent bargain. Woman is to-day a decided political force, and may become one that is well nigh irresistible. She may make a public opinion that will control government. Suffrage is but a clumsy contrivance for registering opinion, which she may be excused from handling.

Miss Omega. — Where's the Humane Society? It seems cruel to allow a man to expose the weak side of his mind in that style.

Mrs. Alpha. — Oh, no! I want to hear all he can say. Mill observes that we gain a clearer perception of truth by allowing its collision with error. So explain your change of base, sir, as well as you can.

X. — Well, madam, for twenty years I have been in active, and, as I hope, sympathetic contact with American men and women. For the greater part of that time, I have had the responsibility of a family, worth more to me as education than a lifetime in libraries. I have come to know, what as a very young man I did not know, how infinitely subtle and pervading is the power exercised by women. They supply the principles of government, and need not assume its functions.

Mrs. Alpha. — How do you account for the oppressions and wrongs that woman has experienced under man's government?

X. — Very much as I do for the oppressions man has experienced under his own government. But that discussion would carry us too far. Perhaps woman's suffrage may be the shortest way out of grave difficulties in other countries. In England, the limitation of male suffrage, and the peculiar hardships of the legal and social condition of women, may justify the most thoroughly alterative treatment of her case. But we belong in Massachusetts, and whatever she is, our other States may soon be; and, standing here, I say, that, if there be yet any cases where the legal disabilities of women are not more than balanced by their legal immunities, a remedy may easily be found. I ask one question. Can you doubt, that if a majority of women asked our legislature to take from them any disability, expressing their willingness to give up the corresponding immunity, they would fail to accomplish their desire?

Mrs. Alpha. — I don't know,—perhaps they might.

X. — I tell you that the very legislators whom rich corporations find it easy to corrupt would give such a petition their earnest consideration, and be guided by a single desire to do for woman all she could fairly ask. My knowledge of American human nature tells me that justice would be done.

D. — And my knowledge of general human nature leads me to say that *justice* would not be done; for the women would get the disability removed and the immunity continued. Our laws to-day say to women, "Run your husband into debt, if you like, for your spendthrift follies. Bring sickness upon him through the labor he must undergo to supply you with money for fashionable dissipation: he shall have no legal claim to a cent of

your property to support him through the malady caused by your extravagance." I think these laws would not be repealed. It will be a bitter day for woman when the generosity accorded her as man's physical inferior, and the devotion offered her as his moral superior, shall be replaced by the freezing and technical justice paid to an equal. For this attempt to make our New-England wives and mothers masquerade as down-trodden serfs, I have only one word,—it is *comic*.

Mrs. Alpha. — Look at the facts of the case. How do you account for this national agitation in behalf of woman,—this great moral movement?

D. — Precisely as the philosophers account for a movement in mechanics,—namely, by the contemporaneous extinction of some other movement. A famous proclamation, a few years ago threw certain folk out of business.

Mrs. Alpha. — What a utopia you have discovered among our poor oppressed shop-girls and sewing-women!

D. — I see sin and suffering enough among them. Many of them go down to ruin and despair. But they go in the old prosaic way, by neglecting duties and yielding to temptations. The work Nature assigns to woman is neglected, or poorly done. The highest field of art, the art of social living, is given to her for a possession; yet even in its subordinate departments, of cooking and tailoring, she allows herself to be surpassed. Leaving her own work undone, she crowds herself into the work of men. Consequently wages are lowered, the best men are driven out of the State, there is a surplus of women, and the end is social vice.

Mrs. Alpha. — You should have lived a century ago! Why, you are no democrat, you want a close aristocracy of males. Now, I do not deny that clouds of temporary embarrassment may fleck the glorious day when woman is declared a voter. But I know that a great gain must ultimately come to the world. Even what you assume to be her part of life's work will be better done when the whole of it is open. Her intellect will have a wider sweep. She will come to her domestic duties from higher ground, a condition upon which Emerson wisely insists when our best effort is demanded.

Mrs. Beta. — You admit that the change you advocate may bring some evils in its train. I am sure that it must bring many. I cannot admit your right to compel me to vote, and attend caucuses, unless you can show that some very definite advantage is to come of it.

Miss Omega. — I really did not think we should have to explode that foolishness to-night. Even D—— is not weak enough to cite female opposition as an argument against female suffrage. Why, you silly thing, who ever wished to compel you or anybody else to vote against your wills. If you don't want to vote, don't vote: nobody asks you to. It is the meanest kind of subterfuge to beg the question with that word *compel*.

Mrs. Beta. — I cannot take back the word, neither can I engage in a discussion that threatens to become personal.

President. — Come, Sister Omega, we cannot afford to have Mrs. Beta silenced. You ladies, who go upon the platforms, and manage conventions, fill the newspapers with arguments to support your views. Women who disagree with you have no public oppor-

tunity of expressing dissent. Let them have some poor little tea-table audience now and then.

Mrs. Alpha. — Certainly. A great point will be gained whenever we can induce this vague feminine opposition to take form, and tell its objections. It would be easy to prove them logically untenable. How can Mrs. Beta be compelled to exercise the right of suffrage which we mean she shall have in a year or two?

Mrs. Beta. — The compulsion will be a moral one, I grant; but among the best American women, — those whose every moment the world wants, to do the real work of woman so terribly in arrears, — it will be as strong as if supported by bayonets. Suppose I know that at our next election, a month off, thousands of ignorant women, subjected to priests as man never can be subjected, will vote as a unit to destroy our schools. Suppose that I know other thousands, fettered to sin as man never can be, whose votes must be thrown in the interest of keepers who own the clothes that cover them. When I see that these dangers threaten, the mother's instinct of preserving my family will *compel* me not only to cast a ballot, but to give my time to caucuses and electioneering.

Mrs. Alpha. — Why, my dear lady, your arguments are all on my side; for the suffrage will surely liberate from their servitude the classes you mention.

Mrs. Beta. — That is a matter of opinion. I think it can repair but a small portion of the mischief it must cause. But, at the best, there would be an enormous waste of power to accomplish nothing in particular. Thoroughness in a narrow range is the condition of any high usefulness, whether in man or woman. We must

concentrate our powers, to become skilful in any art; and the art of social living, that has been mentioned, is no exception.

Mrs. Alpha. — And so you uphold the tyranny that taxes women without allowing them representation.

Mrs. Beta. — Here in New England, as it seems to me, women are as fairly represented by men as men are by men. Neither universal suffrage, nor any thing else, can give all a representation that is ideally fair. The interest excited by Mr. Hare's scheme of voting shows how widely spread is the belief that the best men are not represented at all. But remember this, — every man is the son of some woman. She commands the machinery that initiates his culture. Now, I say that if a woman, with our republican freedom and opportunities, fails to excite in her son a tender devotion to the interests of her sex, it is her own fault.

Mrs. Alpha. — That may be; but I can't see why other women who have no sons should suffer for that fault.

Mrs. Beta. — My point, is that the mothers do, in fact, represent the average sense and virtue of their sex; and, for the best of reasons, have its interests at heart. But in many other relations women may have a controlling influence upon the views and principles that determine political action. Let her work be to remove the causes of social disorder, while man studies the alleviation of its effects. The complexity of modern life, as it seems to me, demands just this separation of function.

Mrs. Alpha. — That is only another way of saying that we must be treated as prisoners, and have our treadmill exercise allotted by our keepers. Why, upon that point I refer you to

Mr. X — himself. Although he has fallen from grace on the great doctrine of the suffrage, I will not believe he wishes to prevent women from exercising any calling that is open to men.

X. — Thank you for doing me that justice: I should be the last to prevent them.

Miss Omega. — Now, just try to be consistent. You would encourage women to take their places at the bar, the forum, and the (so-called) sacred desk. Now, does not the inconsistency of denying them the ballot glare upon the most illogical mind.

X. — Perhaps it might; but then I should not encourage them to enter the professions you mention.

Miss Omega. — There it is again, — that miserable lack of earnestness. I believe there is more hope of a bigot like D —, than of such a liberal as you.

Mrs. Alpha. — Pray give these gentlemen credit for sincerity. We wrong our glorious cause by railing at those who are willing to reason. Let us hear them patiently. I shall borrow the report of this evening's talk, and answer every objection in the leader of next week's *Emancipator*.

Miss Omega. — And I say, that to treat as solid arguments the objections brought against woman's suffrage retards the evolution of humanity. Our noble advocate, Mr. Phillips, shows his instinct by dismissing them with contempt. Let me repeat his burning words that I have so often quoted from the platform, "I never heard a discourse upon this topic from a woman, which did not look at it from a high and Christian standpoint. I never heard a discourse opposing it from a man that did not reek with inspiration from his animal nature. I

never heard a discourse on this topic from a woman that did not do credit to her sex and ours; and I never heard an argument against it that did not degrade both. . . . I never heard an argument against it from a man that did not show him unfit to teach anybody any thing." Now, that's the way to talk, if you want to carry a great reform!

President. — I quite agree with you. The sort of talk you mention furnishes to my mind the strongest argument in favor of woman's suffrage.

Miss Omega. — Why, of course it does.

President. — Yes: it shows that there are fair-minded men and women who can listen to it, and still have their faith unshaken. There must be substantial good in a cause that is not killed by such advocacy.

Miss Omega. — Come, you are speaking out of your part. Keep to the heavy scholarship business; don't try sarcasm.

President. — Very well, then: Aristotle says, —

Miss Omega. — I don't care what he says. Mrs. Aristotle had no chance to be heard. His one-sided male views are worth nothing.

Mrs. Alpha. — I want Mr. X—— to define his position a little more clearly. He would admit women to the professions, and then keep them out by a little social prejudice. This is hardly consistent.

X. — Let me change the case. I would not prevent men by law from being milliners, from taking the direction of the highest forms of social intercourse, or from assuming that noblest function of humanity, the education of children during the earlier years of life. But I cannot take the stump to encourage men to un-

dertake these offices; for the chances are, that women can fill them much better. Now, if there remains any legal obstacle that prevents exceptional women from becoming lawyers, brokers, policemen, or grave-diggers, I will join any agitation to remove it. But I think the average woman can do work more worthy of her powers. Do I make myself understood?

Mrs. Alpha. — Oh, perfectly! You would confine woman in her old barriers, only using public opinion instead of law as jailer. Now, gentlemen, I have one word to say to you all. You have been arguing against the logical result of the American idea. I ask a question: can any one of you declare that he believes in democracy with all his heart and soul and mind and strength, and will follow where it points?

President. — Well, in a certain sense it may be said —

Mrs. Alpha. — Excuse me, I asked for a direct answer, — Yes or No. Is there a man here who can say that he thirsts for democracy as I, a woman, thirst for it, and that he will work for it as our friend Banker L——, across the table, will work for a twelve-per-cent investment.

[A pause.]

Mrs. Alpha. — I believe I must say CHECKMATE.

Miss Omega. — Fairly beaten! A surrender at discretion! Well, as I have to speak every night this week, I cannot stay to arrange terms. This has been a good lesson for you all. It has taught you that humanity is progressing at double-quick, and cannot wait for stragglers. Woman's rallying cry is heard from ocean to ocean. A tidal wave of conviction is bearing her to the high places of political power. She is about to sweep the land!

President. — I hope she will sweep it clean.

[*Miss Omega leaves the table.*]

L. — Now, Mr. President, if you will tell us what Aristotle said, perhaps we shall be able to develop Mrs. Aristotle's comments from our consciousness, and so wrong no one.

President. — I believe I was going to refer to Aristotle's conviction, that a State should not concentrate its attention on the interests of a passing generation, but should look to the interests of that kind of life which is ultimately desirable to man as the perfection of his social and moral nature. Now, suppose it demonstrated that suffrage would confer material benefits upon the existing generation of women. Suppose it proved that it would increase by one-third the wages of all needle-women and shop-girls, who, from love of finery, dissipation, or false education, have left healthy work in the country, and crowded into the cities. Of course the assumption is sufficiently grotesque, but let us make it. What would be the reply of a statesman? Something like this, I apprehend: "If you have gone astray through ignorance or folly, you must suffer for it. I cannot change the foundation of society for your temporary advantage. My study teaches me to accept the family as the basis of the State, and as an indispensable element in its moral progress. It is my business to strengthen and elevate that institution, not to provide gratifications for a generation that has gone wrong, and wishes to avoid it. The noisy party among you, who are urging the abolition of marriage, as among women's rights, are carrying your "reform" to its logical results.

Mrs. Alpha. — An ideal marriage is

a fine thing to rhapsodize about; but look at the actual marriage of civilization, entered from base and worldly motives, filled with injustice, wrangling, and bitterness. It is a grievous mistake to seek its abolition; yet I can scarcely wonder that many fall into that error.

X. — The longer I live, and the more I see of the world, the more I value the average American marriage, imperfect though it be. It is becoming purer and better every day. This may not seem to be the case to those who get their only out-look through the metropolitan newspaper, which sets before its readers the details of every divorce trial, and sends its reporters to interview all parties suspected of domestic infelicity. But, since I have gained knowledge of actual American homes, I recognize marriage, even as it is, as the institution which gives its highest value to human existence. It is the salt that preserves us from the utter corruption whither so many circumstances are urging us.

Mrs. Beta. — It seems to me that every woman who has the welfare of her sex at heart must have some theory of a desirable organization of society towards which to work. Now, I cannot agree with Mrs. Alpha in discovering any present deficiency in woman's influence. It is often far from a healthy one; but, such as it is, I find it ingrained in the very structure of society. Without going out of my own circle of acquaintance, I can give instances of public men of the first class who have submitted every step they took, and every document they published, to the judgment of their wives, and of single ladies who were members of their family, gratefully weighing their criticisms, and adopting their suggestions. If some women have been so represented,

all women may be. And there lies the ideal towards which I would move.

F. — Let me throw light on this matter with one practical word. Don't try to keep women from the ballot-box. You will waste your strength. The true work of the hour is to cushion off the consequences. So, Mr. X——, have every thing ready. On the afternoon of the glorious day when female suffrage is declared, call a grand mass Convention for the Disfranchisement of Men, and count on me as head agitator.

Mrs. Alpha. — Your jest, sir, is a very poor one. You have caught the feeble banter of the simpleton of the ball-room and the club-house roué. Will you be reckoned with those miserable opponents to our movement?

F. — No, madam; for my sympathy with you is deeper than all opposition. When I see the foolish, narrow education given to our American girls, when I see the false standard of woman's duties set up by the class who possess wealth and refinement, I want to mount the first platform that offers me a chance, to roar out my indignation. But there was something more than a jest in what I said. If the ladies will do the voting, and run the political machinery, I claim the right to be excused. It will be a blessed day when Government takes the franchise from Mr. Patrick Callagan and myself. Here am I spending the slender leisure of a country minister in running about to caucuses, posting myself in partisan journalism, and descending to something like political intrigue, just to keep him from putting unfit men in the School Committee and the General Court. I feel that I could be better employed. I know that the soundest political thinking has been done by men who have

enjoyed the unspeakable privilege of being removed from the petty details of practical politics. But what can I do? Parties are almost exactly balanced in our town. Callagan is very plausible, and belongs to all the secret societies. My friends are pleased to tell me that I am the only man on their side whose acquaintance is as large, and whose power of ready talking as conspicuous. At present, there seems no escape. But as soon as Mrs. Callagan and my Polly will undertake this petty business of managing the papers, pottering about upon committees, canvassing and voting, I claim that Callagan and I may be promoted to higher work. While the women are off, making partisan speeches, we shall be able to study politics for the purpose of arriving at scientific truth. Relieved from this tangle of compromise, that is belittling us both, we may stand upon ultimate principles, and secure a more permanent influence and representation than we can at present enjoy. If you will only contrive to make the enfranchisement of women culminate in the disfranchisement of men, I am selfish enough to be with you, heart and hand.

President. — Oh fortunatas nimum sua si bona norint — mulieres!

F. — Certainly. If it is indeed the mission of woman to provide us with sounder standards of political action, what better opportunity could she ask than she at present enjoys? For every man in this State who can command the leisure to give hard thought and serious study to political questions, there are at least ten women. What legal disqualification is there to prevent any of them from giving us valuable studies upon railroads like Mr. Adams, or upon taxation like Mr. Wells, or upon government like Mr. Mulford?

Mrs. Alpha. — Perhaps we want the stimulus of a profitable office at the end of our labors.

F. — I might say that men have made their best contributions to political science without that stimulus. But even office, so far as merit may attain it, is open to you. Take that terrible railroad problem that perplexes our legislation; study it in its legal, social, and economical aspects; show that you have mastered it more thoroughly than any other person in the State, — and I venture to affirm that Governor Claflin will be proud to send in your name for the first vacancy on the Board of Railroad Commissioners.

President. — The hour of closing our conversation has already past. The general opinion seems to be, that intelligent and good women have a better representation now than they could enjoy if all women were declared voters. Yet I confess that Mrs. Alpha's "checkmate" was well put. If our "king" is the abstract idea of democracy, the game is won; he has no move to make. Women have a right to vote. Is it, on the whole, expedient for them to assert that right? Brought to the test of utility, I think their cause must fail; for, to borrow a distinction of the churchmen, the question is not one of doctrine, but of discipline.

ELEGIACS.

BRYANT'S "GLADNESS OF NATURE."

NUM tali nebulis contristes tempore vultum
 Omnia dum rident matris in ore loca ?
 Cærule dum cœli laetum convexa tuentur,
 Gaudiaque aspirat flore solutus ager ?

Cum merulâ laeto decertat carmine passer,
 Garrula per cœlum dat philomela¹ modos ;
 Parvulus ex antro repetit sua gaudia fessor,
 Lætaque silvestris murmura ducit apis.

Purpureo ludos exercent æthere nubes ;
 Haud alios viridi reddit in umbra solo.
 Hic juvat ecce chorus cursu tentare jocosus,
 Illic in faciles corripit aura sinus.

Populeo folia exsultant in tegmine, et umbram
 Ventorum fagi fronde cachinnus agit ;
 Subrident fructus, subrident æquore flores,
 Et risu torrens in mare volvit aquas.

¹ One form of the legend makes this the name of the swallow.

The Examiner.

NOTHING compels a body of editors to pass their own work in review so carefully as the oversight of the index to a completed volume, when it is placed before them by the careful hands which have threaded the innumerable mazes, and placed all the clews in order. The index to Vol. III. of "OLD AND NEW" surprises even us, who ought to know that volume best, in the exhibit of the range of the world's publications for six months past. It tempts us to say a word as to the duties of critics, and the object of periodical criticism as we understand it.

Here is this daily flood of books, for which England, Germany, France, Italy, and America are responsible, to say nothing of the literature of Asia, Africa, and the Isles of the Ocean. Is the reviewer to abridge those books which are tossed on the top of its waves, so that people need not buy them, but may thank him for a superficial knowledge of them? That was once the theory of reviews; but it is not, as we understand it, the true theory to-day. Is, then, the Journal of Criticism to catalogue the issues of different publishers, to say then to its readers, "You have paid your money, and you can select which you like"? This service is rendered admirably by the "Book-buyers," the "Publishers' Circulars," and other valuable periodicals; but, because they do it, the Journal of Criticism does not need to do it. Is, then, the Journal to inform the public what books have been sent to its office? This is the custom of some newspapers which affect to be critical. But what does the public care whether a copy of "Valentine Vox" were or were not sent in a new edition to the bureau of "The Eagle" or "The Thunder Cloud." Shall the magazine, then, review the books published by its own publisher? This is the general custom, — for a publishing house to keep a review, as Day & Martin kept a poet. But, after all, the criticism of the one has much the same value as the poetry of the other. Shall the Review take the high national tone? Shall it cultivate "American literature," that plant so much watered at Commencement time?

Really, one might as well talk of Dutch arithmetic or German chemistry or English ethics as of American literature. Literature must have a language; but it should not have a limited province. Eliminating thus from the problem the elements which should not appear in the work of the Review, it would seem that its correspondents should be stationed in equal numbers in the five great publishing countries of the world which we have named. It should call the attention of reading men and women of different vocations and tastes to the most important books in their respective lines of study or interest. It should studiously avoid mentioning books merely worthless. In the event of absolute danger to truth by the publication of a book of false argument or statement, it should carefully and effectively reply. This should be the province of its leading articles. Beyond this, it ought not to be difficult for its short reviews to advise general readers as to their purchases in that rather rambling reading which is called "keeping up with the times."

Such is our explanation of our reasons for devoting as much space as we have given in eighteen months past to books published in other countries.

We are obliged to yield much of the space which should be given in this number to such criticisms to the record of the improvements in college education, which specially befits the "Commencement" season here at home.

"THE RECOVERY OF JERUSALEM."

BY F. W. HOLLAND.

THE old Crusaders' cry, "the recovery of Jerusalem," brings to light many confirmations of former conjecture, some refutations of early statements, and not a few fresh contributions to the history and geography of the Holy Land.¹

Miss Coutts's liberality prompted extensive excavations at Jerusalem to ascertain the capacity of Solomon's aqueducts for supplying the city with

water. Notwithstanding the statement of the latest Encyclopædias to the contrary, great mortality has been caused by the wretched supply furnished by the filthy cisterns of Jerusalem. Could its thousands of inhabitants be made to understand that the health of the young depends upon abundant and wholesome drink during the summer months, the moss-grown city-roofs would be cleansed, the odorous cisterns emptied, the wells sunk afresh, and English gold no longer denied the costly privilege of renewing Solomon's blessing to the capital of Judæa. But the Jews themselves seem as listless as they are poverty-stricken; the Mussulmans are too proud to learn, and too

¹ The Recovery of Jerusalem: a Narrative of the Exploration and Discovery in the City and the Holy Land. By Capt. Wilson, Capt. Warren, &c. With an Introduction by Arthur Parzhyn Stanley, D.D. Edited by Walter Morrison, M.P. London: Richard Bentley. 1871. New York: Appleton & Co.

lazy to move; their foreign benefactors would not even be thanked, nor would the works be kept in repair after the engineers were gone. Of the three ancient aqueducts, only one carries water to-day, and that only to the pacha's palace, the judgment hall, and the great sea under the Mosque of Omar; yet no doubt, says Capt. Warren, it once supplied the houses along its sides.

Another episode in this volume, its least interesting chapter, is the Rev. F. W. Holland's study of the route of the Israelites in that grand exodus from a horde of slaves to a republic of freemen. He has been the only traveller familiar with the native dialects who has passed over every track, and left no nook of the land untrodden. So that several important matters in sacred geography have now at last found settlement, — the crossing place of the fugitives at the sea, their march by the Wady Useit, the identification of the Wilderness of Sin with El Murkhah, of Rephidim with Feiran, of the sacred hill of Aaron with ruined Paran, and the Rahah-plains with the scene of the giving of the Law. Consequently, as local tradition has been exhausted, the whole route measured again and again, and nothing omitted that even rational conjecture could suggest, we have received all we are likely to get, and more than we had any reason to expect, on this portion of Bible-story.

But the best part of the book is from the quarterly statements of the Palestine Exploration Fund; which was organized five years ago under the patronage of the Queen and the presidency of the Archbishop of York, having the Duke of Argyll, Dr. Pusey, Dr. Macleod, Messrs. Rawlinson, Layard, Deutsch, and William

Smith among its members, an American committee of co-operation, and an annual income of four thousand pounds. The labors of its agents in Palestine have been severe, protracted, and perilous. In one excavation they were driven back by the bats fastening in their hair; at Jacob's Well, Capt. Warren fainted, and fell to the bottom; at the Virgin's Fountain they had to creep through a passage only a foot and a third in height, and remain four hours in chilly water, with sometimes but a few inches' breathing space; again they were blocked up by falling masses in utter darkness, were stifled by heat, crushed by stones, bruised upon the rocks, driven back by filth from the sewers, and disabled from protracted work at the same spot by the nervous prostration resulting from the continual clatter of débris against the wooden frames which protected them.

Some things they have not yet settled. Nothing have they proved, for instance, as to the site of St. Sepulchre; the long sought "Tombs of the Kings" have not been found; and though the interest of their work centres around the Haram of Jerusalem, even there it is not enough to discover that one hundred and thirty-five feet of its north-east tower is beneath the surface of the soil, at the bottom of which are curious Phœnician inscriptions; that there are rock-cut aqueducts and cisterns, bridges, connections, and secret vaults under the Temple area; that the southern piers of Dr. Robinson's bridge are found by excavation; and that a second bridge ran from the Court of the Gentiles across Kedron to Absalom's tomb, possibly for the scapegoats' passage into the wilderness. The form of the ancient houses has been well ascertained; a complete cartog-

raphy of the Holy City is given; the discovery of an aqueduct conveying water to the Plain of Gennesaret, determines El Hum as Capernaum; Khorazin is identified with Kerazah upon the borders of the Lake; and Khan Minyeh seems to be the Western Bethsaida. Though the architectural remains are exceedingly poor compared with those of Athens, and the Jewish tombs are not to be named along side of the Egyptian, yet the recently discovered synagogues of Meiron and El Hum, the tomb of Joshua, and possibly that of the seven Maccabees, deserve and will repay investigation. And there is no time to be lost in the work. Emanuel Deutsch, who declares that he can read that oldest Samaritan writing on the Nabloos mosque better in this society's photograph than he could on the spot, declares that some of the inscriptions are now perishing, and that part of the Capernaum synagogue in which Jesus preached has lately been converted into lime. Even this society's labors will in some cases hasten the destruction of ancient monuments, as was proved in their attempted removal of the sarcophagus from Hermon and the ruin of the Moabite Stone.

Of this curious monument, the centre of the last year's critical study, the history is given in the following article.

THE MOABITE STONE.

FOR more than a year the attention of Hebraists and archæologists has been directed to a singular inscription upon a stone discovered in 1868, in the region east of the Dead Sea, called the land of Moab.

It was discovered by Rev. J. A. Klein of the Jerusalem mission, as

long ago as August, 1868. Since that time its story has been a romance, not ending in the destruction of the inscription itself by the jealous Arabs. As we have said above, the Oriental critics have devoted assiduous attention to the copies of it, in the last year.

The first peculiarity of the inscription itself upon this stone is, that the letters are in a character which is neither the common Hebrew nor the common uncial Greek, but which has resemblance to both of these. The whole of the Hebrew alphabet, except the Tet (ט), is represented in the inscription; and it has been conjectured, that, if the letters were all found, this now missing letter would be among them. The resemblances of the letters to both the Hebrew and Greek letters are close enough to identify them without difficulty. The *aleph* is an A turned on its side; the *beth* is only the Hebrew letter poised diagonally; the *daleth* is the Greek *delta*; the *he* is a flag with three stripes; the *cheth* an H, with two cross-bars; and the *zayin* an H lying on its side. Others of the letters, as the *mem* and the *kaph*, resemble the Arabic characters. The *ayin* is a circle; the *shin* a W, and the *tanar* X. The characters are quite as picturesque and well formed as those of the classical Hebrew, and are not merely rude scratches on the stone, which are to be read by the imagination as much as by the eye. They are of another class from the cuneiform characters of the Assyrian cylinders, or the hieroglyphics of the Egyptian tombs and temples. The Moabite inscription, exposed to the wind and rain for centuries, is much easier to read than the palimpsests of the convents.

The translation of the inscription,

of course, if the characters are recognized, is in itself not difficult. It is only made so by the unfortunate chasms, which make it necessary to fill out words, and sometimes whole phrases and passages, by conjecture. As conjectures differ, so will the renderings vary. The lines upon the stone, when it was whole, were nearly of equal length; but now most of them have broken spaces, and of four or five of them fully half is wanting. One account says that one thousand letters were cut originally upon the stone, and that of these six hundred and sixty-nine remain. But later fac-similes show a much larger number. The photograph from which Noeldcke's translation is made gives nearly eight hundred letters. Dr. Kaempf, in his account, gives a conjectural restoration of the whole inscription, but is obliged to leave the last line uncompleted. The letters in the inscription are not equidistant, nor are they without marks of separation. After many of the words, there is a point, placed sometimes on a line with the top of the letters, and sometimes on a line with the lower part. Between the clauses, or verses as we should call them, a perpendicular line is often drawn. In the *fac-simile* which Noeldcke used, there are thirty-three of these lines. In one or two instances, the dot after the words is double; and it has been conjectured, that, in the beginning, the words were all separated from each other by single or double points. In a few cases, there are dots in and on the letters, and small marks above them, reminding us of the masoretic points. These do not seem to have any thing to do with pronunciation, and their significance is not yet determined.

Of the subject of the inscription

there can be no doubt; for it begins with the name of its author, who is also an historic personage. The first sentence, as it runs in Noeldcke's lithograph, is "Anoch Mesha Ben Chenosh, Melech Moab, Yabni," which is, literally rendered, I, Mesha, Son of Chemosh, King of Moab of Yabni." After the word Chemosh, there is a break, which the translators have filled with different words. Ganneau inserts the word "Gad," Schlottman the word "Nadab," Kaempf the word "Astor." Why one of these suffixes more than another should be inserted, we cannot see. As there is a chasm also before "Yabni," it is supposed that this is only part of the full word, and that it should read "Hadibni," the Dibonite, thus giving the residence or lineage of the king as well as his name. We have, then, in this first line, a clew to the monument. But the next three lines confirm the first statement. "My father," says Mesha, "was king over Moab thirty years, and I was king after my father. And I raised this high place to Chemosh in Korchah, a high place of deliverance; for he saved me from all misfortunes, and let me look my pleasure upon all my enemies." This ends what seems to be the first part of the inscription. It tells the motive of the monument. It is a votive stone to the memory of the father of the Moabite king. And we may expect from this, that the grateful Mesha will go on to rehearse some of the worthy deeds of his powerful sire, whom he appoints as a god to the people.

The next four lines of the inscription tell what Chemosh did to humble the pride of the Israelite king. The first words are broken, and the missing letters are not supplied in the same way by the translators. Gan-

neau and Schlottman read, "Omri, king of Israel;" while Kaempf reads, "Then arose the son of Isai." This rendering seems to be far fetched, as the name of the father of Omri is not given in the Hebrew chronicle. And the account goes on, "And he oppressed Moab many days, for Chemosh was angry with his land. His son came into his place; and he also said, 'I will oppress Moab in the days of my reign.' But I saw my pleasure upon him and his house, and Israel forever went under." The rendering here of the different translators slightly varies; but this is substantially the meaning as all of them give it. It shows us Omri, the king of Israel, coming down to make war on Moab, and driving the people before him; and afterward his more famous son, Ahab, trying the experiment again against the son of Chemosh, but with a different result. This part of the stone celebrates the victory of Mesha over Ahab, which seems to have been an utter rout. It is added that, "Omri had possession of the city Medeba, and staid in it and his son after him forty years; but Chemosh looked upon him (meaning Moab) in my days." That is, after this long possession by the Israelite king, Chemosh brought deliverance through the hand of Mesha. This makes apparently the second part of the inscription, and goes a little way into the ninth line. The third passage of the inscription goes on to tell some of the doings of Mesha. "I built Baal Meon, and constructed walls and grounds," so Schlottman translates it. Kaempf says, "tower," while the writer in the North British Review for October suggests that it may mean Moab. "I also built Kiriathaim; and the "men of" Gad dwelt in this land from the

long past (the days of their grandfathers). Schlottman translates it, "And the king of Israel built for himself Kir. But I fought against Kir, and took it, and slaughtered all the people in Kir, a sight for Chemosh and Moab. I carried back from there the booty, which I laid before the face of Chemosh in Kiriath. And I placed there men of Schiran and the men of Jeroth Schashavath." In this passage the translators are at variance, principally in their conjectural filling of the chasms. One will have it that the spoil carried away was the image of Jahve, the Israelites' God, and that it was dragged on the ground before the image of Chemosh. Another thinks that the passage means, that the sanctuary which has been set as the place of worship for the Hebrew God was dedicated anew to the worship of the Moabite god. Ganneau calls the city Ataroth instead of Kir. If we take the reading of the other translators, it seems to show the explanation of Mesha's building Kiriathaim. This was the former city Kir, which the Gadites had so long owned and occupied, but which Mesha now took from them, and colonized by new people of other races, changing the name from Kir to Kiriathaim.

The next clause of the inscription tells of another victory of Mesha over Israel. This runs from the fourteenth line, partly through the eighteenth line. "Then Chemosh said to me, 'Go take Nebah from Israel.' I went by night, and fought against it, from the breaking of the dawn to mid-day; and I took it; and I slew all therein, from man to woman, from child to suckling; for to Astor Chemosh I had consecrated all. And I took away thence the vessels of Jahve, and dragged them before Chemosh." In

this passage, conjecture has to fill several chasms. Half of the sixteenth line is wanting; in the seventeenth there are two considerable breaks; and there are besides these two or three broken words. This passage is very important, as showing the kind of worship of the Israelites in that age. It repeats for the city of Nebah what had before been done to the city Kir. Chemosh here has distinctly that name Astor which Kaempf's translation gives him in the introductory passage.

The next two lines tell the fate of another Israelite city, Jahaz. "But the king of Israel," Mesha goes on to say, "built Jahaz, and fixed himself there, while he fought against me. Yet Chemosh drove him out before me. I took from Moab two hundred men, all headmen, and led them to Jahaz, and took it to add it to Dibon." Kaempf translates this last clause "to break the yoke of Dibon," that is, by taking Jahaz, to set Dibon free. The translation, too, which he gives of "headmen," picked men, seems preferable to the others, which say "two hundred men, all told."

These three victories, over Kir, Nebah, and Jahaz, make the record of Mesha's triumphs in battle. He goes on to tell of his own achievements in building, and other improvements. First he records his work in building the city Korcheh. "I built Korcheh, the wall on the side of the forest, and the wall on the side of the mound; I built its gates and I built its towers; I built the king's palace, and I built the banks for water in the city. There was not a cistern inside of the city of Korcheh. And so I said to all the people, 'Make ye every one a cistern in his house.' And I dug a moat around Korcheh, after I had driven out

Israel." In the translation of this last clause, there is wide disagreement. Ganneau renders it, "I dug cisterns for Korcheh." Schlottman renders it, "I rung up the prohibition for Korcheh," — that is, against associating with the people of Israel; while "The North British Reviewer" conjectures that it should read, "I cut a moat for Korcheh by the labor of the captives of Israel." On the whole, the reading of Kaempf seems preferable.

Then Mesha goes on to tell more of his building. "I built Aroer, and laid down the streets in Arnon." Whether this refers to the streets in a city, or to a roadway along the river, does not appear. It may mean simply "a bridge" across the river, or a road which crosses the river by a bridge. "I built again Beth-Bamoth, which had been destroyed. I built Bezer; for armed men from Dibon supported me, for all Dibon was submissive to me."

The remaining six lines of the inscription are so imperfect, that all interpretation must be arbitrary. Kaempf ventures to fill the chasm, and translates, "I finished the fortifications in the cities, which I annexed to the land. I built also Beth-Gamal, and Beth-Diblathaim, and Beth-Baal-Meon; and I brought into them the two hundred men, to take possession. And the Horonaim were dwelling there securely, and built. Then Chemosh said to me, 'Go down and fight with the Horonaim, and seize upon Beth-Baal-Meon.' And so I went, and fought and conquered; and Chemosh brought them back in my days. And on this account have I built this monument to Chemosh in Korcheh. And now, people of Chemosh, be strong and valiant." This last sentence is all conjectured from five let-

ters. Indeed, any reading of the last four lines of the inscription must be fanciful.

Such is the inscription on this curious stone, as interpreted by the reading and the conjecture of several ingenious scholars. The first question, of course, in regard to it, is, "Is it a genuine relic? Is it the real work of this Moabite king, or only a forgery of some later hand?" This question settled, another comes up of the trustworthiness of the account itself, — how far these statements of Mesha's work are to be received as history. Then there is the question of the purpose of the inscription, whether it were intended as a mere monumental epitaph, or as an altar to the national god. If the monument is genuine, it is of the very highest importance in its relation to religion and history, as well as to ancient language. That it is very ancient there can be no doubt. For twelve hundred years, the region around the Dead Sea has been in possession of the Arabs, whose script is quite different from this, and who could have known nothing of this passage of history. The inscription could not have been made by Arabs. Before the time of the caliphs, Christian hermits were swarming in that region; but these would be indifferent to such a passage of Moabite history, and would never have glorified the doings of a heathen chief, supposing they had been able to cut that archaic character upon the rocks. That the Hebrews proper, before the Christian era, did not make it, is proved by the fact that it was so humbling to the national pride, and shows their national God subject to the Moabite idol. There is no theory of forgery that can show any plausibility; and the genuineness of the

monument is antecedently probable, in spite of the marvel of its preservation for nearly twenty-eight centuries. The characters on the monument may be presumed to be those of a script common to all the Semitic tongues in that early day, the Phœnicians, the Israelites, and the tribes of the desert. They represent no tongue of later time, and are in their shape rudimentary. If the testimony of the script proves any thing, it proves that the monument is genuine.

History has no direct evidence to the genuineness of the monument. It has no mention of these victories of the Moabite king at Kir and Nebah, and Jahaz, and Baal-Meon. The only mention made in the Hebrew story of this King Mesha at all is in the third chapter of the Second Book of Kings. Here Mesha is shown to us as a vassal of the king of Israel, who rebelled after the death of Ahab. "And Mesha, king of Moab, was a sheep-master, and rendered unto the king of Israel one hundred thousand lambs, and one hundred thousand rams, with the wool on." Such is the statement of Mesha's position in the reign of Ahab, the son of Omri, at the very time when, by the inscription, he seems to have been driving out the Israelites. After Ahab's death, according to the biblical account, Jehoram, Ahab's son, and Jehoshaphat, king of Judah, made a joint expedition against this rebellious vassal, Mesha, attacking him not in front and from the north, but going round the Dead Sea, and attacking him from the south, with the assistance of the king of Edom. The expedition at first seemed likely to end in disaster: they had a long journey of seven days through very dry places, and could find no water for themselves or their cattle. The

king of Israel began to despair; and the courage of the expedition was sustained only by the promise of Elisha, that water should come directly, and that they should have signal triumph over the Moabites. The water came; and the Moabites, seeing the sun shine upon it, thought that it was blood, and that the allies had fallen out, and had killed each other. They hastened to the imaginary spoil, but were soon undeceived, driven back to their own country, their cities beaten down, stones thrown upon the soil, wells filled up, the trees cut down, and only one city left with walls standing, the city of Kirharaseth. In vain the king of Moab undertook to break the Israelite line. In his despair he could only perform the sacrifice which Abraham was ready to make, and offer his son and heir as a burnt-offering upon the wall. This seems to have caused a re-action of feeling, and to have compelled the allies to break up their camp, and retreat across the border.

This is all that the biblical narrative tells us of the acts of King Mesha. The victories of this prince of Moab over the Israelites in the land north of the Arnon, which are recorded on the monumental stone, are not brought into the story of the Israelite kings. Incidentally, this fact of a victory of Mesha and his tribe over the allies, which the Hebrew narrative tells, enables us to fix the date of the stone, supposing it to be genuine. Mesha would not have omitted from his record a triumph so important. The inscription must have been cut before the allied kings made their attack; that is, either in the very beginning of the reign of Jehoram, king of Israel, or in the short reign of King Ahaziah, which the Hebrew writer, in his way of computation, calls two years, but

which was probably little more than one year. The rebellion of Moab began after Ahab was dead; but, in less than three years from that time, the expedition of Jehoram and Jehoshaphat around by the land of Edom had been made, and had failed. By the best chronology, this would be about the year 895, B.C.

A general confirmation of the story on the monument is given in the Hebrew narrative of the hostility which had long been kept up between Moab and Israel. The feud was ancient. For ages there had been a border warfare. All that southern land of Reuben and Gad was claimed by the tribes south of the river as possession which had been unlawfully stolen from them by the Amorites, and which was theirs by right. In taking back the towns in this territory, the king of Moab seemed only to be recovering what properly belonged to his people, as the Germans in taking back Alsace and Lorraine. Ages before, the Moabites had been driven south of the Arnon by the Amorites, that race of robbers, who in turn had been dispossessed by the Israelites; but the Moabites still held that it was the land of their fathers.

The names of the towns that appear on the monument of Mesha are mentioned in the Hebrew story as well. Dibon, where the stone was set up, was a very ancient town; and this, with Jahaz and Baal-Meon and Kirjathaim, are all enumerated in the list of cities which Moses gave to the tribe of Reuben, as we find in the thirteenth chapter of Joshua. Nebo is more than once coupled in the denunciation of the prophets with Dibon; and it is evident that there was a well-known city of that name. A map made from the biblical account of the Gadite land of Aroer would en-

able us easily to follow the march and the successive victories of the Moabite king. And if we adopt the reading of Ganneau in the third passage of the inscription, and call the city which Mesha took "Ataroth" instead of "Kiriathaim," we find another name which appears in the Book of Numbers, "Ataroth." There is sufficient coincidence between the geography of the Old Testament and the details of the inscription to warrant the belief that it is genuine. If the Hebrew chronicle says nothing about the capture of these cities by Mesha, it shows us the cities there, precisely in his way, — cities which he would be most likely to attack and capture. The most obscure geographical name in the inscription is that of Korcheh. We do not find this in the Bible. It was a place very near to Dibon; but it is not mentioned in connection with Dibon. For this reason, some of the interpreters have suggested that it may really have been in a sense identical with Dibon, — have been the fortified part of the latter, what we should call the citadel of the city. Mesha speaks of its double wall towards the wood and towards the mound, and the moat which he cut around it. Dibon was apparently the headquarters of Mesha in his occupation of the land of Reuben, — his capital there: and perhaps it may have been, according to the reading of the first line of the inscription, his ancestral city; for he is there called the "Dibonite." The city seems to have had a strong position, and the fortification made it still stronger. It is doubtful, however, if the ruins which Seelzen mentions in his narrative are the remains of King Mesha's fort, if the Korcheh of the monument appears in the heaps of stone. A more fanciful conjecture is that the Korcheh was erected to keep

the races apart, the Moabites from the Israelites, as there are walls in Oriental cities to-day between the Frank and Moslem quarters, and as the Jews in the Roman Ghetto were for ages so separated from the Christians. Schlottman translates the twenty-fifth line, "I hung up the prohibition for Korcheh," intimating that the races were to be separate.

The Moabite inscription is important in philology, not merely as showing the earlier script, and form of letters, the archaic alphabet, not merely as illustrating peculiarities of ancient grammar, but as proving the substantial identity of the Hebrew with the other Semitic dialects. The style and dialect of this inscription differ very little from the style and dialect of the Hebrew Books of Kings. If this writing on the stone represents the average speech of the people of Moab, they were as near to the Israelites in their language as the people of Spain to those of Portugal, or the people of Naples to the people of Rome. One interpreter says that there is "but one word in the whole inscription of which the root is not to be found in the Hebrew Bible, — the word Ragá. The question is not, we may say, settled by this, of the original speech, whether the Hebrews gave their language to the Moabites, or whether they gave their language to the idolatrous tribes. One letter of the Hebrew alphabet is not found in the inscription, — the Tet. It has been conjectured that it will be found on some one of the missing fragments, if these are recovered. The variations of the words in prefix and suffix, in conjugation and pronominal changes, are very slight from the proper Hebrew forms. The Hebrew of this Moabite stone is far more pure and intelligible than the scratches on the rocks of the Arabian Desert,

which mark the wanderings of the emancipated bondmen of Pharaoh. Mesha and his people, so far as this stone indicates their tongue, had the language which Moses brought, and which was inscribed in the stones of the sacred ark.

The religious value of the stone is in its indication that the Israelite worship of Jahve was known among the Moabites, and was kept in the cities of the land of Reuben in that idolatrous age, and in the statement of the honor paid to Chemosh. There is no evidence that Mesha regarded Jahve as really a lawful God; but the inscription tells us that he carried off the vessels used in the altar service of the Hebrew God, and offered them at the shrine of his own national god. It shows us that the altar of Jahve was not alone in the Temple of Jerusalem, but that he was worshipped also on the high places of remote parts of the land of Israel; that the Israelite people, though politically separate from the people of Judah, were not religious renegades, but held to the faith of their common fathers. Their worship of Jahve was only one remove from the lawful temple services, and was by no means the worship of beasts, or other false gods, — a much lower apostasy. This stone goes far to prove, that, in their conquests, the Israelites carried their God with them,—the single, invisible Creator,—and did not take merely the gods of the nations, — to justify the statement of the pious Jews, who insist that religion more than other differences separated the Hebrews from the surrounding nations. Their language was almost the same as that of the Moabites; but their religion was a different religion, a monotheistic religion; and it was kept as truly by the rude tribes settled beyond the

Jordan as by the dwellers in Jerusalem.

The name Chemosh on the stone first appears as the name of the father of Mesha. He is “the son of Chemosh,” Gad, or Nadab, or Astor, as the different interpreters read the missing word. But in the rest of the inscription, the name Chemosh appears as “the deity” who aids Mesha in his enterprises, commands him to go and take cities, and to whose honor he brings back spoil. Chemosh is at once his familiar spirit and the god of his worship. If we had no knowledge of any earlier worship of Chemosh, we might see here an instance of the deification of ancestors, so frequent in ancient times and among heathen tribes. But we find Chemosh mentioned as a Moabite god at a much earlier date. Solomon built a high place, “for Chemosh the abomination of Moab,” among the other altars which he provided so generously, and with such princely toleration, for the deities of the nations around him. Chemosh was the god of Sihon, king of the Amorites, some centuries earlier, when Israel went on its way conquering through Heshbon and Aroer. And in that fine song of Israel in the twenty-first chapter of the Book of Numbers, Chemosh appears as the god of Moab, when Sihon and his Amorites come to conquer their land. Certainly Chemosh was not a new name among the people when Mesha reigned; and, if it were given to men, it had been long known as the name of a god. Possibly this divine name was only given to kings among men; and the father of Mesha may have taken it in his lifetime like the divine Augustus, to show the greatness of his power.

But it is perhaps not necessary to identify the name of Chemosh in the

inscription with the name of Mesha's father. Among the Hebrews, as frequent illustrations in the biblical history prove, men are called sons of God metaphorically. We find in the first chapter of the book of the prophet Hosea the phrase "sons of God" applied to the people Israel. In the Books of Job and Genesis this phrase is used; and, in the apostolic writings of Paul and of John, it is a favorite thought that men are sons of God. And, in the twenty-ninth verse of the twenty-first chapter of the Book of Numbers, we find the word "sons" actually applied to the people of Chemosh. "Woe unto thee, Moab; thou art undone, O people of Chemosh! He hath given his sons that escaped, and his daughters into captivity to Sihon, king of the Amorites." Here Chemosh gives his children, his sons and daughters, into the hand of the enemy. It is quite possible that Mesha may call himself a son of Chemosh, because he is a worshipper of this national god, because he is guided by the command and will of this deity, as a son is guided by a father. In the second line of the inscription, where Mesha tells that he reigned, after his father, the word Chemosh is not used; and it is not necessary to suppose that Chemosh was "the king of Moab" mentioned in the first line. It may as readily mean Mesha himself. That the Chemosh mentioned in the rest of the inscription is the ancient deity of the Moabite people, and not any special king, there can be little doubt. It is the god that is angry with his land; it is the god at whose suggestion battles are fought and cities are built.

The suffixed word, with which the translators have supplied the chasm in the first line, does not help us much in understanding the position

of Chemosh. Schlottmann would read Chemosh-nadab, or Chemosh *the prince*; Ganneau calls the phrase Chemosh-Gad, apparently connecting it with the tribe of Israel which had first possessed the land of Dibon; while Kaempf adds the word Astor, which in the seventeenth of the line of the inscription is prefixed to the word Chemosh. This may have some indication of a connection between the Moabite and the Phœnician deity Ashtoreth. It is altogether probable that the deities of those rude tribes were confused at times, and that names were exchanged among them. Baal is joined to the names of Moabite cities, though he was not properly a Moabite deity.

From the inscription we learn that Chemosh was worshipped by offerings, and that his wrath was propitiated at altars, like the wrath of Jehovah, or Jahve. But nothing is told of his priests, or how the command came from him to his vassal and son, King Mesha. The dragging of the vessels of Jahve before Chemosh would seem to imply that there were images of the god; but this may have been a tribute to an invisible deity as much as the Hebrew offerings in the Temple. The Arabs have a tradition that their black stones, especially the black stone of the Coaba at Mecca, were once idols of the heathen gods. And the fancy is not wholly vain that this very block of basalt, so symmetrically formed, may have been an idol of Chemosh, before Mesha wrote upon it the story of his exploits.

The discovery of this remarkable inscription, dating from the prosperous days of the Hebrew monarchies, small as the information given by it, is of great importance as hinting the possibility of more discoveries of this kind. It is hardly to be supposed that

King Mesha was the only ruler in all those centuries who left on the rock the record of his piety and his prowess. The breaking of the stone will not be so great a calamity if it shall stimulate scholars and antiquaries to farther exploration of that almost unknown region, and admonish them to copy the writings which they find before the opportunity passes. Scores of similar inscriptions may exist among those fallen stones of wall and house. An inscription of this kind is worth far more for archæology than the measure of any subterranean wall, or the identification of some arch or cistern. Every rock which has on it any sign of an inscription should be closely examined and carefully photographed. And all discoveries of this kind should at once become the property of the scientific world, and not be jealously reserved to any clique or nation. It were desirable that the exploring expedition from America to the biblical lands, which is now planned, should make this search for monuments in the land beyond the Jordan and the Salt Sea one of their chief "objective points." Nowhere is the outlay of the expedition likely to be more fully rewarded. It will be better and more comfortable than burrowing in the rubbish of underground Jerusalem, and quite as safe.

C. H. BRIGHAM.

CREASY'S HISTORY.

A GOOD, readable history of England, of moderate size, and embodying the results of the latest historical inquiries, has been much needed; and

¹ History of England from the Earliest to the Present Time. In five volumes. By Sir Edward Creasy, M.A. 8vo. Vol. I. to the end of the reign of Edward I. Vol. II. completing the history during the early and middle ages. London: James Walter, 1869 and 1870.

Sir Edward Creasy's is well fitted to meet the want. There are an abundance of excellent histories of particular periods, and perhaps most persons would do better to read the detailed account of some important period, as told by Freeman, Froude, or Macaulay, rather than the entire life of the nation; it is not so much the extent, as the accuracy and vividness, of the view that is to be defined. However that may be, there will always be a certain demand for a complete history. The work before us may be recommended without hesitation, as fresh, accurate, and interesting.

The second volume, which has recently appeared, has the peculiar advantage of hardly at all coming into competition with special histories. It covers over the last two centuries of the middle ages; that is, from the reign of Edward II. to that of Richard III. inclusive; a period which has no recent special histories except Mr. Longman's Edward III., and Mr. Towne's Henry V. It is, at the same time, a period that abounds in romantic and tragic interest; and one at first thought questions whether it is possible to give the history of so long and important a period in the compass of one volume, with sufficient detail and picturesqueness. The problem has been solved on the whole with excellent judgment. Unimportant events are passed rapidly over, while important ones are related with a good deal of minuteness, and with great narrative skill. The three great battles of Cressy, Poitiers and Agincourt, the siege of Rouen, and the insurrection of Wat Tyler, deserve especial mention.

The history of the constitution is likewise told very clearly, and with a good deal of fulness. This is perhaps the most valuable feature of the volume; and it is one of peculiar interest

and importance, because this was the time when the principle of parliamentary government and the distinctively English rules of the administration of justice, were permanently established. The *forms* of Parliament were made use of all through the civil wars; and our attention is called to the remarkable fact, that in this troublous time, when there was no justice or security for the great, "as between man and man, the laws were steadily and fairly administered" (p. 519). We especially notice, too, the sketch of the cause of the trouble among the laborers, which culminated in Wat Tyler's rising in 1381, the effects of the "Black Death" of 1349 upon the labor market, the efforts of employers to coneract the laws of supply and demand, and the correction of all this with the victory of the Craft Guilds in the city governments, — all these points are treated with great clearness, although, to be sure, questions are raised in the reader's mind which the historian does not answer. We should have been glad, for instance, of a more precise statement of the condition of feudality at this time, and its bearing, as well upon the labor question, as upon the civil wars in which these years were rife, and which must find their explanation largely in the phase through which feudalism was then passing.

Indeed, while in narration and constitutional discussion this book is all that could be desired in one of its size, in distinctively political questions it is far from satisfactory. The first occasion on which we have a real party contest, — on a question of policy, that is, as distinguished from mere personal struggles, — is toward the end of the reign of Edward III., when the king was in his dotage, ruled by his mistress, and the Black Prince sinking

away with a fatal disease. Sir Edward describes very forcibly the humiliating condition into which the realm had fallen, and challenges our admiration for the noble devotion with which the Black Prince rose from his death-bed to try for a moment to set things right. But we get only a very confused notion of party lines, although it is clear that party spirit was very violent. William of Wykeham and the other ecclesiastics were driven from power by John of Gaunt in 1371; and this would seem to have been connected with the great anti-ecclesiastical movement headed by Wyclif; but the overthrow of Gaunt, and the "Good Parliament" of 1376, under the lead of the Black Prince, were also in the spirit of reform. So that the reader finds it hard to decide whether he should sympathize with Wyclif or with Wykeham; and the book gives him no help, but describes political events without analyzing political parties and motives. A writer frequently cited in this volume answers these difficulties so admirably, that we cannot forbear quoting a passage of some length. (Mr. Shirley's Introduction to *Fasciculi Zizaniorum*, p. xxvi.)

"Lancaster, whose aim was to humiliate, had found a strange ally in Wyclif, whose aim was to purify the church. A staunch friend of the mendicants, choosing for his confessors more than one of Wyclif's theological opponents; regarding almost with sympathy the court of Rome, as the natural counterbalance to the power of the bishops at home; corrupt in his life, narrow and unscrupulous in his policy, — he obtained some of his ablest and best support from a secular priest of irreproachable character, the sworn foe of the mendicants, whose views of government towered above intrigue,

too often above sober reality, into a lofty idealism. Lancaster, feudal to the core, resented the official arrogance of the prelates, and the large share which they drew to themselves of the temporal power. Wyclif dreamt of restoring by apostolical poverty, its long-lost apostolical purity to the Church. From points so opposite, and with aims so contradictory, were they united to reduce the wealth and humble the pride of the English hierarchy."

This paragraph gives us a key at once to the problem; shows the political revolution of 1371 to have been rather feudal and anti-ecclesiastic, than a real reform, and that of 1376 to have been a re-action towards good government, with the co-operation of the national clergy, who, as Mr. Shirley says, "had always and deservedly been exempt from the deep hatred with which the Commons of England regarded the Court of Rome."

This paragraph likewise suggests another defect of our author connected with the first. He rarely gives personality to his characters, as is done in this description of John of Gaunt. All the great turbulent barons, heroes, and villains who fill this period are left mere shadows of names. It is one of Mr. Freeman's prime excellences as an historian, that he never introduces a character without trying to give him a distinct personality, — to make the reader interested in him. You are told of his ancestry and early life, and any anecdote or characteristic act is sure to be told. Of course, when the entire history of England is to be brought within five volumes, this could not be done for every secondary character; but surely it might have been done for the great names. The

story is told admirably; but the picture presented to our eyes is defective because we know so little of the men who took part. One gets a pleasant idea of Sir Walter Manny; and Owen Glendower is rescued from the contempt which he has inherited in the eyes of all readers of Shakspeare; and these excellent examples of our author's power only make one wish that he had tried his hand on the Earl of Salisbury, "a man," says Polydore Vergil, "for heartiness of courage and valiancie, rather to be compared with the ancient Romanes, than with men of that age;" with the "Hero Talbot," and Warwick the kingmaker. It would not have taken much room to call attention to the fact that the great Lord Salisbury, killed before Orleans, was son of John Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, the sympathizer with Wyclif, who was executed in 1400; a father-in-law of the leader on the Yorkist side; nor that a sister of this last married the Duke of York, so that the great Earl of Warwick (Salisbury's son) was own cousin to King Edward IV. Such points always give life to a history.

We find a strange blunder on page 75, where Charles of Valois, brother of Philip IV., and father of Philip VI., is spoken of as Count of Provence and King of Naples. It was Charles of Anjou (not of Valois), the brother of Louis IX., who was King of Naples; and he was dead long before the time spoken of. We do not see, by the way, with what consistency the French kings are always called by their French names, as Philippe le Bel, while those of other countries have English names. Why not Friedrich III., and Enrique of Trastamara?

HAMILTON'S PHILOSOPHY.

It is a remarkable fact in literature, that there has not been published a compendious, carefully arranged and edited collection of the works of Sir William Hamilton.

Eminent as a philosopher, recognized by many as the first metaphysician of his time, his subjects are so dispersed through his various writings, that the study of them is attended with perplexity and embarrassment at the outset. It is a reproach on the enterprise or industry of his disciples and admirers, that students have found it necessary to collate his essays and lectures themselves, if they wish to study his works.

Prof. Murray of Queen's University, of Canada, has published this outline¹ as a condensed "systematic exhibition of his philosophical opinions." It accomplishes all which the author's modest preface purposes to do. As a text-book, it is a clear, well-arranged, systematic statement of the philosophical principles and reasoning of Sir William, with very few of his illustrations, and none of the collateral matter which he introduced so profusely. It suffices to inform one what his philosophy is; and, to those wishing to study the original works, it will be a great practical help.

SHORT REVIEWS.

PIKE COUNTY BALLADS. By John Hay. Mr. Hay's serious poetry ought to be as popular as his dialect poems. But that is not to be hoped for.

BEECHCROFT. By Miss Yonge.

¹ Outlines of Sir William Hamilton's philosophy. By Prof. Murray, of Queen's University, Toronto. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

ALFRED THE GREAT. By Thomas Hughes. Mr. Hughes, with the advantage of Dr. Pauli's recent study of King Alfred, and that personal interest in the great king which he showed in the "Scouring of the White Horse" has written a new life of Alfred, in the hope that it may be of practical service in the solution of the political problems of to day. We hope on another occasion to speak in some detail of its striking merits.

TRIED FOR HER LIFE. By Mrs. Southworth. Wildly exciting.

A VERY SIMPLE STORY. By Florence Montgomery. Better named a *heart-rending story*.

THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY. By Miss Muloch.

THE OGILVIES. By Miss Muloch. These were the beginnings of a long, delightful series.

A LIFE'S ASSIZE. By Mrs. Riddell. Wears out its welcome by its length.

IN THE WORLD. By Miss Darling. The second part of BATTLES AT HOME.

ADELA CATHCART. By George Macdonald. Not Macdonald at his best.

WAKE ROBIN. By John Burroughs. Fresh and sweet as spring itself.

LITTLE MEN. By Miss Alcott. A most lovable and charming book.

CONDENSED NOVELS. By Bret Harte. Too wicked, but extremely funny.

MUSINGS OVER THE CHRISTIAN YEAR, WITH RECOLLECTIONS OF THE REV.

JOHN KEBLE. By Miss Yonge. The *recollections* are charming, but the *musings* add little to the enjoyment of The Christian Year.

THE KNIGHTLY SOLDIER. By H. C. Trumbull. A beautiful new edition of an admirable book.

THE LANDS OF SCOTT. By James F. Hunnewell. A sort of catalogue raisonné of Scott's novels, valuable to those who were not brought up on them.

THE KINDERGARTEN. By Adolf Douai. Mostly composed of stories, songs, and plays, both in German and English.

Fine Arts.

THE reader of our RECORD will notice with interest the proposal for a course of architecture at Cornell University. Mr. Charles C. Perkins, a most competent person, lectured last year in the University Course at Harvard University on the History of Ancient Arts. The princely gifts of Mr. Street to Yale College result in the establishment there of a school of art which gives good promise. These three exceptions are all which we can at this moment note, to relieve the higher institutions of learning from the charge of entire indifference to one of the most essential departments of human culture,—one, also, which most needs the sympathy and co-operation of numbers of students.

From the side of practical life, the stimulus given to instruction in fine art is more encouraging. Our readers in the colleges will be glad to see what has been successfully begun in the Public school System of Massachusetts.

DRAWING IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

IN the spring of 1870, the Legislature of Massachusetts decided to allow an experiment to be tried in the free public schools of that Commonwealth. Manufacturers were awakened to the inconvenience of imported designers or designs; machinists were troubled with workmen who could neither make nor understand the plans they were required to work from. The number of those who had acquired that education of eye which is offended at misshapen and deformed objects, ill-designed fabrics, and incongruous colors, had so increased, that a demand was made

for art products, which only the artisans of those countries of Europe where art manufactures had been made a special aim could supply. The international expositions of the past twenty years have also done their work; and the most self-satisfied Americans saw that in industrial art the United States was lamentably deficient. Our marble chimney-pieces, our wooden cabinet-work, our cotton prints, placed side by side with French, German, even English productions, seemed awkward, clumsy, and in poor taste. The fine material was spoiled by the unappreciating workman; and it seemed still that our

walls must be hung with foreign paper, and our floor covered with foreign carpet, because our American artisans had not learned to see and use beauty of form.

England learned the lesson some years ago, and has worked hard, through many failures and mistakes, to gain a place among the art-appreciating nations. She saw that the lesson must be taught to all her people, and set bravely about the task. The South Kensington Museum, and its connected system of art-schools, have spread through the kingdom with the most evident good results. In 1869, there were in the United Kingdom one hundred and seven art-schools for the training of teachers, instructing over twenty thousand pupils, while 120,928 children received instruction in drawing in 1,094 schools for the poor.

Massachusetts has a system of public education such as England has never known, which would render the labor of art instruction comparatively easy; and yet in the schools where drawing has been taught at all, it has been without system and as a mere accomplishment. A few outlines of boxes and tubs, stiff candlesticks, or plethoric jugs, animals of indefinite species or even genera, were the stepping-stones to ragged landscapes or "picturesque" stumps, castles of impossible construction and execrable perspective, which might astound, if not delight, parents and committees on exhibition days. In some of our large manufactories, an intelligent foreman might organize an evening class of his workmen, who would gather in a loft, candle, paper, pencil, and rubber in hand, to learn what he might teach. In some of our large cities, there were places where a few favored ones might ob-

tain some slight instruction; but the schools in Massachusetts where industrial drawing was taught might have been reckoned on the fingers of one hand.

The city of Boston had been a little in advance of the Legislature, and had placed drawing in the public schools in charge of a special committee of the School Board, with instructions to make the department as efficient as that of music had already been. For the whole State, the Legislature now, after adding drawing to the required exercises in the public schools,¹ further ordered, that "Any city or town may, and every city and town having more than ten thousand inhabitants shall, annually make provision for giving free instruction in industrial or mechanical drawing to persons over fifteen years of age, either in day or evening schools, under the direction of the school committee." There are twenty or more towns and cities in Massachusetts where these free drawing-schools must be established; and many of these have obeyed the law the past winter. In Worcester, the Free Institute took up the work with its trained assistants. In Boston, the Institute of Technology came forward most opportunely, and not only offered the use of its fine rooms, but, in the persons of its instructors and pupils, furnished the teachers most needed; and from the same source Cambridge, New Bedford, Fall River, and Charlestown were supplied. It was not always easy to convince the city or town governments of the full importance of the movement; and in many places the act was ignored, or so imperfectly carried out as to render it useless; but usually the slight appropriation required was granted,

¹ See *Old and New*, vol. i. p. 273; vol. ii. p. 631.

and then the real difficulties began. The State had no system to recommend, no models to furnish, no advice to give: every town must do as seemed best or easiest. Without following out all these various experiments, some quite successful, a sketch of the Boston school may be given, because it united the principal features of the others.

The Boston committee, early in the fall, marked out a course of instruction, extending from the first of November to the first of May, in all about one hundred evenings of two hours each. The regulations for this course were adopted by the School Board, and an order passed to establish one or more free evening schools for industrial drawing under the statute. By some defect in the statute, no definite amount of time or money was ordered. And much time was lost in convincing the City Council, that, in order to give proper instruction, a liberal appropriation must be made; so that it was near the end of 1870 before the school could be opened in Boston. Other cities had already commenced the work.

Notice was given in the daily papers; and a registry was opened where nearly a thousand applicants, men, women and children, entered their name, age, occupation, and residence. More than half were turned away, as the rooms provided by the city could not accommodate them. An examination of the registers showed that the average age of the pupils was 22.72 years; the oldest 55, the youngest 15. Ninety-six distinct occupations were represented; carpenters (155), machinists (135), students (117), clerks (43), and wood-carvers (38) being the principal ones. The instruction was framed as nearly as possible to meet

the wants of these various pupils; but it was found that the majority had had no previous instruction, and many could not draw the most elementary figures. All wished, however, to study in the advanced departments, and especially the use of instruments. The division was carried out so far as this: the large drawing-room of the Institute, accommodating about one hundred pupils at the tables, was appropriated to the class in mechanical and architectural drawing with instruments, and it was quickly filled. Each table was numbered; and each pupil had a card of admission, with a similar number to be delivered to the assistant when receiving the instruments furnished by the city. Another room was devoted to free hand-drawing in crayon from solid models, after the system of M. Hendrick in use in the public schools of Belgium; another to ship-drafting; and the remainder of the class filled two large rooms, where they were taught general drawing.

The teachers were allowed great freedom in the selection of examples, as the course was experimental and somewhat indefinite. In the mechanical-drawing class, lithographs of geometrical problems and the details of machinery and general construction were hastily prepared to meet the immediate wants; and architects' plans, and plans of machinery with models, were substituted as the class advanced. In the class in general drawing, which should have been the foundation of all the rest, the variety of models required was very great; and much time and labor were wasted in the absence of suitable and graded examples. The first lesson was from small pebbles, which the pupils were told to represent as closely as possible. This resulted in

a most complete failure so far as the drawings went, but showed the need of simple outline; and the next step was to place on the blackboard the admirable examples of Mr. Walter Smith, which were reduced by the pupils. As the outline improved, twigs, oak-leaves, and plaster casts were used. When both outline and shadow had been partly mastered, flowers were used to encourage rapidity of execution, as the pupil must use all energy to draw the outline at least before the flower faded; and two hours, or a single evening, was all that could be allowed for this. Callas, rosebuds, tulips, and petunias were principally used, because most easily obtained; but other flowers were used for special purposes. With one pupil, who seemed determined to make heavy lines, a pot of lilies of the valley was tried; and the evident unsuitableness of coarse lines with so delicate a flower completely cured the fault.

This instruction was varied by frequent lessons in ornamentation, with short lectures on various adaptations of flower or plant form to ornament, and on the historical order of this class of design, by the instructors, members of the committee, and others. Then the pupils were encouraged to combine the conventional forms in original designs; and good and bad effects were illustrated by specimens of paper-hangings and printed cloths. The careful copying of flat encaustic tiles was given as a practice in regular geometrical drawing, and the representation of color by flat even tints. Other methods were tried with individual pupils with good results. While those who joined the mechanical drawing-class fell off from week to week, those who took the general drawing increased

in numbers to the end of the term. In the whole school, the average attendance was about three hundred and fifty. With the whole number no cases requiring harsh discipline occurred; and the most perfect order was preserved, almost without rules: any lady might enjoy the advantages of the school with complete comfort.

The lesson this school has taught seems to be, that all must begin with free hand-drawing before using instruments, that better and more complete graded models of machinery must be furnished, and that examples of the best art that can be procured must be placed before the pupils. The last want will be met in Boston in time by the proposed Art Museum, and the others will be provided for another winter. A less number of lessons cannot accomplish the work desired; and probably many of those who have attended the school the past season will continue next year.

In the day-schools the problem was more difficult. Instead of earnest men and women gathering in fair weather or stormy from all parts of the city, children whose time was pretty well occupied by other studies, and whose attention must be gained by making the task thoroughly interesting, were to be taught. Some of the school-teachers scouted the idea of teaching drawing in their schools as utterly useless; while others recognized at once the added power a training of hand and eye would give to their work. All object-teaching must be based on a study of objects, such as drawing alone can give. The work was to begin in the primary classes, so that it will be five or six years before the full advantages can be seen; but, in the mean time, primary work is attended to in the higher classes throughout the city.

The youngest children are taught to make dots at regular intervals, and then combine them in lines; and they should then draw geometrical figures, and learn simple definitions of lines and shapes, and model-drawing from flat copies will complete the course in the primary school. In the grammar schools, drawing from flat and solid models and perspective may follow, and the high schools complete the course; for it is of course not intended to give a complete art education, but simply to train the hand and eye for use. While music is denied to many, every child not blind or handless may make a fair draughtsman; and the aid and impetus given to the other studies in a school by this branch need only to be once tried.

By the adoption of a suitable system, and a few years' training of art-masters, all the people of Massachusetts can be taught to draw; even with the imperfect methods now in use, examples are not wanting of schools of many hundred pupils where every one is doing very creditable elementary work. Should the State authorities appoint a competent art-master to organize instruction, and aid local teachers by advice and precept, and also furnish him with a good set of models, and examples of work done from them, — models that cannot be obtained in this country, — five years only will be required to put the State on an equality with England in industrial art.

Early in May, an impromptu exhibition was held in a large central hall in Boston, at which was collected a portion of the work of the evening school and the best work of the day-schools. The teachers had but a few days' notice, and no time to prepare for a special display; for it was desired that the actual work done, with-

out the least expectation of an exhibition, should be seen by the public as well as by the teachers. The instruction in the day-schools is given by the regular teachers, under the supervision of instructors who give the larger share of their time at present to the high schools. Whenever the regular teachers had been faithful, and took an interest in the matter, the work of their school was satisfactory, although in all cases elementary, owing to the short time devoted to drawing; in the high schools, two hours a week, and in the lower schools one hour, being allowed.

No college in the State makes any provision for art education; the technical schools are compelled to devote a generous share of time to general and industrial drawing; and now it is hoped that the common schools will do their part, that our children may have new hands and eyes as well as a strengthened memory, and go to the workshops or factories competent to make and understand plans as well as to write and read letters, and that some may have their talents so developed that they may originate good designs, whether for economical use or æsthetic cultivation.

WILLIAM T. BRIGHAM.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

LONDON, May 25.

THE annual exhibition of the Royal Academy of Fine Art has opened this month with some eleven hundred and seventy pictures, including architectural drawings, miniatures, etchings, crayon drawings, and paintings in oils and water-colors.

Of course the newspapers say that it is not equal to former exhibitions; but, to one who has no recollections with which to compare it, it seems very good.

The rooms are spacious and well-arranged, and so attractive, that, if you wish to really enjoy the pictures, you must go early in the morning. After twelve o'clock it is impossible to see fairly for the crowd of people. The largest picture of the exhibition, and the one before which there is always a cluster of admirers, is a scene in a gambling hall, by Frith, the painter of the "Derby Day," now in Kensington Museum.

It is admirable for the grouping, and for the fidelity with which the shades of curiosity, anxiety, and despair, and the stolid calmness of the habitués of the place, are rendered; and, for finished workmanship, it is unsurpassed by any thing in the exhibition. In the same room hangs one of Millais' pictures, Aaron and Hur holding up the hands of Moses.

Perhaps the nature of the scene makes unavoidable some want of dignity in the principal figure. Certainly the interest centres in the two supporters; and the contrast is fine between the thoughtful priest, looking down with a shade of anxiety, and the fiery vehemence of the soldier, who grasps the arm he is upholding as if to command success. There are two other pictures by Millais in this exhibition,—a somnambulist, in which the still darkness of the night, and the weird unconsciousness of the walker, who comes directly toward you in the picture, are finely given; and a landscape which he calls "Chill October." Gray sky stretches above, and gives its color to gleaming water, into which, in middle distance, runs a narrow strip of land, with wind-blown trees, and in the foreground are reeds and tall marsh-grass.

Opposite to it is one of the sunniest pictures in the whole collection,—Autumn Gold, by V. Cole. A warm haze

hangs in the distance; and floods of sunlight stream over the hills, and light up a field of half-cut grain. In the same room is a scene on the Fells by T. S. Cooper, with weary, half-frozen sheep huddling together, and a driving snow-storm sweeping over them. Indeed, there is scarcely any phase of nature that has not its representation here: there are breezy stretches of upland, rich with heather bloom; and shady nooks, with glimpses of sunny glades; and wide sea-views, and lazy boats becalmed.

And there is the same variety in the pictures from human life,—historical pictures, romantic pictures, and quiet bits of every day; among them, some charming pictures of children's ways. But the modern English artist's ideal of woman is something very curious. I believe, if all the so-called fancy pictures of women in the various exhibitions now open in London were to be brought together, they would be found almost invariably to represent a person who should be young, but whose listlessness or ill-temper could only be explained by a long and miserable life. If the artist gets his ideal from what he sees around him, we must conclude that the women of the present day are careless, selfish, lazy, beyond any thing before known.

And perhaps, as a re-action from a former style, a certain class of artists have taken to doing up their women in a most marvellous style of garment. There are two pictures here, which are called "Battledore and Shuttlecock." The suggestion of the name is of lightness and agility; but you are presented to two of these melancholy damsels, each so enveloped in a blue or green mantle that it would be a sheer impossibility for her to keep up the game two minutes. It is from

such pictures that one turns with great pleasure to some of the very faithful renderings of home-life that are here. The gem of them all is a picture by Faed, called "A wee bit fractious." It is a young country woman, petting her child; and the soothing tenderness of the mother, as she gathers the baby in her arms, her patience and love, and the tearful pout of the child, are perfectly expressed.

Another very good thing is an old man teaching a boy to make a fisherman's knot; capital for the kindness of the man, and the puzzled intentness of the boy. There are, too, some fine portraits, which impress you as being correct likenesses, though you may not be familiar with the originals.

Altogether, the rooms of the Royal Academy are a most fascinating place.

HANDBOOK OF LEGENDARY AND MYTHOLOGICAL ART.

AMERICA is justly proud of many admirable institutions, and the young, free, untrammelled civilization, and the entire freedom of thought and expression which here abounds; but each year, as the eager struggle for the necessities of life is more and more rewarded by success, the first aim of the man who has attained prosperity is to add comfort, perhaps even luxury, to the simple needs of life, and beauty and refinement of ornament to his home. It is but a natural expression of the love of the beautiful, so deeply implanted in the nature of all, in greater or less degree. That desire for the adornments of art, as developed in its three great divisions,—architecture, sculpture, and painting,—must be gratified by an increased interest in,

¹ Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement. Hurd & Houghton. New York. 1871.

and acquaintance with, the wonders of European art. In order to gain any knowledge of the celebrated works of ancient or mediæval times, the reader has been obliged before this to study many volumes before arriving at the desired information.

Mrs. Erskine, in her handbook, has really supplied a great want; for she has given us an admirably correct, clear, concise work on art. It is almost the first book of reasonable size and moderate cost that has been offered the public on the subject it treats of. It does not profess to be so exhaustive as many larger works, but in a limited space to give a short history of all the symbols and legends that have been illustrated in art. In the preface, Mrs. Erskine says, that elegance "has been subordinated to the desire to make the book compact and convenient in size." It is, however, a handsome book, and fully illustrated with descriptive engravings, which greatly assist the reader. For reference in travelling, and visiting the art galleries of the Old World, or for the less favored individual who must remain at home, it will be an agreeable and attractive study. The original design of all art, from the earliest times, has been to teach; at first representations of art were almost the only means of inculcating certain great truths. Christianity found art devoted to the expression of worship of heathen gods and goddesses. St. Paul said to the men of Athens, "who spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing," "not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone graven by art and man's device." That simple belief of the first Christians was soon changed by the strong love of imagery and the desire for visible outward

display; and to that mixture of Christian faith with an almost idolatrous worship of forms are we indebted for some of the most beautiful and grand conceptions of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and hosts of others, great masters of art.

The legends illustrated in art give us all the great paintings and statues of the world, from the earliest Greek, Roman, and Eastern mythology, to the comparatively modern art which grew up under Christian influences. The first division of the book treats of symbolism in art, and must greatly assist the observer of many of the quaint and crowded pictures which the early painters seemed especially to delight in. The authoress says a careful study of symbols will often "show that what seems at first to be the result of chance, or an ignorance of the fitness of things, is, in truth, "that of deep and earnest thought, delicate and poetic conceptions, and a lofty desire to teach grand and holy truths, as well as to give pleasure and delight to the eye." We have also a very complete collection of legends of place, — among them those beautiful and poetic stories of the German's dearly-loved Rhine, the grand river whose vine-clad banks have so much of romance and sentiment connected with them. Besides the tales already familiar, there are many new ones which must be quite fresh to most readers.

One legend is such an instance of more than Yankee acuteness in thought, if not reality, that it may entertain the reader. Some rich monks near Mühlheim were very avaricious, and attempted to wrest by force from a young man his family estate. He saw no hope of saving his land by legal or equitable means, so offered to relinquish the land after he

had sown one more crop, and it was harvested when ripe. This the monks joyfully agreed to, and willingly signed a contract to that effect, and waited for the appearance of the crop, which they hoped soon to see removed, and themselves the possessors of the land. They watched eagerly for it. When it appeared, it was neither wheat nor any kind of grain; the ground was covered with the green leaves of young oaks. They were fairly out-witted; and the years that saw the oaks still in their sturdy prime looked on the graves of the monks and at last the crumbling ruins of the monastery itself.

St. Augustine called representations of art "*libri idiotarum*" ("the books of the simple"). All the early artists aimed to teach great truths to the ignorant, as well as to elevate and increase the sentiment of the more refined and intelligent portion of the community. We may now have fewer evidences of the spirit which animated and guided a Raphael; but we have a vastly diffused and elevated state of learning, and have lost none of the love and veneration for the works and spirit of the great masters of past centuries. We have perhaps even more appreciation of beauty, though it may not be the blind adoration of devotees who prostrate themselves before the handiwork of man; we feel an educated and cultivated taste and admiration for the God-given talent and genius evinced in all beautiful and artistic works of man, and the still greater wonders of nature, unequalled as yet by any skill or power of finite beings; for the marvels of creation are designed by the great first Artist, and all combine to form an harmonious perfected world.

Record of Progress.

THERE are in the United States three hundred and forty-five institutions of education which take the names of university, college, or collegiate institute. We take this fact from the valuable YEAR BOOK of "The New-York Observer." It is not fair to say, that, in assuming names so respectable, these institutions make claims to regard which close examination would not justify. There is nothing in the word "college" which in itself pretends to more than the word "academy," which, in the language of America, has long been used for a high school. And, on the other hand, any college which deserved the reputation of the School of Mines or the Polytechnic School might well be glad to assume the name of a "School," if it could so easily win the respect of the world for its position.

We have not attempted, in preparing this number of "OLD AND NEW," to go into any statistical or historical statement of the growth of these institutions or their present condition. But we do suppose, that, as matter of convenience and of interest, something is gained by bringing together, at the season of college anniversaries, a few studies by some of the most efficient leaders in education of the aims for which they are striving, in the charge of the institutions with which they are connected. We have asked them, therefore, to furnish us with statements of the work of some of the best-established colleges, in what we may call distinctive or peculiar lines which in some measure distinguish each college from others. There are certain things in which they all resemble each other. We have not attempted to describe these things, so much as those in which the different colleges of which we speak enter upon characteristic undertakings.

From an immense mass of material, we are compelled by our limits to select the accounts of the leading universities which deserve that name, and of a few of the more prominent colleges; confining ourselves in this number to the Northern, Middle, and Western States, and to the University of Virginia. In successive numbers of "OLD AND NEW," we shall be able to add to these valuable records,

all of which are made by gentlemen whose official position gives to them especial value.

It is with regret that we defer to our number for August our notices of the medical school connected with Harvard College; of the college for women, which has excited such wide interest, Vassar College in New York; of the College of New Jersey; of the college-system of Pennsylvania, and those of Ohio, Illinois, and Wisconsin.

MAINE.

THE oldest college in Maine is Bowdoin College, chartered in 1802. Waterville College, established under the auspices of the Baptists in 1820, recently took the name of Colby University. An institution yet more recent is Bates College at Lewiston, founded in 1864. In the following paper will be found an account of the present position of Bowdoin College.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

BEFORE the Revolution, the question was agitated of establishing a college in the District of Maine; but the circumstances of the time did not favor the project. In 1788, a petition for a college charter was sent up to the Legislature of Massachusetts from the Association of Ministers and the Court of Sessions of Cumberland County. A charter was granted in 1794; and, by act of the Legislature, the historic name of Bowdoin was given to the college. Williams received its charter the year before; it having been thought important, that, as Harvard was at the centre, one institution of the highest rank should be established in the western, and another in the eastern portion of the State. The site of the college was fixed at Brunswick, now one of the most attractive villages in New England. The college-grounds are on a plain, about a mile from the Androscoggin, well kept, spacious,

shaded by maples and elms, and surrounded by a belt of shrubbery and trees. There are now eight halls;—three of them dormitories, Adams Hall, the Memorial Hall, the gymnasium, and the chapel, which contains the library of the college, the gallery of paintings, the library and cabinet of the Maine Historical Society, and the chapel proper, which is one of the most beautiful halls in the country.

The college was opened for students September, 1802, and graduated its first class in 1806,—the opening of what was regarded as a fountain in the desert. The name borne by the college, the novelty of the occasion, and other circumstances, attracted a large company from Boston, Salem, and other Massachusetts towns, and made that first Commencement memorable as one of the most brilliant in the history of the college. There were many indications that quite as deep interest was felt in behalf of the new institution in the State proper as in the District itself. In compliment to the new claimant for favor, several Harvard graduates were admitted *ad eundem*.

One cannot have been conversant with the tendencies of Bowdoin College, without noticing the influence of the common mother of the New-England colleges, though it is thought that in Bowdoin the resemblance of daughter to mother is, certainly was,

particularly marked. The active movers in the project of a college were mainly Harvard men; most of the teachers also of the first twenty years were from Harvard: Prof. Abbot, 1784; Prof. Cleaveland, 1799; Tutors Willard and Parker, 1803; Norton, 1804; Burge, White, and Tappan, 1805; Whitman, 1809; Brigham and Fales, 1810; Lamson, 1814; Briggs, 1815; Green and Newman, 1816; and Cummings, 1817. Henceforward, the teachers were almost exclusively taken from its own alumni. It is apparent, however, that the characteristic traits and tendencies of the mother would be decidedly marked in an offspring that had derived its life and vigor so largely from her.

The name which was given the college, in honor of one of the most eminent of the Massachusetts governors, Hon. James Bowdoin, at once attracted the notice and favor of his son, of the same name, who in 1805 was sent by Pres. Jefferson on a special mission to Spain; and he became a munificent patron of the infant institution. Besides liberal donations while living, he bequeathed to the college the reversion of a portion of his estate; his elegant private library of four thousand volumes; philosophical apparatus; a costly gallery of paintings, which he had purchased in Europe; and a valuable collection of minerals, arranged by Haüy, and of models in crystallography. Prof. Cleaveland was in the chair of mathematics and natural philosophy; but this cabinet of minerals, together with the scientific resources of the library, ample for that period, gave the first impulse to his studies in chemistry and mineralogy, in which as lecturer, and the author of the first complete system of mineralogy on this continent, he won a European reputation. By his diligence

and energy, aided by extensive correspondence at home and abroad, extensive and valuable collections in mineralogy, geology, and conchology, were accumulated during his more than forty years of labor in this direction. These cabinets and the gallery of paintings, increased by subsequent donations, are the pride of the college.

The library, now of about seventeen thousand volumes, is much more valuable than is indicated by its size. Until a comparatively recent date, it was rich in the science, literature, and history of Great Britain and the Continent, and especially in the political history of our own land. It has its treasures and rarities to show to the visitor.

The teaching and enthusiasm of Prof. Cleaveland made an abiding impression on the character of the college, which has been deepened and extended by the zeal of those who have succeeded him.

The late Prof. Smythe, who relieved Prof. Cleaveland in the department of mathematics, natural philosophy, and astronomy, by his enthusiastic devotion, and his mathematical works, gave high reputation to the college in that department. In truth, the scientific element has been from the first quite sufficiently prominent in the college curriculum. The annual Catalogue for two or three years has shown what arrangements are made for advanced studies in natural history, physics, and applied chemistry.

It should be distinctly stated, that there has been progress in the college system of study, adapting it to the demands of the times, while a strong conservative influence has maintained due reverence for the claims of truly liberal culture. The late Prof. Newman, who successively held the chairs of ancient languages, and of rhetoric

and oratory, and a lectureship on political economy, — by his treatise on Rhetoric, which has passed through more than fifty editions in this country and in England, and by his work on Political Economy, pronounced by competent authority one of the best from the American press, did much for the culture and reputation of the college; as also Prof. Upham, by his system of Mental Philosophy, and his work on the Will; the former in particular used extensively in seminaries of learning throughout the country, and commended in European journals; and also by writings, extending to several volumes, on topics of Christian faith and life. The college cherishes with pride the fame of Prof. Longfellow, who, while an undergraduate, gave earnest of his subsequent brilliant career; and who first occupied the chair of modern languages, from which he was called to the same position in Harvard. During the past year the Professor has given proof of his early love for his *alma mater* by a donation of a set of early Italian poets, in the splendid Pisa edition.

Absence of pretension, it is believed, has been characteristic of Bowdoin men. All who have held the office of president — McKeen, Appleton, Allen, Woods — have commanded esteem, and the highest respect for extensive learning, profound thought, and broad culture, and were fitted to give high tone and character to the institution over which they presided; and we may be sure that the present incumbent, Dr. Harris, whose anticipated retirement causes sincere regret, has followed with not unequal steps. To the names already mentioned of teachers, may be added those of our own alumni, — Cleaveland, 1813; Hale, 1818, President of Hobart College, N.Y.; Abbot, 1822; Goodwin, 1832, Professor

of Modern Languages, subsequently President of Trinity, Conn., then Provost of the University of Pennsylvania and now Professor in the Episcopal Theological Seminary of Philadelphia; Smith 1834, Professor of Mental Philosophy, Amherst, and now a distinguished professor in the Union Theological Seminary, N.Y.; Chamberlain, 1852, and Whittlesey of Yale, 1842, who left their professorships to serve in the late war, and bore themselves worthily in the hottest conflict of battle, and Everett, 1850, Professor of Modern Languages, now in one of the theological chairs at Harvard. These were not men to encourage boasting or pretence. The patient, ill-requited labors and example of these teachers, their colleagues and successors, have borne their fruits in the roll of honored names borne on the Triennial, in view of which the college deserves honorable mention among the institutions of the land.

As having been connected with the college for nearly fifty years, the Maine Medical School should be mentioned, the foundations of which were laid by Pres. Allen, the eminent Nathan Smith, M.D., and his co-adjutors, Prof. Cleaveland and John D. Wells, M.D., whose brilliant promise in the chair of anatomy at Bowdoin, and the University of Maryland, was suddenly cut short by early death. The reputation of the school has been sustained by an array of talents and learning, combined with earnest working of men called to the charge of its departments from New York, Michigan, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, and our own State. This department of the college has a very valuable library and cabinet.

The college, it may be safely affirmed, never more deserved public confidence for thorough and earnest work

in its several departments than now. With teachers scantily paid, with meagre resources for increase of its library and apparatus, there must have been sincere, active, and energetic, not to say able men at work during these sixty-nine years of its life, to accomplish all it has done for its own State and the country.

WE are obliged to defer to our next number an account of Dartmouth College, one of the oldest, as it is one of the most efficient, institutions in the country, distinguished as well for the high character of its graduates as for the solidity of its plans. Uniting a college, a scientific school, and a medical college, Dartmouth College might claim the name of a university, if names were worth much.

VERMONT.

THE University of Vermont was incorporated in 1791. In 1867 the State made it the State Agricultural College.

Middlebury College was founded in 1800. Dr. Lebarée is the president; and there were last year seven instructors and sixty-five pupils.

Norwich University, the military school established at Middletown, Conn., by Capt. Partridge, and afterwards transferred to Norwich, Vt., was, last year, again removed to Northborough in this state.

Of the distinctive traits of the university, which is at the city of Burlington, we have the following account from an accomplished correspondent:—

1st, A characteristic fact in its history, whether it has been an advantage or not, is, that, with limited means, it has in the quality of its work kept pace with the larger and richer colleges. It has done this by securing able men as instructors,

though its corps of teachers has been small. Pres. Marsh, Dr. Torrey, Prof. Benedict, Dr. Shedd, and other professors of kindred spirit, established a high standard of work, which their successors have aimed to maintain.

2d, The moral and intellectual atmosphere, "the environments," as our Positivist friends would say, are here favorable to the best college training. Vermont is sensible, solid, substantial, and has no applause for the superficial. It is earnest, moral, religious, but catholic. The city of Burlington is large enough to bring young men into the stir and activity of mercantile and of social life, but not so immersed in business as to be regardless of culture or to divert students from their legitimate work. Recall, then, its scenery, unsurpassed in America, and pardon us for believing that there is no finer situation for a college in the land.

3d, We have accepted the Congressional endowment for an agricultural college, and have established courses in agriculture, chemistry, civil engineering, and mining engineering, while we of course retain the regular classical course. We retain the study of rhetoric and English literature over the whole four years in every course. We find the mingling of students who are pursuing different courses mutually stimulating in many respects, and fatal to that contempt which classical students trained by themselves often have for scientific students, and which scientific schools often cherish for the classical work of college.

4th, The number of our students being small, we believe that our instructors can do far more for each one than can be done in the classes of the very large colleges. We can

know every student thoroughly, can guide his reading, can constantly help him by suggestion, warning, or stimulation, as we could not if we had classes of a hundred or more.

5th, The necessary expenses are small, not alone because board is cheaper than in the seaboard cities, but because the habits and tastes of the students are simple. The cost of residence at college is very largely determined by college custom. A large proportion of the students are dependent entirely or largely upon their own earnings for their support while here. As a rule, therefore, they are mature, manly, earnest, and prudent. The college society is therefore wholesome for men who are preparing to do real work in life.

A.

MASSACHUSETTS.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, established in 1636 by a vote of the General Court of Massachusetts, is the oldest college in the country. In the Winthrop Papers, just now published, there is a curious scrap of information, from which it appears almost certain that the impulse for the foundation of the college was given by a woman. Lucy Downing, the spirited and witty sister of John Winthrop, the first governor of Massachusetts, — not unwilling herself to remove to Massachusetts from England, was unwilling that her son, George Downing, should not be well educated there. In 1636, therefore, she writes to her brother, the Governor, from England, to say, —

“It’s true the colleges here are much corrupted, yet not so I hope, but good friends may yet find a fitting tutor for him, and, if it may be, with any hope of his well doing here. Knowing your prevalence with my husband, and the hazard the boy is in by reason both of his father’s

and of his own strong inclination to the plantation sports, I am bold to present this solicitous suit of mine, with all earnestness to you and my nephew Winthrop, that you will not condescend to his going over till he hath either attained to perfection in the arts here, or that there be sufficient means for to perfect him therein with you, which I should be most glad to hear of: it would make me go far nimbler to New England, if God should call me to it, than otherwise I should; and I believe a college would put no small life into the plantation.”

Now, here is certainly a remarkable coincidence. On the 28th of October, in this same year, 1636, at a meeting of the General Court of the Massachusetts Colony, the following proceeding took place: —

“The Court agreed to give four hundred pounds towards a school or college, whereof two hundred pounds to be paid the next year, and two hundred when the work is finished.”

So readily did the General Court answer the suggestion of this brilliant woman. Her son George was, in fact, one of the first nine graduates of Harvard in 1642, went to England, and became the minister of the Commonwealth to Holland. He died in 1684. His descendant, Sir George Downing, employed the family fortune in establishing, in the English Cambridge, Downing College, the youngest sister of that university, and the only one, if we remember rightly, which, by whatever claim, can boast of an American parentage.

Besides Harvard University, there are in Massachusetts, Williams College, founded under the will of Col. Ephraim Williams in 1783; Amherst College, founded in 1821; Tufts College, founded in 1854; and two Roman Catholic Colleges, — the College of the Holy Cross in Worcester, and the Boston College.

THE UNIVERSITY AT CAMBRIDGE,

WHICH has grown up from the seed planted at the request of Lucy Downing, deserves the name of a university because it does unite, under the same general government, several distinct institutions of learning. There are Harvard College, founded, as above, in 1636; the Medical School, 1783; the Divinity School, 1814; the Dane Law School, 1817; Lawrence Scientific School, 1848; the School of Mining and Geology, the Astronomical Observatory, the Dental School, 1869; and the Bussey Institution of Agriculture and Horticulture, which is opened this year. The Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, established by the Commonwealth, is at Cambridge, and is under the charge of officers of the university.

In addition to these schools, there have been established, within a few years past, series of University Lectures, of the plan of which we have given some account in former numbers of "OLD AND NEW." These are not intended principally or chiefly for students in the several schools, though there is no objection to their attendance. They are open to all persons, of both sexes, who are interested in the subjects, and will pay the appointed fee.

All the operations of the university are conducted at Cambridge, with the exception of those of the Medical School, which has its own college building in Boston, and the Bussey Institution, whose farms and gardens are at West Roxbury, near Boston. The Medical College has lately enlarged its plan, making arrangements for a systematic course which will occupy the whole year, in place of courses of lectures in the winter, supplemented by "schools," so called, in

the summer. Of this new course we hope to give a complete account in the next number of "OLD AND NEW."

Besides the schools named above, which are under the oversight of the authorities of the college, we may name the Episcopal Theological College, situated at Cambridge. Its students are entitled to all the privileges of resident graduates of Harvard College in the use of the library, and in admission to lectures in the several schools.

Under the instruction of these different institutions were thirteen hundred and sixteen students in the last year's Catalogue. Of these, six hundred and eight were in the undergraduate department of the college. In the sketch of the work of the University which we can now give, we must confine ourselves to this department.

The arrangement of the "elective" system is now such, that, of the four classes, the freshman class is the only one, all the members of which pursue the same established course. At the end of the freshman year, the privilege of "election of studies" begins. The discrimination is not the distinction between liberal studies and "bread-winning" studies, to take the German distinction. "All the studies open to an undergraduate are liberal and disciplinary, not narrow or special." These are the words of Pres. Eliot, in his inaugural address. There is also a certain part of the curriculum, which to the end of the course every student must attend.

The first distinction in the elective course is, that a student may, if he chooses, drop the classics at the end of his freshman year. The striking comment on this permission thus far has been, that, in practice, very few

sophomores avail themselves of the privilege. From a class of rather more than one hundred and thirty, last year, about one hundred and ten elected Greek; and the same number, not in all cases the same individuals, read Latin. In the junior and senior years, the numbers of classical students diminish. The following extract from the report of the Examining Committee will give to those who are interested the precise detail of the classical "election:"—

"After the freshman year, Greek and Latin are elective studies. Section A of the sophomores, about seventy, read the Prometheus of Æschylus, Plato's Apology, the Birds of Aristophanes, and the Alcestis of Euripides. Section B, about forty, read the sixth book of the Odyssey, forty-eight dialogues of Lucian, and fifty-two pages of Diodorus Siculus. About thirty from these two sections, called 'Advanced Greek,' read, in addition, two Philippics, the Clythiads, the Chersonesus, and the De Rhodiis of Demosthenes, and portions of Herodotus.

"In Latin, Section A, about eighty, read Cicero for Cluentius; while section B, about thirty, read two books of Autius. Both sections read the De Senectute and Epistola ad Quintum of Cicero, with the Andria and *ἑσπέρων τιμωρούμενος* of Terence. An 'Advanced' division of sixty-nine, formed as in Greek, read, in addition, parts of the Tusculans of Cicero and the Epistles of Horace, the Ars Poetica, and the Andria of Terence.

"The juniors in Latin, forming an elective class of above fifty, read four books of Pliny's Epistles, one book of Quintilian, and the Dialogues de Oratoribus. In Greek, an elective class of thirty-five read Æschines against Ctesiphon, Demosthenes on the Crown, the Antigone, and the Clouds.

"Another small section in Greek, called 'Ancient History,' formed of juniors and sophomores, studied parts of five books of Thucydides, and the seventh volume of Grote's Greece. The elective class of seniors in Latin, varying from fifty to sixty, read two plays of Plautus, Cicero's

Brutus, extracts from Tibullus, and a large portion of Catullus. Five candidates for honors read, in addition, one book of Quintilian, and selections from Pliny's Epistles, and had instruction in Roman inscriptions.

"The elective class in Greek, consisting of fourteen, read the Agamemnon of Æschylus, parts of Plato's Republic, the Antigone, and the Clouds. Five students, candidates for honors, did additional work.

"Professor Goodwin gives much time and attention to written examinations in his department, which are calculated to test very thoroughly the proficiency of the students, and their faithful attention to the questions, comments, explanations, and illustrations of the daily recitations. Upon these examinations, the rank of the students in great measure depends.

"It will have been observed that a large proportion of the sophomores elected Greek and Latin, and that the elective classes in the senior and junior years were large.

"Both in Latin and in Greek (when the number was somewhat smaller), the sections contained a large representation of the best scholars. Of the first ten in the senior class, eight elected Latin; and many of the highest scholars were found in the senior Greek division. The same remark will apply to the elective classes of the juniors in the two departments."

In modern languages, all freshmen study French, all sophomores study German, and Italian and Spanish may be taken as "electives" by students in the three higher classes. Anglo-Saxon may be studied as an "elective;" and a few students make a class in the study of this and the other sources of the English language. After the freshman year, mathematics is no longer a "required" study. Sophomores may "elect" one of three courses, and juniors and seniors may take one or another course in mathematics by "election."

In chemistry, sophomores and juniors all attend lectures, and make

some elementary studies. An elective class of juniors, from twenty to forty in number, attend a course of laboratory practice in qualitative analysis.

Besides the regular instruction in botany, a class of fifty-seven juniors took the analysis of flowers, under Prof. Gray's invaluable direction, as an "elective."

The moral and religious instruction is given in Champlin's "Ethics," Bulfinch's "Evidences," Peabody's "Christianity the Religion of Nature." These subjects are not "electives." Philosophy proper is a required study of juniors and seniors, who study it in Brown's "Logic," Reid's "Essays," Mill's "Hamilton," Mansel's "Limits of Thought," Schwegler's "History of Philosophy," and Hamilton's "Metaphysics." They also study Brown's and Rogers's "Political Economy," as a required and not elective study. Twenty-five seniors take an additional elective course, in the department of philosophy.

History and constitutional law also are followed by all the students as required studies.

The statement thus made will give the reader some idea of the amount of choice now given to undergraduates in Cambridge. It is very considerable in theory. In practice, it has proved that the permission to drop pure mathematics has been used more considerably than any other of the privileges of election; some other study being "elected" in the place. The result of the system is unquestionably a more decided interest on the part of the student in the studies which he chooses, and a relief of the instructor, who no longer has to drag his pupil over ground where perhaps every step is hateful to him. The practical difficulty is unquestionably still this, as stated by Dr. Peabody:—

"So far as the election on the part of our students is free, deliberate, and for just cause, these benefits have manifestly attended their choice. But a large portion of the students make their election, not from any conscious taste or preference, but avowedly from considerations of ease, or of rank, or of companionship. As the time for choice approaches, no question is more frequently discussed than the higher or lower rate at which the several instructors estimate equally good lessons; and a department is not unfrequently chosen because it is supposed, that, in the college phrase, 'the marks run higher' there than in the collateral departments. The very large number of petitions for 'a change of elective' is the best evidence of the insufficient grounds on which the choice is often made. It must be admitted also that the instructors are strongly tempted to do whatever is legitimately within their power to dissuade and discourage all except quick and capable scholars from entering the respective departments; and a student of slender ability, but with a sincere and discriminating love of learning, may find the course which he would prefer virtually closed against him, or opened to him reluctantly and grudgingly."

This difficulty will come to an end, in the main, when the "mark system" dies its natural death. With regard to the whole system of election, the examining committee of the last year say, —

"The great change introduced into the system of the college, by substituting elective for compulsory studies, has made a very considerable advance during the year; and the success of the experiment thus far renders it not unlikely to lead to its complete establishment in due course of time. It is, however, predicated upon the notion that every young person who enters college does so prompted by an eager desire for knowledge, and a pre-determination to devote himself to some particular line of pursuit. Unhappily, this assumption cannot be said to be strictly correct just yet. There are still some, without definite purpose, who appear to

exercise the right of choice between studies mainly with the sole view to the presumed degree of relative facility with which they may get through their tasks; and when they find, upon trial, that they have made a false calculation, they are apt gradually to fall off in attendance, and by and by strive to be transferred to some other study, in which they may have better luck. This fact is made perceptible in one or two of the branches, returns of which are found in this report. This abuse of the privilege granted must necessarily make itself so apparent, that the faculty will doubtless find little difficulty in devising the necessary means to keep it in check. Very possibly the evil may die out of itself in course of time, by the total transfer of the class of persons to whom it relates to other and more congenial forms of occupation elsewhere. In any event, the disadvantage may easily be endured, in view of the great compensation derived from the increased interest in their studies obtained from far the greater number."

BROWN UNIVERSITY.

PROVIDENCE, R.I.

IN accordance with the present practice of most American colleges, Brown University now holds its annual celebration in June, rather than in September, a change having been made last year from September.

This year, the celebrations commence on Friday, June 23; which is the seniors' gala-day, — the class-day. If the skies but smile that day, and give us what we hopefully expect of June, "when, if ever, come perfect days," our shady college-lawns will again bloom as they usually have; for whether the fathers come to hear the morning oration and poem, or not, the daughters will come to see the "planting of the tree," and to hear the glees and songs which follow.

On Saturday occurs a public per-

formance, though not connected with the graduating class: it is the day for the public competition of the juniors for the "Carpenter prizes in Elocution."

On the following Tuesday occurs the meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Society; also a meeting of the alumni to discuss the needs of the college, and the best means of supplying them.

In the evening, we have not only a sermon before the "Missionary Society of Inquiry," but also class-meetings and re-unions and social levees.

Wednesday, June 28, is the great day, the hundred and third annual Commencement. Of course, it is no longer a *Commencement*, except in that poetical light in which we can hardly help viewing it, — as a time when the youth newly graduated commences to wrestle with evil, and to find it a real, though Protean gladiator.

The little programme which we have just given, although it cannot afford a stranger any just idea of what we are attempting and really accomplishing here, yet cannot fail to suggest upon what forces we must rely for our progress. It must suggest, that, in addition to the care of the corporation and the efforts of the faculty, our growth must be influenced also by the interest felt by the alumni, and even by the kind of student-life we encourage. And, when we speak of student-life, we refer to the combination of work and play with which students are occupied in addition to their regular studies.

I need hardly say, that, before every thing else, we rely for our success upon a cultivated, enthusiastic, harmonious, and experienced faculty; for every one who is familiar with the workings of college government is ready to admit that a judicious fac-

ulty knows best what ought to be done, and how it ought to be done; and, in fact, from the identity of the interests of the professors and the college, they are most anxious for its successful management.

Our method of instruction, upon which we set a high value, reflects to this day the influence of our former president, Dr. Wayland. It is called the analytical method; since in all our courses the greatest care is taken to display the essential internal structure of a subject, before any attempt is made to describe its external form, or what merely gives it shape. Instruction by lectures is a favorite method here: while by lectures the student easily perceives the natural growth of the subject, he makes it his own by a gradual and truly assimilative process. We think, too, that the value of instruction by the living voice can hardly be too highly prized. As a part of our system, a course of very thorough term-reviews is insisted upon. We do not aim so much to have our students go over great extent of ground, as to afford the complete mastery of what they have explored.

Our courses are sufficiently open to meet the demands and tendencies of the time: in fact, Brown was the pioneer in the now general movement favoring the natural adjustment of a student's course of study to his capacity, his tastes, and his prospects. Thus, we offer at present three distinct courses of study:—

1st, The regular classical course of four years.

2d, A course of three years, including literary and scientific studies, and one ancient language.

3d, A course of three years, comprising literary and scientific studies.

Our appreciation of the value of

scientific discipline and culture is manifested by our admirable chemical laboratory, erected but a few years ago. Instruction in the lecture-room is here supplemented by lessons in experimental chemistry in the laboratory, where, as the student handles the apparatus himself, he thus receives those invaluable teachings which stumbling failure impresses far more deeply than smooth success. In this laboratory is afforded what we do not know of being elsewhere attempted in this country; that is, a systematic course of practical instruction in the bleaching and dyeing of cotton and woollen goods.

Again, our scientific department has lately been improved by the increase of the time allotted to the study of the physical sciences, and by the appointment of Prof. E. W. Blake, late of Cornell University, to the chair of the newly-constituted Hazard Professorship of Physics.

The college possesses a very valuable library, now numbering forty thousand volumes. The number is constantly increasing by the purchase of new books with the income of a permanent fund provided for this purpose. In addition to the reading-room in the college-library, the students support a reading-room, where the lighter periodical literature is supplied.

But a student, like every other man, is influenced by a hundred teachers whom he by no means recognizes as such. The treatment he receives from his fellows, and the hospitality he experiences from his friends, address him "*bien plus haut que le pédant le plus intraitable ou le père le plus rigoureux.*" The glee-clubs, the dramatic clubs, the college secret societies, and the elegant and hospitable society which Providence affords,

may assist to form cultivated manners without extinguishing high scholarship.

Base-ball is tolerably flourishing here; while boating has taken a fresh impulse from the victory of one of our crews at Worcester last year. Our navy is now having a new boat-house built for its use.

Such matters as these latter can be thought trifling by those only who fancy that an active brain of one and twenty needs nothing but lexicons; but to lead a healthy life, literally or figuratively, we must not live by bread alone.

In the matter of the direct influence of the alumni as a body, in the government of the college, but little has yet been done here. Doubtless at the coming alumni meeting this important subject will be again considered.

We dislike to close our remarks without referring to the question of the admission of young women to colleges, heretofore exclusively for young men; for it is a very interesting question, though not to us a very important one as yet. Some gentlemen in our faculty openly favor the admission of suitable persons of both sexes, while others fear the great practical difficulties which the case doubtless presents. But probably no great harm will ensue if we reserve the full discussion of such questions for the time when events force them upon us.

T. H. APPLETON.

YALE COLLEGE.

THE second university, in order of date, in the country, is Yale College, at New Haven, founded in 1701. Connecticut has two younger and smaller colleges, Trinity College, established as Washing-

ton College in 1823, under the oversight of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the Wesleyan University at Middletown, founded in 1831. We hope to publish, in an early number of this journal, some account of the enlargements and improvements recently made here in the Wesleyan University, under the energetic and thoughtful oversight of Rev. Dr. Cummings, the President.

Of Yale College, which is really a university, we have the following account from the highest authority:—

NEW HAVEN, June 8.

You ask what is new in the affairs of Yale College.

Foremost in the public estimation is the proposed change in the corporation, by which the graduates may be admitted to a share in the government of the institution. You know that Yale College has but one governing body, of which the official designation has been, since the charter of 1745, "The President and Fellows of Yale College in New Haven." This body consists of the president and ten Congregational ministers resident in Connecticut (who choose their own successors), and also (by virtue of a contract made near the close of the last century), of the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and six senior Senators of this State. The Senators of the State, owing to the fact that they are seldom in office for more than a single term of one year's duration, have for a long time past, with a few noteworthy exceptions, been quite indifferent to this trust, and have seldom attended the meetings of the corporation. Some years ago, Pres. Woolsey suggested that the State should relinquish this senatorial supervision to the graduates of the college. In May of the present year, to the surprise of every one, Gov. Jewell, in his annual message, suggested to the le-

gislature to part with a part at least of their representation in the corporation. At the moment when this is written, it appears highly probable, that, without any reluctance, the State will yield to the graduates of the college the appointment of persons to fill the six senatorial seats. It would be premature to state the probable conditions which the act will embody, or the further provisions on the part of the corporation for accepting and carrying out the proposed modification; but it is not too early to see, that, if the details of the new arrangement are wisely considered, the graduates of the college will be much encouraged in their interest and zeal for the welfare of old Yale. Of course, many objections can be suggested against any "constitutional amendment;" but it is hard to believe that any harm can come from this, while to many persons the change looks highly propitious to the progress of the college. It is presumed that the new scheme, if adopted, will not go into operation before the Commencement of 1872.

We are also in the midst of a discussion respecting the presidency of the college. Dr. Woolsey, after serving in this office for twenty-five years, has determined, at the age of seventy, to lay aside the gown. It is thought and hoped that he will yet have many years of literary work before him, and that he will bring before the world some of the results of the studies from which his manifold administrative duties have not diverted him. A volume of his college sermons has just been issued from the press; and those who know him only by his reputation may gather from these pages a true conception of those peculiar qualities of mind and heart which have made him so

powerful a leader of the college. In respect to the succession, there are naturally many minds. Some difference of theory may now prevail, in respect to the nature of the office, whether it should be chiefly scholarly, or chiefly paternal, or chiefly financial, and so on; but quickly the question will turn from the abstract "*What,*" shall be next president of Yale College to the concrete "*Who;*" and all preconceived notions of the ideal president will yield to the selection of the fittest actual. "We shall know who is to be governor after election-day."

The external aspects of the college are rapidly changing. Two large, commodious, and costly lodging-houses have been put up upon the college square within a few months past; one of them, Farnam Hall, being already occupied, and the other, Durfee Hall, being nearly ready. An equally fine building has been put up for the theological school. Funds are accumulating for the erection of a chapel. Before long, also, the Peabody Museum of Natural History will be built.

The college library grows wonderfully well, considering how little its permanent endowment is. About ten thousand volumes have been added to it during the past year. Two very remarkable gifts have been made to it. Prof. Salisbury, who has devoted his studies to Oriental literature, and has accumulated a choice and expensive collection of printed books and manuscripts, lately gave them all to the college, with a large sum of money for the immediate purchase of deficiencies, and the promise of an annual contribution to keep up the periodical and serial publications. This Oriental library fills two alcoves of the main hall.

By the contribution of a sum of money from Mr. W. W. Phelps, the college has been able to buy the library of Von Mohl, the well-known German writer on political science. The books have arrived within a week, and are already on the library shelves. They cover a wide range; but the departments of political economy, jurisprudence, and social science are especially full. The entire collection numbers several thousand volumes.

The nucleus of Yale College is the academic department. One of the most noteworthy changes in its management is the classification of the students in every class according to merit. Four grades are recognized, and the instruction varies for each grade. Promotions and degradations are possible. The teachers and the good scholars like the plan; how it fares with the students of lowest rank is more than the public know. Within a few years, German and French have come to hold an important place in the curriculum; and the students are free to elect and reject certain higher branches of study, though the optional system makes way but slowly.

Those who desire to make the various branches of natural science their special themes may do so in the Sheffield Scientific School, which has grown up so rapidly as to be styled by Prof. Dana a college of science, co-ordinate with the academic college, or college of letters. Here the studies of the first year are required of all the students alike; beyond the first year, there are many distinct courses, leading to certain technical professions or to the pursuit of higher science.

The academic and scientific faculties united constitute what is here

known as the philosophical faculty. Graduates of either the college proper or the Sheffield Scientific School are encouraged to remain and prosecute higher studies, with or without reference to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy conferred upon examination after two or three years' residence.

Such young men as desire to pursue science are enrolled in the graduate section of the Sheffield School. There are twenty-three such students enrolled this year.

For those who would pursue the study of language, a school of philology has lately been organized. Its chief responsibility rests upon Prof. Wm. D. Whitney, whose chair is that of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology. He is well supported by Prof. Hadley, the professor of Greek in the college, and by Professors Thacher, Day, Packard, Van Name, Coe, and Lounsbury. A special circular, explanatory of this new combination of instruction forces, has lately been printed.

Regarding the Law and Medical Schools, there is not much to say, except that in the latter the prolongation of the studies through the summer finds much favor.

The theological department has had within the last ten years a growth akin to that of the Scientific School; and now the professors feel greatly strengthened by the expected accession of Pres. Harris of Bowdoin College to the chair of dogmatics. A new edifice, a full corps of professors, the promise of special lectures from Dr. J. P. Thompson, Rev. H. W. Beecher, and Pres. Woolsey, and the actual attendance of a large class of students, are among the signs of growth in this direction.

The Art School is quietly coming

to fill a very important place in the college. During the winter a large number of excellent pictures have been on exhibition, chiefly loaned by private gentlemen; and the Jarves collection is also still here. The collection of antique casts has also been well begun, and a considerable number of photographs and prints have been secured. Two professors and an instructor in drawing now constitute the force in this department.

On the whole, it may be said that Yale College was never in a more thrifty condition than it is now. Never was there a time when the friends of culture could more reasonably rejoice in its condition and prospects. The quarter of a century now closing, with Pres. Woolsey's retirement, has been fruitful in good results; but there are many reasons to believe that the next period of like extent will be even more serviceable in the promotion of broad and thorough scholarship.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

THE State of New York arranges all its colleges and academies in a great system, which, under the title of "The University of New York," annually publishes reports of their progress, and calls together their chiefs for intercourse and discussion in Albany. This so-called "university," however, does not in any way represent what in the general use of the English language is meant by a university.

There are united by this nominal tie, twenty-eight colleges and universities. Cornell University, although one of the youngest, collects the largest number of students.

We can in no way describe the

present condition of this university so well, as by abridging the report which will be this year laid before the trustees.

The report begins with a statement that the work of the past year has been far more smooth and satisfactory than that of either of the others since the organization. This is mainly due to the increase in buildings, apparatus, books, &c., and in the steady amendment and extension of the university system by the faculty.

The whole number of students admitted to register, during the past year, was six hundred and eighteen, these being mainly in three classes; the institution not yet being old enough to have a senior class of its own training.

The term examinations have been steadily increasing in strictness, and the work as steadily improves.

There has been hardly a case of severe discipline. Holding the students to the responsibilities of men seems to have destroyed a little world of boyish trickery and brutality.

The only serious trouble among the students themselves arose from a "hazing" demonstration of one class against another. This was met by the university authorities with a declaration that they would dismiss every student in the university, shut the doors, and begin again, sooner than have this weed get rooted.

But no such extreme course was necessary. The aggrieved class came forward in a very manly way, and pledged itself that it would take part in nothing of the sort hereafter; and this was followed by a similar pledge by the class containing the attacking party.

The report expresses regret that the university is unable as yet to erect a suitable gymnasium, but men-

tions the fact that several boat-clubs have been organized for exercise on Lake Cayuga, which lies at the foot of the hill below the university buildings.

The faculty is stated to number forty-nine (49); of whom eighteen are resident-professors, ten assistant professors, seven non-resident professors, eleven lecturers, and three instructors.

To them the president asks the trustees to add immediately four resident professors and four lecturers, as follows, —

A resident professor of architecture; a resident professor of rhetoric and English literature; a resident professor of Latin language and literature; a resident professor of zoölogy &c.; four lecturers on American history, taking it by periods.

It is also recommended that a small number of fellowships be established, to which recent graduates shall be elected; these fellows to be required to devote, say, five hours a week, to duty as examiners, &c.

It is also stated that the existing salaries are far too low; and it is urged that they be raised.

Two new recommendations are made as to the plan of study. *First*, The establishment of a college of architecture. It is claimed that the university already possesses one of the best libraries in architecture in the United States; and that the election of a professor, one or two assistants, and a moderate appropriation for cases, is all that is needed to insure success. This recommendation is especially based on the fact that a considerable number of students are preparing to enter such a course.

Secondly, A new general course is proposed, to be called the course in literature and history, leading to the

degree of "bachelor of letters." It is purposed to incorporate into this, only a minimum of mathematics, and certain courses of general lectures in leading branches of natural science; adding more extended and careful studies in the two departments from which the course takes its name. It is claimed, that, in addition to the advantages directly arising from this, a great advantage will enure to the "scientific course," as that can at once be made far more thorough in the natural and physical sciences, when those students whose love is for history and literature have been transferred to the new course.

It is stated that the allowance of options between studies, which is carried farther here probably than at any other college, is less and less difficult, and that abuses of it are now rare.

The report then takes up each of the departments already established.

To the College of Agriculture has just been elected as professor, Mr. Henry McCandler, recently farm director, and lecturer on agriculture, at the Royal Agriculture College at Glasnevin. It is purposed to separate from the college-farm of two hundred and fifty acres, at present under charge of Mr. Allen Benham (whose practical farming has already gained him the great medal of the State Agricultural Society) about fifty acres for a special or "model" farm, to be carried on entirely under the direction of Prof. McCandler; thus allowing each system to be judged by itself, and each to derive such benefit as it may from the other.

In the College of Chemistry, a new laboratory on a larger scale is wanted. It is intended at once to fit up a special laboratory for chemistry applied to manufactures.

In the College of History, it is recommended that four lectureships be established, each lecturer to give from eight to fourteen lectures on some one of the important divisions of American History, — Colonial, Revolutionary, Constitutional, &c.; and that the courses be so arranged, that they may be equivalent to one course steadily continued through an entire term on the whole subject. The present courses in the college are those on ancient history, by Prof. Russel; mediæval and modern history, by the President; English history, by Prof. Goldwin Smith; German history, by Prof. Fiske; and the history of English Literature, by Prof. Corson. The addition of so thorough a course in American history is part of the plan to give to historical studies a beginning, at least, of more completeness than has been usual in American institutions of learning.

As to The College of Languages, the report dwells upon the basis furnished by the possession of the Anthon, Bopp, and Goldwin Smith libraries, and calls for an additional professorship.

The College of Mathematics and Civil Engineering is next taken up. The school of mathematics has been strengthened by the creation of a very complete mathematical library, through the liberality of the Hon. Wm. Kelley of Rhinebeck, N.Y. The school of civil engineering has outgrown its present quarters, and must have another instructor. The report states, that, if a fourth class is added to it in September as large as that which entered last year, it will probably be the largest in numbers among the engineering schools of the United States. The thoroughness and conscientiousness of Prof. Cleveland are especially commended.

The College of Mechanical Engineering is especially congratulated on the gifts that have been made to it during the past year, and which will put it on a better footing at the beginning of the next term.

These gifts are a building already erected at a cost of about thirty thousand dollars, by Mr. Sibley of Rochester; and a recent gift, by the same gentleman, of ten thousand dollars for machinery and models, besides additional gifts from various quarters.

The experiment recommended by the president in his address at the opening of the university, three years ago, will now be tried. A certain number of young mechanics, who have a fair knowledge of their trade, and an ordinary English education, will be admitted to the shop attached to the department, and allowed at fair compensation to reproduce models, apparatus, &c. It is believed that many of them can be supplied at very low cost in this way. Some of the famous Ollivier models have thus been made at a surprising reduction from the Paris price.

It is recommended that private parties be encouraged to establish manufacturing factories of certain easily made articles on the water-power near the university, where students could be employed. But the report takes decided ground against an investment of this sort by the university.

The university Press has been conducted with remarkable success, entirely by students, during the whole year.

The university farm has also been carried on mainly by students, and their work includes considerable progress in carrying on a system of under-draining.

Considerable carpentry has also

been done by students, some of it very creditable to them.

Nearly all the janitors at the buildings, the waiters at the college-tables, with the superintendent of the buildings, the head-waiter, and the "Master of the Chimes" and his assistant, are all students.

The music at the approaching Commencement will be furnished by a band led and made up of students.

A very careful survey, with maps and sections of the university lawn and grounds, with calculations for grading, have been made by students, under direction of an assistant professor.

It is found, that, as a class, these working students in the "voluntary labor corps" are among the very best scholars in the university. Some curious examples are given. Among them the case of a young carpenter, who shows a remarkable avidity and capacity for philological studies.

As to the *finances*, it is mentioned that nearly a million of dollars have recently been added to the university fund, by the sale of about one-third of the university lands remaining since the original sale.

This increase, however, cannot, under the charter, be used for the erection of buildings; and the hope is expressed, that more benefactors like Messrs. McEvans and Sibley may come forward to supply this want. Two additional buildings are already guaranteed by persons whose names are not yet announced.

Among the minor recommendations likely to have considerable effect in perfecting the instruction in the first year of the various courses is one, that no recitation section shall be allowed permanently to number more than twenty persons.

In conclusion, allusion is made to

the continued attack by local and perambulating agents of the various sectarian colleges of the State. The ground generally taken by them is, that the sect feeling, or denominational allegiance, is the best reliance for aid. To refute this, the president compares the gifts to Cornell, from men and women of all sects and parties, with those of colleges based on the sectarian connection.

The attack in some parts of the State has assumed, it would appear, almost the character of a crusade. Sundry principals of preparatory schools have warned their students against entering an institution which calls on a Unitarian to teach civil engineering, or a Swedenborgian to lecture on physiology; and several pulpits and denominational papers have uttered warning voices against "science falsely so called." The reply of the president of the university to a bishop who had called his attention to the fact, that a candidate for the chair of civil engineering was a Unitarian, that "the best qualified candidate shall be taken, even if he be a Buddhist," has been severely commented upon.

The report says, that the people of this State in general, and especially the young men, seem to understand the question; and it is probable that the attacks, while doing some temporary harm by scaring some earnestly religious young men away from the education they need, will winnow out a large share of the more weak and less independent young men who so often afflict colleges.

The report closes by declaring a firm conviction, that no university can be built up on any basis which imposes a test of religious or political opinions, and declares that the Cornell University has no course, under its charter,

other than to stand or fall on this ground.

ST. LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY.

THIS young university, at Canton, St. Lawrence Co., N.Y., chartered in 1856, is one of the few institutions of higher education quietly solving the problem of the co-education of the two sexes. It is under the more immediate support and patronage of the Universalist denomination; though the students in the college classes, at the present time, represent seven Christian denominations.

The theological department was first organized, and has had a successful career. Many of the most influential young men of the Universalist ministry are its graduates. Three young women have here prepared for the ministry.

For seven years a collegiate preparatory school was maintained. It was discontinued in 1866, from which time the organization of the college properly dates.

The college proper has the usual classical course, a scientific course, and a combined course; and students are admitted to a select course of study. The four years' scientific course differs from the classical in substituting French and German for Latin and Greek, and in carrying the mathematics and natural sciences farther. The degree of Bachelor of Science (B.S.) is given to a graduate of this course. The combined course differs from the scientific only in the languages pursued. Latin and German are usually selected in this course, though French and Latin, Greek and German, or French and Greek, are permitted; while some students find time to take three languages. Two are required, and, when determined upon by the

student on entering, are pursued the length of time usually allotted to languages in the classical course. The same degree is given in this as in the scientific course.

From the first, young ladies have been admitted to the college, and in numbers, compared with young men, have been nearly as three to five. The institution being young, and having yet but limited resources and accommodations, it is but fair to state that the entire number of students has never been sufficiently large to fully test, perhaps, the entire feasibility or desirability of the co-education of the sexes. The present number of college students is forty-five. Thus far the system has worked admirably. The young ladies are regarded as a wholesome and regulative influence; while their average proficiency in all studies is quite as high as that of the young men. There is, however, a very decided difference discernible in the two, which only difference of sex can account for. I think the professor in an institution of higher co-education must soon be impressed with the truth of sex of mind.

The powers of endurance of the young women, during a long term of severe intellectual discipline, are quite equal to their brother classmates. As a fact worthy of note, it should be stated, that up to the present time, with only one exception, the young women have entered either the scientific or combined course. One is now pursuing the classical. This is accounted for by the fact, that as yet, for want of the necessary public sentiment, little or no attention has been given to prepare young women for a regular four years' college course, or to induce them to prepare; while the motives to a professional career, which

are so strong in leading young men to the higher education, are yet unknown to young women, or are but now beginning to arise, in here and there an instance, since the learned professions have begun to admit women to their ranks.

A law department was established in 1869, and has proved itself already successful, with promise of decided usefulness to the public immediately concerned in the prosperity and development of the institution.

The faculty of the university numbers nine professors and two tutors. Its management aims at thoroughness of instruction, and ardently rejoices at every effort of the older institutions of the country to elevate the standard of higher education. Its courses of study are arranged by the highest present standard.

RICHMOND FISK, JR.

VIRGINIA.

THE University of Virginia is the most prominent of her institutions for the higher education of the white race; and the Hampton Institute, at Norfolk, the most satisfactory and successful in the whole country, perhaps, for the higher education of the blacks. Besides these two there are, —

The College of William and Mary, at Williamsburg, 1693.

Hampden-Sidney College, 1706.

Washington College and the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, 1782 and 1833.

Alleghany College, at Blue Sulphur Springs (*Baptist*), 1854; and Wytheville College (*Lutheran*).

Randolph Macon College (*Methodist*), 1832.

Roanoke College (*Lutheran*), 1853.

Emory and Henry College, (*Methodist*), 1838.

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

MR. JEFFERSON ordered that the following inscription should be placed upon his tombstone: "Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Religious Liberty, and father of the University of Virginia." It was a just pride which made him add the last clause; for he had literally created the university by his own exertions: every brick of its buildings was laid under his personal supervision, and every feature of its usefulness was devised by his judgment. He plead by word, by letter, and by pamphlet, till the Legislature of his native State provided ample means for the establishment and permanent support of a great State institution; he studied the works of Palladio, and other renowned architects, and chose the best and most suitable of their designs for public halls and professors' houses; he imported sculptors from Italy, workmen from England, and finally sent a special agent to Europe to engage prominent men to fill the different chairs. The names of some of these are still heard in England, as Key and Long; others, like Bonnycastle, Dungleison, and Tucker, now no more, live still in the memory of American scholars.

It was Mr. Jefferson's intention to build up a perfect and complete system of education in Virginia, anticipating with rare foresight the wants of coming generations. He proposed a number of common schools in every county, from which promising youths should be sent to colleges, and finally enter the university well prepared to enjoy the highest grade of instruction. Hence, he modelled the latter after the great institutions of the continent of Europe, rejecting the curriculum of other colleges, prescribing lectures in-

stead of recitations, and hoping to see its halls filled with men, and not with boys.

His wisdom was grievously at fault in two essential points. He fancied that the students, being men in character, and gentlemen by instinct, would be able to govern themselves; and hence he insisted upon it that no discipline should be attempted, and that all irregularities of conduct should be examined and corrected by the young men themselves. The result was disastrous. The young Southerners, of ardent temperament, having generally ample means, and being little accustomed to self-control, and submission even to parental authority, neglected their duties, indulged in excesses, and brought the university in evil repute. The experiment was soon abandoned; and, after an unsuccessful attempt at an over-rigorous system of government, the present *régime* was inaugurated. It consists in treating the students as men, and appealing exclusively to their own good sense and their honor; and so far it has worked admirably. It does not prevent idleness in many cases, nor the occasional occurrence of a serious breach of the laws. But these cases are very rare. The young man who neglects his duties is at the end of the month reported to the faculty, and summoned before the complaining professor, or, if several professors feel aggrieved, before the chairman, as the presiding officer of the faculty is called. He is remonstrated with, kindly but firmly; if at the end of another month he has not improved in his industry, he is warned that he will have to leave, and his parents are informed of his delinquency; if this produces no effect, he is advised to go home. The same method is followed in cases of irregularity

of conduct, though the action of the faculty here is more prompt; and as the young men invariably prefer leaving the institution to being disgraced by a public trial and punishment, the objectionable elements are promptly but quietly eliminated. This system, avoiding all the objections justly made to "marks" or "fines," owes, however, much of its efficacy to the tone of public opinion prevailing among the young men, the average of whose age exceeds twenty-one years. They guard the good name of their body jealously, and allow no prevarication among themselves or in their relations to the professors. Thus, for instance, all examinations for degrees are held without any other guard against fraud than the requirement of a written pledge, added to the papers, that the author has "neither given nor received assistance." During twenty years, only two cases have occurred in which an attempt was made to use improper help; and in both cases the offenders were forced by their fellow-students to abandon their hopes of graduation, and to leave the university.

Grave irregularities are punished by dismissal, and breaches of the law of the land by instant expulsion; but fortunately such cases are extremely rare.

The other mistake committed by Mr. Jefferson was an attempt to graft his own utter indifference to religion on the institution he had founded. There was no provision made in the charter for the introduction of religious teaching in any form. It does permit the establishment of religious institutions, of any sect, outside, though in the immediate neighborhood of the university, and even holds out to them certain attractive and valuable privileges. Public opinion

would not tolerate such an exceptional state of things in a great seminary of learning; and hence a peculiar arrangement was devised, by which the provisions of the charter were not violated, and the legitimate demands of parents, and friends of education, were yet fully satisfied. The faculty, not in their official capacity, but as a society of private citizens, choose a chaplain, to whom they offer a parsonage and garden, and one per cent of their income, the rest of his support being made up by voluntary contributions of the students. To offend no portion of the Commonwealth, the chaplain is selected in turn from the four prevailing denominations in Virginia, — the Episcopal, Baptist, Methodist, and Presbyterian Churches, — and serves for two years. He holds prayer-meetings every morning, and service twice on sabbaths; and although attendance on the one and the other is perfectly voluntary, and unnoticed by any authority, morning prayers, held at half-past seven, A.M., are throughout the year well attended, and the chapel on Sundays always fairly filled. Nor has the chaplain to complain of want of liberality: the collections made up by the students among themselves never fail to afford him an adequate support. A Young Men's Christian Association, large in numbers and vigorous in its operation, infuses a healthy tone in the whole mass of young men, and is of the greatest assistance to the authorities in maintaining order and correcting abuses. Its influence is all the more powerful, as it contains every year a considerable number of ministers, and candidates for the ministry, and is largely aided by the greater maturity of the students. For those young men who prefer other services to those of the chaplain for the time, the town of

Charlottesville, only a mile distant, offers churches of six different denominations.

As there is no curriculum, every student upon arriving at the university, on the 1st of October, chooses the subjects he proposes to study, controlled only by the single rule that he must enter three "schools" to provide sufficient employment for his time. The university has five departments, — the academic, the scientific, and the engineering department, law, and medicine. Each department is divided into schools, with a professor at the head, and assistant instructors, if needed, by his side. The session lasts nine months, without a single day's break, from Oct. 1, to July 1; and lectures are delivered every day of the week, from eight, A.M., to five, P.M. The instruction is given in a peculiar way, which has been found eminently efficient. When the class is assembled, the professor calls the roll, and then proceeds to examine upon the subject of the preceding lecture. This finished, he delivers his lecture, illustrated by diagrams, or by examples on a blackboard, while the students take notes or listen attentively. In some schools, authors are read or problems solved; but everywhere the main work is done in the student's room, where he is expected to study the author, to revise and digest his notes, and to make himself master of the subject. About the middle of the session, a so-called intermediate examination is held on the subjects which have been studied, and at the end of the session graduating examinations.

The university confers no honorary degrees whatever; nor does residence entitle the student to a diploma. He may present himself to be examined for a degree after one year's at-

tendance on lectures, or after many years: the degree of Bachelor or Master of Arts, of Sciences, of Laws, and of Doctor of Medicine, of Civil Engineer, &c., is conferred only upon those who have satisfactorily acquitted themselves in a thorough and rigorous examination. This is always held in writing, in presence of a committee of three professors, and on papers which the applicant sees for the first time upon entering the room, in which he must stay till he has finished his task. Hence the number of graduates is very small every year, especially that of Master of Arts, since these must undergo an examination in Latin, Greek, French, German, mathematics, moral and mental philosophy, history and literature, chemistry, and natural philosophy. In return, the degree, well known to be conferred thus sparingly only for real merit and well-tested knowledge, is highly valued throughout the South, and, should the owner be willing to teach, secures him instantly the largest salary paid to the ablest teachers. Hence, also, there is not a college of eminence in the South which does not count an alumnus of the university among its professors; and, in some cases, the whole faculty consists of her graduates, the entire number of such professors now living being one hundred and twenty. Among special features in the instruction furnished here may be mentioned the modern languages, which have, from the beginning, formed an essential part of the general course; botany and physiology, which are studied by non-professional men; and the new schools of applied chemistry, and of agriculture, established since 1865, in spite of the most adverse circumstances, partly by the aid of a donation of one million dollars, the first considerable

endowment ever received by the university.

The finances of the institution also represent some peculiar features. The fees paid by the students amount, on an average, to twenty-five dollars for each school entered, while lodging, board, washing, &c, amount to about two hundred dollars for the session of nine months. A large number of "State students," ministers, and candidates for the ministry, and all who prove their inability to pay fees, are educated free of charge. The professors' income is obtained, by a wise suggestion of Mr. Jefferson, in part from a salary of one thousand dollars, and in part from the fees paid by the students; thus affording a bare support for all contingencies, and presenting a powerful stimulus to zealous and efficient activity. This is thought by many to be the secret of the great success obtained by the university. The professors are hardy, earnest workers, acting under a strong sense of duty, no doubt, but also from the humbler though unfailing motive of interest. The disastrous condition of the South, arising from the late war, has unfortunately affected the university grievously. It is overwhelmed with debts; and, in the few instances in which the professors' income exceeds three thousand dollars, the surplus has been taken by the ruling powers, to be applied to the payment of current expenses. These powers consist of eight men, appointed every four years by the governor of the State from the four geographical divisions of the State, and chosen mostly from motives such as generally control like appointments. They have absolute power, subject only to the Legislature of the State, and admit neither the alumni nor the faculty to any share in the government of the institution, how-

ever expedient or desirable such co-operation may be held everywhere else. It is fortunate for the university that her reputation for hard work, thorough study, and the exemplary conduct of her students, is so well established as to make her, beyond competition, the leading institution of the South, in spite of her financial embarrassments and diminished numbers, both of which are the result of external and purely political causes.

INDIANA STATE UNIVERSITY.

THIS Institution has been in existence since 1828, and has endeavored, as the State developed, to meet the wants for a higher education, desiring to finish the course begun in the common schools and academies; consequently to advance in the requirements for admission and graduation, abolishing latterly the preparatory department, thus advancing with the increase of population and facilities in the State, as far as the resources of the university permitted.

These resources were originally derived from the sale of lands given by the General Government to the Northwest Territory, and apportioned among the States formed therefrom. The sales for Indiana produced about a hundred and ten thousand dollars, which the State authorities invested at seven per cent. Thus during many years the resources were limited and inadequate, requiring a tuition fee to meet expenses.

For some years past, the Legislature of Indiana has made liberal appropriations for the institution; giving a fund which, if continued, as seems highly probable, would bring the total annual means to about twenty-five thousand dollars. This has induced the trustees to make tuition free in

the literary and law departments; there being now only a small payment required (three dollars per term from each student) for janitor's fee and contingencies. The trustees have increased the number of professors to twelve; namely, ten in the literary and two in the law department, besides tutors.

The average attendance in the four college classes and law, for the last few years, has been about two hundred and fifty, one-sixth of whom are young ladies. During the three years which have expired since young ladies were admitted, not only have none of the evils been experienced that many predicted, but the success in course of study, which is exactly the same as that pursued by the young gentlemen, has been satisfactory and encouraging.

The characteristics which the institution claims, and to which much of its success seems attributable, are especially three:—

First, The aim is (and perhaps it would be justifiable to say the result already obtained is), that the relationship between the professor and student shall as nearly as possible resemble that of members in a large family; consequently that the discipline, while sufficiently strict, should be paternal. Regarding the instructor as his friend, the youth has thus no disposition to play the tricks formerly so common in colleges; and severe cases of discipline are rare.

Secondly, The student is constantly viewed as requiring attention on the part of the educator to his threefold development,—moral, intellectual, and physical. Hence, for the moral growth, earnest daily morning prayers and admonitions, kind but pressing invitations to the sabbath classes of the various professors, and the Sunday

afternoon college lectures, urging to morality and Christianity; hence also, for the intellect, the arrangement of the curriculum to make the student not only as far as practicable learned, but more especially a sensible, well-informed man, acquainted with all his duties as a citizen; and hence, lastly, for the body, the introduction of full physiological teaching, active military training, and the prospective erection of a gymnasium.

Thirdly, while earnestly teaching the happiness and safety to be found in true religion, the State institution carefully avoids any thing which savors of mere sectarianism (the professors belonging to five different denominations), and inculcates the broadest charity and catholicity. Again, while endeavoring to make every student acquainted with the history, success, advantages, and varied policy of our Republic, the better to prepare him for the performance of his high duties as a citizen, party politics are carefully ignored, and party spirit counselled to merge itself in patriotism.

In the curriculum, while recognizing the deep and broad foundation laid by a thorough study of the classics, the practical benefit of the scientific course is always kept in view; and the trustees, by the purchase of the extensive cabinet of the late Dr. D. D. Owen, estimated as worth fifty thousand dollars, have added greatly to these facilities for the future. Even those students who adopt the scientific course, must, however, take a two years' training in classical study; and, for the acquisition of the modern languages, provision is made, and inducements are held out.

When funds permit, it is the design of the trustees to establish a medical department of the university, which,

for greater facility in clinical and anatomical instruction, may be located at Indianapolis, our capital; while the literary and law departments remain in Bloomington, a town of about twenty-five hundred inhabitants, the students distributed in private families, and experiencing from the citizens a kind supervision, especially in sickness.

Two flourishing literary societies afford the students ample opportunity (in addition to weekly forensic instruction) for the acquisition of facility in public speaking, as well as familiarity with parliamentary usages, so essential in our Republic. Excellent feeling prevails between the two, and they frequently meet for joint action. Lately the ladies have also formed a literary association.

The college library, containing about five thousand well-selected volumes, is open, for a small fee, to the student desiring books either for reference or general reading, new works being added at brief intervals by appropriation.

The Indiana State University has been for the last ten years, and still continues, under the very successful presidency of Rev. Cyrus Nutt, D.D. The whole number of graduates of the college is six hundred and twenty-two.

RICHARD OWEN.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

THE University of Michigan is strictly a State institution, as its name imports, controlled by the State quite as directly, and in the same sense, as local or municipal schools are governed by the districts or communities in which they exist. The board of control, exercising the law-making and appointing power, and managing

the finances, consists of eight regents, chosen by the people for terms of eight years, so classified that two retire every two years, and that the majority of the board may always be acquainted with the interests and wants of the institution. It is scarcely possible that this plan of State management, which has certainly been highly successful hitherto, can be any less satisfactory in the future, now that the university has passed by the period of its infancy, and attained to a high degree of strength and self-regulating power; while the people of the State are becoming more and more intelligent, and interested both in local and general institutions of education, and especially more appreciative of the university itself.

Another circumstance, which gives the institution a peculiarly State character, is the relation which it sustains towards the local high schools of the State; which, in the absence of private "academies," do nearly the whole work of preparation for the collegiate or academic department of the university, are rapidly rising thereby to the standing of first-class "academies," and may be reasonably expected in time to hold the relation of "gymnasiums" to the State university.

The location for a university could scarcely be more happily chosen. The lower peninsula of Michigan, the very centre of the "region of the Lakes," is also the centre of a dense and rapidly increasing population, characterized by great industry, public spirit, enterprise, and, above all, by an active interest in the cause of education, not confined merely to common schools, but embracing also

all branches of technical and liberal education. Not less fortunate is the local site of the institution, — on a fair and ample plateau, rising gently from the valley of the Huron; one of those "oak-openings" peculiar to this region, and which presented to the eye of the first pioneer settler of Ann Arbor, some forty years ago, rather the appearance of an English nobleman's park, than that of a Western solitude, hitherto frequented only by the deer and the Indian hunter.

Although this university has been admired and praised perhaps to excess by many, and perhaps also suspected by others of too rapid and showy expansion, it certainly deserves a high rank among our highest institutions of learning, both for the breadth and completeness of its plan, and the actual and solid work which it has accomplished in its brief history. Its three departments — academic, law, and medical — now contain somewhat more than eleven hundred students; of whom more than six hundred pertain to the professional schools, and nearly five hundred to the department first named, which is called in the "organic law" the "Department of Science, Literature, and the Arts." Most persons interested in matters of liberal education will probably regard the growth and condition of this department as the true test of solid prosperity. And undoubtedly, for many years to come, however just or unjust, this will be the criterion applied, at least by Americans, to American universities. In the Michigan University, this department has been making steady progress, both in numbers and educational worth, for several years.

WISCONSIN.

THE new State of Wisconsin, itself dating from 1848, counts fourteen Colleges and Institutes. These are:—

The University of Wisconsin, at Madison, founded in 1848 by the State.

Milton College, 1844 (*Seventh-Day Baptist*).

Carroll College, at Waukesha, 1846 (*Presbyterian*).

Lawrence University, at Appleton, 1837 (*Methodist*).

Beloit College, at Beloit, 1847 (*Congregational and Presbyterian*).

Milwaukie Female College, 1848.

Racine College, 1852 (*Episcopal*).

Ripon College, 1863.

Wisconsin "Female College," Fox Lake, 1862.

Jefferson Liberal Institute, 1866.

Galesville University, 1859 (*Methodist*).

Wayland University, Beaver Dam, 1854 (*Baptist*).

Wisconsin University, Watertown, 1864 (*Lutheran*).

Prairie du Chien College, 1865.

THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

WAS established in 1848, but for various reasons failed to reach any high degree of success, until the passage of the so-called Agricultural College Grant gave an opportunity for a reorganization and a fresh start. The new organization went into operation in 1867; and, under the energetic administration of Pres. P. A. Chadbourne, the university grew rapidly in efficiency and popularity. Mr. Chadbourne resigned his position at the end of three years; but, although the institution has been without a president for the past year, it has continued to prosper under the charge of Vice-Pres. Sterling.

The most peculiar feature of this university is, that the parallel course of study found in most Western colleges — called sometimes "Second Course" and sometimes "Scientific Course," — is here erected into an independent department. The "College of Letters" is the regular old-fashioned college, requiring Latin and Greek, and conferring the degree of A. B. The "College of Arts" has in the main the same course, only that additional scientific studies and modern languages are substituted for the classics: the degree conferred is that of Bachelor of Philosophy. At present, the two courses are made identical so far as possible, and the classes recite together; when classes and faculty are larger, they will probably be separated. The College of Arts has attached to it departments of military science, civil engineering, and agriculture. Both colleges have for the present a preparatory school. There also is a law school, and a Female College, for which a building has just been erected in one corner of the grounds. The young ladies recite by themselves; but the several professors give instruction in the Female College, and lectures are attended by both sexes in common. The faculty is likewise authorized to combine classes when deemed necessary.

The university grounds, including the agricultural farm, consist of about two hundred and forty acres of land, pleasantly diversified with woods and hills, and extending for over a mile along the shore of a beautiful lake, just outside the city of Madison. There have been during the past year, in all departments, twenty-four instructors and four hundred and eighty-four students. The degree of Bachelor of Arts is con-

ferred this year upon six young men ; that of Bachelor of Philosophy upon eleven young men and four young ladies ; that of Bachelor of Law upon twenty young men, seven of them graduates of the university. The university has the benefit of the funds derived from the sale of the public lands appropriated to that purpose.

In its plan of work, it started off with the determination not to be shut up within the old cast-iron frame of prescribed studies, to which our oldest and most honored colleges, until lately, have adhered with such extreme tenacity ; and which, however excellent, perhaps even superior to any others, cannot possibly by themselves cover the whole ground of a real university. It has, however, preserved this *curriculum*, under the name of the "classical course ;" and it must be said in all candor, that an experiment of twenty years, placing the newly-arranged courses side by side with the classical, and securing to all of them opportunities, corps of instructors, college rank, and graduating honors, absolutely equal, has convinced both teachers and graduates, that the "classical course" has not yet been equalled by any other, whether in disciplinary influence, or in actual attainment of knowledge.

The courses of study or schools in addition to the *classical* are, 2d, the *Latin-scientific* ; 3d, the *scientific* ; 4th, the course of *civil engineering* ; 5th, the course of *mining engineering* ; 6th, the *course in pharmacy* ; besides elective individual studies, both for under-graduates and post-graduates. In all these courses, certain studies are made elective during the last two years. By the freedom of choice thus secured among well-arranged courses, and even among individual branches of

study within these courses, it is believed that the student gains the advantage of pursuing the studies best adapted to his particular tastes and aims, without losing the benefit of a systematic plan prescribed by experienced educators ; that, in short, the wise medium is secured between too much latitude and caprice on the one hand, and too much restriction on the other.

The Latin-scientific course differs from the classical chiefly in omitting the Greek language, and devoting a larger amount of time to German and French. The character of the remaining courses is sufficiently indicated by their names. The schools of law and medicine do not differ in plan materially from other kindred institutions in our country, with the exception, that the lecture-term continues six months, instead of the term of four months, usual in other American professional schools.

An important event in the history of the university is the admission of women, and their first appearance in its departments and classes during the last academic year. More than thirty young ladies have been matriculated, mostly in the medical and academic departments. Only two have entered the department of law. One has already taken the diploma of M.D., and another that of LL.B. after sustaining the examination with distinguished success. The female students in medicine, for obvious reasons, have formed a class by themselves, both in lectures and in the dissecting room. In the other departments, there has been no discrimination. In respect to intellectual ability, as shown in class exercises and examinations, they have thus far taken rank among the best students in the institution. It is plainly too early in

the history of the experiment to speak of results. All that can be said with confidence at present is, that no difficulty or disadvantage has thus far been met with; and that no one connected with the university, not even the members of faculties who were at first opposed or distrustful, now express any regret on account of this "innovation," or any apprehension whatever in regard to its future working.

The University of Michigan has no dormitories; nor has the want of them occasioned any inconvenience. Accommodations in the way of lodgings and board have gradually multiplied in the town of Ann Arbor with the gradual increase of numbers in the university; and thus a method has been established which will relieve the university of all embarrassment and expense in this direction hereafter. Had the dormitory system been permanently established here, the entire fund of the institution would scarcely have sufficed for the erection of the requisite number of "sleeping factories" for a thousand students! The absence of dormitories is not looked upon as a disadvantage in any respect. It is not believed that such establishments would improve the young men in their manners, or habits of life.

No scholarships or funds for the support of indigent students have as yet been provided. As, however, there is no charge for tuition, and but a small amount paid for fees and taxes, persons of very limited means, and not unfrequently young men of no means at all, except hand and brain for outside labor, can bear the moderate expense incurred in passing

through the courses of this university. Dr. Wayland used to say, that an education which did not cost *something* was not likely to be much valued.

The prospects of this university have never been so encouraging as at the present moment. A State university must depend largely for its prosperity on the interest felt in it by the citizens and the public authorities. And yet this interest is necessarily of very slow growth. For university education and its results are not in immediate contact with the people, as in the case of common and local schools. Its influences on the intellectual and material advancement of the commonwealth are indirect, and comparatively slow in their manifestation. The people, therefore, are not quick to realize that such an institution has any practical value to them, or any claim to their sympathy and support. But as the graduates of the university become more numerous, and become prominent in the professions, and find their way into the principal schools as teachers, the people begin to see that the university is doing a good work for them, and to look upon it as one of their own institutions.

The result is seen in the favorable attention which the university has begun to receive of late in the State Legislature, and the more liberal provisions which that body is beginning to make for its rapidly growing necessities. A harbinger of good things to come is the appropriation recently made by the Legislature for the erection of a new hall for the academic department.

H. S. FRIEZE.

LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY.

WISCONSIN.

THIS institution, at Appleton in Wisconsin, originated about 1847, with the offer of Hon. Amos A. Lawrence, of Boston, to give ten thousand dollars towards the foundation of a collegiate institution in Northern Wisconsin, provided the Methodists of the State would raise an equal sum. The condition was complied with. A preparatory school was opened in the fall of 1849. The country in the immediate vicinity was almost an entire wilderness as yet, the first house in the place being less than one year old. The college-charter was obtained in 1853, and the first class graduated in 1857. Hon. Samuel Appleton, of Boston, gave ten thousand dollars as a fund, the income of which was to support a library. The plans of Mr. Lawrence for the endowment of the college were very liberal, he having designed some property in the vicinity for that purpose. But the fraudulent action of an agent intrusted by him with the management, and the failure of those who were in charge of the matter to protect Mr. Lawrence's interests, frustrated his intentions, and, together with other misfortunes, brought disaster to the college. It has, however, struggled on like many another institution; and, though financially crippled, up to the present time it has been one of the very foremost educational forces of the State. Some four thousand different students have been in attendance; the vast majority, of course, making only a temporary sojourn, and the most, probably, taking only the common or higher English studies.

The whole property of the corporation at present amounts to not much more than one hundred and

seventy-five thousand dollars; embracing grounds of about thirty acres, and a large, plain, substantial, and commodious building of stone, one hundred and twenty feet by sixty feet, four stories in height. It has one of the very best college libraries in the West, a very respectable cabinet, and fair apparatus.

The faculty consists of a president, and eight professors and instructors. The students, in all departments, range from one hundred and fifty to two hundred each term; of which something over one-third are in the regular college classes, while more than one-half are pursuing college studies. There are two full collegiate courses of four years each: one, the ordinary classical; the other called — not very scientifically perhaps, but because there is no better name for it — the *scientific*, differing in this, that the latter requires no Greek, less Latin than the classical, and more of modern languages and physical science. There are also three sub-collegiate courses, — preparatory, academic, and commercial.

In common with the majority of the higher educational institutions in the West, the Lawrence University has always opened its doors to both sexes. It is however, perhaps, peculiar in the extent to which it now carries this equality of privilege. There seems to have been considerable timidity elsewhere, and here as well, at first, in furnishing complete freedom of opportunity to the young women, even after they were admitted to the same institutions and the same classes with the young men. To a certain extent, they were in two separate schools; there was a separate "Ladies' Course" of study, more limited than the course of the gentlemen; the exhibitions were entirely separate, and

even the Commencement exercises of the two sexes were on different days. At this institution, within the last five years and under the present administration, all this has been changed. The same courses of study are open to both. The ladies' course has been abolished. There is the same privilege in relation to the optional or elective studies. There are some studies that the ladies are more likely to choose than the gentlemen, and *vice versa*; but there is no restriction. They are at liberty to compete for all prizes and honors; and the ladies are quite as likely to take them as the gentlemen. Even in declamation, the former frequently bear off the palm; and the first scholar at the close of a four years' course has more than once been found to be a lady.

The results of this arrangement are more than satisfactory. It is the testimony of those who have had experience in some of the most popular of our Eastern schools, that in none of them, whether mixed schools or female colleges and seminaries, do ladies acquire a more thorough, sensible scholarship, and better training for all the practical purposes of life, and as well for its accomplishments, than under this method.

DISTURBANCES IN ROME.

THE NEW REGIME.

AN attentive correspondent gives us some vivid pictures of the waves of feeling in Rome. The priests are indeed raving at present. The pulpits of Rome are occupied by politicians instead of theologians; and the only use made of the "old superstition," as the most reckless of the "*excommunicated*" call it, is to use the worst threatenings of both earthly and eternal war and misery against all those

who dare to say or think that the vicar of Christ can exercise his spiritual functions without the power of a temporal ruler. Padre Curei has narrowly escaped prosecution for using an opprobrious term which every one knew was flung at the innocent young princess, Margherita. He has published an attempt to explain it away, as, by his intemperate sermons, he is trying to explain away his inmost convictions published in his pamphlet on the fall of Rome. He has, however, caused the outcry for the suppression of the Jesuits to burst forth again with greater vehemence than ever.

Nobody felt much surprised at the disturbances which took place in the piazza and church of the Gesù on last Thursday and Friday mornings. The sermons of the Jesuit Fathers had continued full of political allusions, expressed in language too violent to be long tolerated by excitable young Liberals, besides lashing up to fury the ardent devotees of the Papal party, so many of whom, it must be remembered, have lost all things for their cause. Besides Father Curei, who, on being called to account for his uncomplimentary epithets, explained them away lamely enough, as not being applied to high personages in particular, but to senators or deputies in general, who were liable to be biassed by the "smell of a good dinner, or the wiles of a pretty face," there is Padre Tommasi, who in the heat of his indignation at the collapse of the Temporal Power, did not scruple to accuse the image of the Redeemer, in a style rather to be expected from the impatient votaries of San Gennaro at Naples. Turning to the crucifix, he cried in accents of reproach, "*It is thy fault!*" From this, you can imagine the abuse and revilings heaped upon

Italy, — freedom, king, ministers, and indeed all through whose patience and protection these wild fanatics are still able to work all the mischief and confusion they can.

Before proceeding to give you an account of the uproar, I want to call your attention to two facts: one is, that in all the churches of all the other orders in Rome, the Lenten sermons are preaching as usual, without any disturbance or interruption. The Dominicans, Franciscans, Capuchins, Barnabites, &c., are quite unmolested, "because they are taking no part in politics." The other noticeable fact is, that, on occasion of Friday's riot, the liberals delayed their aggression until divine service and sermon were over. To begin, however, with Thursday, it seems that a National Guard (not in uniform) entered the church of the Gesù with a companion during sermon time; and, as they proceeded up the nave, made some observations as to the difficulty of hearing the preacher, and stationed themselves near the pulpit. They listened quietly to the sermon apparently, as none of the papal newspapers mention further interruption. When it was over, and the congregation was leaving the church, this National Guard was struck or pushed by one of the "*Caccialepri*" (as the pope's last city militia is nicknamed), who reviled him at the same time with these words, "You and your accursed comrades have no business here. There are none but *Papalini* in this place!"

As may be supposed, this provoked a retort in kind; and, a crowd collecting quickly, a general *mêlée* ensued; which was, however, speedily put an end to by the police and some soldiers of the sixty-second regiment of the line, who are quartered in the convent, and who rushed round to sepa-

rate the combatants on hearing the noise, all this having taken place at the side-entrance of the church. The rest of Thursday passed quietly. Friday morning, however, witnessed a stormy scene. Towards sermon-time, the piazza became gradually filled with Liberals, collecting in separate groups at first, which swelled out by the hour of noon into a compact crowd.

Padre Tommasi was not on this occasion preaching a sermon likely to offend any party. He was speaking upon the subject of confession; and all went on quietly until his discourse was finished, and the most part of the congregation issued from the different doors of the church, a few persons remaining inside to hear the last mass, — a low one. As various "*Caccialepri*" appeared upon the steps, the crowd began to hiss; and the rabble element followed ladies to their carriages with epithets still more gross than that which Padre Curei was accused of having applied to Princess Margherita. A disgraceful scene ensued, which none of the respectable Liberals, or their organs, attempt to apologize for, frankly allowing that it began on their part, by way of reprisals for the insults of the preceding day. A great many blows were exchanged, fists and sticks being the offensive weapons; no mention is made of knives or stilettoes. The combat was particularly hot upon the front steps; and, before there was time to close the doors, the church was also invaded by the excited strugglers, followed by *gens d'armes* attempting to separate them. These latter, instead of being assisted in their laudable efforts by the priest, Padre Collalto, who in the mean time had finished his mass, were received by him with curses, as "excommunicated rascals;" and the "*Cap-*

itale" states that he hurled a chalice at them. This circumstance is received as merely an ornamental addition to the tale. The agitated priest doubtless grasped the sacred altar vessels with a view to their safety. However it may have been, he was arrested, after being permitted to change his embroidered vestments for plain attire. I suppose that gorgeous church never before resounded with such discordant sounds, execrations, oversetting of benches, shrieks of frightened women, "Away with the Jesuits!" "Out of this, infidels and wretches!"

It was some little time before order could be restored. The soldiers (but without arms) assisted the police in arresting the most violent and obstinate. The officers rescued the fainting women, and conveyed them into safety. Nineteen arrests were made (most of the individuals were liberated in a few hours); and at last the church was cleared and closed *for the rest of the day*. But the city continued in a state of ferment for many hours; and, in the evening, an anti-Jesuit "demonstration" marched through all the principal streets of Rome, preceded by the flag of Savoy and a couple of torches. I saw the procession passing up the Via delle Quattro Fontane, and heard nothing fiercer than, "Away with the Jesuits!" But the papal papers declare it was, "Death to the Jesuits!" "Away with that fat old pig, Pio Nono!" This exaggeration may be classed with the chalice story. You will remark, that the *clerical* paper couples the pope with the Jesuits; just as they pretended to take the removal of the *Jesuit monogram*, as an insult to the name of the Redeemer of men. As the crowd of demonstrators marched along the street leading from the

Capitol to the Piazza del Gesù, a basin of dirty water was emptied from an upper window of a house opposite the convent, upon the banner (which bears a white cross); and this was likely to have caused an attack to be made upon the house, which the police prevented, reminding the intended avengers of the banner that free Italians must ever hold "*dwelling* *inviolable*." So the affair of the basin was passed over; and the demonstrators marched about until they were tired enough, and ready for bed. The sum of all this is, that if the Jesuits are not suppressed in Rome, as in all other Italian cities, three hundred police are not sufficient to protect them from attacks they wilfully provoke.

The expropriation of convents for government offices and dwellings has commenced. In each monastic building, sufficient monks are left for the care and service of the respective churches; the others are removed to convents of their orders, not at present to be interfered with. A whole convent of nuns has been already drafted in this manner from "Le Virgini" into "Santa Lucia in Selce." The convent first mentioned blocks up the line of streets leading from the Corso to Monte Cavallo. The nuns exchange a low and noisy situation, for country air and quiet on the heights of the Esquiline. A part, certainly, of their old home is to be demolished.

We went to see the representation at the Valle Theatre of "Suor Estella," the *convent play*. How strange it seemed in a Roman theatre to witness *nuns* upon the stage! The interior of a convent, with its great agonies and petty passions, is wonderfully given! Yet there is not a word breathing disrespect either to church or religion; but the enormity of forcing young girls to take the veil, for

family convenience, is unsparingly condemned. The part of the superior is one of Ristori's great rôles.

The masked balls, public and private, have been very numerous. That got up by the Americans for the benefit of the poor was very brilliant, and produced three thousand francs. There never has been a season during which the ever-openhanded Americans have been more kind and generous towards the Roman poor; and yet I am going to tell you an anecdote illustrative of the spirit in which their priests have taught them to receive it. The American ladies have established a *crèche* for the babies of poor work-women; which already contains twelve infants most efficiently and comfortably cared for.

One of the entrances of the asylum is in the *Vicolo degli Avignonesi*; and along this street some English and American children were passing some days ago. Several poor Roman children, idling about, stopped as they went by, and shrieked out, "You American and English children, you are no Christians! you are not baptized!"

A companion-scene I myself witnessed, as I left the English chapel one morning last summer. A woman shrieked to a little girl who loitered in the porch, "Come away! do you want to hear the sermon of *those damned souls*?" God forbid that charity should be withdrawn because insults reward it! But I am led to make these remarks because so many *Protestants* are indulging in sentimental regrets for the Papal rule, and are inclined to see only the unavoidable evil mingled with the state of change to a more enlightened order of things.

On Sunday, the National Guard marched in grand uniform to the ground on which once stood the celebrated Prætorian camp, where Ro-

man emperors were elected and deposed at the wild will of those haughty imperial guards. They were summoned to the *Maccao* on Sunday, to receive their flags; one of which is a very handsome banner, presented to them by the city of Perugia. It was accompanied by an address and a printed epigraph; which will tell you more of the feeling of Italy than twenty of my pages: so here is a translation of it.

"The glad Perugians, in testimony of filial reverence, offer this banner to Rome,—the great mother, once more her own mistress, restored to the free embraces of the impatient Italian cities,—as a symbol of the new covenant, a glorious witness of what the firm will of a people can effect, made wise by adversity, the valor of a young army, the unshaken truth of a king devoted to one sole thought,—the redemption of his country.

"Not unmindful of the past, the givers pray that this flag may wave re-consecrated upon the immovable rock of the *Campidoglio*,—a pledge to civil Europe of order, peace, and liberty, but, to the obstinate enemies of all good, a threatening reminder.

"Woe to him who touches Italy"
 ("*Guai a chi tocca l'Italia!*")

When these troops are marching through the streets, the affectionate interest taken in them by the citizens offers a striking contrast to the languid stares and lowering brows that used to greet the Pontifical Zouaves and other foreign troops, in past years. I have been more than once amused to see wives and daughters of the National Guards, who have been admiring their male relations on parade, marching composedly along with them on the return home in the evenings, not exactly *in* the ranks, but along-side them.

OLD AND NEW.

VOL. IV.—AUGUST, 1871.—No. 2.

“We change old yeares annoy to new delight.”—SPENSER.

A VERY satisfactory vacation journey it was. And the reason was that the women planned it.

For the men, whose careless conversation on education you were following in our July number, dear reader, were, at the moment this journey was planned, all hard at work on the hardest duty of the lives of men who are connected with the press. As attached to several daily journals of immense influence (whatever that may mean), they had been directed to visit as many Commencements as possible, as “own correspondents;” and they were daily writing long letters home to their respective offices, distinguishing, as best they could, between Mr. Jones’s oration on “Modern Progress,” delivered before the literary societies in the morning, and Mr. Smith’s on “Progressive Antiquity,” delivered before the associated literati in the afternoon. For each correspondent, the programme was one oration in the morning; collation of tongue, ham, and lobster salad at noon; another oration in the afternoon; tea at the hotel; exhibition of literary societies in the evening; work from ten to three, writing out notes and so on. A good “own correspondent” can attend twenty commencements in a month in this way, if he have “fleet horses,” as they used to say in Grafton, and miss no connections. Thus was it that the ladies were left at home.

They were planning for this holiday journey together. Mrs. Ingham had flatly said that she had had enough of the White-Mountain hotels. The last year she was there, she and her oldest daughter were put on one mattress on the floor of a billiard-room, while her husband and a Texan stock-grower, slept on another mattress in the bar-room. The bride of the Texan stock-grower was on a third mattress in the dining-room, with a deaf old maid from Quebec, who could not be made to understand, when they were waked at six, that they must get up.

before the early breakfast there. She did not mean to breakfast till ten.

It was all in vain that Anna Haliburton expatiated on the spring bedsteads at Greely's at Waterville; upon being a thousand feet higher than anybody else in America; upon Mrs. Greely's perfect bread, and upon the trout and raspberries: Polly Ingham would hear none of it.

"Why not Marblehead Neck?" said Julia Hackmatack.

"Because we have no house. If your husband had only taken up with that excellent Mr. Oberlin's offer, who was ready to build him a house there for a hundred dollars, — why we could all have made you a visit; which would have been very pleasant to you, for all of those houses have three rooms, besides the kitchen and attic. And I know you would like frying potatoes for us, if the days were warm. But as George would not build the house, why, we cannot make you the visit."

So the plans for a journey seemed to stop where they began; and they fell to talking about other things. Fausta Carter had been entertaining herself reading our September number in manuscript, as it lay all ready for the printers. She asked Anna if she had read the third part of the "Syrian Pilgrimage," and quoted something from Coquerel's sketch of the Sea of Galilee. To her amazement Anna only answered by clapping her hands.

"Perfection!" said she; "let us cut loose, as Syrians do. Perfection!"

"Cut loose?" said Fausta, dropping seventy-seven stitches in her alarm.

"Child of mortality!" said Anna, all excited, "do you not see? In this stable are four horses eating their heads off. At Beverly there are six more. The day these wretched men get home they shall rest; the ten horses shall go to Plymouth with Britt and Halvorson, both of them old campaigners. Don't you see?"

Fausta said blandly that she saw nothing; but she said it in a broken way, between the syllables which also stated that she had picked up stitches forty-six and forty-seven. Julia Hackmatack laughed so that they were afraid she would not "come to."

So poor Anna had to explain, even more definitely. Having given the men one day to settle their affairs, they would all go to Plymouth and eat salmon for dinner, not horned pout, Mr. Agassiz. They should then sit on the piazza of the Pemigewasset, till all the travellers had gone. Then the five side-saddled horses, and the five with Mexican saddles, would be brought round, and the ten ladies and gentlemen would mount, and ride up the valley. "And, my dear Fausta, just as you are beginning to get the least bit travel-worn, we shall come out on a lovely opening by the road; and you will see the American flag flying, and a cheery fire burning, and Michael Britt rubbing his hands and

looking well satisfied, and Halvor Halvorson chopping wood, and five lovely tents pitched, and in each tent an iron bedstead with a bed on it, and a mattress on the ground. And then, dear Fausta, you will be lifted off your horse, and you will find it delicious to lie on the mattress, while Michael is frying a few trout, and a few thin slices of dry potato, well wiped in a towel; and, after a few minutes, you will drink such a cup of coffee as you never drank in your life, and you will drink it under the open sky; and then you will go to bed, and sleep as you have not slept since you were at Mrs. Merriam's boarding-school. And, the next morning, you will wake fresh and alert, for another such day, and another such night. I, who am captain of the party, shall tell the men to go about ten miles farther up the valley, and find a good place for a camp; and they will do so; and so we shall lope along and loaf along as we choose. If there is to be any sleeping on the ground, it shall be sleeping under canvas. If there is to be any travelling, it shall be travel to stop where we choose."

"Do they have to get up very early?" asked Fausta with some anxiety.

But Anna explained, with decision, that they would get up when they chose. In Syria the travellers start early, because the noonday is so very hot. But, in the White Mountains, she should let them have as much time as they wanted for morning bath and breakfast; and an hour after breakfast they would start, to go where they listed. When the day became a little warm, and the riding not so pleasant, they would stop in some lovely boskage, tether the horses, spread shawls on the ground, get out the novels, the water-colors, the portfolios, and, — "Do not think we starve, Fausta, — the haversacks, with lunch."

"While we are lying there, those who are not asleep will see the slower wagons, with the tents and trunks, march by us on the high road. Let them go, we do not care for them till night. Then, when we have lunched, and napped, and your husband has come down the ravine with his string of trout, and you have narrowed to eleven stitches, and Polly has washed in her little sketch of the old spruce, and I have written my long-deferred letter to Count Bismarck on the government of Lorraine, or done whatever else I choose to do, I shall call to saddle. Your husband will fling you gracefully to your seat. I shall climb to mine from a fallen hemlock log, and we shall ride on happily to supper. Is not that the true way to travel?"

To this they all agreed. And, because the women were agreed, the men had to agree when they came home. So they started on this charming expedition; and it was thus that the oldest system of travel of the oldest region of the Old World was introduced, in this new-born summer, in the virgin forests of the New.

PINK AND WHITE TYRANNY.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

COMFORT.

IN all John's hours of sorrow and trouble, the instinctive feeling of his heart was, to go back to the memory of his mother; and the nearest to his mother was his sister Grace. In this hour of his blind sorrow, he walked directly over to the little cottage on Elm Street, which Grace and her husband had made a perfectly ideal home.

When he came into the parlor, Grace and Rose were sitting together with an open letter lying between them. It was evident that some crisis of tender confidence had passed between them; for the tears were hardly dry on Rose's cheeks. Yet it was not painful, whatever it was; for her face was radiant with smiles; and John thought he had never seen her look so lovely. At this moment, the truth of her beautiful and lovely womanhood, her sweetness and nobleness of nature, came over him, in bitter contrast with the scene that he had just passed through and the woman that he had left.

"What do you think, John," said Grace; "we have some congratulations here to give! Rose is engaged to Harry Endicott."

"Indeed!" said John. "I wish her joy."

"But what is the matter, John?" said both women, looking up, and seeing something unusual in his face.

"Oh, trouble!" said John,—"trouble upon us all. Gracie and Rose, the Spindlewood Mills have failed."

"Is it possible?" was the exclamation of both.

"Yes, indeed!" said John; "you see, the thing has been running very close for the last six months; and the manufacturing business has been looking darker and darker. But still we could have stood it if the house of Clapham & Co. had stood; but they have gone to smash, Gracie. I had a letter this morning, telling me of it."

Both women stood a moment as if aghast; for the Ferguson property was equally involved.

"Poor papa!" said Rose; "this will come hard on him."

"I know it," said John bitterly. "It is more for others that I feel than for myself,—for all that are involved must suffer with me."

"But, after all, John dear," said Rose, "don't feel so about us at any rate. We shall do very well. People that fail honorably always come right side up at last; and, John, how good it is to think, whatever you lose, you cannot lose your best treasure,—your true noble heart, and your true friends. I feel this minute that we shall all know each other better, and be more precious to each other, for this very trouble."

John looked at her through his tears.

"Dear Rose," he said, "you are an angel; and from my soul I congratulate the man that has got *you*. He that has you would be rich, if he lost the whole world."

"You are too good to me, all of you," said Rose. "But now, John, about that bad news—let me break it to papa and mamma; I think I can do it best. I know when they feel brightest in the day; and I don't want it to come on them suddenly:

but I can put it in the very best way. How fortunate that I am just engaged to Harry! Harry is a perfect prince in generosity. You don't know what a good heart he has; and it happens so fortunately that we have him to lean on just now. Oh! I'm sure we shall find a way out of these troubles, never fear." And Rose took the letter, and left John and Grace together.

"O Gracie, Gracie!" said John, throwing himself down on the old chintz sofa, and burying his face in his hands, "what a woman there is! O Gracie! I wish I was dead! Life is played out with me. I haven't the least desire to live. I can't get a step farther."

"O John, John! don't talk so!" said Grace, stooping over him. "Why, you will recover from this! You are young and strong. It will be settled; and you can work your way up again."

"It is not the money, Grace; I could let that go. It is that I have nothing to live for,—nobody and nothing. My wife, Gracie! she is worse than nothing,—worse, oh! infinitely worse than nothing! She is a chain and a shackle. She is my obstacle. She tortures me and hinders me everyway and everywhere. There will never be a home for me where she is; and, because she is there, no other woman can make a home for me. Oh, I wish she would go away, and stay away! I would not care if I never saw her face again."

There was something shocking and terrible to Grace about this outpouring. It was dreadful to her to be the recipient of such a confidence, to hear these words spoken, and to more than suspect their truth. She was quite silent for a few moments,

as he still lay with his face down, buried in the sofa-pillow.

Then she went to her writing-desk, and took out a little ivory miniature of their mother, came and sat down by him, and laid her hand on his head.

"John," she said, "look at this."

He raised his head, took it from her hand, and looked at it. Soon she saw the tears dropping over it.

"John," she said, "let me say to you now what I think our mother would have said. The great object of life is not happiness; and, when we have lost our own personal happiness, we have not lost all that life is worth living for. No, John, the very best of life often lies beyond that. When we have learned to let ourselves go, then we may find that there is a better, a nobler, and a truer life for us."—"I have given up," said John in a husky voice. I have lost *all*."—"Yes," replied Grace steadily, "I know perfectly well that there is very little hope of personal and individual happiness in your marriage for years to come. Instead of a companion, a friend, and a helper, you have a moral invalid to take care of. But, John, if Lillie had been stricken with blindness or insanity or paralysis, you would not have shrunk from your duty to her; and, because the blindness and the paralysis are moral, you will not shrink from it, will you? You sacrifice all your property to pay an indorsement for a debt that is not yours; and why do you do it? Because society rests on every man's faithfulness to his engagements. John, if you stand by a business engagement with this faithfulness, how much more should you stand by that great engagement which concerns all other families and the stability of all society. Lillie is your wife. You were free to choose; and you chose

her. She is the mother of your child; and, John, what that daughter is to be depends very much on the steadiness with which you fulfil your duties to the mother. I know that Lillie is a most undeveloped and uncongenial person; I know how little you have in common; but your duties are the same as if she were the best and the most congenial of wives. It is every man's duty to make the best of his marriage."

"But, Gracie," said John, "is there any thing to be made of her?"

"You will never make me believe, John, that there are any human beings absolutely without the capability of good. They may be very dark, and very slow to learn, and very far from it; but steady patience and love and well-doing will at last tell upon any one."

"But, Gracie, if you could have heard how utterly without principle she is, urging me to put my property out of my hands dishonestly, to keep her in luxury."

"Well, John, you must have patience with her. Consider that she has been unfortunate in her associates. Consider that she has been a petted child all her life, and that you have helped to pet her. Consider how much your sex always do to weaken the moral sense of women, by liking and admiring them for being weak and foolish and inconsequent, so long as it is pretty and does not come in your way. I do not mean you in particular, John; but I mean that the general course of society releases pretty women from any sense of obligation to be constant in duty, or brave in meeting emergencies. You yourself have encouraged Lillie to live very much like a little humming-bird."

"Well, I thought," said John,

"that she would in time develop into something better."

"Well, there lies your mistake; you expected too much. The work of years is not to be undone in a moment; and you must take into account that this is Lillie's first adversity. You may as well make up your mind not to expect her to be reasonable. It seems to me that we can make up our minds to bear any thing that we know must come; and you may as well make up yours, that, for a long time, you will have to carry Lillie as a burden. But, then, you must think that she is your daughter's mother, and that it is very important for the child that she should respect and honor her mother. You must treat her with respect and honor, even in her weaknesses. We all must. We must all help Lillie all we can to bear this trial, and sympathize with her in it, unreasonable as she may seem; because, after all, John, it is a real trial to her."

"I cannot see, for my part," said John, "that she loves any thing."

"The power of loving may be undeveloped in her, John; but it will come, perhaps, later in life. At all events, take this comfort to yourself, that when you are doing your duty by your wife, when you are holding her in her place in the family, and teaching her child to respect and honor her, you are putting her in God's school of love. If we contend with and fly from our duties, simply because they gall us and burden us, we go against every thing; but if we take them up bravely, then every thing goes with us. God, and good angels, and good men, and all good influences are working with us when we are working for the right. And in this way, John, you may come to happiness; or, if you do not come to per-

sonal happiness, you may come to something higher and better. You know that you think it nobler to be an honest man than a rich man; and I am sure that you will think it better to be a good man than to be a happy one. Now, dear John, it is not I that say these things, I think; but it seems to me it is what our mother would say, if she should speak to you from where she is. And then, dear brother, it will all be over soon, this life-battle; and the only thing is, to come out victorious."

"Gracie, you are right," said John, rising up. "I see it myself. I will brace up to my duty. Couldn't you try and pacify Lillie a little, poor girl? I suppose I have been rough with her."

"Oh, yes, John! I will go up and talk with Lillie, and condole with her; and perhaps we shall bring her round. And then when my husband comes home next week, we'll have a family palaver, and he will find some ways and means of setting this business straight that it won't be so bad as it looks now. There may be arrangements made when the creditors come together. My impression is, that, whenever people find a man really determined to arrange a matter of this kind honorably, they are all disposed to help him; so don't be cast down about the business. As for Lillie's discontent, treat it as you would the crying of your little daughter for her sugar-plums, and do not expect any thing more of her just now than there is."

.....
We have brought our story up to this point. We informed our readers in the beginning that it was not a novel, but a story with a moral; and, as people pick all sorts of strange morals out of stories, we intend to put

conspicuously into our story exactly what the moral of it is.

Well, then, it has been very surprising to us to see in these our times that some people, who really at heart have the interest of women upon their minds, have been so short-sighted and reckless as to clamor for an easy dissolution of the marriage-contract, as a means of righting their wrongs. Is it possible that they do not see that this is a liberty which, once granted, would always tell against the weaker sex? If the woman who finds that she has made a mistake, and married a man unkind or ungenial, may, on the discovery of it, leave him, and seek her fortune with another, so also may a man. And what will become of women like Lillie, when the first gilding begins to wear off, if the man who has taken them shall be at liberty to cast them off and seek another? Have we not enough now of miserable, broken-winged butterflies, that sink down, down, down into the mud of the street? But are women-reformers going to clamor for having every woman turned out helpless, when the man who has married her, and made her a mother, discovers that she has not the power to interest him, and to help his higher spiritual development? It was because woman is helpless and weak, and because Christ was her great Protector, that he made the law of marriage irrevocable. "Whosoever putteth away his wife causeth her to commit adultery." If the sacredness of the marriage-contract did not hold, if the Church and all good men and all good women did not uphold it with their might and main, it is easy to see where the career of many women like Lillie would end. Men have the power to reflect before the choice is made; and that is the only proper

time for reflection. But, when once marriage is made and consummated, it should be as fixed a fact as the laws of nature. And they who suffer under its stringency should suffer as those who endure for the public good. "He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not, he shall enter into the tabernacle of the Lord."

CHAPTER XXIX.

AFTER THE STORM.

The painful and unfortunate crises of life often arise and darken like a thunder-storm, and seem for the moment perfectly terrific and overwhelming; but wait a little, and the cloud sweeps by, and the earth which seemed about to be torn to pieces and destroyed comes out as good as new. Not a bird is dead, not a flower killed; and the sun shines just as he did before. So it was with John's financial trouble. When it came to be investigated and looked into, it proved much less terrible than had been feared. It was not utter ruin. The high character which John bore for honor and probity, the general respect which was felt for him by all to whom he stood indebted led to an arrangement by which the whole business was put into his hands, and time given him to work it through. His brother-in-law came to his aid, advancing money, and entering into the business with him. Our friend Harry Endicott was only too happy to prove his devotion to Rose by offers of financial assistance.

In short, there seemed every reason to hope, that, after a period of somewhat close sailing, the property might be brought into clear water, and go on even better than before.

To say the truth, too, John was really relieved by that terrible burst

of confidence in his sister. It is a curious fact, that giving full expression to bitterness of feeling or indignation against one we love seems to be such a relief, that it always brings a revulsion of kindness. John never loved his sister so much as when he heard her plead his wife's cause with him; for though in some bitter, impatient hour a man may feel, which John did, as if he would be glad to sunder all ties, and tear himself away from an uncongenial wife, yet a good man never can forget the woman that once he loved, and who is the mother of his children. Those sweet, sacred visions and illusions of first love will return again and again, even after disenchantment; and the better and the purer the man is, the more sacred is the appeal to him of woman's weakness. Because he is strong, and she is weak, he feels that it would be unmanly to desert her; and, if there ever was any thing for which John thanked his sister, it was when she went over and spent hours with his wife, patiently listening to her complainings, and soothing her as if she had been a petted child. All the circle of friends, in a like manner, bore with her for his sake.

Thanks to the intervention of Grace's husband and of Harry, John was not put to the trial and humiliation of being obliged to sell the family place, although constrained to live in it under a system of more rigid economy. Lillie's mother, although quite a common-place woman as a companion, had been an economist in her day; she had known how to make the most of straitened circumstances, and, being put to it, could do it again.

To be sure, there was an end of Newport gayeties; for Lillie vowed and declared that she would not go to Newport and take cheap board, and

live without a carriage. She didn't want the Follingsbees and the Tompkinses and the Simpkinses talking about her, and saying that they had failed. Her mother worked like a servant for her in smartening her up, and tidying her old dresses, of which one would think that she had a stock to last for many years. And thus, with everybody sympathizing with her, and everybody helping her, Lillie subsided into enacting the part of a patient, persecuted saint. She was touchingly resigned, and wore an air of pleasing melancholy. John had asked her pardon for all the hasty words he said to her in the terrible interview; and she had forgiven him with edifying meekness. "Of course," she remarked to her mother, "she knew he would be sorry for the way he had spoken to her; and she was very glad that he had the grace to confess it."

So life went on and on with John. He never forgot his sister's words, but received them into his heart as a message from his mother in heaven. From that time, no one could have judged by any word, look, or action of his that his wife was not what she had always been to him.

Meanwhile, Rose was happily married, and settled down in the Ferguson place; where her husband and she formed one family with her parents. It was a pleasant, cosey, social, friendly, neighborhood. After all, John found that his cross was not so very heavy to carry, when once he had made up his mind that it must be borne. By never expecting much, he was never disappointed. Having made up his mind that he was to serve, and to give without receiving, he did it, and began to find pleasure in it. By and by the little Lillie, growing up by her mother's side, be-

gan to be a compensation for all he had suffered. The little creature inherited her mother's beauty, the dazzling delicacy of her complexion, the abundance of her golden hair; but there had been given to her also her father's magnanimous and generous nature. Lillie was a selfish, exacting mother; and such women often succeed in teaching to their children patience and self-denial. As soon as the little creature could walk, she was her father's constant playfellow and companion. He took her with him everywhere. He was never weary of talking with her and playing with her; and gradually he relieved the mother of all care of her early training. When, in time, two others were added to the nursery troop, Lillie became a perfect model of a gracious, motherly, little older sister.

Did all this patience and devotion of the husband at last awaken any thing like love? Lillie was not naturally rich in emotion. Under the best education and development, she would have been rather wanting in the loving-power; and the whole course of her education had been directed to suppress what little she had, and to concentrate all her feelings upon herself.

The factitious and unnatural life she had lived so many years had seriously undermined the stamina of her constitution; and, after the birth of her third child, her health failed altogether. Lillie thus became in time a chronic invalid,—exacting, querulous, full of troubles and wants which tasked the patience of all around her. During all these trying years, her husband's faithfulness never faltered. As he gradually retrieved his circumstances, she was first in every calculation. Because he knew that here lay his greatest temptation, here he most rigidly performed his duty. Nothing

that money could give to soften the weariness of sickness was withheld; and John was for hours and hours, whenever he could spare the time, himself a personal, assiduous, unwearyed attendant in the sick-room.

CHAPTER XXX. AND LAST.

THE NEW LILLIE.

We have but one scene more before our story closes. It is night now in Lillie's sick-room; and her mother is anxiously arranging the drapery, to keep the firelight from her eyes, stepping noiselessly about the room. She lies there behind the curtains, on her pillow, — the wreck and remnant only of what was once so beautiful. During all these years, when the interests and pleasures of life have been slowly dropping leaf by leaf, and passing away like fading flowers, Lillie has learned to do much thinking. It sometimes seems to take a stab, a thrust, a wound, to open in some hearts the capacity of deep feeling and deep thought. There are things taught by suffering that can be taught in no other way. By suffering sometimes is wrought out in a person the power of loving, and of appreciating love. During the first year, Lillie had often seemed to herself in a sort of wild, chaotic state. The coming in of a strange new spiritual life was something so inexplicable to her that it agitated and distressed her; and sometimes, when she appeared more petulant and fretful than usual, it was only the stir and vibration on her weak nerves of new feelings, which she wanted the power to express. These emotions at first were painful to her. She felt weak, miserable, and good-for-nothing. It seemed to her that her whole life had been a wretched cheat, and that she had ill repaid the devotion of her

husband. At first these thoughts only made her bitter and angry; and she contended against them. But, as she sank from day to day, and grew weaker and weaker, she grew more gentle; and a better spirit seemed to enter into her.

On this evening that we speak of, she had made up her mind to try and tell her husband some of the things that were passing in her mind.

"Tell John I want to see him," she said to her mother. "I wish he would come and sit with me."

This was a summons for which John invariably left every thing. He laid down his book as the word was brought to him, and soon was treading noiselessly at her bedside.

"Well, Lillie, dear," he said, "how are you?"

She put out her little wasted hand, "John, dear," she said, "sit down; I have something that I want to say to you. I have been thinking, John, that this can't last much longer."

"What can't last, Lillie?" said John, trying to speak cheerfully.

"I mean, John, that I am going to leave you soon, for good and all; and I should not think you would be sorry, either."

"Oh, come, come, my girl, it won't do to talk so!" said John, patting her hand. "You must not be blue."

"And so, John," said Lillie, going on without noticing this interruption, "I wanted just to tell you, before I got any weaker, that I know and feel just how patient and noble and good you have always been to me."

"O Lillie, darling!" said John, "why shouldn't I be? Poor little girl, how much you have suffered!"

"Well, now, John, I know perfectly well that I have never been the wife that I ought to be to you. You know it too; so don't try to say

any thing about it. I was never the woman to have made you happy; and it was not fair in me to marry you. I have lived a dreadfully worldly, selfish life. And now, John, I am come to the end. You dear good man, your trials with me are almost over; but I want you to know that you really have succeeded. John, I do love you now with all my heart, though I did not love you when I married you. And, John, I do feel that God will take pity on me, poor and good for nothing as I am, just because I see how patient and kind you have always been to me when I have been so very provoking. You see it has made me think how good God must be, — because, dear, we know he is better than the best of us."

"O Lillie, Lillie!" said John, leaning over her, and taking her in his arms, "Do live; I want you to live. Don't leave me now, — now that you really love me."

"Oh, no, John! it is best as it is, — I think I should not have strength to be *very* good, if I were to get well; and you would still have your little cross to carry. No, dear, it is all right. And, John, you will have the best of me in our Lillie. She looks like me: but, John, she has your good heart; and she will be more to you than I could be. She is just as sweet and unselfish as I *was* selfish. I don't think I am quite so bad now; and I think, if I lived, I should try to be a great deal better."

"O Lillie! I cannot bear to part with you! I never have ceased to love you; and I have never loved any other woman."

"I know that, John. Oh! how much truer and better than I have been! But I like to think that you love me, — I like to think that you will be sorry when I am gone, bad as I am,

or *was*; for I insist on it that I am a little better than I was. You remember that story of Undine you read me one day? It seems as if most of my life I have been like Undine before her soul came into her. But this last year I have felt the coming in of a soul. It has troubled me; it has come with a strange kind of pain. I have never suffered so much. But it has done me good, — it has made me feel that I have an immortal soul, and that you and I, John, shall meet in some better place hereafter. And there you will be rewarded for all your goodness to me."

As John sat there, and held the little frail hand, his thoughts went back to the time when the wild impulse of his heart had been to break away from this woman, and never see her face again; and he gave thanks to God, that had led him in a better way.

And so, at last, passed away the little story of Lillie's life. But in the home which she has left now grows another Lillie, fairer and sweeter than she, — the tender confidant, the trusted friend, of her father. And often, when he lays his hand on her golden head, he says, "Dear child, how like your mother you look."

Of all that was painful in that experience, nothing now remains. John thinks of her only as he thought of her in the first illusion of first love, — the dearest and most sacred of all illusions.

The Lillie who guides his household, and is so motherly to the younger children, who shares every thought of his heart, who enters into every feeling and sympathy, — she is the pure reward of his faithfulness and constancy. She is a sacred and saintly Lillie, springing out of the sod where he laid her mother, forgetting all her faults forever.

SORRENTO PAPERS.

BY CHAS. D. WARNER.

FASCINATION.

THERE are three places where I should like to live; naming them in the inverse order of preference, — the Isle of Wight, Sorrento, and Heaven. The first two have something in common, — the almost mystic union of sky and sea and shore, a soft atmospheric suffusion that works an enchantment, and puts one into a dreamy mood. And yet there are decided contrasts. The superabundant, soaking sunshine of Sorrento is of very different quality from that of the Isle of Wight. On the island there is a sense of home, which one misses on this promontory, the fascination of which, no less strong, is that of a southern beauty, whose charms conquer rather than win. I remember with what feeling I one day unexpectedly read on a white slab, in the little enclosure of Bonchurch, where the sea whispered as gently as the rustle of the ivy leaves, the name of John Sterling. Could there be any fitter resting-place for that tost, weary, and gentle spirit? There I seemed to know he had the rest that he could not have anywhere on these brilliant historic shores. Yet so impressible was his sensitive nature, that I doubt not, if he had given himself up to the enchantment of these coasts in his lifetime, it would have held him by a spell he could not break.

I am sometimes in doubt what is the spell of Sorrento, and half believe that it is independent of any thing visible. There is said to be a fatal enchantment about Capri. The influences of Sorrento are not so dangerous, but are almost as marked. I

do not wonder that the Greeks peopled every cove and sea-cave with divinities, and built temples on every headland and rocky islet here; that the Romans built upon the Grecian ruins; that the ecclesiastics in succeeding centuries gained possession of all the heights, and built convents and monasteries, and set out vineyards, and orchards of olives and oranges, and took root as the creeping plants do, spreading themselves abroad in the sunshine and charming air. The Italian of to-day does not willingly emigrate, is tempted by no seduction of better fortune in any foreign clime. And so in all ages the swarming populations have clung to these shores, filling all the coasts and every nook in these almost inaccessible hills with life. Perhaps the delicious climate, which avoids all extremes, sufficiently accounts for this; and yet I have sometimes thought there is a more subtle reason why travellers from far lands are spell-bound here, often against will and judgment, week after week, month after month.

However this may be, it is certain that strangers who come here, and remain long enough to get entangled in the meshes which some influence, I know not what, throws around them, are in danger of never departing. I know there are scores of travellers, who whisk down from Naples, guide-book in hand, goaded by the full purpose of seeing every place in Europe, ascend some height, buy a load of the beautiful inlaid wood-work, perhaps row over to Capri and stay five minutes in the azure grotto, and then whisk away again, untouched by the glamour of

the place. Enough that they write "delightful spot" in their diaries, and hurry off to new scenes, and more noisy life. But the visitor who yields himself to the place will soon find his power of will departing. Some satirical people say, that, as one grows strong in body here, he becomes weak in mind. The theory I do not accept: one simply folds his sails, unships his rudder, and waits the will of Providence, or the arrival of some compelling fate. The longer one remains, the more difficult it is to go. We have a fashion, — indeed, I may call it a habit, — of deciding to go, and of never going. It is a subject of infinite jest among the habitués of the villa, who meet at table, and who are always bidding each other good-by. We often go so far as to write to Naples at night, and bespeak rooms in the hotels; but we always countermand the order before we sit down to breakfast. The good-natured mistress of affairs, the head of the bureau of domestic relations, is at her wits' end, with guests who always promise to go and never depart. There are here a gentleman and his wife, English people of decision enough, I presume, in Cornwall, who packed their luggage before Christmas to depart, but who have not gone towards the end of February, — who daily talk of going, and little by little unpack their wardrobe, as their determination oozes out. It is easy enough to decide at night to go next day; but in the morning, when the soft sunshine comes in at the window, and when we descend and walk in the garden, all our good intentions vanish. It is not simply that we do not go away, but we have lost the motive for those long excursions which we made at first and which more adventurous travellers indulge in. There are those here who

have intended for weeks to spend a day on Capri. Perfect day for the expedition succeeds perfect day, boat-load after boat-load sails away from the little *marina* at the base of the cliff, which we follow with eyes of desire, but — to-morrow will do as well. We are powerless to break the enchantment.

I confess to the fancy that there is some subtle influence working this sea-change in us, which the guide-books, in their enumeration of the delights of the region, do not touch; and which maybe reaches back beyond the Christian era. I have always supposed that the story of Ulysses and the Sirens was only a fiction of the poets, intended to illustrate the allurements of a soul given over to pleasure, and deaf to the call of duty, and the excitement of a grapple with the world. But a lady here, herself one of the entranced, tells me, that whoever climbs the hills behind Sorrento, and looks upon the Isle of the Sirens, is struck with an inability to form a desire to depart from these coasts. I have gazed at those islands more than once, as they lie there in the Bay of Salerno; and it has always happened that they have been in a half misty and not uncolored sunlight, but not so draped that I could not see they were only three irregular rocks, not far from shore, one of them with some ruins on it. There are neither Sirens there now, nor any other creatures; but I should be sorry to think I should never see them again. When I look down on them, I can also turn and behold on the other side, across the Bay, of Naples, the Posilipo where one of the enchanters who threw magic over them is said to lie in his high tomb at the opening of the grotto. Whether he does sleep in his urn in that ex-

act spot is of no moment. Modern life has dis-illusioned this region to a great extent; but the romance that the old poets have woven about these bays and rocky promontories comes very easily back upon one who submits himself long to the eternal influences of sky and sea which made them sing. It is all one,—to be a Roman poet in his villa, a lazy friar of the middle-ages toasting in the sun, or a modern idler, who has drifted here out of the active currents of life, and cannot make up his mind to depart.

MONKISH PERCHES.

ON heights at either end of the Piano di Sorrento, and commanding it, stood two religious houses: the Convent of the Camaldoli to the north-east, on the crest of the hill above Meta; the Carthusian Monastery of the Deserto, to the south-west, three miles above Sorrento. The longer I stay here, the more respect I have for the taste of the monks of the middle ages. They invariably secured the best places for themselves. They seized all the strategic points; they appropriated all the commanding heights; they knew where the sun would best strike the grape-vines; they perched themselves wherever there was a royal view. When I see how unerringly they did select and occupy the eligible places, I think they were moved by a sort of inspiration. In those days, when the church took the first choice in every thing, the temptation to a Christian life must have been strong.

The monastery at the Deserto was suppressed by the French of the first republic, and has long been in a ruin-

ous condition. Its buildings crown the apex of the highest elevation in this part of the promontory: from its roof the fathers paternally looked down upon the churches and chapels and nunneries which thickly studded all this region; so that I fancy the air must have been full of the sound of bells, and of incense perpetually ascending. They looked also upon Sta. Agata under the hill, with a church bigger than itself; upon more distinct Massa, with its chapels and cathedral and overlooking feudal tower; upon Torca, the Greek Theorica, with its temple of Apollo, the scene yet of an annual religious festival, to which the peasants of Sorrento go as their ancestors did to the shrine of the heathen god; upon olive and orange orchards, and winding paths and wayside shrines innumerable. A sweet and peaceful scene in the foreground, it must have been, and a whole horizon of enchantment beyond the sunny peninsula over which it lorded: the Mediterranean, with poetic Capri, and Ischia, and all the classic shore from Cape Misenum, Baiæ and Naples, round to Vesuvius; all the sparkling Bay of Naples; and on the other side, the Bay of Salerno, covered with the fleets of the commerce of Amalfi, then a republican city of fifty thousand people; and Grecian Pæstum on the marshy shore, even then a ruin, its deserted porches and columns, monuments of an architecture never equalled elsewhere in Italy. Upon this charming perch, the old Carthusian monks took the summer breezes and the winter sun, pruned their olives, and trimmed their grape-vines, and said prayers for the poor sinners toiling in the valleys below.

The monastery is a desolate old shed now. We left our donkeys to

eat thistles in front, while we climbed up some dilapidated steps, and entered the crumbling hall. The present occupants are half a dozen monks, and fine fellows too, who have an orphan school of some twenty lads. We were invited to witness their noon-day prayers. The flat-roofed rear buildings extend round an oblong, quadrangular space, which is a rich garden, watered from capacious tanks, and coaxed into easy fertility by the impregnating sun. Upon these roofs the brothers were wont to walk, and here they sat at peaceful evening. Here, too, we strolled; and here I could not resist the temptation to lie an unheeded hour or two, soaking in the benignant February sun, above every human concern and care, looking upon a land and sea steeped in romance. The sky was blue above; but in the south horizon, in the direction of Tunis, were the prismatic colors. Why not be a monk, and lie in the sun?

One of the handsome brothers invited us into the refectory, a place as bare and cheerless as the feeding-room of a reform school, and set before us bread and cheese, and red wine, made by the monks. I notice that the monks do not water their wine so much as the osteria keepers do; which speaks equally well for their religion and their taste. The floor of the room was brick, the table plain boards, and the seats were benches; not much luxury. The monk who served us was an accomplished man, travelled, and master of several languages. He spoke English a little. He had been several years in America, and was much interested when we told him our nationality.

"Does the signor live near Mexico?"

"Not in dangerous proximity," we replied; but we did not forfeit his good opinion by saying that we visited it but seldom.

Well, he had seen all quarters of the globe; he had been for years a traveller, but he had come back here with a stronger love for it than ever; it was to him the most delightful spot on earth, he said. And we could not tell him where its equal is. If I had nothing else to do, I think I should cast in my lot with him, — at least for a week.

But the monks never got into a cosier nook than the Convent of the Camaldoli. That also is suppressed: its gardens, avenues, colonnaded walks, terraces, buildings, half in ruins. It is the level surface of a hill, sheltered on the east by higher peaks, and on the north by the more distant range of Great St. Angelo, across the valley, and is one of the most extraordinarily fertile plots of ground I ever saw. The rich ground responds generously to the sun. I should like to have seen the abbot who grew on this fat spot. The workmen were busy in the garden, spading and pruning.

A group of wild, half-naked children came about us begging, as we sat upon the walls of the terrace, the terrace which overhangs the busy plain below, and which commands the entire, varied, nooky promontory, and the two bays. And these children, insensible to beauty, want *centesimi!*

In the rear of the church are some splendid specimens of the umbrella-like Italian pine. Here we found also a pretty little ruin, — it might be Greek and it might be Druid for any thing that appeared, — ivy-clad, and suggesting a religion older than that of the convent. To the east we look

into a fertile, terraced ravine; and beyond to a precipitous brown mountain, which shows a sharp outline against the sky; half way up are nests of towns, white houses, churches, and above, creeping along the slope, the thread of an ancient road, with stone arches at intervals, as old as Cæsar.

We descend, skirting for some distance the monastery walls, over which patches of ivy hang like green shawls. There are flowers in profusion,—scented violets, daisies, dandelions, and crocuses, large and of the richest variety, with orange pistils, and stamens purple and violet, the back of every alternate leaf exquisitely pencilled.

We descend into a continuous settlement, past shrines, past brown sturdy men and handsome girls working in the vineyards; we descend—but words express nothing—into a wonderful ravine, a sort of refined Swiss scene,—high, bare steps of rock butting over a chasm, ruins, old walls, vines, flowers. The very spirit of peace is here, and it is not disturbed by the sweet sound of bells echoed in the passes. On narrow ledges of precipices, aloft in the air where it would seem that a bird could scarcely light, we distinguish the forms of men and women; and their voices come down to us. They are peasants cutting grass, every spire of which is too precious to waste.

We descend, and pass by a house on a knoll, and a terrace of olives extending along the road in front. Half a dozen children come to the road to look at us as we approach, and then scamper back to the house in fear, tumbling over each other and shouting, the eldest girl making good her escape with the baby. My companion swings his hat and cries,

“Hullo, baby!” And when we have passed the gate, and are under the wall, the whole ragged, brown-skinned troop scurry out upon the terrace, and run along, calling after us, in perfect English, as long as we keep in sight, “Hullo, baby!” “Hullo, baby!” The next traveller who goes that way will no doubt be hailed by the quick-witted natives with this salutation; and, if he is of a philological turn, he will probably benefit his mind by running the phrase back to its ultimate Greek roots.

A DRY TIME.

For three years, once upon a time, it did not rain in Sorrento. Not a drop out of the clouds for three years, an Italian lady here, born in Ireland, assures me. If there was an occasional shower on the Piano during all that drought, I have the confidence in her to think that she would not spoil the story by noticing it.

The conformation of the hills encircling the plain would be likely to lead any shower astray, and discharge it into the sea, with whatever good intentions it may have started down the promontory for Sorrento. I can see how these sharp hills would tear the clouds asunder, and let out all their water, while the people in the plain below watched them with longing eyes. But it can rain in Sorrento. Occasionally the north-east wind comes down with whirling, howling fury, as if it would scoop villages and orchards out of the little nook; and the rain, riding on the whirlwind, pours in drenching floods. At such times I hear the beat of the waves at the foot of the rock, and feel like a

prisoner on an island. Eden would not be Eden in a rain-storm.

The drought occurred just after the expulsion of the Bourbons from Naples, and many think on account of it; there is this to be said in favor of the Bourbons, that a dry time never had occurred while they reigned, a statement in which all good Catholics in Sorrento will concur. As the drought went on, almost all the wells in the place dried up, except that of the Tramontano, and the one in the suppressed convent of the Sacred Heart, — I think that is its name.

It is a rambling pile of old buildings in the centre of the town, with a court-yard in the middle, and in it a deep well, boring down I know not how far into the rock, and always full of cold, sweet water. The nuns have all gone now; and I look in vain up at the narrow slits in the masonry, which served them for windows, for the glance of a worldly or a pious eye. The poor people of Sorrento, when the public wells and fountains had gone dry, used to come and draw at the Tramontano; but they were not allowed to go to the well of the convent, — the gates were closed. Why the Government shut them I cannot see: perhaps it knew nothing of it, and some stupid official took the pompous responsibility. The people grumbled, and cursed the Government, and, in their simplicity, probably never took any steps to revoke the prohibitory law. No doubt, as the Government had caused the drought, it was all of a piece, the good rustics thought.

For the Government did indirectly occasion the dry spell. I have the information from the Italian lady of whom I have spoken. Among the first steps of the new Government of

Italy was the suppression of the useless convents and nunneries. This one at Sorrento early came under the ban. It always seemed to me almost a pity to rout out this asylum of praying and charitable women, whose occupation was the encouragement of beggary and idleness in others, but whose prayers were constant, and whose charities to the sick of the little city were many. If they never were of much good to the community, it was a pleasure to it to have such a sweet little hive in the centre of it; and I doubt not that the simple people felt a genuine satisfaction, as they walked around the high walls, in believing that pure prayers within were put up for them night and day; and especially when they waked at night, and heard the bell of the convent, and knew that at that moment some faithful soul kept her vigils, and chanted prayers for them and all the world besides; and they slept the sounder for it thereafter. I confess, that, if one is helped by vicarious prayer, I would rather trust a convent of devoted women (though many of them are ignorant, and some of them are worldly, and none are fair to see) to pray for me, than some of the houses of coarse monks which I have seen.

But the order came down from Naples to pack off all the nuns of the Sacred Heart on a day named, to close up the gates of the nunnery, and hang a flaming sword outside. The nuns were to be pulled up by the roots, so to say, on the day specified, and without postponement, and to be transferred to a house prepared for them at Massa, a few miles down the promontory, and several hundred feet nearer heaven. Sorrento was really in mourning; it went about in grief. It seemed as if something sacrilegious was about

to be done. It was the intention of the whole town to show its sense of it in some way.

The day of removal came, and it rained! It poured; the water came down in sheets, in torrents, in deluges; it came down with the wildest tempest of many a year. I think from accurate reports of those who witnessed it, that the beginning of the great Deluge was only a moisture compared to this. To turn the poor women out of doors such a day this, was unchristian, barbarous, impossible. Everybody who had a shelter was shivering in-doors. But the officials were inexorable. In the order for removal, nothing was said about postponement on account of weather; and go the nuns must.

And go they did; the whole town shuddering at the impiety of it, but kept from any demonstration by the tempest. Carriages went round to the convent; and the women were loaded into them, packed into them, carried and put in, if they were too infirm to go themselves. They were driven away, cross and wet and bedraggled. They found their dwelling on the hill not half prepared for them, leaking and cold and cheerless. They experienced very rough treatment, if I can credit my informant, who says she hates the Government, and would not even look out of her lattice that day to see the carriages drive past.

And when the Lady Superior was driven away from the gate, she said to the officials, and the few faithful attendants, prophesying in the midst of the rain that poured about her, —

“The day will come shortly, when you will want rain, and shall not have it; and you will pray for my return.”

And it did not rain, from that day for three years. And the simple people thought of the good Superior, whose departure had been in such a deluge, and who had taken away with her all the moisture of the land; and they did pray for her return, and believed that the gates of heaven would be again opened if only the nunnery was re-peopled. But the Government could not see the connection between convents and the theory of storms, and the remnant of pious women was permitted to remain in their lodgings at Massa. Perhaps the Government thought they could, if they bore no malice, pray as effectually for rain there as anywhere.

I do not know, said my informant, that the curse of the Lady Superior had any thing to do with the drought, but many think it had; and those are the facts.

CHILDREN OF THE SUN.

The common people of this region are nothing but children; and ragged, dirty, and poor as they are, apparently as happy, to speak idiomatically, as the day is long. It takes very little to please them; and their easily-excited mirth is contagious. It is very rare that one gets a surly return to a salutation; and, if one shows the least good-nature, his greeting is met with the most jolly return. The boatman hauling in his net sings; the brown girl, whom we meet descending a steep path in the hills, with an enormous bag or basket of oranges on her head, or a building-stone under which she stands as erect as a pillar, sings; and, if she asks for something, there is a merry twinkle

in her eye, that says she hardly expects money, but only puts in a "beg" at a venture, because it is the fashion; the workmen clipping the olive-trees sing; the urchins, who dance about the foreigner in the street, vocalize their petitions for *un po' di moneta* in a tuneful manner, and beg more in a spirit of deviltry than with any expectation of gain. When I see how hard the peasants labor, what scraps and vegetable odds and ends they eat, and in what wretched, dark, and smoke-dried apartments they live, I wonder they are happy; but I suppose it is the all-nourishing sun and the equable climate that do the business for them. They have few artificial wants, and no uneasy expectation, — bred by the reading of books and newspapers, — that any thing is going to happen in the world, or that any change is possible. Their fruit-trees yield abundantly year after year; their little patches of rich earth, on the built-up terraces and in the crevices of the rocks, produce fourfold. The sun does it all.

Every walk that we take here with open mind and cheerful heart is sure to be an adventure. Only yesterday, we were coming down a branch of the great gorge which splits the plains in two. On one side the path is a high wall, with garden trees overhanging. On the other, a stone parapet; and below, in the bed of the ravine, an orange orchard. Beyond rises a precipice; and, at its foot, men and boys were quarrying stone, which workmen raised a couple of hundred feet to the platform above with a windlass. As we came along, a handsome girl on the height had just taken on her head a large block of stone, which I should not care to lift, to carry to a pile in the rear; and she stopped to look at us. We stopped

and looked at her. This attracted the attention of the men and boys in the quarry below, who stopped work, and set up a cry for a little money. We laughed, and responded in English. The windlass ceased to turn. The workmen on the height joined in the conversation. A grizzly beggar hobbled up, and held out his greasy cap. We nonplussed him by extending our hats, and beseeching him for just a little something. Some passers on the road paused, and looked on, amused at the transaction. A boy appeared on the high wall, and began to beg. I threatened to shoot him with my walking-stick, whereat he ran nimbly along the wall in terror. The workmen shouted; and this started up a couple of yellow dogs, which came to the edge of the wall, and barked violently. The girl, alone calm in the confusion, stood stock still under her enormous load, looking at us. We swung our hats, and hurrahed. The crowd replied from above, below, and around us; shouting, laughing, singing, until the whole little valley was vocal with a gale of merriment, and all about nothing. The beggar whined, the spectators around us laughed; and the whole population was aroused into a jolly mood. Fancy such a merry hullabaloo in America. For ten minutes, while the funny row was going on, the girl never moved, having forgotten to go a few steps, and deposit her load; and, when we disappeared round a bend of the path, she was still watching us, smiling and statuesque.

As we descend, we come upon a group of little children, seated about a door-step, black-eyed, chubby little urchins, who are cutting up oranges into little bits, and playing "party," as children do on the other side of the Atlantic. The instant we stop

to speak to them, the skinny hand of an old woman is stretched out of a window just above our heads, the wrinkled palm itching for money. The mother comes forward out of the house, evidently pleased with our notice of the children, and shows us the baby in her arms. At once we are on good terms with the whole family. The woman sees that there is nothing impertinent in our cursory inquiry into her domestic concerns, but, I fancy, knows that we are genial travellers, with human sympathies. So the people universally are not quick to suspect any imposition, and meet frankness with frankness, and good-nature with good-nature, in a simple-hearted, primeval manner. If they stare at us from doorway and balcony, or come and stand near us when we sit reading or writing by the shore, it is only a childlike curiosity, and they are quite unconscious of any breach of good manners. In fact, I think travellers have not much to say in the matter of staring. I only pray that we Americans abroad may remember that we are in the presence of older races, and conduct ourselves with becoming modesty, remembering, always, that we were not born in Britain.

Very likely I am in error; but it has seemed to me that even the funerals here are not so gloomy as in other places. I have looked in at the churches when they are in progress, now and then, and been struck with the general good feeling of the occasion. The real mourners,

I could not always distinguish; but the seats would be filled with a motley gathering of the idle and the ragged, who seemed to enjoy the show and the ceremony. On one occasion, it was the obsequies of an officer in the army. Guarding the gilded casket, which stood upon a raised platform before the altar, were four soldiers in uniform. Mass was being said and sung; and a priest was playing the organ. The church was light and cheerful, and pervaded by a pleasant bustle. Ragged boys and beggars, and dirty children and dogs, went and came wherever they chose about the unoccupied spaces of the church. The hired mourners, who are numerous in proportion to the rank of the deceased, were clad in white cotton; a sort of night-gown put on over the ordinary clothes, with a hood of the same drawn tightly over the face, in which slits were cut for the eyes and mouth. Some of them were seated on benches near the front; others were wandering about among the pillars, disappearing in the sacristy, and re-appearing with an aimless aspect, altogether conducting themselves as if it were a holiday, and, if there was any thing they did enjoy, it was mourning at other people's expense. They laughed and talked with each other in excellent spirits; and one varlet near the coffin, who had slipped off his mask, winked at me repeatedly, as if to inform me that it was not his funeral. A masquerade might have been more gloomy and depressing.

ART AND NATURE.

BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

I ENTERED a ducal palace, —
A palace stately and old;
Its vast saloons were glowing
With marble, and rich with gold.

On the tables, in tender mosaic,
Were marvellous fruits and flowers;
On the walls were Poussin's landscapes,
With their sunshine and shaded bowers.

And in the vase before me
Were roses white and red;
I stooped to welcome their fragrance,
But found them waxen and dead.

Then forth from the lofty window,
I stepped into living green;
Where the stone-pines stood around me,
With flowery shrubs between.

And I said, "Take the costly splendor, —
Take the wonderful triumphs of Art;
But give me living Nature,
Which speaks to my soul and heart.

"These works of man are noble,
In each fair Italian town;
But God's are wherever the sun goes up,
Or the shades of night come down."

Let wise men, on the anvils
Of study, fashion out truth;
But religion is sent to each humble soul,
With its word for age and youth.

God comes in silent blessings,
Like dew and rain from above,
In whatever place a pure heart longs
For goodness and light and love.

RECOLLECTIONS OF APPOMATTOX COURT-HOUSE.

BY EDWARD A. POLLARD.

WE commonly speak or write of an army as a very intelligible thing; it is a familiar noun of multitude. But, indeed, nothing is more incomprehensible; it is a peculiar, intricate organization, *sui generis*; natural history furnishes no likeness to it. It is but seldom we see an army as an entirety, unless in a *champ-de-Mars*, or we are familiar with the counterfeit in the picture-books. If we might piece out a picture with incomplete likenesses, we might indicate an army as it actually exists in real service, as a huge nondescript monster sprawled over the earth; bodies of cavalry moving to and fro, doing the office of ears; its long, thin limbs toiling over the country in the shape of wagon-trains; the black fangs of the batteries visible here and there in the moving mass; its *feelers* stretching all around, now poking out, and now drawn in, represented in outposts and picket-lines, a sort of exaggerated insect-life; every thin fibre of the creature, from the attenuated line of the outpost or vidette, many miles away, to the general, who carries in his head the whole wonderful plan, instinct with life, and doing its offices. Sometimes there is a battle. The monster then has its vomit of blood; but when it has coiled again its slow, wounded lengths, it is obscure and incomprehensible as before.

Its motions are inexplicable to the common observer. Imagine such a monster groping its way through a wooded and intricate country, such as furnished most of the battle-fields of our late war. It is never visible as a whole. It is half burrowed in the ground, half concealed in the forest.

There is a strange hum in the air; but here is an army of tens of thousands of men; and if it has shed its tents in the summer time, there are moments when the vast multitude has disappeared, as it were, into the very bowels of the earth. We see a line of soldiers on the fringe of the forest, some gashes of red earth, some bodies of men, perhaps, traversing the brown plain, a line of horsemen pacing steadily across a field. This is all.

At a given time, where do all the multitudes come from? Men seem to spring from the earth, or to drop from the sky. The woods appear grown into soldiers, the forest bursts into an effulgent front as if it had been blazed by a sheet of lightning, the dull outline of a hill has become suddenly black with men. The battle is about to begin. A few cannon fire: *one, two, three*, we count the slow beats of artillery. Then silence. The illusion is dispelled. Can this tame thing be a battle? How absurd it seems, this deliberate firing of cannon, this dull standing still! Instantly a blaze sweeps half a mile of country; it is as if the heavens had crashed above us; the hills rock around us. The shock of excitement is tremendous; now it is a battle.

The experience of such an apparition of battle was that of April 2, 1865, around Richmond. For months, amid the snows of an entire winter, there lay coiled in the cover of wood and brush and swamp around the devoted city, a besieging army of more than a hundred thousand men. On an interior line, more visible, but delved into the earth, and seeking to hide in

its red gashes, was Lee's army of about forty thousand men. For months, these multitudes had lain covert; no ordinary spectator could have imagined that the woods and embankments were thus alive; that two armies of such magnitude crouched so close to each other, where business was yet done, where fields were cultivated, where men bought and sold, and where the ordinary cares of life yet ruled the circle of each twenty-four hours.

But the mask is stripped off all this by the miraculous stroke of a great surprise. In the balmy days of the 1st and 2d of April, 1865, the host that was to destroy Richmond sprung into light suddenly, — a crop of steel and cannon grown, as it were, in a single night. For thirty-five miles a glistening of steel, and the black mouths of batteries linked in the expanse. Such was the apparition of the destroyer; dread; hands joined in infantry, artillery, and cavalry, a knitted monster of terrors; dramatic in its entry, as if descended from the skies, or grown up in the black and miraculous cover of night among the dark and inscrutable processes of forest and swamp.

If the battles which decided the fate of Richmond, the fire of which extended from the Five Forks to the immediate front of Petersburg, lacked some of the volume of other contests, they were yet the most theatrical, and were attended by a scenery that the war had not yet afforded. The panoramic succession of grand scenes was what was most remarkable in these last days. The splendid surprise of Grant's magnificent army springing suddenly into the sunlight of those April days, the suddenness of a battle as if it had burst from the sky, was followed by scenes not less lofty and sublime.

When, in the night of the 2d of April, Gen. Lee's army was withdrawn from Petersburg, the series of "forts" constructed along its entire line was exploded. Thus, as between pillars of fire shot up into the sky, passed the army into the outer blackness of the night, their faces smitten by a darkness, vast, immeasurable. The morning of the next day, however, revealed an animated prospect, and one that had some compensations for the fugitive army. In the light of that morning were two notable pictures. A pall of smoke, with the golden light woven in its folds, hung in the sky above Richmond; beneath roared and surged a sea of fire, reaching from the island-dotted river to the tall trees that fringed the hill on which the Capitol stood; skirting this sea, pouring down Church Hill, was the victorious army, glistening with steel and banners, now ascending Franklin Street, curving at the Exchange Hotel to the upper streets that led to Capitol Square, making this curve the point where passionate music clashed out its triumph, and each body of troops took up the cheer of victory, and cavalrymen waved their swords, and the column swept up the hill as if in sudden haste to seize the green patch of ground where stood the dumb walls of the Capitol of the Confederacy. Away from this scene of sublime horror was the other picture, — an army tattered, brown, weather-beaten, moving through the woods, and on blind roads, with straggling, distressed trains, the faces of its soldiers turned from Richmond, but ever and anon looking curiously to the sky, and to its pillars and drapery of smoke, and the black horror that stood there all day, while the forest pulsed in glorious sunshine, and quiet fields peeped out in the garniture of spring.

But the soldiers were always animated, despite the sign that hung in the sky of the ruin and torment of Richmond. They were marching away from it; their limbs were relieved with exercise, and their eyes entertained by the novel prospect, so long had they been cramped in the ditches, and their movements bounded by lines of sodden earth. There was a physical elasticity in the change. A new hope, too, had been caught in the cheerful countenance of their commander. He had brought off his army with unexpected ease and safety. If he could outmarch Grant's infantry, if he could join Johnston, he might yet fix a great decisive battle, or organize a new line of defence for a vast body of territory, whose resources were yet untouched. He remarked to one of his staff, "I have got my army safe out of its breastworks; and, in order to follow me, my enemy must abandon his lines, and can derive no further benefit from his railroads and the James River." A reflection of this sort was just. Gen. Lee had yet an army of twenty-five thousand men; it was foot-loose, ready to move in any direction. The men, as we have remarked, were exhilarated, relieved from the confinement of siege, and emerging into the open country; and having already accomplished so much, the commander might yet hope to use his army with effect, especially if opportunity occurred to fall in detail upon the forces into which Grant would necessarily have to divide his army, with a view to a comprehensive and vigorous pursuit.

But a new and unconquerable enemy was to appear upon the scene. On the night of the 5th of April, Lee's trains encamped in the suburbs of the pretty little village of Amelia Court-House; having been delayed by

the swollen waters of the Appomattox, which were eventually crossed on pontoons. But there was something worse than this delay. The important, vital concern was to provision the retreating army. A fortnight before, Gen. Lee, in view of the exigencies of retreat, had given urgent and precise orders that large supplies of commissary and quartermasters' stores should be sent forward from Danville to Amelia Court-House.

But at the latter place he found not a ration! His orders had been disregarded; and now, in the second stage of retreat, aiming at Lynchburg, in the direction of Farmville, his army faced its worst enemy in hunger, and staggered under an accumulation of distress that only the hardiest natures could endure.

The stragglers, the pine barrels, and the small patches of clearing on the line of retreat towards Farmville, afforded but little prospect for subsistence. Half the army was broken up into foraging parties to get food, and opportunities of desertion diminished it at every step; men who plucked from the trees, leaves and twigs to assuage their hunger, dropped out by the wayside, famishing; jaded horses and mules sunk under the whips of the teamsters, and broken wagons choked the roads. The retreat became slow and slower. The numbers and excellence of the enemy's cavalry gave them a fatal advantage. The reserve train, containing nearly all the ammunition of Lee's army, was attacked and burned in the first stages of retreat; and the fate awaiting other portions of the army-train was foreseen. Its unwieldy size and slow movement made it an easy prey; and it was incessantly attacked, and large sections carried off or destroyed. From this time commenced the most

distressing scenes of the march. Hunger brought with it the demoralization it never fails to produce in a large number of men; nearly every hour of the day there was an attack of cavalry, a running fight; the woods rocked with explosions, where burning wagons filled with ammunition and shells had been abandoned; and when night came, and the army paused in the hasty field-works thrown up for their protection, the wolves were heard again upon the track, and the incessant cry of "cavalry," and fierce volleys of fire, prevented the jaded men from catching even one undisturbed hour of sleep.

For the four or five days during which the retreating army toiled on, it is said "the suffering of the men from the pangs of hunger has not been approached in the military annals of the last fifty years." Despondency, like a black, poisonous mist, weighed down its endeavors, and infected the stoutest hearts. The men fell out of the ranks by hundreds, overcome by want of food and sleep, and worn out by exhaustion; or, what was equally bad, they dropped their heavy guns and cartridge-boxes, and straggled along, a useless and cumbrous mob. Many lay down to die; many welcomed death as God's blessing in disguise, and, with gaunt famine glaring hopelessly from their sunken eyes, sought places to throw down their exhausted bodies, and demand from Nature the end of their sufferings.

The fashion of retreat was, that at every hill divisions would alternately halt, and form lines of battle to check their pursuers. It was on one of these halts, just south of Sailor's Creek, a tributary of the Appomattox, that a considerable fight ensued on the 6th of April, in which Sheridan struck in upon the line of retreat, and

took a number of prisoners, but not without learning to his cost that in the fugitive, famishing crowd there was yet something of the old fire of the Army of Northern Virginia, capable of an episode of desperate and devoted courage, in what were evidently the final scenes of its existence. The attack was made with great suddenness; the enemy, running over a portion of Ewell's command, appeared determined to bring matters to a crisis, when suddenly he found in his front, a line of battle, that had been developed with a swiftness that showed that Lee had yet under his quick and facile hand, troops devoted, desperate, and even in the last extremity responsive to their commander. At the first perception of the shock of attack, Gen. Lee formed a line of battle to repulse the enemy, if he advanced upon what remained of the Confederate trains moving towards High Bridge. A brigade of infantry was pushed across at double-quick, and between Ewell's men and the hitherto victorious troops of Sheridan, arose a wall of bayonets flanked by cannon. In view of this formidable apparition, the enemy went back. At one time, however, a fierce battle was expected; and in the gloom of twilight a lurid glare of signals along the Federal lines made a luminous track through the forest, and seemed to be the prelude to another attack. Gen. Lee himself watched anxiously the remarkable and picturesque scene. On a plateau, raised from the forest whence they had emerged, were the broken troops. There were exclamations of rage and defiance among them, the evident smart of mortification; in front was the line of battle, still and calm, awaiting another attack. But no attack was made: Sheridan was content with his adventure. As Gen.

Lee rode back in the gathering gloom of night, through the disordered groups on the plateau, there were cries, "It's Gen. Lee! Uncle Robert! Where's the man who won't follow Uncle Robert?" He had not yet despaired of saving the men who testified to him such love and confidence in the extremities of fate.

In the night of the 8th of April, the reduced, worn, suffering army reached Appomattox Court-House. It was now within twenty-four miles of Lynchburg, on a strip of land between the James and Appomattox Rivers. What had been the Army of Northern Virginia was now counted by a few thousands. Gordon marched in front with scarcely more than two thousand men; the wreck of Longstreet's command made up the rear; and between Gordon and Longstreet were the remaining wagons, and clinging to them thousands of unarmed and famished stragglers, too weak to carry their muskets. To such condition was reduced the grand, memorable army that had traversed so many distances, and accomplished so many campaigns; that had twice trod the enemy's soil, and displayed itself on the foreground of Washington; that had never known rout or panic; that had made one of the greatest names in the world's history; and that was now to die only in the annihilation of all its parts, without ever having given to its enemy right of triumph or taken upon itself a shadow of shame.

And now the morning of the memorable 9th of April broke on the scene. A council of war was called in the early light. There were present in the council with the commander-in-chief, Gens. Gordon, Fitzhugh Lee, and Longstreet. It was not known at that time how almost completely surrounded was

the little army. The fact was, that Sheridan was in front, Meade was in the rear, and Ord south of the Court-House. But Gen. Lee still hoped to cut his way through to Lynchburg; and to Gordon it was appointed to essay the task, his instructions being to make the attack, pressing forward, if he did not discover infantry; if *infantry* was discovered, all was lost! The brave Georgian received the order with spirit. It was his best opportunity to exalt a name already risen in public estimation as the successor to that of Jackson; and no fitter man could have been found to give to the Army of Northern Virginia "a day of their lost Dundee," its last example of desperate courage, its dying testimony of devotion.

Gordon moved out on the hill on which the Court-House stands, and with his skirmish-line drove the enemy half a mile. But mean time the advance forces of the Federal army were extending steadily across his front. On the heights of Appomattox appeared a dark-blue column of infantry. It was the dreaded apparition,—INFANTRY! but it waved a white flag before it.

Until the morning of the 9th, a correspondence had been going on, while both armies were in motion, between Grant and Lee, in which the former had invited a surrender, "to save further effusion of blood." The time had now come to act. As Gordon paused, Gen. Lee was seen riding rapidly to the rear; he was seeking an interview with Grant, who had already, in humanity, ordered a flag of truce to be displayed. In strange and unutterable suspense, the two armies paused, looking at each other, one (the Federals) on the fringe of the forest, while behind Gordon's front straggled what remained of the Confederate

army, its trains filling the vista of the one street of the village.

A great historical scene, but with few accessories, was taking place elsewhere. The interview in which Gen. Lee concluded to surrender his army, and resolved the destiny of the Southern Confederacy, is certainly one of the most important and memorable single events of modern annals. It is usual in history, and a great satisfaction to the curious, to relate such events with singular minuteness, attending to the slightest circumstances. The writer has been enabled to give such an account of this interview; and it is interesting to notice how this plain, circumstantial account, bordering on the style of a *procès-verbal*, differs from the many attempts to dramatize the event, and contradicts nearly every popular story that has been recited for sensation. The writer has the best evidence in the world, for saying that every account of this interview which has hitherto appeared in popular publications, contains no less than four or five distinct and remarkable errors.

Thus it has been popularly reported that the first interview between the two commanders took place under an apple-tree, which has consequently been crowned with historic associations. This is false. The fact is, that, in the morning of the 9th of April, Gen. Lee, with a single member of his staff, was resting under an apple-tree, when Col. Babcock, of Gen. Grant's staff, rode up under a flag of truce, saying, that if Gen. Lee remained where he was, Gen. Grant would come to him by the road the latter was then pursuing. This was the only interview under or near the apple-tree; and it may be mentioned here, that the following day Col. Marshall, who attended Gen. Lee on the

occasion, was surprised to find Federal soldiers hacking at the tree, and was amused at their idea of obtaining from it mementos of the surrender. Obtaining news of Grant's approach, Gen. Lee at once ordered Col. Marshall to find a fit and convenient house for the interview. Col. Marshall applied to the first citizen he met, Mr. Wilmer McLean, and was directed to a house vacant and dismantled. He refused to use it; and Mr. McLean then offered to conduct him and the general to his own residence, a comfortable frame house, with a long portico and convenient "sitting-room," furnished after the bare style of the times.

The house was about half a mile distant from Gen. Lee's camp. The Confederate commander was attended only by one of his aides, Col. Marshall, a youthful, boyish-looking scion of the old and illustrious Marshall family of Virginia, who had been the constant companion of Gen. Lee in all his campaigns, and, as his private secretary, had done good literary service in the preparation of reports of battles, &c., which are now historical. With Grant, there were several of his staff-officers; and a number of Federal generals, including Ord and Sheridan, entered the room, and joined in the slight general conversation that took place there.

The interview opened without the least ceremony. The story has been frequently repeated, that Gen. Lee tendered his sword, and that Gen. Grant returned it with a complimentary remark. There was no such absurdity. Gen. Lee wore his sword (which was not his usual habit); and, on the exchange of salutations, Gen. Grant remarked, "I must apologize, general, for not wearing my sword; it had gone off in my baggage when I

received your note." Gen. Lee bowed, and at once, and without further conversation, asked that Gen. Grant would state, in writing if he preferred it, the terms on which he would receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia. Gen. Grant complied by sitting at a table in the room, and writing with a common lead-pencil the following note:—

APPOMATTOX COURT-HOUSE, April 9, 1865.

GEN. R. E. LEE, COMMANDING C. S. A.,— In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit, —

Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officers as you may designate.

The officers to give their individual parole not to take arms against the government of the United States until properly exchanged; and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of their commands.

The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them.

This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage.

This done, all officers and men will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their parole, and the laws in force where they may reside.

Very respectfully,

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General.*

Gen. Lee read the paper with quiet and sober attention. There was no

discussion of terms. The common report that Gen. Lee expressed any grateful emotion, or characterized the terms as generous, is wholly untrue. Such an effusion might have been just; it is a pleasant satisfaction to one party of the curious, but it did not occur. The only single remark he made upon the pencilled note was to inquire about the officers' property exempted from the surrender, remarking that most of the horses in the service were owned by those using them. The note was handed to Col. Badeau, who attended Gen. Grant as secretary, to copy in ink. There was but one ink-stand available; and copies were made in turn by Col. Badeau and Col. Marshall.

While the note referred to was being transcribed, Gen. Grant moved his chair towards Gen. Lee, and, to the surprise of some of the officers in the room, lowered his voice to a whisper, speaking with an appearance of great earnestness.

That pregnant whisper, the writer is assured, is now for the first time communicated to the public. If the newspapers had caught it at the time, it would undoubtedly have given a surprise and a shock to the Northern mind much greater than that it received some days later from the "Durham Conference" of Sherman. What effect it might have had on the political problems of the last five years; what "short cut" it might have afforded to the devious ways of "reconstruction;" what sensation it might have occasioned, if authentically divulged when Grant was canvassing for the Republican vote that made him president,— we can now only speculate.

The mysterious whisper was to suggest that Gen. Lee should prevail upon his troops to take the *oath of alle-*

giance before they were disbanded, that they might be restored *on the spot* to all the rights, privileges, and immunities of American citizens! The suggestion was delivered with such earnestness, as to convey the idea that Grant would have then and there pledged the inducements he offered, if Gen. Lee had doubted their realization, or his authority to make them.

But the Confederate commander made no further question of the matter. He replied simply and briefly that it was a matter in which he could not control or advise his men.

Gen. Grant then resumed the conversation in tones audible to all in the room.

Inquiries were made after the health and condition of mutual acquaintances. But there was no conversation of general interest, except one remark of Gen. Lee, that he had some two thousand or three thousand Federal prisoners on his hands, and feared that he did not have rations to supply them. Gen. Sheridan spoke up, "I have rations for twenty-five thousand men." The copy of Gen. Grant's note having been obtained in ink, Gen. Lee spoke apart to Col. Marshall, who wrote a reply, commencing with the usual formality, "I have the honor to reply to your communication of," &c., which words Gen. Lee erased, reducing the reply to the following brief sentences:—

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
April 9, 1865.

Lieut. Gen. U. S. Grant, Commanding U. S. A.

GENERAL,—I have received your letter of this date, containing the terms of surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter

of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *General.*

The exchange of these notes terminated the interview. It was singularly simple, utterly bald of all rhetorical flourishes and ceremonies; but its very simplicity gives it an interest and dignity that the most excessive formalities might fail to furnish. The barrenness of the dialogue should not give the idea of stiffness in the actors; there was nothing of the sort. The manners of both commanders were easy, self-possessed; those of plain gentlemen in ordinary intercourse; and it is remarkable that no two men of important station could be found within the limits of America who so equally abhorred the theatrical as Gen. Ulysses S. Grant and Gen. Robert E. Lee.

When Gen. Lee rode back slowly and thoughtfully to his headquarters, what had been done was visible in his face; and there was no need of words to inform his officers assembled to meet him, that terms of surrender had been agreed upon, and that the army of Northern Virginia was no more. When he had announced the result to his officers in a few simple words, they approached him in order of rank to shake hands, and express their satisfaction at his course. Many shed tears; but the ceremony was quiet and decorous. And when, at a later hour, the fact of surrender and the terms were announced to the troops, there was not a shout, not a word of exultation even at the prospect of the termination of their sufferings; and the observer could scarcely appreciate

the magnitude of an event unattended by spectacle or dramatic circumstances.

The fact was, the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia was an event felt, without an exhibition to the eye. There was no spectacular conclusion of a struggle that for four years had rocked the fields of Virginia; no dramatic scene; the feelings of the troops in this respect were magnanimously spared by the enemy. There was a Federal column waving a white flag, and lines of troops fringing a distant hill. There was nothing visible in front but these; no crash of music disturbed the evening air; no cheer was heard. On the Confederate side, the disbanded lines of attack moved across the field with the slow steps of mourners. As the sun descended the sky, it was strange to see that Federal column so near, and yet no gun in position to confront it, no line of battle, no preparation for action, so long familiar to the soldiers who had so often snatched their hasty sleep on the verge of battle, thinking of the chances of eternity on the morrow.

The very absence of dramatic accessory in the surrender gives it a strange and tender interest. The simple scene in which Gen. Lee and his army separated is touching from its very simplicity. There was no harangue or ceremony, when, in the evening of this memorable day, the men surrounded Gen. Lee's headquarters, and without distinction pressed upon the illustrious and beloved commander, and sought to shake his hand, and hear the voice that had so often conducted them to battle. It was said that Gen. Lee wept on the occasion. He did not; there were deeper signs of suffering,—the misty look of unshed tears in a strong man's

face,—as he turned to the throng that pressed upon him, and said slowly and painfully, "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done my best for you. My heart is too full to say more."

Gen. Lee was not present at the final act of surrender, which was executed by commissioners designated for the purpose; and it is supposed that the continued magnanimity of Grant spared this last trial of the feelings of the Confederate commander. He was permitted to ride back to Richmond. The first cheers that had been heard from its citizens since the scarred and blackened city cringed under the flag of the enemy, ran along the streets, and brave and noble-minded men in Federal uniform raised their caps, as the former Commander-in-chief of the Southern Confederacy passed before their eyes, with hair white as snow, and careworn face, but with touching and unspeakable dignity.

The actual surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia (contrary to the popular acceptance of the date of the event) was not made until the 10th of April. Gen. Longstreet and Gen. Pendleton, the latter Chief of Artillery, acted as commissioners on the Confederate side. The place where the arms were stacked certainly deserves a monumental designation, more than any other scene of the war,—that is, if it be advisable at all to perpetuate in monuments the history of the war. As it is, nothing marks the place where occurred one of the greatest events of modern times. It is a hill scantily wooded with oaks, a few miles from the Court-House.

The occasion, so sorrowful to the Confederate troops, was marked by some curious incidents of generosity

on the part of the enemy. As the monument gathered, of arms, flags, sabres, pistols, &c., deposited by the Confederates, some shouts, as of triumph were occasionally heard, but at a distance over the hills. "That's the rear-guard," spoke up a Federal officer apologetically; "fellows who did none of the fighting."

Another incident has been very directly communicated to the writer from Maj.-Gen. Charles W. Field of the Confederate forces; and it is as pleasant as it is authentic. While his division was at Appomattox Court-House, waiting to obtain their paroles, Gen. Meade, the victor of Gettysburg, whose army was just in its rear, sent to request that Gen. Field would conduct him through his lines, on his way to make his personal respects to Gen. Lee, who, however, had left for Richmond. As Gen. Meade, at the head of a large and brilliant staff, passed through Field's division, the men gathered along the route in numerous squads, attracted by the spectacle. The two generals were side by side conversing, when Gen. Meade turned to Gen. Field; with the remark, "Your troops are very complimentary to me." — "How so?" asked the latter. "Why, those fellows there," — pointing to a group of soiled and grim Confederates — "say I look like a rebel." — "Do you take that for a compliment?" said Gen. Field. "To be sure I do," replied Gen. Meade: "any people who

have shown the courage and spirit you have, must have their admirers everywhere."

Thus relieved by the generosity and respect of the enemy, passed away the last scene of "the conquered banner," folded on an obscure hill, on whose silent, untestifying ground the eye of the stray traveller or tourist now rests. Not a single indecency of triumph, not a single insult to the feelings of the vanquished, disfigured the simple scene in the woodland; although at that very time distant cities in the North were pouring out their populations in tides of drunken exultation, and making the day vocal with their rejoicings. Strange that the only cheers here were from the Confederates themselves. There were cheers as now and then some of their worn and tattered flags were borne to the pile; and Federal officers, on one or two occasions, had raised their hats to show how they were affected. It was a demonstration in which the worn troops of the Southern Cross forgot their sorrow, disregarded the presence of a hostile army, and gave way for a moment to the glorious recollections of the past. It was the last token of visible public respect to the memory of the Southern Confederacy, paid by the last assembly of its soldiers, and made in face of the generous enemy, who neither interrupted the demonstration, nor gainsayed the tribute it implied.

IMMORTALITÁ.

I.

BEAUTIFUL, how wert thou cradled then
 In the young world's marriage-day, —
 In Aurora's morning ray?
 How veiled from the gods and men
 In dewy moss and tangled glen?
 O maid of the earth and sky!
 O soul of the wondrous eye!
 How wert thou cradled then?

II.

Beautiful, Isis veiled art thou,
 Of Osiris the best beloved,
 Of Jupiter most approved!
 O maid with the mooned brow!
 Crescent-cradled art thou now,
 What did the fauns and fairies say,
 Hiding thee on thy natal day?
 Isis bound thee by her vow.

III.

Beautiful, who robed thee so fair,
 Whitely with moonbeams ever bright,
 With woven meshes of living light,
 With fold on fold of fleecy air,
 Veiling thee un beholden,
 Sitting thee near, yet afar,
 Like a perfect love or a star,
 Placing thee gold in the golden?

IV.

Beautiful, ever masked from sight,
 Softly the ibis' downy breast
 Allures thee for its blissful rest.
 O Isis veiled! O masked light!
 Spirit of thought and soul most white,
 Withdrawn by stern Nemesis,
 And portrayed in Remesis,
 In Bethlehem's star of night.

V.

Beautiful, in the days so olden
 Were thy garments star-enwrought, —
 Gemmed with living pearls of thought;

With sprays and mists enfolden, —
 Did Apollo sing thy praise,
 Or Jove his hand upraise,
 Setting thee gold in the golden ?

VI.

Beautiful, bring amaranth to prove
 Through the starless night of time,
 How a dream becomes sublime !
 Naming thee, as thou swift didst move
 Music-winged, thou unseen dove,
 With violet-shaded eyes,
 To the gates of Paradise,
 Erodian wins thee, beautiful love.

THEME.

A goddess dwelling on an island in a cavern near the land of shades ; all around and in the distance are the waters of death and oblivion ; across the Stygian stream, the boat of Charon passes continually, bearing souls to the shadow-land. No mortal shade can approach this island. Long ago this beautiful maiden dwelt with the gods ; but, since Jupiter passed into the power of the primal heavens, Minerva into the minds of the wise, Eros into the hearts of men, and the Muses into the souls of poets, she, alas ! has been surrounded by the serpent prejudice and bigotry, which imprisons her in a circle of fire, beyond which she cannot pass. The wonderful future promised her spirit by the mysterious Hecate, goddess of midnight, and revealer of fate, remained unfulfilled : clad in celestial whiteness, and dreaming of the golden promise, she waits. Love alone can break the fearful spell which holds her soul in its thrall : she suddenly sees the serpent move, as if in agony ; and from Charon's bark there springs a youth of transcendent loveliness, whom she recognizes as the fulfilment of her soul's prophecy. As he approaches, the serpent writhes slowly, and, hissing, disappears ; while the lovely goddess, disinthralled, reveals to the entranced youth the entire presentiment of his soul.

He is Erodian, son of Eros and Aphrodite (Love and Beauty), who, to find this rare and wonderful being, has dared face death and oblivion. She had long been sought on earth : poets had sung her praise, and sages declared her existence ; but fear and doubt had ever prevented mortals from rescuing her away from the power of the serpent. Perfect Love, fearing nought, believing all, has pierced the chain. Together they dwell among men, and, thus united, reveal Eternal Life.

[*Transposed from ancient mythology.*]

FROM THE GERMAN.

DEVIL-P U Z Z L E R S.

BY FRED. W. PERKINS.

It will not do at all to disbelieve in the existence of a personal devil. It is not so many years ago that one of our profoundest divines remarked with indignation upon such disbelief. "No such person?" cried the doctor with energy. "Don't tell me! I can hear his tail snap and crack about amongst the churches any day!"

And if the enemy is, in truth, still as vigorously active among the sons of God as he was in the days of Job (that is to say, in the time of Solomon, when, as the critics have found out, the Book of Job was written), then surely still more is he vigilant and sly in his tricks for foreclosing his mortgages upon the souls of the wicked.

And once more: still more than ever is his personal appearance probable in these latter days. The everlasting tooting of the wordy Cumming has proclaimed the end of all things for a quarter of a century; and he will surely see his prophecy fulfilled if he can only keep it up long enough. But, though we discredit the sapient Second-Adventist as to the precise occasion of the diabolic avatar, has there not been a strange coincidence between his noisy declarations, and other evidences of an approximation of the spiritual to the bodily sphere of life? Is not this same quarter of a century that of the Spiritists? Has it not witnessed the development of Od? And of clairvoyance? And have not the doctrines of ghosts, and re-appearances of the dead, and of messages from them, risen into a prominence entirely new, and into a coherence and semblance

at least of fact and fixed law such as was never known before? Yea, verily. Of all times in the world's history, to reject out of one's beliefs either good spirits or bad, angelology or diabolology, chief good being, or chief bad being, this is the most improper.

Dr. Hicok was trebly liable to the awful temptation, under which he had assuredly fallen, over and above the fact that he was a prig, which makes one feel the more glad that he was so handsomely come up with in the end; such a prig that everybody who knew him, invariably called him (when he wasn't by) Hicok-alorum. This charming surname had been conferred on him by a crazy old fellow with whom he once got into a dispute. Lunatics have the most awfully tricky ways of dodging out of pinches in reasoning; but Hicok knew too much to know *that*; and so he acquired his fine title to teach him one thing more.

Trebly liable, we said. The three reasons are,—

1. He was foreign-born.
2. He was a Scotchman.
3. He was a physician and surgeon.

The way in which these causes operated was as follows (I wish it were allowable to use Artemas Ward's curiously satisfactory vocable "thusly:" like Mrs. Wiggle's smoothing sirup, it "supplies a real want"):—

Being foreign-born, Dr. Hicok had not the unfailling moral stamina of a native American, and therefore was comparatively easily beset by sin. Being, secondly, a Scotchman, he was not only thoroughly conceited, with a conceit as immovable as the Bass Rock,

just as other folks sometimes are, but, in particular, he was perfectly sure of his utter mastery of metaphysics, logic and dialectics, or, as he used to call it, with a snobbish Teutonicalization, *dialektik*. Now, in the latter two, the Scotch can do something, but in metaphysics they are simply imbecile; which quality, in the inscrutable providence of God, has been joined with an equally complete conviction of the exact opposite. Let not man, therefore, put those traits asunder, — not so much by reason of any divine ordinance, as because no man in his senses would try to convince a Scotchman, — or anybody else, for that matter.

Thirdly, he was a physician and surgeon; and gentlemen of this profession are prone to become either thoroughgoing materialists, or else implicit and extreme Calvinistic Presbyterians, “of the large blue kind.” And they are, moreover, positive, hard-headed, bold, and self-confident. So they have good need to be. Did not Majendie say to his students, “Gentlemen, disease is a subject which physicians know nothing about?”

So the doctor both believed in the existence of a personal devil, and believed in his own ability to get the upper hand of that individual in a tournament of the wits. Ah, he learned better by terrible experience! The doctor was a dry-looking little chap, with sandy hair, a freckled face, small gray eyes, and absurd white eyebrows and eyelashes, which made him look as if he had finished off his toilet with just a light flourish from the dredging-box. He was erect of carriage, and of a prompt, ridiculous alertness of step and motion, very much like that of Major Wellington De Boots. And his face commonly wore

a kind of complacent serenity such as the Hindoos ascribe to Buddha. I know a little snappish dentist’s-goods dealer up town, who might be mistaken for Hicok-alorum any day.

Well, well — what had the doctor done? Why — it will sound absurd, probably, to some unbelieving people, — but really Dr. Hicok confessed the whole story to me himself: he had made a bargain with the evil one! And indeed he was such an uncommonly disagreeable-looking fellow, that, unless on some such hypothesis, it is impossible to imagine how he could have prospered as he did. He gained patients, and cured them too; made money; invested successfully; bought a brown-stone front, — a house, not a wiglet, — then bought other real estate; began to put his name on charity subscription lists, and to be made vice-president of various things.

Chiefest of all, — it must have been by some superhuman aid that Dr. Hicok married his wife, the then and present Mrs. Hicok. Dear me! I have described the doctor easily enough. But how infinitely more difficult it is to delineate Beauty than the Beast: did you ever think of it? All I can say is, that she is a very lovely woman now; and she must have been, when the doctor married her, one of the loveliest creatures that ever lived, — a lively, graceful, bright-eyed brunette, with thick fine long black hair, pencilled delicate eyebrows, little pink ears, thin high nose, great astonished brown eyes, perfect teeth, a little rosebud of a mouth, and a figure so extremely beautiful that nobody believed she did not pad — hardly even the artists who — those of them at least who work faithfully in the life-school — are the very best judges extant of truth in costume and personal beauty. But, furthermore,

she was good, with the innocent unconscious goodness of a sweet little child; and of all feminine charms, — even beyond her supreme grace of motion, — she possessed the sweetest, the most resistless, — a lovely voice; whose tones, whether in speech or song, were perfect in sweetness, and with a strange penetrating sympathetic quality, and at the same time with the most wonderful half-declaying completeness of articulation and modulation, as if she enjoyed the sound of her own music. No doubt she did; but it was unconsciously, like a bird. The voice was so sweet, the great loveliness and kindness of soul it expressed were so deep, that, like every exquisite beauty, it rayed forth a certain sadness within the pleasure it gave. It awakened infinite, indistinct emotions of beauty and perfection, — infinite longings.

It's of no use to tell me that such a spirit — she really ought not to be noted so low down as amongst human beings — that such a spirit could have been made glad by becoming the yoke-fellow of Hicok-alorum, by influences exclusively human. No! — I don't believe it — I won't believe it — it can't be believed. I can't convince you, of course, for you don't know her; but if you did, along with the rest of the evidence, and if your knowledge was like mine, that from the testimony of my own eyes and ears and judgment, — you would know, just as I do, that the doctor's possession of his wife was the keystone of the arch of completed proof on which I found my absolute assertion that he had made that bargain.

He certainly had! A most characteristic transaction too; for while, after the usual fashion, it was agreed by the "party of the first part," — viz., Old Scratch, — that Dr. Hicok

should succeed in whatever he undertook during twenty years, and by the party of the second part, that at the end of that time the D — should fetch him in manner and form as is ordinarily provided, yet there was added a peculiar clause. This was, that, when the time came for the doctor to depart, he should be left entirely whole and unharmed, in mind, body, and estate, provided he could put to the Devil three consecutive questions, of which either one should be such that that cunning spirit could not solve it on the spot.

So for twenty years Dr. Hicok lived and prospered, and waxed very great. He did not gain one single pound avoirdupois however, which may perchance seem strange, but is the most natural thing in the world. Who ever saw a little, dry, wiry, sandy, freckled man, with white eyebrows, that did grow fat? And, besides, the doctor spent all his leisure time in hunting up his saving trinity of questions; and hard study, above all for such a purpose, is as sure an anti-fat-tenner as Banting.

He knew the Scotch metaphysicians by heart already, *ex-officio* as it were; but he very early gave up the idea of trying to fool the Devil with such mud-pie as that. Yet be it understood, that he found cause to except Sir William Hamilton from the muddle-headed crew. He chewed a good while, and pretty hopefully, upon the Quantification of the Predicate; but he had to give that up too, when he found out how small and how dry a meat rattled within the big, noisy nut-shell. He read Saint Thomas Aquinas, and Peter Dens, and a cart-load more of old casuists, Romanist and Protestant.

He exhausted the learning of the Development Theory. He studied and

experimented up to the existing limits of knowledge on the question of the Origin of Life, and then poked out alone, as much farther as he could, into the ineffable black darkness that is close at the end of our noses on that, as well as most other questions. He hammered his way through the whole controversy on the Freedom of the Will. He mastered the whole works of Mr. Henry C. Carey on one side, and of two hundred and fifty English capitalists and American college professors on the other, on the question of Protection or Free Trade. He made, with vast pains, an extensive collection of the questions proposed at debating societies and college-students' societies with long Greek names. The last effort was a failure. Dr. Hicok had got the idea, that, from the spontaneous activity of so many free young geniuses, many wondrous and suggestive thoughts would be born. Having, however, tabulated his collection, he found, that, among all these innumerable gymnasia of intellect, there were only seventeen questions debated! The doctor read me a curious little memorandum of his conclusions on this unexpected fact, which will perhaps be printed some day.

He investigated many other things too; for a sharp-witted little Presbyterian Scotch doctor, working to cheat the Devil out of his soul, can accomplish an amazing deal in twenty years. He even went so far as to take into consideration mere humbugs; for, if he could cheat the enemy with a humbug, why not? The only pain in that case, would be the mortification of having stooped to an inadequate adversary, — a foeman unworthy of his steel. So he weighed such queries as the old scholastic *brocard*, *An chimæra bombinans in vacuo, devorat secundas*

intentiones? and that beautiful moot point wherewith Sir Thomas More silenced the challenging schoolmen of Bruges, *An averia carruce capta in vetitonamio sint irreplegibilia?*

He glanced a little at the subject of conundrums; and among the chips from his workshop is a really clever theory of conundrums. He has a classification and discussion of them, all his own, and quite ingenious and satisfactory, which divides them into answerable and unanswerable, and, under each of these, into resemblant and differential.

For instance: let the four classes be distinguished with the initials of those four terms, A. R., A. D., U. R., and U. D.; you will find that the Infinite Possible Conundrum (so to speak) can always be reduced under one of those four heads. Using symbols, as they do in discussing syllogism,— indeed, by the way, a conundrum is only a jocular variation in the syllogism, an intentional fallacy for fun (read Whately's Logic, Book III., and see if it isn't so),— using symbols, I say, you have these four "figures:"—

I. (A. R.) Why is A like B? (answerable): as, Why is a gentleman who gives a young lady a young dog, like a person who rides rapidly up hill? A. Because he gives a gallop up (gal-a-pup).

Sub-variety; depending upon a violation of something like the "principle of excluded middle," a very fallacy of a fallacy; such as the ancient "nigger-minstrel" case, Why is an elephant like a brick? A. Because neither of them can climb a tree.

II. (A. D.) Why is A *unlike* B? (answerable) usually put thus: What is the difference between A and B? (Figure I., if worded in the same

style, would become, "What is the similarity between A and B?"): as, What is the difference between the old United-States Bank and the Fulton Ferry-boat signals in thick weather? A. One is a fog whistle, and the other is a Whig fossil.

III. (U. R.) Why is A like B? (unanswerable): as Charles Lamb's well-known question, Is that your own hare, or a wig?

IV. (U. D.) Why is A *unlike* B? (unanswerable): i. e., What is the difference, &c., as, What is the difference between a fac simile and a sick family; or between hydraulics and and raw-hide licks?

But let me not diverge too far into frivolity. All the hopefully difficult questions, Dr. Hicok set down and classified. He compiled a set of rules on the subject, and indeed developed a whole philosophy of it, by which he struck off, as soluble, questions or classes of them. Some he thought out himself; others were now and then answered in some learned book; that led the way through the very heart of one or another of his biggest mill-stones.

So it was really none too much time that he had; and, in truth, he did not actually decide upon his three questions, until just a week before the fearful day when he was to put them.

It came at last, as every day of reckoning surely comes; and Dr. Hicok, memorandum in hand, sat in his comfortable library about three o'clock on one beautiful warm summer afternoon, as pale as a sheet, his heart thumping away like Mr. Krupp's biggest steam-hammer at Essen, his mouth and tongue parched and feverish, a pitcher of cold water at hand from which he sipped and sipped, though it seemed as if his

throat repelled it into "the globular state," or dispersed it into steam, as red-hot iron does. Around him were the records of the vast army of doubters and quibblers in whose works he had been hunting, as a traveller labors through a jungle, for the deepest doubts, the most remote inquiries.

Sometimes, with that sort of hardihood, rather than reason, which makes a desperate man try to believe by his will what he longs to know to be true, Dr. Hicok would say to himself, "I know I've got him!" And then his heart would seem to fall out of him, it sank so suddenly, and with so deadly a faintness, as the other side of his awful case loomed before him, and he thought, "But if—?" He would not finish *that* question; he could not. The furthest point to which he could bring himself was, that of a sort of icy outer stiffening of acquiescence in the inevitable.

There was a ring at the street-door. The servant brought in a card, on a silver salver.

Mr. Apolio Lyon.

"Show the gentleman in," said the doctor. He spoke with difficulty; for the effort to control his own nervous excitement was so immense an exertion, that he hardly had the self-command and muscular energy even to articulate.

The servant returned, and ushered into the library a handsome, youngish, middle-aged and middle-sized gentleman, pale, with large melancholy black eyes, and dressed in the most perfect and quiet style.

The doctor arose, and greeted his visitor with a degree of steadiness

and politeness that did him the greatest credit.

"How do you do, sir?" he said: "I am happy" — but it struck him that he wasn't, and he stopped short.

"Very right, my dear sir," replied the guest, in a voice that was musical but perceptibly sad, or rather patient in tone. "Very right; how hollow those formulas are! I hate all forms and ceremonies! But I am glad to see *you*, doctor. Now, that is really the fact."

No doubt! "Divil doubt him!" as an Irishman would say. So is a cat glad to see a mouse in its paw. Something like these thoughts arose in the doctor's mind; he smiled as affably as he could, and requested the visitor to be seated.

"Thanks!" replied he, and took the chair which the doctor moved up to the table for him. He placed his hat and gloves on the table. There was a brief pause, as might happen if any two friends sat down at their ease for a chat on matters and things in general. The visitor turned over a volume or two that lay on the table.

"The Devil," he read from one of them; "His Origin, Greatness, and Decadence. By the Rev. A. Réville, D.D."

"Ah!" he commented quietly. "A Frenchman, I observe. If it had been an Englishman, I should fancy he wrote the book for the sake of the rhyme in the title. Do you know, doctor, I fancy that incredulity of his, will substitute one dash for the two periods in the reverend gentleman's degree! I know no one greater condition of success in some lines of operation, than to have one's existence thoroughly disbelieved in."

The doctor forced himself to reply:

"I hardly know how I came to have the book here. Yet he does make out a pretty strong case. I confess I would like to be certified that he is right. Suppose you allow yourself to be convinced?" And the poor fellow grinned: it couldn't be called a smile.

"Why, really, I'll look into it. I've considered the point though, not that I'm sure I could choose. And you know, as the late J. Milton very neatly observed, one would hardly like to lose one's intellectual being, "though full of pain;" and he smiled, not unkindly but sadly, and then resumed: "A Bible too. Very good edition. I remember seeing it stated that a professional person made it his business to find errors of the press in one of the Bible Society's editions, — this very one, I think; and the only one he could discover was a single "wrong font." Very accurate work — very!"

He had been turning over the leaves indifferently as he spoke, and laid the volume easily back. "Curious old superstition that," he remarked, "that certain personages were made uncomfortable by this work! And he gave the doctor a glance, as much as to ask, in the most delicate manner in the world, "Did you put that there to scare me with?"

I think the doctor blushed a little. He had not really expected, you know, — still, in case there should be any prophylactic influence —? No harm done, in any event; and that was precisely the observation made by the guest.

"No harm done, my dear fellow!" he said, in his calm, quiet, musical voice. No good, either, I imagine they both of them added to themselves.

There is an often repeated observation, that people under the pressure of

an immeasurable misery or agony seem to take on a preternaturally sharp vision for minute details, such as spots in the carpet, and sprigs in the wall-paper, threads on a sleeve, and the like. Probably the doctor felt this influence. He had dallied a little, too, with the crisis; and so did his visitor, — from different motives, no doubt; and, as he sat there, his eye fell on the card that had just been brought to him.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "but might I ask a question about your card?"

"Most certainly, doctor: what is it?"

"Why — it's always a liberty to ask questions about a gentleman's name, and we Scotchmen are particularly sensitive on the point; but I have always been interested in the general subject of patronomatology."

The other, by a friendly smile and a deprecating wave of the hand, renewed his welcome to the doctor's question.

"Well, it's this: How did you come to decide upon that form of name, — Mr. Apollo Lyon?"

"Oh! just a little fancy of mine. It's a newly-invented variable card, I believe they call it. There's a temporary ink arrangement. It struck me it was liable to abuse in case of an assumption of *aliases*; but perhaps that's none of my business. You can easily take off the upper name, and another one comes out underneath. I'm always interested in inventions. See."

And as the text, "But they have sought out many inventions," passed through Dr. Hicok's mind, the other drew forth a white handkerchief, and, rubbing the card in a careless sort of way, laid it down before the doctor. Perhaps the strain on the

poor doctor's nerves was unsteady, him by this time: he may not have been right; but he seemed to see only one name, as if compounded from the former two.



And it seemed to be in red ink instead of black; and the lines seemed to creep and throb and glow, as if the red were the red of fire, instead of vermilion. But red is an extremely trying color to the eyes. However, the doctor, startled as he was, thought best not to raise any further queries, and only said, perhaps with some difficulty, "Very curious, I'm sure!"

"Well, doctor," said Mr. Lyon, or whatever his name was, "I don't want to hurry you, but I suppose we might as well have our little business over?"

"Why, yes. I suppose you wouldn't care to consider any question of compromises or substitutes?"

"I fear it's out of the question, really," was the reply, most kindly in tone, but with perfect distinctness.

There was a moment's silence. It seemed to Dr. Hicok as if the beating of his heart must fill the room, it struck so heavily, and the blood seemed to surge with so loud a rush through the carotids up past his ears. "Shall I be found to have gone off with a rush of blood to the head?" he thought to himself. But — it can very often be done by a resolute effort — he gathered himself together as it were, and with one powerful exertion mastered his disorderd nerves. Then he lifted his memorandum, gave one glance at the sad, calm face opposite him, and spoke.

"You know they're every once in a while explaining a vote, as they call it, in Congress. It don't make any difference, I know; but it seems to me as if I should put you more fully in possession of my meaning, if I should just say a word or two, about the reasons for my selection."

The visitor bowed with his usual air of pleasant acquiescence.

"I am aware," said Dr. Hicok, "that my selection would seem thoroughly commonplace to most people. Yet nobody knows better than you do, my dear sir, that the oldest questions are the newest. The same vitality which is so strong in them, as to raise them as soon as thought begins, is infinite, and maintains them as long as thought endures. Indeed, I may say to you frankly, that it is by no means on novelty, but rather on antiquity, that I rely."

The doctor's hearer bowed with an air of approving interest. "Very justly reasoned," he observed. The doctor went on, —

"I have, I may say, — and under the circumstances I shall not be suspected of conceit, — made pretty much the complete circuit of unsolved problems. They class exactly as those questions do which we habitually reckon as solved: under the three subjects to which they relate, — God, the intelligent creation, the unintelligent creation. Now, I have selected my questions accordingly, — one for each of those divisions. Whether I have succeeded in satisfying the conditions necessary will appear quickly. But you see that I have not stooped to any quibbling, or begging either. I have sought to protect myself by the honorable use of a masculine reason."

"Your observations interest me greatly," remarked the audience. "Not the less so, that they are so ac-

curately coincident with my own habitual lines of thought, — at least, so far as I can judge from what you have said. Indeed, suppose you had called upon me to help you prepare insoluble problems. I was bound, I suppose, to comply to the best of my ability; and, if I had done so, those statements of yours are thus far the very preface I supplied — I beg your pardon — should have supplied — you with. I fancy I could almost state the questions. Well?" —

All this was most kind and complimentary; but somehow it did not encourage the doctor in the least. He even fancied that he detected a sneer, as if his interlocutor had been saying, "Flutter away, old bird! That was *my bait* that you have been feeding on: you're safe enough; it is my net that holds you."

"*First Question,*" said Dr. Hicok, with steadiness: "Reconcile the fore-knowledge and the fore-ordination of God with the free will of man?"

"I thought so, of course," remarked the other. Then he looked straight into the doctor's keen little gray eyes with his deep melancholy black ones, and raised his slender forefinger. "Most readily. The reconciliation is *your own conscience*, doctor! Do what you know to be right, and you will find that there is nothing to reconcile, — that you and your Maker have no debates to settle!"

The words were spoken with a weighty solemnity and conviction that were even awful. The doctor had a conscience, though he had found himself practically forced, for the sake of success, to use a good deal of constraint with it, — in fact, to lock it up, as it were, in a private mad-house, on an unfounded charge of lunacy. But the obstinate thing would not die, and would not lose its wits;

and now all of a sudden, and from the very last quarter where it was to be expected, came a summons before whose intensity of just requirement no bolts could stand. The doctor's conscience walked out of her prison, and came straight up to the field of battle, and said, —

"Give up the first question."

And he obeyed.

"I confess it," he said. "But how could I have expected a great basic truth both religiously and psychologically so, from — from *you*?"

"Ah! my dear sir," was the reply: "you have erred in *that* line of thought, exactly as many others have. The truth is one and the same, to God, man, and devil."

"*Second Question*," said Dr. Hicok. "Reconcile the development theory, connection of natural selection and sexual selection, with the responsible immortality of the soul."

"Unquestionably," assented the other, as if to say, "Just as I expected."

"No theory of creation has any logical connection with any doctrine of immortality. What was the motive of creation? — *that* would be a question! If you had asked me *that*! But the question, 'Where did men come from?' has no bearing on the question, 'Have they any duties now that they are here?' The two are reconciled, because they do not differ. You can't state any inconsistency between a yard measure and a fifty-six pound weight."

The doctor nodded; he sat down; he took a glass of water, and pressed his hand to his heart. "Now, then," he said to himself, "once more! If I have to stand this fifteen minutes I shall be in *some* other world!"

The door from the inner room

opened; and Mrs. Hicok came singing in, carrying balanced upon her pretty pink fore-finger something or other of an airy bouquet-like fabric. Upon this she was looking with much delight.

"See, dear,!" she said: "how perfectly lovely!"

Both gentlemen started, and the lady started too. She had not known of the visit; and she had not, until this instant, seen that her husband was not alone.

Dr. Hicok, of course, had never given her the key to his skeleton-closet; for he was a shrewd man. He loved her too; and he thought he had provided for her absence during the ordeal. She had executed her shopping with unprecedented speed.

Why the visitor started, would be difficult to say. Perhaps her voice startled him. The happy music in it was enough like a beautified duplicate of his own thrilling sweet tones, to have made him acknowledge her for a sister, — from heaven. He started, at any rate.

"Mr. Lyon, my wife," said the doctor, somewhat at a loss. Mr. Lyon bowed, and so did the lady.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen, I am sure," she said. "I did not know you were busy, dear. There is a thunder-shower coming up. I drove home just in season."

"Oh! — only a little wager, about some conundrums," said the doctor. Perhaps he may be excused for his fib. He did not want to annoy her unnecessarily.

"Oh, do let me know!" she said, with much eagerness. "You know how I enjoy them!"

"Well," said the doctor, "not exactly the ordinary kind. I was to puzzle my friend here with one out of three questions; and he has beaten

me in two of them already. I've but one more chance."

"Only one?" she asked, with a smile. "What a bright man your friend must be! I thought nobody could puzzle you, dear. Stay; let me ask the other question."

Both the gentlemen started again: it was quite a surprise.

"But are you a married man, Mr. Lyon?" she asked, with a blush.

"No, madam," was the reply, with a very graceful bow, — "I have a mother, but no wife. Permit me to say, that, if I could believe there was a duplicate of yourself in existence, I would be as soon as possible."

"Oh, what a gallant speech!" said the lady. "Thank you, sir, very much;" and she made him a pretty little courtesy. "Then I am quite sure of my question, sir. Shall I, dear?"

The doctor quickly decided. "I am done for, any how," he reflected. "I begin to see that the old villain put those questions into my head himself. He hinted as much. I don't know but I'd rather she would ask it. It's better to have her kill me, I guess, than to hold out the carving-knife to him myself."

"With all my heart, my dear," said the doctor, "if Mr. Lyon consents."

Mr. Lyon looked a little disturbed; but his manner was perfect, as he replied that he regretted to seem to disoblige, but that he feared the conditions of their little bet would not allow it."

"Beg your pardon, I'm sure, for being so uncivil," said the lively little beauty, as she whispered a few words in her husband's ear.

This is what she said, —

"What's mine's yours, dear. Take it. Ask him — buzz, buzz, buzz."

The doctor nodded. Mrs. Hicok

stood by him and smiled, still holding in her pretty pink fore-finger the frail shimmering thing just mentioned; and she gave it a twirl, so that it swung quite round. "Isn't it a love of a bonnet?" she said.

"Yes," the doctor said aloud. "I adopt the question."

"*Third Question. Which is the front side of this?*"

And he pointed to the bonnet. It must have been a bonnet, because Mrs. Hicok called it so. I shouldn't have known it from the collection of things in a kaleidoscope, bunched up together.

The lady stood before him, and twirled the wondrous fabric round and round, with the prettiest possible unconscious roguish look of defiance. The doctor's very heart stood still.

"Put it on, please," said Mr. Lyon, in the most innocent way in the world.

"Oh, no!" laughed she. "I know I'm only a woman, but I'm not quite so silly! But I'll tell you what: you men put it on, if you think that will help you!" And she held out the mystery to him.

Confident in his powers of discrimination, Mr. Lyon took hold of the fairy-like combination of sparkles and threads and feathers and flowers, touching it with that sort of timid apprehension that bachelors use with a baby. He stood before the glass over the mantle-piece. First he put it across his head with one side in front, and then with the other. Then he put it lengthways of his head, and tried the effect of tying one of the two couples of strings under each of his ears. Then he put it on, the other side up; so that it swam on his head like a boat, with a high mounted bow and stern. More than once he did all this, with obvious care and thoughtfulness.

Then he came slowly back, and resumed his seat. It was growing very dark, though they had not noticed it; for the thunder-shower had been hurrying on, and already its advanced guard of wind, heavy laden with the smell of the rain, could be heard, and a few large drops splashed on the window.

The beautiful wife of the doctor laughed merrily to watch the growing discomposure of the visitor, who returned the bonnet, with undiminished courtesy, but with obvious constraint of manner.

He looked down; he drummed on the table; he looked up; and both the doctor and the doctor's wife were startled at the intense sudden anger in the dark, handsome face. Then he sprang up, and went to the window. He looked out a moment, and then said, —

"Upon my word, that is going to be a very sharp squall! The clouds are *very* heavy. If I'm any judge, something will be struck. I can feel the electricity in the air."

While he still spoke, the first thunder-bolt crashed overhead. It was one of those close, sudden, overpoweringly awful explosions from clouds very heavy and very near, where the lightning and the thunder leap together out of the very air close about you, even as if you were in them. It was an unendurable burst of sound, and of the intense white sheet light of very near lightning. Dreadfully frightened, the poor little lady clung close to her husband. He, poor man, if

possible yet more frightened, exhausted as he was by what he had been enduring, fainted dead away. Don't blame him: a cast-iron bull-dog might have fainted.

Mrs. Hicok, thinking that her husband was struck dead by the lightning, screamed terribly. Then she touched him; and, seeing what was really the matter, administered cold water from the pitcher on the table. Shortly he revived.

"Where is he?" he said.

"I don't know, love. I thought you were dead. He must have gone away. Did it strike the house?"

"Gone away? Thank God! Thank *you*, dear!" cried out the doctor.

Not knowing any adequate cause for so much emotion, she answered him, —

"Now, love, don't you ever say women are not practical again. That was a practical question, you see. But didn't it strike the house? What a queer smell. Ozone: isn't that what you were telling me about? How funny, that lightning should have a smell!"

"I believe there's no doubt of it," observed Dr. Hicok.

Mr. Appollo Lyon had really gone, though just how or when, nobody could say.

"My dear," said Dr. Hicok, "I do so like that bonnet of yours! I don't wonder it puzzled him. It would puzzle the Devil himself. I firmly believe I shall call it your Devil-puzzler."

But he never told her what the puzzle had been.

THE LESSONS OF METHODISM.

BY J. B. HARRISON.

(Read before the New-York and Hudson-River Conference).

“IN 1729, two young men in England, reading the Bible, saw they could not be saved without holiness, followed after it, and incited others so to do. . . God then thrust them out to raise a holy people.” These are the words of John Wesley and his brother Charles, describing the origin of the religious movement called Methodism.

In endeavoring to comply with the request of the Conference to write something about the Lessons of Methodism for the Unitarian body, I have not thought it necessary to say much respecting the history of Methodism, as that is accessible to all, and those who hear me to-day are probably familiar with it.

Methodism originated in a powerful conviction that religion is more important than any thing else, and that every thing in human life and character is to be vitalized and governed by it. This has always been, and is now, its foundation, its primary and most central principle. Whatever is, or has been, distinctive or peculiar in the methods of organization and of work pertaining to Methodism was produced, and its character determined, not by any genius, judgment, foresight, or will possessed by the founder of the system, but by the circumstances surrounding the movement at its birth and in later stages of its history. Probably no man ever lived whose influence affected any considerable number of his fellows who was less of an idealist than John Wesley. He did not

think much about plans: he had not time. His work always crowded him. He was a man of fairly good judgment, but of no extraordinary insight into character. He never thought it indispensable to have “just the right man” for any place, however difficult or important it might be. He always, without much deliberation, laid hold of anybody who seemed likely to do the needed work. If he did not fill the place tolerably he was put aside, and somebody else was tried. All the most important features of the system of church organization and work connected with Methodism had this origin. Wesley and his preachers did what seemed best or necessary for the time, without much thought about the future. Afterward, what was thus begun was let alone because it answered the end in view. At first, in each village and along each countryside affected by the new movement, there was a number of awakened persons,—men and women, who had been aroused and deeply impressed by an influence new and strange to them, which produced in them an intense feeling of the necessity of living a new life. But how to live it? What was the new life to be? Of this they knew very little, indeed, nothing. There was an imperative and boundless need of instruction, counsel, guidance. What was to be done? Wesley said, “I cannot stay with you: I must preach at other places. Besides, the life is not in me; and I could not give you what you most require, though I were with you every

day. Here is a man who was converted at a meeting in another village last month, or a week ago. He has had a longer religious experience than any of the rest of you; and on Sunday you must come together and tell him how you have got through the week, what temptations you have had, what difficulties, what enjoyments. He will tell you whatever he can that he thinks will help you. And you must *pray*." He said *this* all the time; and they prayed about all the time too. And, with their everlasting praying, they worked with an earnestness and intensity which,—not to enlarge this essay at this point, we may say has brought me here to speak of what they did, and you to listen. The reality of religion to them was something that, in this age, few people are able to imagine.

Then Wesley said to the man who was to look after the others, "You must see every one of these people once a week. If they are at the meeting on Sunday, speak to each one, and find out what his or her state is. If any one fails to be there, you must go see him." This was the origin of the Class-Meeting; and this feature of the system, whatever may be objectionable in it, has always secured an amount of inter-communication between the members of the church, and of mutual helpfulness, not equalled in any other large society in the world. The system of itinerant preaching grew up in the same way. Societies multiplied rapidly, and the preachers were very few. And Wesley said to one of his men, "Go to such a village, and through the country beyond; then cross to the collieries; preach wherever you can, and return and let me know of your success." When the circuit was completed, he said, "It is time to go

around again." And they have been going around ever since.

I think we do not at this day sufficiently appreciate the immense extent of the moral reformation which was wrought by Methodism in the persons and communities which first embraced it. The earliest developments of the movement affected very widely a population in which most of the grossest vices flourished in appalling luxuriance. Multitudes of the converts had been, up to the day of their awakening, living most abandoned lives; but the standard of morality placed before them by their new teachers was very high. The New-Testament precepts were constantly appealed to, and they were not construed so as to make the Christian life so easy as it is in our day. And the change in conduct and character among the converts generally was very great and absolute, and I think not exceeded at any time in the world's history. Most churches of our time have received vitality from the movement which began with Wesley's labors.

I have spoken of the first vital principle in Methodism,—the conviction that religion is, for each individual human being, the highest possible interest and concern. The second feature in order of development is the fact, that in every one who becomes religious, or enters upon the Christian life, there is awakened an intense desire and longing that other people shall become religious, and live Christian lives. This feeling is the natural and necessary effect and work of religion in its possessor. In this principle is one of the great sources of the power of Methodism; but it is not peculiar to Methodism. It belongs to religion universally.

But important as this quality of

religion is, I do not find that I can say much about it. It seems too self-evident to admit of any illustration or enforcement. Universal experience and observation show, that the man who has any religion worthy the name has a fervent desire that others may share its blessings. The man who is not troubled and burdened for those who are in moral darkness and bondage is himself "in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity." He is indifferent only because he has no real knowledge of the spiritual life. When the Divine Spirit enters into a man, it very soon manifests its presence by testifying of the man's brotherhood and unity of interest with his fellows. No man draws much nearer to God without coming nearer to men. Of course this principle will be embodied in action, in practical effort for the good of others. And this concern for the welfare of those who do not possess the light and peace and liberty which we enjoy may be regarded as a good test and indication of the degree of spiritual life in a man. This is entirely natural and reasonable, and is true even of all culture that is worthy of our time.

Methodism assumes that a great part of God's work among men, the work of enlightening and elevating mankind, is to be accomplished by means of human effort and in connection with it. So Methodism has always laid great stress upon the necessity of constant activity on the part of Christians. It is, in a very high degree, a practical system. Methodists do not often refrain from effort from the fear that some of it may be lost by misdirection, or because they cannot know every thing before they begin to work. They leave a large margin for mistakes,

and simply put in the more labor because there must be many failures in all human endeavor.

I come now to one special feature of Methodism which has given that system a great deal of its wonderful practical efficiency. This is the conviction that everybody can work. Perhaps this seems a very simple thing, but for a religious body there is almost every thing in it. Methodism teaches that any human being who has mind enough to be morally accountable may be employed by the Divine Spirit, if he tries to do the will of God, as an instrument for the accomplishment of moral changes of actually boundless extent. It holds that no one can foresee, by any knowledge of the organization, characteristics, or life of a man, the nature or extent of the work that he can do for the world's uplifting and the growth of the kingdom of God. Methodism observes, that, in selecting its instruments, the Divine Spirit often sets at defiance all human notions of fitness; that it passes by men of marvellous powers, of surpassing natural endowments, most valuable acquisitions, and lays hold of one ignorant, ungifted, with no splendid natural powers, of contemptible presence, and stammering speech. Of course Methodism does not teach that God prefers ignorant or uncouth instruments, or selects them because they are ignorant or uncouth. It emphasizes the importance of the right culture of all natural powers, and recognizes the immense value of opulent personal or intellectual ability, when it is accompanied and directed by a consecrating religious spirit. It does hold that no other powers or advantages are worth any thing for religious work without personal religion; and that, if a man is religious, there are

no disqualifications that can prevent, or even limit, the work of the Spirit of God through him for the blessing and benefit of his fellow-men. Methodism holds, that, as Emerson has so well expressed it, every man is only so much of force supplied from the Eternal.

I find more of the best things of Methodism in the writings of Emerson than anywhere else, and I wish that he and the Methodists could think it worth while to try to understand each other. Emerson's statements are almost perfect till we come to one fatal error. He saw long ago, as few in our time had seen, the significance of personal organization or individual character,—saw that, as it appears from one side, it is invincible; and he was so much impressed by its wondrous potency, that he could not believe that it is plastic and accessible even to the Infinite Spirit of which it is the creature and expression. The testimony of history and of continued experience shows beyond dispute, that no difficulty in natural organization or character can bar out from the consenting soul the Spirit of God, which makes all things possible wherever it comes. And Methodism is above Emerson in this, that while he thinks that when God has once made a man he cannot do much for him afterward, but the man must do all for himself, because organization is fate, Methodism holds that the power which first made a man can make him over again, several times if it is necessary, till he is fitted to be an instrument in the right hand of his Maker for the performance of work which angels might be proud to be permitted to do.

There is about as much of the essence and peculiar vitality of Methodism in this particular idea or con-

viction of which I have just spoken, as in any other one thing. Working in this belief, the Church utilizes all its material, and wastes none. The practical application of this fundamental principle of their system (which we may call their faith in the democracy of the divine method) gives a very peculiar and interesting character to the ministers of the Methodist Church taken together as a body. I do not think there is in all Christendom another organization of men so compact and so vital as this. Every man in it has the power of the whole body and of the whole Church behind him, every hour of his life while he continues his work for the common cause. The one test by which a man is tried is his work. The sole thing required of every one alike is, that he shall do something,—that he shall help people to be religious. If a man thinks he ought to preach, the Church says, "Try;" and he tries. If it is found that he can be useful, that somebody feels called to *hear* what he feels called to say,—if his word awakens, and wins, and feeds, and helps people,—then he shall preach; and he takes his place among the recognized ministers of the Church. If he is ignorant, he must study and improve,—*he must*. If he is uncouth in manner, or has other disadvantages, he is criticised unsparingly in private, severely if necessary, but always kindly. If he is discouraged he is put forward, and, as we say, "made much of." If he becomes vain, he is rebuked in a way that tells.

And now while he shows that his heart is in his work, or as long as he accomplishes something, he is honored and sustained by the whole body of the ministry, and by the Church generally, as an equal member of a

great and important profession and brotherhood. It may be everywhere understood, and the fact recognized, that he is a very "weak brother," that he is ignorant, or that he is a very poor speaker, — that he has one natural infirmity or another. He may be a man of very disagreeable temper, irascible, morose, taciturn. He may be suspicious, jealous, egotistical, and in many ways unengaging. These facts will be acknowledged and deplored by his brethren. These real distinctions of character are never ignored: men are not treated as if they were all alike. But while one is a minister, and cares more for his work than he does for himself, he is recognized and honored for his work's sake. The principle is simply, if this man of small powers gives what he has to the service of God and of the Church, it is all that he can do; and thus, in a true sense, he does as much as men of the greatest powers, and so he is precious and indispensable, and the Church stands by him accordingly. I think this fact has a very vital connection with the reluctance to leave the Church which Methodist ministers always feel, even when a change of theological belief requires them to withdraw. The denomination is a *home*; and there is an atmosphere around every minister, full of sympathy, warmth, and sustaining vitality.

The only other feature of Methodism of which I shall now speak is this: it provides for the employment of every member of the Church in some work for the Church and for religion. It is a system of immense practical activity. Teaching that nothing can be accomplished except by the Spirit and power of God, Methodism inspires men to work as if God depended on them for all that

he wishes to accomplish. Methodists do not stop to question whether God could do without men: they see plainly that he does not choose to do without them, — that he expects service of every man. Methodism does not forbid speculation on any subject while it does not interfere with work; but no Methodist believes that any sentiment, idea, or principle, however important or potential or divine, is worth making any noise about, unless it can be translated into character and action. They do not care much for what has no power to change men's lives. When Methodism takes hold of a man, he does not sit down and talk about his grand Methodistic ideas, how they are certain soon to leaven the world; but he seizes upon the first man he meets, and begins the work of leavening him. There is no arrangement in Methodism to excuse anybody from work for any reason whatever. My intelligent Methodist friends often say to me, "What splendid people you have in the Unitarian Church! Such material for religious work! Why do you not do more with them?"

The supreme lesson of Methodism for us, and for everybody, is, that behind entire consecration to the will of God, there always waits a power that can do all things that ought to be done, and that may at any time accomplish moral changes of the most glorious character, and of surprising and apparently impossible extent; that the influence of the Spirit of God is so large a factor in every consecrated life, that we can form no estimate of its whole product. The central and essential ideas of Methodism, when fully developed, lead, as their legitimate result, to the doctrine of the immanence of God in all true life and character, to a

faith which sees him present, with all his creative and sustaining energies, in the whole life, action, and experience of those who live to do his will.

But the consecration must be entire. God never makes bargains with people on their terms. He will have all; and then he gives all.

EDWARD EVERETT'S COLLEGE LIFE.

BY HIMSELF.

[Continued from our July number.]

THE entrance upon the junior year usually forms an era in college-life. The peculiar character implied in the designation of a sophomore, and not easily described by any other epithet, is laid aside, — higher aims begin to be formed, and a manlier line of conduct prevails. Finding some inconvenience in living with a room-mate of another class, I chummed in my junior year with John C. Gray; and we lived in No. 24, Hollis Hall. I record these trifling local details for the amusement of grandchildren, who may possibly occupy the same apartments. I continued to pursue with diligence the appointed routine of study, which, in addition to the ancient languages, now included the various branches of natural philosophy, Stewart's "Philosophy of the Mind," the higher branches of the mathematics as given in Pres. Webber's compendium, and Paley's "Evidences of Christianity." We had this year also frequent exercises in English composition, in the form of essays, and discussions of miscellaneous questions, themes, and forensics as they are called in college.

In addition to these and other prescribed studies, I added greatly to my stock of miscellaneous reading.

Among other standard works, I read the "Spectator," "Rambler," and "Idler;" the "Lives of the Poets;" Mathias's "Pursuits of Literature," then

a greatly admired work, of which the author was not known; Gifford's translation of Juvenal, and his Baviad and Maviad, which gave me an intense admiration of this author; and the letters of Junius. I caught, from the diligent persual of Johnson's works, a fondness for his grandiloquent manner. His assault upon Junius was regarded by us as a fine specimen of invective, and was a favorite piece with our speakers. I recollect that we listened with some impatience to the strictures of Mr. Frisbie (who presided over the declamations since Mr. Adams's departure), on the following extraordinary passage: "Let us abstract from his wit the vivacity of impudence, and withdraw from his efficacy the sympathetic favor of plebeian malignity, — I do not say that we shall leave him nothing; the cause that I defend scorns the help of falsehood; but when, if we leave him only his merits, where will be his praise?"

Among the books which I read at this time was a little volume containing Dr. Franklin's autobiographical sketches, and a selection from his miscellaneous works. It of course gave the autobiography in the re-translation from the French; the original English text having first appeared in Temple Franklin's edition of his grandfather's writings in 1818. In

fact, this re-translation continued to be published, as if it was the original, in the popular editions, till a year or two since.

When I called public attention to the real state of the case, in a lecture on Franklin in 1829, my venerable friend Mr. Vaughan of Hallowell, by whose persuasions Dr. Franklin was induced to continue his memoirs, spoke of my statement as "a discovery."¹

Few books that I have ever read have had a greater influence over me than this little volume. It gave me an exalted, though not an exaggerated opinion of the importance of industry, perseverance, and method. I learned from it the superiority of a modest intimation of opinion over dogmatic assertion, and the propriety of speaking with diffidence on controverted points. I have found in it an authority for some of my own tastes, such as a fondness which I have always had for tools, and a strong interest in mechanical operations. I used to form tables for a weekly record for conduct, and draw up rules of prudence and morality, in imitation of those which I found in Franklin's biography.

There was one passage in it which arrested my attention then; and subsequent events (though I am aware of the ridicule of pointing out even a coincidence between the career of a common man and that of Franklin) have led me in after life to recur to it. Franklin says, "My father having, among his instructions to me when a boy, frequently repeated a proverb of Solomon, 'Seest thou a man diligent in his calling, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men.' I then considered industry as a means of obtaining wealth and distinction, which encouraged me, though

I did not think that I should ever literally stand before kings: which, however, has since happened; for I have stood before five, and even had the honor of sitting down with one (the King of Denmark) to dinner!"

I have much more reason than Franklin to ascribe what little success I have had in life to industry and diligence in the discharge of the duties of the several offices to which I have been called; and as far as standing before crowned heads, and sitting down to dinner with them, is an object to be desired, I have certainly no cause to complain. During my residence in Europe, first as a youthful student and traveller, and later in an official capacity, I have been presented to the following sovereigns, with several of whom I have had the honor of dining, and with one or two of whom I have had as much acquaintance as is permitted by the usages of courts in similar cases.

The Emperor Nicholas of Russia, of whose death, while I write this paper, we have just received the intelligence; the Emperor Napoleon III. of France; an Austrian arch-duke, who, I believe, is the present Emperor of Austria; Queen Victoria of England; the kings of Prussia, Saxony, Hanover, The Netherlands, Belgium; three kings of France,—Louis XVIII., Charles X., Louis Philippe, his queen and most of his sons; Pope Pius VII.; the past and the present kings of Naples; Ali Pacha of Albania (who sent us our dinner from his palace daily while we were at Yanina) and his two sons; the Grand Duke of Tuscany; Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Naples and Spain; Louis Bonaparte, ex-king of Holland, and father of an emperor; Madame Letitia Bonaparte, mother of one em-

¹ Everett's Orations, vol. ii. p. 3.

peror, and grandmother of another, and mother of three kings and two queens; and finally the widow of the Mexican Iturbide, who, while he ruled, was as good an emperor as the rest. I may add, that I have had the honor of the personal acquaintance or correspondence of all the presidents of the United States, except the first and greatest; and I think it will not be considered as republican partiality, when I add, though some of them have not been either our ablest or best men, the average character of our elective American rulers is altogether superior to that of their hereditary contemporaries in Europe. At the same time, I must confess that the latter, as far as my means of observation have extended, have been persons of intelligence, generally well-educated, polite and unassuming in their manners. Of some of them, to whom I have only been presented at a general reception, I have, of course, no personal knowledge. The late Emperor of Russia, Louis Philippe, the King of the Belgians, and Queen Victoria eminently belong to the description first given. The present Emperor of the French is an instance, as far as I recollect, *unique*, of a person not distinguished for high traits in private life, but mounting to an imperial throne, and filling it with a suddenly developed energy, skill, and power, without example in history.

But to return from this long digression to my college-life, I paid much attention in my junior year to my exercises in English composition, and never failed, but in one instance, to get what was called a double mark: that is, a double line drawn by the professor who examined the themes under the name of the writers of a few of those thought best. The single instance in which I failed of this dis-

tingtion was a theme in which the professor supposed me to have alluded to some incidents in his own life; a piece of impertinence which I was wholly incapable of committing. On this surmise he deprived me of the gratification of being able to say that I had never failed to get a double mark for my compositions. A coldness of considerable duration ensued between us, which was, however, removed a few years after my graduation. This was the only unpleasant incident that ever occurred in my relations with my teachers.

It was the practice at this time with the young men at college, as it is still, to keep a country school during the winter vacation, which lasted seven weeks, and was eked out by the school-keepers, with the connivance of the faculty, to eight or ten. Partly moved by boyish whim, but not indifferent to the small stipend paid for this service, I undertook to keep a school in the winter vacation of my junior year, in one of the districts of the East Parish (I think it was) of Bridgewater. I had seventy or eighty pupils of the two sexes, more than half older than myself, some of them grown men and women. Nothing but the common branches of English education was taught; to which, of course, I was fully competent. But the labor was not small,—the care and responsibility beyond my years. To set copies for so many scholars, most of whom wrote, was no trifling affair; and from fifty to sixty pens—most of them of very ordinary material—were to be made and mended two or three times each daily. Schoolmasters of the present day do not know how much they are indebted to the invention of steel pens. I met with no particular difficulty; but I was heartily glad when the

engagement was completed.¹ I had but little time for reading during the winter, and was wholly out of the way of new books. A copy of "Gertrude of Wyoming," however, fell in my way, which I read with exquisite delight, as I had the "Pleasures of Hope" long before. It is a great pity that Campbell has by his false accentuation spoiled the sound of Wyoming.

My old fondness for the theatre continued, though its gratification was attended with difficulty in term-time. It was contrary to the college-laws to leave Cambridge without permission, or to attend the theatre. The last prohibition was not, as now, wholly obsolete; and the first, strange as it will sound to modern ears, was strictly enforced. To be seen on any of the roads leading to the neighboring towns, without leave, was to incur a fine. Then, too, the loss of a whole evening till long after midnight was a pretty serious affair to those who aimed at the reputation of scholarship. Sometimes, however, the temptation was too great to be resisted. I recollect that once during the winter of 1809-10, on occasion of some great attraction, — I think it was during the visit of Cooke to this country, and to see his Shylock, — I walked into town with a few classmates to attend the theatre, and, after it was over, walked out again; thus getting back to college at about one o'clock in the morning, cold, weary, and stupid. Still, however, a lesson was to be learned in Enfield's Philosophy, to be recited before breakfast the next morning; and it happened to be one of the most difficult portions of the book; viz., the concluding part of the seventh chapter of the second book, on central

forces. My case was different from that of one of my classmates, who used to say that he measured the propositions in Enfield with his dividers and scale; and, if they exceeded an inch in length, he neglected to study them; as he was sure not to be examined on any thing that went beyond that measure. On the contrary, I was one of three or four sure to be examined on the most difficult portions of the work, and generally anxious to be.

On the present occasion, there was a demonstration longer than usual, of a somewhat abstruse character, or what seemed so to me then; and my conscience (a little punctured at having gone to the theatre at all) whispered to me the extreme probability that it would fall to my lot. It was the eighty-first proposition, in the following words: "If equal bodies revolving in ellipses describe equal arcs in equal times, their centripetal forces are to one another inversely as the squares of their distances from the *foci* of the ellipse towards which they tend." Under ordinary circumstances, I should probably have found no difficulty in following the demonstration of this proposition; but half-asleep as I was, chilly and tired, I soon found to my dismay that I did not comprehend it. This had never happened to me before; and the alarm which it caused me did not sharpen my faculties. After trying unsuccessfully for some time to grasp the argument, I determined to commit the whole concern to memory; viz., the statement of the proposition, the description of the diagram, and the demonstration, amounting to rather more than a quarto page of fine print. This I did in no very long time, and went contented to bed. In the morning, as I foreboded, I was examined on the formidable proposition. I rose

¹ I repeated my "Washington" at East Bridge-water last week, and saw several of my old scholars of both sexes.

in some trepidation to demonstrate it; pretended to look at the diagram, but without doing so, fearful, that, if I cast loose from memory, I should become confused; but I soon found, to my great satisfaction, that I was able not only to go through the proposition fluently *memoriter*, but that the force of the reasoning and the coherence of its successive steps were now apparent to my mind, and what was all a dark blur the night before was now perfectly clear.

I have in the preceding chapter mentioned Mr. Buckminster's address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society. The charm of this performance exerted some influence on my mind in reference to the choice of a profession. My thoughts had already been turned by my intercourse with Mr. Buckminster to the imitation of his career. I usually saw him for a few moments in my weekly visit to Boston, not less frequently in the vacations, besides listening to him in vacations on Sundays. It will easily be imagined that the influence of such an intellect and character over a youthful mind must have been all but irresistible. He was then at the height of his reputation. The study of biblical criticism and the knowledge of the German theology (which at that day had by no means reached its modern extravagance) were introduced into America by him. His library contained, as far as I know, the only copies of several of the leading publications in this department. His conversations imparted to me a vague and youthful ambition of pushing these studies to their fountain-head at a German university. A resort to the universities of that country, now so common with young Americans, was then wholly unknown in the United States, except on the part of a few persons of

German origin in New York and Pennsylvania. I conceived at this time an indistinct plan of endeavoring at some future day to complete my education at one of those institutions.

In the summer of 1810, seven or eight of my class, of whom I was one, set up a little semi-monthly literary magazine. I had, as I have already said, scribbled a little for the press as early as my freshman year, and had kept up the practice at intervals, as a sophomore and junior. By this practice, I had acquired some facility and a boyish itch for writing. I was accordingly one of the most active contributors to the periodical. It could, of course, have no permanent literary value. I suppose it was as good as could be expected under the circumstances. There is nothing in it, as far as I am concerned, worth rescuing from oblivion. The public furnished the proper corrective of our rashness; and the little periodical died a natural death before the end of the twelve-month. It was I must confess, decidedly inferior to similar publications which have since taken place, furnishing in this a fair index of the advance of scholarship which has been made at Cambridge within the last generations, of which there are many other indications of much greater importance.

At the close of the junior year I received the appointment of English orator at the public exhibition. This appointment, according to the usage then prevailing, implied that I was considered by the faculty one of the three first scholars in the class. I called my subject the "Prejudices of Criticism," a not very significant phrase, borrowed from the phraseology at that time prevalent at college.

In the autumnal vacation at the close of this year, I made a little ex-

cursion in company with one of my classmates, W. Powell Mason, as far as Philadelphia. This I may call my first sight of the world. We went by the way of Newport, then in great decay, with scarce any houses except those on the main street, and the grass springing between the paving-stones in that. Though we were there in what would be the height of the season now, I do not recollect that there were any strangers at all in the place: there were certainly none at Chapotin's, where we staid, a favorite French coffee-house.

We took passage down the sound to New York in a small trading packet sloop. I believe there were no other passengers, — a striking contrast with the crowds that fill the steamers twice a day at the present time. We were two days out, and touched upon a rock at the entrance of Hell-gate. After a few days at New York, we took passage in a steamboat up Staten-Island Sound. This, I believe, was the first regular steam passage-boat on the New-York waters, consequently in the world. It was a small vessel, the machinery, compared with recent improvements, complicated and inefficient, and the progress proportionably slow. It, however, filled me with admiration. I passed the whole time I was on board in examining as closely as I was able. Scarce any thing is more noticeable than the tardy progress of this noble invention, even after actual experiment had proved its soundness. Not a steamer was plying the Western waters regularly as late as 1817; nor was there, as late as 1819, a steamer on the Mediterranean, between Dover and Calais, nor, if I remember rightly, on Long-Island Sound. The progress of the extension of steam transport in the United States was greatly retarded by the attempts to secure a

monopoly under the laws of New York to the assignees of Fulton. We crossed New Jersey in a very poor stage-wagon; but I was rendered happily indifferent to the discomfort to this part of the journey, by a copy of a pocket edition of the "Lady of the Lake," then just published in New York. Eight years later, on occasion of a visit of a few days at Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott kindly wrote his name in this little volume.

In Philadelphia we staid at the Mansion House, in Third Street, a building not now, I believe, standing, originally the residence of Mr. William Bingham, the eminent merchant of Philadelphia, and in his day the centre of society. It had been a boarding-house or a family hotel for a few years, and of course greatly dismantled of its splendors; but a magnificent marble staircase still bore witness to the original grandeur of the mansion. The present Lord Ashburton was born in this house; his late highly accomplished and estimable mother being the daughter of Mr. Bingham. On our return eastward, we again took a sailing-packet from New York bound to Providence. A heavy gale caused us to put into New London. The circumstance that two young men traveling for pleasure should twice in two or three weeks prefer a common packet-sloop for a passage between Rhode Island and New York over any mode of communication through Connecticut, will show the improvements in traveling made since that time.

Pres. Webber died in the summer of 1810, — a most excellent man, of a thoroughly amiable temper, and reputed a sound mathematician, of the old school, but rather too much given to routine. The institution was in an unquiet state for the first three years of his presidency. I can never reflect

without a shudder at the dangerous examples and influences under which the first half of my college-life was passed. After an interregnum of a few months, Dr. Kirkland was chosen in his place. His accession was hailed as a most auspicious event to the institution. To me it was a very pleasing circumstance. He had been the successor of my father in the ministry, and his friend as long as he lived. He ever manifested great kindness for me, and in many respects stood to me *in loco parentis*. At his inauguration, besides other exercises, a beautiful and appropriate poem was spoken by my classmate Frothingham.

I continued in my senior year to live with Gray. We occupied the room No. 23, Stoughton, then considered perhaps the best in college. Holworthy Hall was not then built. A somewhat amusing incident occurred in the first week of our occupation of this room. It was separated from that of Prof. Frisbie only by the single, and that rather slight partition, which separated adjoining rooms in the college-building. This contiguity to the room of a professor or tutor of course secures a quiet neighborhood. To our great dismay and perplexity, therefore, two or three nights after we took possession of our new apartment, we were awakened at midnight by the most appalling screams from the adjoining room. A man on the rack could not have uttered shrieks more piercing and terrific. As soon as I was sufficiently awake to come to my senses, I remembered to have heard that Prof. Frisbie was subject to periodical attacks of nightmare, during which he uttered these frightful screams, and that the students who lived where we did were accustomed to knock on the partition till he woke. This I did for a few moments, and with the desired

effect. I visited Mr. Frisbie the next day; and he told me, that while in the nightmare his distress was increased by reflecting that he had not acquainted us — the new tenants of the adjoining room — with his infirmity, and that we should not know what to think of the noise, nor what to do if we suspected what it was. It so happened, however, that the subject had been mentioned to me by my predecessor in the room, Dr. Parkman, whose tragical fate has been already alluded to.

I passed the winter vacation of this year at college, principally employed in miscellaneous reading. Among other standard works, I read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" with considerable care, with a considerable portion of Burke. The gorgeous style of the latter, and the stately eloquence of Gibbon and Johnson, caught my youthful fancy, and pleased me more than the simple diction of Goldsmith and Addison. These last I had always read with pleasure; but I thought the three great masters I have just named were rather to be imitated as models of style; an error which it took me some years to discover and correct.

During my senior year I relaxed a little from my studious habits, though I did not fall into serious neglect of my college-duties, still less into any vicious indulgence. But I had become weary of the restraints of college-life, and the natural restlessness of the age I had reached (seventeen) rendered me impatient of academic confinement and routine. I was in some danger of going astray. I accepted an invitation to become a member of a convivial club, the Porcellian, where I was certainly rather out of place, but where I had the countenance of some studious associates. I recollect no greater excess than that of taking a ride on

horseback rather more frequently than my narrow finances made it expedient; but I lived, upon the whole, with great frugality.

In August, 1811, I took my degree, and delivered the valedictory oration of the class on Commencement Day. I called my subject "Literary Evils," an unmeaning phrase, like that which I chose as the subject of my exhibition oration. It was, I suspect, an inferior performance. Not much can be effected, even by a mature mind, in a set discourse of only twelve minutes in length, of which some portion had to be given up by the valedictory orator to the enumeration of some of the

chief benefactors of the college, — a practice borrowed from the "commemoration," of the English universities, and now discontinued at Harvard. Our class was the first to which these English orations had been assigned, and it was some years before the example was followed. An entire change in the arrangement of the literary exercises of Commencement Day has since taken place, and there is still room for great improvement. At present, they are greatly too numerous, and the time devoted to them necessarily too long. The average character of these juvenile efforts is now vastly beyond the standard in my time.

REMINISCENCES OF DR. DÖLLINGER.

BY JOHN EDGAR JOHNSON

THE first time I ever saw Dr. Döllinger was in the spring of 1868. A distrust of Protestant writers and speakers as expounders of Catholicism, and a growing disposition to defend the Romish Church against many attacks made upon it by its enemies, led me to visit Munich for the purpose of attending the theological lectures which are delivered before the university there. I soon discovered, from conversing with the students, that Dr. Döllinger was the most able professor on the theological faculty; and I determined to hear him. His subject was Church History; and certainly nothing could have been fairer than the judgments which he passed, or more free from prejudice than the opinions which he expressed. He alluded in terms of scathing rebuke to the murder of Hypatia by the monks of Alexandria; intimated that Constantine, though baptized by the

Church, had probably gone where Dante sends one of the popes; and, in two or three lectures, poured out vials of wrath with reference to the Inquisition. One day I was somewhat surprised to hear him carefully set forth the fact, that the Church in her councils had, once at least, pointedly contradicted herself. At Antioch, in the year 272, Sabellius was condemned for maintaining that the Son was of the *same* essence as the Father (*ὁμοούσιος τῷ πατρὶ*): but at Nicea, in the year 325, Arius, who taught that the Son was of *like* essence as the Father (*ὁμοιούσιος*), but subordinate to him, suffered excommunication; and the very doctrine for which Sabellius had been condemned fifty years before now received the sanction of the Church, and ever since that time has constituted a part of the orthodox faith. It will be seen that this whole controversy about the

Trinity turned upon the use of the letter *I*. Perhaps this letter has caused more blood to flow than all the rest of the alphabet put together.

Dr. Döllinger pointed out this contradiction much in the same manner as I have indicated it, but made no attempt to reconcile the fact with the supposed infallibility of the Church. After the lecture, I drew the attention of a German student who sat near me to this circumstance; but he only shrugged his shoulders, and gave me to understand that Döllinger did not pretend to run his lectures on church history in conjunction with those by the professor in dogmatics: another man had that subject; and, as history came first in the course, it would probably devolve upon dogmatics to do the reconciling.

A little later I heard Schmidt, the professor in dogmatics, handle this very subject of infallibility. He said there were three theories. First, That the pope alone was infallible, and hence, as a natural consequence, temporal sovereign of the earth. This view he characterized as unreasonable, and not likely to prevail. Secondly, That the council alone was infallible, and that the pope only spoke its will. Thirdly, That the pope and council both together were infallible. The lecturer himself inclined to the latter opinion, as did apparently a greater part of the students, who were about one hundred and fifty in number. I began to think that the dogma of the pope's infallibility was not such a bad doctrine after all, provided it was properly explained away.

I see from my journal that I met Dr. Döllinger for the first time at his own house May 15, 1868. He received me very cordially; and the conversation was in English, which he speaks quite fluently, having passed a

number of months in London. The conversation turned upon Orestes A. Brownson. He knew him well from his works, and had been visited by his son. He spoke in friendly terms of him, but said that he thought Brownson was somewhat changeable. When he first came over, he was going to turn the pope out of the church for heresy; then he swung around to the other extreme; now he was back again.

The professor spoke of Dr. Channing, whose works he had. He said that he was a noble soul, and thought that Calvinism ought to be held responsible for his heresy on the subject of the Trinity. Several articles in "The Mercersburg Review," written by Nevins, had attracted his attention. They evinced more ability than any thing he had read from the pen of an American. Dr. Schaff might be a more learned man, but he did not possess so much native power as Nevins.

The doctor, discovering quite early in the conversation that I was looking for the good and not for the evil in Catholicism, remarked that he supposed I knew there were two parties in the church, — the Gallican, or Liberal, and the Ultramontane. It was easy to see that he had little respect for the latter. He thought the Ultramontanists could not stand long against the progress of science and the rapidly increasing intelligence of the people. I asked him if Schmidt was in sympathy with this party; and he said, with a smile, that he did not think there were many Ultramontanists in Germany, — the climate did not agree with them.

I visited Dr. Döllinger several times after this, lending him one day a copy of "The Atlantic Monthly," which contained the first part of Mr. Parton's article, entitled "Our Roman-

Catholic Brethren." The professor, on returning the number, expressed the fear that there were not many Protestants so liberal in their sentiments as Mr. Parton. He spoke frequently of America, and feared that Catholicism suffered there on account of its being associated so intimately with the Irish people. (The German Catholic is always very anxious to have you understand that his Catholicism is not of the Irish sort.) He thought that the Romish Church would never flourish as it ought in the United States until a great university should be founded there in its interests. The spirit of Protestantism, he declared, encouraged individuality, and resulted irresistibly in "rationalism." The time was close at hand when men would be compelled to choose between Rome and Free Religion. There were but two paths. Of course, I was not there to argue with the doctor; and so I said nothing. In fact, I had nothing to say. But I called to mind the colored preacher who became involved with his rhetoric one day after this manner. "Brethren," said he, "there are only two roads in this world. Broad is the road which leads down to hell, and many there be who walk therein; but straight and narrow is the road which — leads — to everlasting damnation." — "If that is the truth," exclaimed a darkey in the congregation, "then this nigger takes to the woods." That was my position exactly. In any such event as that which the doctor supposed, I mentally resolved that nothing should prevent me from taking to the woods.

The subject of the impending war was broached one day; and I was assured that Catholic Germany would rally as one man to the support of Prussia, in case a single French soldier should set foot upon her soil. The se-

quel proved that the doctor was right, though the future attitude of Bavaria was then a matter of considerable doubt in the minds of some. Bismarck forced France to take the initiative, and thus secured the co-operation of Southern Germany. Had Prussia been the aggressor, it is a question whether Bavaria would have supported her.

This is about all I recall now of our various conversations; for, although the students were very enthusiastic in the professor's praise, I had no reason to suppose that he would ever occupy so much of the world's attention as has since proved to be the case; and hence I wrote down but little of what was said.

Dr. Döllinger is the author of a good many works, the most important of which is a history of the Reformation. I presume it is as free from bias as most Protestant histories. He charges the early Protestants with all sorts of immorality and and irreligion, and claims that these excesses were the legitimate fruit of the doctrine of justification by faith alone. Luther and Melancthon both acknowledged, we are told, the sad condition of Protestant people in their day; but the former said that the end of the world was at hand, and quoted Scripture to show that these things were necessary. But be this as it may, the times have certainly changed. Half the children born in Munich now are illegitimate, while of the one hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants only sixteen thousand are Protestants.

The doctor has also written a work entitled "Die Kirche und die Kirchen," "The Church and the Churches." It is a book of 700 pages, published in 1861. I think he said it had been translated into English. The work is an exposition of Catholicism as

compared with the various Protestant denominations, and contains a good deal of truth along with some astonishing errors. The author thinks he has discovered why clergymen are so poorly paid in the United States. In looking over the statistics, it never occurs to him, that any but communicants contribute to the support of the minister. Many churches, he says, have no more than fifty members, which he judges to be the entire congregation. This is a pardonable error. In Germany the sacraments are administered by law. In many cases, no doubt, they are regarded as a legal penalty. And yet the doctor speaks of the very great reverence in which religion is held in this country. He says that in Massachusetts, for instance, a man may shoot an infidel, and no jury could be found to convict him. Theodore Parker is spoken of as a Pantheist. Such mistakes are unavoidable, I suppose, when one attempts to cover a broad field, or writes

of men and institutions at a great distance.

I soon discovered, that, although Dr. Döllinger was popular with a majority of the students and professors, a small number out of each class disapproved of his course, and thought he was doing a great deal of harm. These were the Ultramontanists. A year later, however, the faculty elected him chancellor of the university. He is a man of medium height, dark complexion, a little deaf, and about sixty; too old, I fear, to lead a new Reformation of the Church. He is self-willed and petulant enough for another Luther, if that is all. I do not believe he is afraid of the pope. When we parted he expressed the hope that we might ere long be members of the same household of faith. Little did I then think how soon and in what manner his wish would be realized. It now remains to be seen whether the doctor will choose the road to Free Religion, or "take to the woods."

HEXAMETERS.

"LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL," CANTO VI., §XXXV.

"Then sudden through the darkened air," &c.

QUUM subito nigrum perstringens aëra, fulmen
 Exarsit, mirumque ignem jaculatur in aedes,
 Tam claro rutiloque exortum lumine, ut omne
 Castellum cœli traxisse incendia visum.
 Undique fulserunt aulæ laquearia celsæ,
 Parietibus clypei fulserunt undique fixi,
 Exuvisque trabes claras, et marmora signis,
 Monstrat flamma simul, simul ipsa obscura recondit. —
 Nec mora; per proceres stupefactos ira cucurrit
 Fulguris indomiti, et rapido transverberat ictu
 Concilium, tardoque involvens atria fumo
 Deformem in puerum cecidit prærupta fragore.

THE BOSTON THEOLOGY.

BY EDMUND B. WILLSON.

THE Rev. Dr. McCosh, President of Princeton College, lectured in Boston winter before last, upon Rationalism and Positivism, repeating the lecture in New York the last winter. In this lecture, as reported in the newspapers, he gives to certain phases of opinion supposed to have their chief centre of influence in the chief city of New England the name of "The Boston Theology."

The name stands for something very real, and pretty well understood, at least among American students of theology. Dr. McCosh says it has a name even in Europe. It would be as difficult to define the Boston Theology in terms that would meet universal acceptance, as it would be to define the Boston climate. Yet those who have breathed the theological and religious atmosphere of this region, know as well what it is, as they know the quality of an east wind, or the beauty of an autumn sunset over the elms and spires of Cambridge.

In the matter of definition, we do not think Dr. McCosh has been happy, although he thinks he knows the theology in question familiarly. It may be that he does. But he does not think well of it, and his unflinching bias seems to constitute the medium through which he has viewed it every time; so that, seen from far or seen from near, seen for the first time or seen for the thousandth time, the look of it can never please him; and with increase of familiarity comes increasing assurance that it can never stand the test of Christian scholarship.

We would not intimate that Dr. McCosh is discourteous in his oppo-

sition to the Boston Theology. He is always amiable. He never sounds the alarm with a gloomy face and a tone of solemn warning, or bids the young inquirer keep at a distance from it. He rather invites him to come near, — if only under his guidance and safe conduct, — and see what a harmless thing this is.

Dr. McCosh says some gracious things of those whom he cites as exponents of the Boston Theology. But it is a delusive complaisance. He shows you how thoroughly he appreciates the utmost and the best that can be said for this school of thought, and how carefully he has weighed the names that give it currency, only that you may be the more impressed when you see how easy it is for him, without losing the jaunty air of one who makes the answering of such adversaries a mere pastime, to point out the weakness of their positions.

Of Dr. Channing, he says no one should allow himself to speak except with reverence. He cheerfully accords to him the honor of having produced "one of the noblest specimens of moral criticisms which we have in the English language. He gives him credit for having stuck by the inspiration of Scripture, as he, Dr. McCosh, understands it, and as having "left us defences of the Word of God, as true as they are eloquent." But nevertheless, "everybody sees," if the lecturer is correctly reported, — "*everybody* sees that Dr. Channing has failed to prove that Socinianism or Unitarianism is in the Bible, — in the letter or in the spirit of it."

We said Dr. McCosh was not happy

in defining the Boston Theology. He might answer, that he did not undertake to define it. In terms, he appears not to have done so. But he meant to give his hearers an impression of what it is, nevertheless, — a very positive and a very unfavorable impression. The delineation is rather by illustrative comparisons, and supposed affinities and tendencies, by loose and unsupported assertions, than by careful statements well justified by proofs. The Boston Theology was that which Dr. Channing believed and preached. It was the Socinianism, or Unitarianism, we are to understand, which he could not prove to be in the Bible. Then it appears to be the "Rationalism," which it is also clear "is not in the Word of God." It appears again to be what Theodore Parker taught, who received his "inspiration" "from the works of Carlyle and the translations of Cousin." Dr. McCosh distinguishes the teachings of Parker from those of Channing, by antipodal characteristics, and yet identifies them in the development of the Boston Theology. The "Excelsior" youths of Boston, who had found the theology of Channing icy cold in temperature, and so innutritious as to threaten their souls with starvation, betook themselves with great appetite and temporary relief to the doctrine of Intuition as taught by Parker, and "we had a time of wading deep in melting matter." But melting with Parker, or freezing with Channing, it is Boston Theology still.

Emerson the dreamer appears at the same period. This genius, — "a beauty and a mystery," — it is admitted, "charmed for a moment." If Dr. McCosh were inclined to believe in dreams of any kind, he would as readily believe in Emerson's dreams as in those of anybody. But these

dreams, we understand, go in to help make up that anomalous compound of fallacies and illusions, the Boston Theology.

Directly we are left in doubt whether this is a theology at all; or only a philosophy, and untenable at that. Channing stuck to Scripture, to be sure, and that inspired; and Parker wrote what he called a "Discourse of Religion;" and Emerson spoke in his early ministry from a Boston pulpit. But from such names as these we are soon carried in our researches after the roots of the Boston Theology to Goethe, Carlyle, and Coleridge; thence to the philosophical systems of Kant, Fichte, Schelling and Hegel, — these for roots; for fruits, to — well, let one ominous word suffice, — Positivism! What that is, the lecturer as little attempted to define as he did the Boston Theology; or rather defined it in the same way. The former is what the latter comes to in its last consequences. It is conjectured to be that of which "Diodorus the Slow" wrote in ancient times, as it is recorded of him that "he wrote a treatise on the Awful Nothing, and died in despair." Its representatives — the representatives we suppose they are of the Boston Theology gone to seed — are such men as Comte, Mr. Mill, and Mr. Herbert Spencer; and Mr. Grote, Mr. Lewes, Mr. Buckle, Prof. Bain, and Prof. Huxley may be ranked as their auxiliaries. And as Mr. Mill, for instance, "evidently feels that he has no argument left on his system to prove the existence of a God, utters no profession of his faith, and believes that an atheist may be a man of high piety," the inference seems pretty straight and clear that it is quite consistent at least, and perhaps not at all unlikely, that one who begins in the Boston Theology should end in atheism.

After all, the Boston Theology seems to be a pretty sturdy fact. We have been hearing for a generation that it is dying out; that its temples are deserted, its ministers going into other callings, its devotees and confessors steadily decreasing in numbers. But we are met by some other appearances which seem hardly reconcilable with these familiar statements.

We think we heard something of an appeal made to a distinguished Trinitarian clergyman of a neighboring State a year or two ago, to leave his large and united congregation, and to come and take a pulpit in Boston then vacant; the appeal running, it was said, in most urgent terms, and founded upon the assumed fact that there was no other position where the most commanding gifts and abilities, the highest fame for eloquence and learning, and the most unquestioned reputation for orthodoxy of belief, could render so great service to the cause of truth and religion as in Boston; and for the reason that here the tide of educated thought and social influence set more strongly than anywhere else in the land against the doctrines of the orthodox churches.

Again, we heard it announced that Dr. McCosh, and a train of the ablest scholars and most widely-known and highly-esteemed divines of the orthodox church following him, were coming to Boston to give there a series of discourses on "Christianity and Scepticism." And this rare opportunity to listen to men of fame, mustered from the four quarters of the land,—presidents of colleges, professors in theological schools, lights in learning, and leaders in intellectual power and Christian excellence,—it was understood, had been provided, not so much for the gratification of their

fellow-believers and brethren of their own church, as for the counter-action of that special Scepticism, or Rationalism, or Unitarianism, or whatever it might be, which the term Boston Theology should cover. We think our recollection is not at fault in recalling the latter as the avowed occasion for this great and united effort. Ten lectures given in Boston, repeated in Cambridge, and afterwards gathered into a volume of four hundred duodecimo pages, were the result of that winter's work; and so important was the occasion deemed, or so hopeful the effects of that experiment, that a similar procession of eminent teachers renewed their discourses in the same place the winter following.

This series of discourses¹ is remarkable,—for nothing more remarkable, than for the extent to which the writers have advanced from the old fields of controversy, and adopted the very statements and ideas most characteristic of the Boston Theology itself. This Boston "Scepticism" must have rubbed its eyes and pinched itself to certify that it was awake, when in the very first lecture of the volume, and in its opening paragraphs, it found itself charged, under the guise of "Naturalism," with not believing in progress. This was a turning of the tables indeed. New-England orthodoxy taking the rôle of progress, the radicalism of the day that of a resisting conservatism which does not believe in progress; or which, if it does believe, has no right to do so, since all the progress it can legitimately hold to is a "growth analogous to the growth of a seed,—the necessary development of man's vital force under the action of the external forces of Nature." So that "sin loses

¹ The Boston Lectures. Vol. I. Boston : Crocker & Brewster. 1869.

its significance and its blame-worthiness, and becomes only a necessary step in the process of development; the darkest and most corrupt ages, the greatest crimes, the most wicked men, become necessary parts of the progress of man."

But the lecturer gives us the benefit of a reservation. He "will not say that all who adopt a naturalistic theory accept this legitimate and logical result."

They who remembered to have heard the older orthodoxy refer constantly to a past age of innocence as the best estate of man, from which he fell at the first, and from which fall he has never recovered, must have listened, if not with surprise, with delight certainly, to hear how like the voice of the Boston Theology itself was this voice of the theology which had appeared to discomfit it.

We do not claim that all the various forms of "Scepticism" included in that vague term "Boston Theology" would welcome the entire teachings of this learned preacher and teacher. Far from it. Certainly if we should admit that our Boston Theology covers, as it seems to have been thought to cover, Unitarianism and Rationalism and Naturalism and Positivism, and unbelief under whatever name, there would be much here to challenge denial or question, from some troop or squad at least of this heterogeneous army. But we simply express astonishment to find that there is so much which a great part of the confessors of the Boston Theology would accept. This was not to be looked for. This advance all along the line had the appearance of a final and exterminating charge, which should leave no covert unexposed, or the occupant of a rifle-pit in position. And lo! our astonishment is that half

the positions are not assailed, and that there is good promise of a fraternization, or of a new and friendly conflict on quite another field.

The "Boston Theology" may indeed demur a little to the first proposition addressed to it: viz., that, "The power in modern Christian civilization of the expectation of human progress to be realized in a universal reign of righteousness and love *originated* in Christianity." It has some remembrances of fine sayings of old Hebrew prophets, about better days to come, when men should beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks. It recollects, indeed, that it used to be one of the fortifying arguments for the messiahship of Jesus, that not only the Jews, but the Gentiles, were looking for a coming leader, who should marshal the waiting hosts looking and longing for a golden age, in which truth and righteousness should reign. It has a conviction more or less defined and rooted, and which it is not quite prepared to surrender, that there is such an element as *hope* in the very constitution of human nature, which looks forward, prophesies better times, and prompts to the endeavor to realize them; and which does not limit its aspirations altogether to better houses and clothes, but always yearns for truer living, and a society banded in co-operation and sympathy.

It remembers, that, while a cheerful optimism has been traced by some as far back at least as Plato and the Stoics, it is noticeable, on the other hand, that, in the conceptions of some Christians, the tendency of things in this world, whatever may be beyond, is from bad to worse. It is not long since this sad conclusion weighed, and preyed we believe, upon the mind of

a venerated president of one of our New-England colleges, within whose despondent heart not even Christianity could originate the hope of earthly progress. Let it be that "the word 'mankind' never passed the lips of Plato, or Socrates, or Aristotle," as is alleged. Cannot the hope and expectation of progress be entertained, unless it can pronounce at once, and in its infancy, not only the first stammering accents of desire, but also the last, greatest, all-comprehending, and consummating words of the language of prophecy? Cannot that be progress which does not achieve the great Christian hope at a leap, and at the threshold of human history?

But before the "Boston Theology" has matured the doubts or exceptions it might take to proposition first, it comes to proposition second: viz., That this "expected progress can be realized only by the realization of Christian ideas." To this it assents without hesitation. Especially does it seem to hear the echo of its own words, when it reads on: "Let it be distinctly understood at the outset, that I do not claim that Christianity is the source of all human progress. Man is endowed with intellectual, voluntary, and physical powers and moral capacities; and *it is a radical impulse of his nature to put forth all his powers in action.*" Again: the Boston Theology assents to such claims as this: that "Christianity introduces into humanity a spiritual and redemptive energy, determining human activity to the realization of moral and spiritual renovation." And so on, from page to page, it is far more surprised to find so much of its own creed conceded, than to find that it is indeed sometimes denied, where it thought the way had been prepared for its reception, and where it cannot

see how its own conclusions can be logically avoided from the premises which it finds laid down.

It reads the noble discourse of Pres. Woolsey of Yale College, on "The Equilibrium between Physical and Moral Truth," with the delighted conviction, that the old days of narrow and suspicious controversy, conducted only with an eye to victory, will soon be past. Here it more than assents. It would scarce alter a paragraph. It is captivated by the broad, impersonal, truth-revering tone of the teacher. It finds him just to science. There is here no mean depreciation of the ability, or the services, or the integrity of mind, or the moral integrity, of scientific men; no questioning that they love truth as well as he, or may find it as well as he. There is the modesty of real learning and true wisdom in this discussion, as there is the bravery and calmness of deep faith, which fears nothing from investigation. The "Boston Theology" prays it may be taught and corrected by such minds always, and would not object if some of the over-confident dogmatists in its own ranks should take a leaf out of this lesson, and learn the dignity of humility.

It is not proposed to review here this book of discourses. But in weighing the influence of the "Boston Theology," no testimony to its influence could be adduced more remarkable than these discourses themselves, whether regard be had to the fact that they were thought to be called for, or to the respectful manner in which the authors conduct the debate, and treat their opponents.

Courteous discussion, and careful argument, and assertions politely couched,—if sometimes hardy and unsupported,—have taken the place of former coarse denunciation and sol-

emn deprecation. True, not all the minor assistants in the warfare, who have sought to lend a hand outside this battery of heavier ordnance, have observed the same knightly courtesies; and some have thought to gain a momentary popular applause by declaiming wildly about the "malevolence of modern infidelity," as we find them quoted, or by declaring that "every doubt of divine truth is the beginning of strife with God, and before we know it our doubt has ripened into unbelief; of which we find illustration in the history of modern free-thinking, so-called;" while, "of all its forms, that which is of New-England origin is more wicked than all the rest."

We cannot say that Dr. McCosh's cool and airy way of settling the character of the Boston Theology by plump assertions, good-natured ridicule, and rhetorical fireworks, promises to be any more effective than the old-fashioned sledge-hammer seriousness of rebuke and tedious textual argumentation formerly in vogue; but it is a far more agreeable and cheerful treatment of the questions at issue, and less likely to beget a morbid lowness of spirits, and a chronic irritability of the nerves.

Really we think the "Boston Theology" may take a modest satisfaction in its history. To be sure, it does not now, as it did in the time of Dr. Channing, reckon among its open advocates, or silent adherents, or studious disciples, almost all the eminent minds of Massachusetts,—judges, governors, senators, and distinguished lawyers. Is it because the progress of thought has been retrogressive, re-establishing the theology of the Westminster Assembly in the community where its hold was so much weakened? Or is it that the weight of

opinion in all the sects has come so nearly to the ground where Channing stood, and where at least one wing of the army of Boston Theologists still rests, that a distinctive and special confession of that liberal creed is no longer called for from those who hold it? The latter we take to be the true explanation. If a believer in the Boston Theology happens to have a personal liking for the rector of Trinity Church, or for the preacher in Park-street Church, for instance, and takes his place in one of those churches, he will not find his theological opinions a regular weekly target for sectarian assault, if we may judge from the utterances of those pulpits which find their way into the newspapers, or from the jealous hints of defection and unsoundness now and then urged against such preachers by those clinging to the orthodoxy of an earlier type.

We ask the candid reader to look at what the "Boston Theology" has been about, and what has it done its fair share in accomplishing. Always steadily insisting that the vital and essential article of its creed is, that the true faith is of the heart, and attests itself by a life of love and service, it has gone on diligently and in freedom with its thinking, but has always made that subservient to the ends of immediate character, daily duty, and the helping of humanity to realize its best of individual growth, social well-being, and eternal good. It has not made "salvation" primarily an escape from the dangers of the next world; but an escape from the ignorance, disorder, sin, and wretchedness that darken and pervert man's way in this, and which secondarily follow and afflict him beyond. "By their fruits ye shall know them." This is the authorized test of creed and

character. The "Boston Theology" — not always bearing the name of Unitarianism, or any other name of sect or ism — lays stress on it. And the tolerant, humane, catholic, charitable, serviceable spirit which the people of this State of Massachusetts have been educated by this theology to regard as the fundamental article of all true creeds, grounding itself as it does on the two great commandments, — this has taken deeper root in the heart and thought of the people of this commonwealth than in that of any other people on the face of the earth. We say it not boastfully. "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." This age is the child of its predecessors; and all the ages and people are led forward by the Infinite Spirit of order and life, whose hand is in all history, and whose kingdom includes all the earthly kingdoms and commonwealths.

It may be a chance coincidence that Horace Mann was acting under the inspirations of the "Boston Theology" when he was doing the great work which he did for the education of the people, — a work which has no parallel in this country. It may be accidental that Miss Dix came fresh from the teachings of Dr. Channing when she set out on her beneficent round of investigation and effort for the improvement of the condition of the insane, and of prisoners in general. The two phenomena may have no connection; but it is a fact that has been often noted, that it is out of the heart of this same Boston and Massachusetts, whose theology is in question, that the most notable philanthropic movements of the age have come, or have had their most efficient support. Here slavery found its most untiring opponents. Here every form of charity, every institu-

tion for the amelioration of human suffering and ignorance and criminality has claimed earliest attention, and found most efficient aid, — institutions for the protection and safety of tempted and unguarded children, for sheltering widows and orphans, and unfortunates of every class. Here is organized "the Church of the Good Samaritan." Here associations devoted to moral science enlist the best minds, and secure the patient toil with brain and hand of the most able men and woman, for the solution of its problems. As this paragraph passes the press, a paragraph circulates in the journals, in which it is said that a collation and comparison of statistics relating to marriage and divorce, gathered from three New-England States, shows the ratio of the number of divorces to that of marriages to be as one to forty-four in Massachusetts, one to twenty-one in Vermont, and one to eleven in Connecticut. The people of Massachusetts, it has often been lamented, are much infected with the "Boston Theology," or with unbelief in the theology of Princeton and Calvin, and the Westminster divines. With the people of Connecticut, the traditional reputation is the reverse, — that of an unbroken loyalty to the ancient creeds.

We marvel at the timidity and distrust, which occasionally betray themselves, towards these providential developments of thought and life into new ideas and energies and hopes, and forward movements, which come to freshen and re-inspire the generations of men.

Ah, but the tendency, — the *tendency* of all this freedom of thought! This is what is deprecated and expostulated with. This groping out into the boundless unknown, into

endless investigation, into the darkness of dreary doubts, is all unsafe; its tendency is to blank unbelief, to the loss altogether of religious faith. This fear is what more alarms those who would stem the tide of free inquiry than any evils that are already realized. It is confessed that modern doubt is serious, that modern inquiries are reverential; and so much the worse, is the verdict. They will the more easily seduce the unwary. Dr. McCosh speaks not without respect of the "Boston Theology" as Dr. Channing illustrated it. That is, he would respect it; he was just about to respect it; the word of veneration has half escaped his lips, — when, in the distance, his eye discerns its tendency, and he checks himself. See what it leads to. Hidden under its skirts, come creeping stealthily in, Rationalism, Positivism, Atheism. Stop before you begin. Channing may not be dangerously astray, but start with him, and you will end with Spencer and Mill and Comte: these are the legitimate children of this scepticism.

But the alarmists who see the tendency of the "Boston Theology" so clearly, seem to forget that this Unitarianism is the lineal descendant of New-England Puritanism, of Congregationalism, of the Protestant doctrine of the sufficiency of private judgment. They seem to forget that the Catholic Church, long ago and always, pointed out precisely what has occurred, and holds Luther and his followers strictly answerable for all the defections from truth that have found shelter in the Protestant fold, or grown out of its fundamental principles, church independency and individual responsibility. Once take the matter into your hands, set up your private interpretation of truth

against the voice of the Church, and the gulf of infidelity lies at the end of the way. Begin with the doctrine of justification by faith, you may; adhere to the Bible as you understand it, if you will: the legitimate end of your reformed churches, all which have cast loose from the authority of the mother of all true believers, — Episcopal, Presbyterian, Congregational, all alike, — is that you will come out at last into atheism, the "awful nothing" of Diodorus the Slow, and will die in despair.

We shall not deny that the "Boston Theology," wherever beginning, may not end in Positivism with some minds. We shall not deny that it may cover Rationalism and Naturalism, doubt and scepticism. Atheism it does not cover, nor ever will, any more than any other theology or philosophy will cover it. For atheism, we believe, will never characterize any school of men; at the utmost it can be only individuals, here and there one, victim of an unbalanced mind, in whom the disproportioned and excessive culture of intellectualism has so stunted the growth of all the faculties except the reasoning ones, that whatever cannot be represented coldly and clearly to the pure logical apprehension *is not*. But we sincerely believe that there is more real faith in the "Boston Theology," taken as a whole, with all its scepticism, than there is in any other school of theology extant. For its faith *is* faith. A grain of it has more of the life of truth, of peaceful confidence in the reign of order, purpose, progress, and tendency towards the ends of wisdom and good, than bushels of declarations proceeding from an anxious desire to believe enough, to err by excess of belief if at all, — which so often seems to

stand with conscious unsteadiness of footing, not daring to open its eyes to all visible truth for fear it shall see its fancied rock below washing away into sand. The "Boston Theology" at least has so much faith that it dares calmly think with a free mind, and look with a free eye, and does not begin with a timid distrust of tendency and result, nor shrink from setting foot outside the ship of established opinion, for fear of sinking like faithless Peter in the deep. It has faith that he who goes honestly and reverently in search of truth, goes led of God, goes safely; and though he walks through the valley of the shadow of doubt, need fear no evil, since even there the rod and staff of the Divine Shepherd are with him.

As this paper passes the press, the new volume of lectures delivered in Boston the last winter comes under our notice. It bears the same general title as its predecessor, "Christianity and Scepticism;" with an addition that limits it to "A Treatment of Questions in Biblical Criticism."

From a somewhat hasty examination, we judge that this addition indicates its main difference from the preceding volume. The former professes to discuss broadly such fundamental questions as lie back of biblical criticism, taking up the relations of religion to science, philosophy, and psychology. It arraigns "Positivism" and "Naturalism" and "Rationalism" out in the open field, with only incidental reference to the Scriptures. The latter volume is a treatment of specific biblical characters, eras, and doctrines, — "Moses," "Joshua," "The Prophet Isaiah," "The Apostle Paul," "The Relations of the Bi-

ble to the Civilization of the Future," "The Primeval Relation," "The Hebrew Theocracy," "Exclusive Traits of Christianity," are some of the headings which may show the drift of the book.

The lectures of the present year are from the same class of men as those of last year, — presidents and professors of colleges and theological schools chiefly; but two names, those of Professors Fisher and Mead, appear in both courses.

The scepticism, against which this second course of lectures is understood to be Learning's protest and argument, seems to be still the "Boston Theology." This arraignment is manifestly of lineal descent from Dr. McCosh's original indictment. It utters its voice in Boston and Cambridge, laying siege to scepticism in its reputed stronghold. Of this volume we are compelled to say, as of the other, that no general criticism of it will be attempted. It invites it both by its excellencies, and what seem to us its inadequacies of treatment; its misapprehension often of the true issue, and sometimes of its want of fairness. It is, like the other, notable for its difference of tone and style from those which prevailed in the discussions of forty or fifty years ago. We do not claim that the Boston Theology has caused the difference; but we notice that it is in the direction in which that theology and its defences have led the way. It is less narrow and textual; less churchly and dogmatical; more respectful to science, and more ready to recognize the fact that scepticism may be as honest, as truth-loving, and possibly as learned, as belief; and that it can no longer be silenced by impassioned denunciation or disdainful sneers; that it must be calmly argued into faith, or left to occupy the vantage-

ground of having challenged unanswered a free and courteous discussion.

One of the criticisms we have made against the volume should of course be substantiated by some show of proof, viz., that of unfairness, as it implies not merely a defect in the argument, but a bias of mind affecting the writer's ability to do his subject and his opponents justice.

Of this we will cite but a single instance, which occurs almost at the beginning of the book.

In the lecture on "The Primeval Revelation," the writer quotes the following passage from the writings of Theodore Parker: —

"It seems difficult to conceive any reason why moral and religious truth should rest for their support on the personal authority of their revealer, any more than the truths of science on that of him who makes them known first or most clearly. . . . The authority of Jesus, one would naturally think, must rest on the truth of his words, and not their truth on his authority."

The lecturer adds justly, —

"That is, the claim of the words of a man, or of a book, to be authoritative, must be *tested* by each man's own spiritual sense."

And his reply is, —

"It is not true, *as is here implied*, that the power to detect a divine revelation is

equivalent to the power to make one." (The italics are ours.)

We take leave to say, that no such thing is implied in the words of Mr. Parker, as is here imputed to him, if we understand him. To test is not to originate. "The capacity to judge of a truth is not identical with a capacity to discover the truth," says the lecturer. Nothing in Mr. Parker's words here quoted implies the contrary.

Again, on the next page, Mr. Newman is quoted as saying, "Of our moral and spiritual God we know nothing without, every thing within." And the lecturer adds, "The best reply to this is a direct contradiction. The obvious fact is, that no man ever got his knowledge of God and spiritual things by his own reflections." Mr. Newman, we submit, never said that he did. Will the lecturer deny, what we understand Mr. Newman to affirm, that it is only the moral and spiritual sense in man which can discern or recognize the moral and spiritual in God?

But generally, as far as we have perused these pages, the writers seem to have endeavored to deal fairly by their opponents; and, where they have failed to do so, it has been doubtless more from want of appreciation of the position or argument assailed than from design.

UNDER THE CATALPA.

BY EARL MARBLE.

UNDER the catalpa, the spreading-armed catalpa,

That dropped its grateful shadows through the July afternoon,
We sat while the sun's beamings danced around like softer gleamings

That radiated round us in the rarer days of June:

We sat upon the mossy turf all through the gladsome hours,

And chatted blithely, gayly, of the days with joy so rife,

That with happiness were teeming, till we sighed at the faint seeming

That we two were only dreaming, and not living this sweet life.

Under the catalpa, the fragrant-bloomed catalpa,

That breathed its balmy incense through and through the willing air,
We sat while inly drinking of the fragrance, and e'er thinking
Of the many happy hours we should pass while sitting there :
How the moments burst in blossoms that were redolent with perfume,
As those exhaling fragrance from the boughs just overhead ;
Even as our hearts' dear blisses bloomed in sweet, endearing kisses,
As we stood on love's abysses, starting back with half a dread.

Under the catalpa, the heart-shaped-leafed catalpa,

That somehow seemed inblended with sweet Mabel's life and mine,
We sat while day was waning, and the twilight shades were gaining
A depth of tender feeling given but by olden wine.
Ah! the sweet anticipations that we fed to moments fleeting,
As lower sank the sun adown the gleaming western sky.
" O Sun ! " I cried, " now going in thy golden light so glowing,
Like the heart-blood's passioned flowing, shall these moments ever die ? "

Under the catalpa, the trumpet-bloomed catalpa,

That seemed with diamonds studded 'neath the shower-succeeding sun,
We sat, and heard the moaning of the sea, and then the droning
Of the bees that hovered o'er us in their velvet coats of dun ;
And, that all our tense emotions might be then baptized in beauty,
We saw the arching rainbow that adorned the eastern skies
With a twinkling iridescence, that, though fickle evanescence,
Was with glowing glorious presence throwing out its gorgeous dyes.

Under the catalpa, the desolate catalpa,

Whose leaves were flying hither, thither, through the autumn air,
I sat in drear October, with my heart so sad and sober,
That no longer sat beside me my lost darling, Mabel Clare.
Ah! the bitter waves of sorrow that within my soul were raging,
That beneath the mound beside me slept my darling in repose ;
While the wind that round was sighing seemed, like me, for lost Junes crying,
And the dead leaves round me flying like a cloud of bitter woes.

Under the catalpa, the ermined-limbed catalpa,

That stands so still and deathlike, draped in winter's shining snow,
I sit no longer, dreaming of the light that erst was gleaming,
As our thoughts with love were tingling, and our hearts were all aglow.
I look from out my window on the freezing desolation
That has changed the glee of summer to this wintry reign of blight ;
And sadly I remember, in this bitter, bleak December,
That Joy's fitful smouldering ember then blazed up in Love's clear light.

Under the catalpa, the heavenly catalpa,

The type of this one earthly that will bloom in higher spheres,
We shall sit in coming ages, when Life's earthly, fitful pages
Shall have been swept off with all that caused us hapless sighs and tears.
Only memories are left me, and the soul's imaginations,
With which to keep starvation from my spirit these dull days ;
But beyond this lapse of feeling, and this winter world's congealing,
For earth-wounds there is healing, for earth-love heavenly bays.

UPS AND DOWNS.

A NOVEL IN THIRTY CHAPTERS.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

CHAPTER IV.

IF any one have supposed that Jasper's blunt announcement to Ferguson of the great misfortune that was on him, showed want of affection for John Hughitt, his uncle, or in any way a hardness of heart in the midst of catastrophe, it is because he does not know young men well, and, which may be pardoned, because he does not know Jasper Rising. The truth is, that with young fellows like these in their closest intimacy, a great deal is taken for granted; and there is what to cynics seems an affected reticence, when they have to deal with matters of affection, of sentiment, or other phases of the inner life. In this case the whole electricity of the day's thunder-cloud had flashed out in an instant. In the midst of praise and congratulation and flattery, Jasper had caught intimations not unlike what Dr. Weber had expressed to Horace; and, fairly or not, he had the notion that people thought it was easier for him to speak bravely because he was a rich man, or next to a rich man. There was not a feeling of envy of his companions, for Jasper was not a fool, but an impression that he could not be rated for his own merits, because he had the luxury of fortune. And therefore it was, that, when he saw Asaph's honest face all struggling with sympathy which Asaph was powerless to speak, his eyes filling with tears which Asaph had no wish to check,—when Asaph blundered out his question, "What does

this mean?" Jasper replied by an ejaculation quite as far from the deepest grief of the moment, an ejaculation, which, if you opened it out to the full extent of words, would mean exactly this, "There is only this comfort in it all, that now you fellows and I are all equals in the world. If you have to start on the world without favors, why, just so have I."

There was no prayer-bell the next morning; but Jasper woke, of course, at six minutes before six, just as regularly as if Kiernan were beginning again on the "tap, tap, tap," of the "second bell;" woke from a sleep as steady and sound as if he had not been the hero of the day before, and had not learned at night the saddest news he had heard, with one great and infinite exception, since he was born; first of all, to the thought that the day had come at last for which he had been hoping in most of the mornings for four years past, the day when he should not have to rise at the tap of the bell, but might turn over and take one nap more; woke, alas! to have the second thought come in a moment, that there was something else before him than another nap, and to the consciousness, alas! that there was no comfort in the bed, and little comfort anywhere that day.

After breakfast, the four came up again to Jasper's room, quietly enough this time, and very thoughtfully. All of them had the memory of that Tuesday afternoon, with its nonsense about the way in which their fortunes should be made, and

its certainty that everybody, if he chose, might lean on Jasper in the making. And now all of his friends, with the carefulness of young men, which is a very different thing from that of men who are used to care, were wondering what they could do to relieve Jasper's anxiety, and, almost by a law of Nature, drifted together here to make such offer and such suggestion as each man could, and to relieve him, as far as they could, at the least, of petty annoyance.

Ferguson had told the others, and Ferguson's advice was substantially best worth their taking. Horace was to stay in Cambridge three or four weeks to work over a boy who was behind-hand in his mathematics for the freshman examination. He therefore undertook the clearing Jasper's rooms, the sale of his furniture, the packing of his books, and the forwarding of the boxes to Jasper wherever he might be. "Hard to tell that," said poor Jasper. Horace was also to pay Jasper's bills, of which he made a list, not doubtful as to amount, nor fearful indeed. His uncle had just made him a remittance, quite large enough to clear every thing; and though the fellows all begged him to take money from them, to pay them when he should "have a chance, you know," Jasper said no! He would keep a hundred and fifty dollars, and would leave the rest in Asaph's care and Horace's. "Hard on old Harvard," said he, "if with 'the best education my country can afford,' a hundred and fifty dollars will not start me somewhere;" not that he had any real expectation of any resurrection of the lumber affairs. But Jasper, better than any of them, knew the country, knew the West, and knew himself.

I am not sure but the experience of the Commencement platform, of the presence of mind with which he had torn safety and victory there, out of the failure of his preconcerted plans, had a good deal to do with his confidence as to himself of to-day.

So they talked, so they decided, not saying much of the great grief of personal loss, but feeling it all the same, while Jasper, with George's help, filled up one and another trunk with clothes, packed one smaller valise for immediate purposes, sat down, every now and then, to write a note of farewell and apology to Mrs. Quincy, to Mrs. Channing, to Judge Story, or to others who had been kind to him; remembered one and another forgotten commission, which he dictated to the faithful and accurate Ferguson; and so at noon, locking up for the moment the chaos of the room, but yesterday so pretty and comfortable, they went with him to the omnibus at Willard's, and bade him good-by.

Five in the afternoon saw Jasper in the Norwich train on his way to New York. He had made his state farewells in Boston on the old family friends, and others who had been kind to him there. He had had a long and thoroughly discouraging talk with Edmeston & Co., his uncle's business friends in Boston, to whom he had sometimes had occasion to go before, with one or another commission about money or affairs. The Edmeston he liked was in Maine. From the other Edmeston, if indeed he were not the partner named Lavingstone, Jasper got no comfort. The truth was, that the country was just on the eve of a convulsion; and men of real intelligence and foresight knew it was. Every ship was running before the wind, with all its flying kites out.

No one dared take in an inch of sail; and yet there were a hundred reasons for being sure that a complete cyclone would be on them soon. When, at such an instant, you see from your own deck one of the outside cruisers of the fleet flap over on her beam-ends, — when you see her rise for an instant, only because all her top-hammer is gone, and one, two, or three of her masts are snapped and trailing in ruin from their stumps, — you are in no condition, while wondering at what moment the storm may strike you, to say much to anybody in the way of encouragement. All the great typhoons which have swept away credit and commerce in England and America have been preceded by special accidents, which seemed wholly separate or independent, in which one or another strong firm went under. Separate or sporadic such accidents seem. But each one of them is enough to give one more hint of the shakiness of all foundations. And so each one does vastly more than it would do at any other time to abate and chill that mutual confidence which is the foundation of all our enterprises of to-day.

Jasper came to the station, therefore, hot, tired, and discouraged. The day was one of those dragging sultry days of middle July. Half the people he had tried to see were not at home, — an experience which is one of the most depressing ones on days when you are so cast down or jaded, that you would be glad of shade and a chair, even if it were in an ogre's cave that they were offered you. The people he had found were not those he wanted to find, — another misfortune; and the only one to whom he went for counsel or suggestion had offered him none.

So Jasper was hot, tired, and discouraged.

Hot, tired, and discouraged he rode to Framingham, which is the first station for express-trains west of Boston.

It was a little thing that roused him there, but it was enough to give a different color to his afternoon and evening. He had a pretty habit, which I only knew in one other man, of filling a mug at the station water-tap in the five minutes' stop of a train for wood and water, of carrying it along the side of the train, and offering it to tired and hot-looking women sitting within, who were afraid to go out and seek it for themselves. After years have introduced the water-boys in cars, or the travelling water-butt and faucet. But, in the earlier days I write of, Jasper found eager welcome for his cup of cold water, and never travelled in hot weather without trying the experiment, almost as of course. As he passed along with his second mugful, and looked up at the open windows, his eye caught on a face which seemed not strange; and in a moment, when the girl he looked upon said prettily, "Danke," Jasper saw that she was the German girl whom only on Tuesday he had picked up in Sudbury Street, and carried with her little brother to their home. He ran back with his empty mug, then came at once into that car to join her, — and of course was free now from this wondering and brooding, — the suspense and questioning which had been the curse of the last twelve hours.

Sure enough the little lame boy was there also. His leg was nicely done up in splints, and he sitting, not very sorry to be the hero of the occasion, at full length on the seat he occupied. Bertha's mother, careful, anxious, thoroughly respectable, and

greatly frightened, and Bertha herself, made all the rest of the party. Jasper's first words, in poor enough German, were to excuse himself for leaving Boston without coming to inquire after his little charge. Then, by hook and by crook, he made out the detail of their story and plans.

The doctor had set the little boy's broken leg, as he saw. Nor was the fracture a very bad one. But it would need time for the healing; and the time would have been tedious in so hot and confined a region as that which Jasper had found them in in Boston. So as Mad. Schwartz had a brother, a lieber theurer Bruder, who had a pleasant house in the highlands of New Jersey not far out of New York, they had, with the doctor's permission and connivance, started to take the little fellow there, evidently sure of a hospitable welcome. Indeed, as Jasper made out, Bertha had already been invited for a visit in her vacation, and would have gone alone. Jasper pleased himself with the notion that he could be of some service to them in the transfer to and from the Norwich boat; and, in the amusements and difficulties of talking German with them, was well kept from brooding over his own position in the ride, which is not a long one, for the rest of the way to Norwich. Arrived there, it was true enough that his presence was a real advantage. How they expected to transfer poor little Will, I hardly know. The transfer was made by Jasper's bodily taking the child in his arms, after the great mass of travel had gone by. Then when two women stopped on the gang-way to wonder if they must go, and inquire where their trunks were,— or when an orange-seller selected the middle of a flight of stairs for his trade,— or when a stout gentleman

set down two valises and a band-box in the door-way of a cabin, while he counted his money and hunted up the baggage-checks which he would need the next morning, Jasper's cheery loud voice, "Please make way for this boy, — will you let this boy pass, — will you step aside for this boy, — this boy is lame if you please," — cleared the track once and again, till the little fellow was comfortably disposed of in a stateroom, and the women had him again in their especial care.

At the landing in New York the same scene was renewed. They were not to go at once to the country home, but were to report at the store, — as it was vaguely called, — which proved to be the counting-room of a great wholesale basket establishment in which Mr. Kaufmann Baum was a junior partner. "Will you have a carriage, sir," — "Here's your nice comfortable carriage," and the rest of the war-cries of the six nations, who still assemble in barbaric pomp at the New-York landing as they did when Hendrick Hudson first stepped ashore there, would have been to poor Bertha's mother as unintelligible as the classical Onondaga itself was to the English seaman then. But Jasper had kept his forces well in hand. You always arrive in New York on these Eastern boats an hour or two before the great city is itself awake, always excepting that guard, which, as above, by night and day patrols its shores. With difficulty untold, however, Jasper made his friends understand that Mr. Baum would certainly not be at the counting-room before nine o'clock; and so, as I say, he held them in hand, nor let them rush on too soon to Richmond. At nine he liberated them. He had used his skill in physiognomy well, in selecting an amiable chief from the men of the war-whoops, — I think a

Scot of the clan of McDougal. Again he lifted little Will to a seat. They found without mistake the counting-room, behind more baby-wagons and market-baskets and baskets without a name, than Jasper had before known there were in the world. Although Mr. Baum would not be there for an hour, he would be there then; and Jasper was able to leave them, confident that they were comfortable, and that, as far as they were concerned, all was well.

So much had the little German girl done for him on what would else have been the hardest day of his life. She had kept him from himself, — no slight protection.

CHAPTER V.

NONE of the social contrasts of our modern life are more curious than some of those which show themselves in the condition of emigrants from the same family, who meet in America after long separation. It was certainly no want of natural affection which had kept Bertha's mother and her uncle parted in the few months since Mr. Schwarz and his family had arrived in Boston. So soon as they had arrived Mrs. Schwarz had written to her brother, and had received from him that cordial invitation to join him on as long a visit, as she would care to make, which she was now accepting. From week to week almost, she had proposed to make the visit, and from week to week it had been deferred. From week to week, for the same reason, the prosperous, active, New-York merchant, to whom every hour was precious, had dismissed from his mind any wish to go to Boston to find his sister. He knew perfectly well, that he was more prosperous in external affairs than her

husband was, and, in whatever way was courteous, he had offered such facilities and helps as he could, to aid in their establishment in their new home. But his brother-in-law Schwarz was not in need. He was as proud a man as was Kaufmann Baum, and not in the habit of asking help of any man, unless he needed it. It was more than twenty years since Baum had crossed the Atlantic, leaving his sister a little child, the youngest of the immense family, which was but just beginning to swarm.

Kaufmann Baum had in that time thriven in his worldly affairs; and when our little Bertha and her lame brother and her mother found him in New York, he was, not a rich man, but a successful merchant of fifty years old, who had in his hands the management of the business of a large firm, and had the thorough respect and confidence of all men with whom he had to do. It was thirty years since he first left Germany, — his youngest sister, Margaret, the Mrs. Schwarz whom he now met, then little more than a baby. In the earlier part of that time he had made one or two visits to Hamburg; but for the last twenty years, the inducements to cross the ocean had been less, and an occasional letter on each side had kept up the friendly intercourse between the divided parts of the family. Just who Schwarz was, whom his sister Margaret had married, he did not know. When he remembered his father's little house and shop, some ten miles from Altona, distance lent enchantment to the view, and it did not occur to him to measure their economies and simplicity squarely and distinctly against the comforts of his present life. Meanwhile, as the thirty years crept by, the comforts of the Baum establishment in Germany

grew less and less. When at last Margaret did marry this Mr. Schwarz, who was half book-dealer and half music-master of a neighboring town, she knew that she went to life rather less easy than her father's; but she loved her husband, and she did not care. On Kaufmann's side, in New York, there had been no great sense of enlarging grandeur; on Margaret's side, in Germany, there had been no distinct sense of decay. When she found herself living in four rooms, in a narrow street in Boston, she did not think herself in hard or narrow circumstances; and when Kaufmann Baum drove up to his pretty house in Orange, from the station, and stopped to enjoy the opening of the rhododendrons in his avenue, he did not often reflect that he was not used to avenues or rhododendrons in his boyhood. But when in his own counting-room he saw her, with her characteristic best dress, looking just as his own mother looked when he went to the village church with her in Lauenburg, he was partly amazed and partly amused. He was amazed that he himself had not been conscious that she was not changed as much as he. He was amused to see how in the complete change of his condition hers was still precisely the same. When he turned from the kissing his sister and holding her at arms' length, to make sure of her and to praise her, — when he turned to look at the shy, freckled, silent Bertha who stood by, — then he felt indeed that he was but nineteen years old again, — that this was his own sister Thekla, whom since then he had not seen, and in this world would never see. He called her Thekla once, twice, three times, with his eyes running over. From that time forth he seldom called her any thing but

Thekla; and the poor shy child was sure of the very fullest and sweetest of his love.

And so, after eager talking and wondering in the counting-room, the prosperous brother fitted off sister, niece, and little lame nephew, under the careful escort of a spruce clerk, who was not to leave them till he had delivered them safely at the home in Orange. For Kaufmann Baum there was, of course, no holiday; no, not if fifty sisters and a hundred nieces had come. Attentive clerk — amused to find himself in charge of these quaint German people — did his duty well; his patent leathers and other elegancies not actually refusing to serve him in such commonplace exigency. And, a little after noon, the emigrant party found themselves safely in the airy hall of the pretty house in Orange; so that Margaret the mother, and the frightened Bertha, and poor tired little Will went through their next welcome. Elegant clerk of the patent leathers bade good-by, and returned to the copying-book.

Mrs. Baum was probably more amused than her husband by the apparition; nay, I am afraid, that, when she wrote a jubilant letter to her sister about it the next week, she owned to being "tickled." She had never been in Germany. A spirited, wide-awake Yankee girl, whom Kaufmann had fallen in with at Brattleboro', I believe, — energetic, affectionate, and true, she had learned in fifty ways to adapt herself to his German habits, knowing that in five hundred, he was adapting himself to hers. Cut though she had seen many German gentlemen, and a few German ladies, she had never till now seen a simple Lauenberger and the Lauenberger's children, in their own manner as they lived. She had learned to

talk German freely enough, with a pretty distinct Vermont accent. It was enough better German than Jasper's, however. And it needed no correctness of genders to make dear little Wilhelm comfortable, nor any thing after the first hand-grip and hearty kiss, and the sight of her brimming eyes, to make all the wanderers feel sure that in the palace around them they were to be perfectly welcome, and at ease.

Palace it seemed to them. What it was, — was simply that perfection of comfort, and shall one not say beauty, — the generous wooden house, with a hall running through the middle; square rooms in each corner, large and high, with additional rooms gained behind by a wing thrown out there; the house in which hundreds of thousands of people live, — one day we will say millions, — in the villages round our cities; in which, if there be a little breathing space reserved, a little garden for beauty and fragrance, the highest possibility of human happiness yet, so far as externals of comfort and pleasure go, may be said to have been gained. Mary took Margaret and the lame boy to the regular "spare chamber" of her pretty house, where she had arranged a little cot for him, and then led Bertha to what she told her had been called "Bertha's room" ever since in the winter they heard that her father and his family were coming over. How nice that was, that the room really had her name! Poor little Bertha was not so sadly frightened after all; and when she fairly saw how pretty the little room was, — and when big Patrick fairly brought in her travel-worn trunk and unstrapped it for her, — and she really felt that she was mistress here, the dear child fairly flung herself into

Aunt Mary's arms. I need not describe the room. It was pretty enough: you have just such a room in your house when you try to make it look nice. It was not the room which upset Bertha. It was that they had named it "Bertha's room." And that with her American cousins she was not to be a bit homesick, but was from the first at home.

From that moment there was no danger for our poor, shy, freckled, heavy-shoed Bertha. In the first place, she was not always heavy-shoed. When she had put off her travel-dress, and came down for dinner, she was in exquisite German neatness of toilet, — as different, yes, from Aunt Mary in costume, as if she had come from the planet Hebe; but in dress as pretty in its way as if she had been a prima donna assoluta in a German opera company, and were going to sing the music of "Leonora." Aunt Mary would have been loyal and true, — *treue und feste*, — had she come down in hob-nail shoes and the cap of Cinderella's god-mother. But Bertha had no occasion to; she was at ease with her aunt, and her aunt was delighted with her. Little Will had dropped to sleep, and it was clear the bandages had not been displaced; and so everybody was thankful, and satisfied with the day. At 5.30 the sound of wheels on the gravel called everybody to the door, — Bertha's little cousins whose older brothers and sister were at college and school, Aunt Mary, Mrs. Schwartz, Bertha, and all, — and in a minute there was another genuine welcome as Kaufmann Baum, fresh and cheery after the shipping of ten million or more baskets to fourteen hundred thousand consignees or less, found himself at home.

Friday evening, the custom was, that such of the neighbors as chose,

came in to the Baums' house for a little amateur music; and to Bertha's terror, not to say Margaret's, this custom was announced after their coffee had been served. Bertha was, indeed, too much frightened to dare to ask to go up into her own room, as she would have been glad to do, though she would have liked the music. All she could do was to shelter herself behind Aunt Mary or at her side, as well as she could, and to be thankful, so thankful, that everybody knew she could speak no English. As if anybody would have questioned the poor child if she had. By and by she came to be more at ease. Her uncle's grand piano was the finest she had ever seen; her uncle's violin, though by no means what her father's was in his hands, was the instrument of a man who felt music in his heart, and attempted nothing he could not do. Two or three of the ladies who came in, and one of the gentlemen, sang well together. But Bertha's real delight came, when one of these ladies sat down to the piano, and accompanied her uncle's violin in a duet from Mozart, of which the theme was very dear to her, but which she had never heard in this arrangement before. She fairly came out from her little nest, and, before she knew it, was thanking her uncle, and, with eyes full of tears, trying to make him know how much pleasure he had given her. Kaufmann Baum had been all the evening watching the little frightened bird, while she thought everybody had forgotten her. He knew perfectly well that she inherited his mother's passion for music, and her own father's quickness and facility in execution. But he knew, as well, that she was ill at ease in his parlor, and that she must not be startled. Curious as he was, there-

fore, to hear her play, there had been no word spoken to her of playing. And now, in answer to her enthusiasm, Kauffmann only nodded, and with his bow drew from the violin a few notes of an air from "The Apollo," which is one of Mozart's earlier works, least remembered, and asked her if she played it. He had caught her if she played it. It was an old home favorite, and he knew it. The eager girl, hardly knowing what she did, turned to the piano, struck into the air at once in an arrangement which amazed even Kaufmann Baum, so curiously did it recall even the orchestral harmonies of the piece, as Mozart himself adapted it for the stage. Bertha was perfectly happy. She had never had the command of such an instrument; but, under her father's careful training, she was wholly at ease in the control of the piano. No lesser word describes her power over it. And now that it did what she wanted it to do as it had never done before, now that it returned the melody and the harmony of her dear Mozart in a fashion not all unworthy of his conception, Bertha was conscious of a new element in her life. With absolute unconsciousness she finished the air, and then was beside herself with terror to find what she had done.

But they soothed her. They did not praise her too much for her comfort. They simply made her understand that she could play accompaniments for them a good deal better than they could play them for themselves. In a word, they made the dear child feel that she was of use, and so they made her comfortable. And when her comfort was thus once secured, why, her place at the piano was fixed for almost all the evening. Child though she was, she had brought

into Kaufmann Baum's Friday soir e the element of genius; and they all knew perfectly well, that, excepting as genius can be copied by talent, this element had never been there before.

CHAPTER VI.

JASPER RISING TO ASAPH FERGUSON.

DUQUESNE, MICHIGAN, July 26.

DEAR OLD BOY,—Here I am at last. I have been here twenty-four hours and more. I answer your first question first, and tell you that every thing is as bad as it can be.

My poor aunt was in bed when the fire broke out; had been for weeks, as I told you. She struggled up, of course, when they brought him in; but he spoke no word,—if indeed he were alive. If any thing could have broken her more, it was of course that. She almost killed herself by the efforts she made that night, and in the days between till the funeral, and since the funeral till I came, has not left her bed again.

But I am before my story. You see I have taken one of our large Western sheets, that I may tell you the whole of it, to do my best to give you the full worth of your quarter.

I had a tough day, the day I left you,—you remember how muggy and hot it was,—till I was fairly on the train. Then I had quite an adventure, which will make you laugh if we ever see each other again. No matter what it was now; but that in my poor way I did the duty in New York, Friday morning, of the father of an interesting family, till I left them in better care than mine. For an hour or two at least, I forgot this wretchedness; and that does not happen to me often. There came a day not to be got rid of so easily.

You do not know what a business-day in New York in the end of July is, and I hope you never may. But after it, there was the boat up the river at night,—and such a night! if you remember it,—which made some compensation. Once for all, let me relieve you by saying that I have not any night carried my troubles to bed with me.

You know my tastes so well, that you know I would gladly have taken the packet-boat on the canal at Albany. Such times as I have had ever since I can remember any thing, on these boats and the Ohio boats with dear Uncle John! But now, of course, time is every thing to me,—and, to my relief, I found we were just early enough for the first Schenectady train. That in its turn arrives just in time for the passengers to change cars at Schenectady for Utica. No! If a snake-head had come through the bottom of that car and spitted me from the toe of my foot to the longest hair in my scalp, I had not been here. You may tell Fergus, therefore, of my happy escape. You know how afraid he is of railway riding. Tell him that I do not think, among all my fellow-passengers, more than seven were spitted by snake-heads, and that, in the week of my travelling, I certainly did not see ten collisions, all told. That will satisfy his taste for the horrible, and will be quite safe for you and me. You need not tell him that my eyes were put out by cinders, and that I was three strata deep in Mohawk valley dirt when the day ended. I satisfied myself at Utica that I should gain nothing by lying over Sunday at Syracuse; and I stopped there, therefore, and took the day at our dear Trenton Falls. Ah well! It is as lovely as when you and I were there.

People talk of angry waters. This water is not angry. It is calm, deliberate, dignified forethought that sends it on. It was a good thing to do, — taking the Sunday there. And, Ferguson, I tell you that I believe I have been more set on my feet by something a man named Buckingham said in his sermon at the village, and by lying in the drawing-room in the evening, while Moore the hotel-keeper was playing on a parlor organ he has there, than by any that has happened to me in the week beside.

The next morning, as day broke, we were off for Utica, two of us in a buggy.

“Few streaks announced the coming day,
How slow, alas, he came!”

Then came my longest pull, — a very hard ride; but every thing has its end, and at night we were in Buffalo. I inquired instantly about boats, but my luck had left me. The “Clinton” was gone, which is the boat I like; and I had to put up with the “Indiana,” which I do not like. However, that is all over now. At Detroit I spent the whole of one day and part of the next. At all these places the misery was, that I was meeting dear Uncle John’s friends, and everywhere I had my sad story to tell. You see, dear old Hazlitt sent his letter across to be mailed at Kent, struck the mail here, and it was the only news from here which had got out at all. Nobody at Detroit had a suspicion of it, and I had to go through the horror of telling it forty times over.

But I have used half my paper, and I do not get on. Generally we come round here by steam from Detroit; but I could not wait after I had seen and talked with the Ellises, and tried coming across, which I have

never done before. I probably chose my route wrong, as it proved, but it is all guess-work. I took the rail to Dexter, and then came across country, over, under, through mud and corduroy such as you cannot dream of. Really I could have walked as fast as we came; but, after forty-five miles of such walking one day, I should not have cared to take forty-five the next. Nor did I care to take so much riding in the “mail,” — the mail a canvas-top wagon with one seat behind the driver, — changing horses when it listed. But I had to. And then, St. Leger, when the ninety miles were over, did not I wish for you? I struck the river at Petit Pré, and there the mail-carrier’s labors ceased. Our mail, in a state of nature, would have waited there for eleven days. It did not have to wait so long this time. I saw my old friend Dundas at once, the first man I had seen who knew any thing of what had passed here. You can guess if I pumped him for news. I borrowed his canoe, and floated and paddled down the long lovely reaches which make the twenty miles from Petit Pré here. I have done it a hundred times, taking or bringing the mail, but it never seemed so beautiful. How I wished I had you or Horace in the boat! I think it would have knocked you. The sun went down when I had been on the water an hour. Then such a sunset, moon-rise, and star-light! and the water and the woods so still! It was eleven o’clock Saturday night when I got in. I was only nine whole days from Boston, including my necessary stops at New York and Detroit. My uncle never did it in so short time. It shows what a science travelling is reduced to.

Now you want to know what I find

and how I feel. Dear St. Leger, I find nothing; and I do not know how I feel. As I tell you, my poor aunt is wholly prostrated. All the people in the house are wellnigh panic-struck. They have had nearly three weeks of uncertainty and depression since the fire; and though Hazlitt and John Water have done their best in putting a good front on things, and have kept the different hands here at work in trying to reduce the wreck to some order, there is, after all, but little front to put; and the wreck is of no great account to one who has known the place in its growing activity. There was absolutely nothing here but my uncle's wharves, — which are gone; his warehouse, which is gone; his own house, and a few frame-houses and log-cabins that the work-people lived in. These last are still standing, but poor Andrew did not save his "north warf." Every thing that would burn burned to the water's edge. When I reflect that at eight and twenty my uncle came here and struck the first tree which white man struck here, with his own axe, — that he saw all that was here grow up under his own eye, — I ask myself why, at one and twenty, I hesitate about starting on this ruin to rebuild what my own eyes have seen here. But to this the answer is, first, that the wilder-

ness was his, and the ruin is not mine; second, that my first duty is to care for my aunt, for whom it is very difficult to care in such a corner of the world; third, that at twenty-one, with the "best education, &c.," I am not what he was at eight and twenty. That is a hard confession to make, but I have to make it. At Detroit I spent the day with his counsel, talking about administration on his estate, and all that. I went so far as to ask whether the people interested would possibly appoint me administrator, or ask for my appointment. But it was quite clear that Mr. Ellis thought that a Harvard graduate was not the man to know about these lumber-men and logging rights; he was civil enough, but I saw that I must drop that dream, for which I am sorry, for I know that nobody really understands Uncle John's plans as I do. I have not the slightest fear that the estate will not pay every demand. He was too far-sighted and too honest to die a bankrupt. I hope my aunt may have something. At all events, whatever I have, she has. And with this I must close, well aware that I have told you nothing. Tell the fellows they must all write; and do not think I am down-hearted. Always yours,

J. R.

[To be continued.]

MEDICAL EDUCATION, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

BY CHARLES E. BUCKINGHAM.

"AND now, who is to lose by the new arrangement of studies? Who is to be the gainer?" "Why, you and I are going to lose one hundred dollars a head, in place of taking it, for every student we can now count; and this every year. Perhaps not this year, perhaps not next, but the loss is surely to come. The student will gain in time, in knowledge, and in health."

This was part of a conversation between two physicians who had done something in the way of teaching in the Medical School of Harvard University. The statement is a perfectly true one. The text was the eighty-eighth annual announcement of that medical school.

Let us look back a little time, and see what has been the course of medical instruction at Harvard. It is a fair pattern of the medical education throughout the country. It has been all that the country required, and all that it could pay for. In the beginning, a few physicians came from Great Britain, as colonists. Their successors were, as a rule, students in their offices, who used the few well-worn books brought over by the elders; who mixed the drugs that patients were to swallow; who held the bowl for venesection; harnessed the doctor's horse; made themselves generally useful about the house; and, after a longer or shorter apprenticeship, moved into the nearest settlement, and educated some new boys in the same way. But the time came when a demand was made for more learning. Anatomy was not so easily learned from old plates; and in 1783 a chair of anatomy was established at

Cambridge, and a few lectures were given, each year, upon the purloined "subject." The Massachusetts surgeon of the Revolutionary army, just disbanded, was called to occupy it; and the first Warren made his mark as a surgeon and lecturer. At the same time, Benjamin Waterhouse was made professor of the theory and practice of medicine, and Aaron Dexter professor of chemistry and *materia medica*. Neither of these gentlemen was at the time in possession of a medical degree, nor did either of them receive it until 1786.

This was the whole medical faculty of Harvard. It was small, but it was all that was called for. It was all that the medical student could pay for; and from it he received instruction in all the branches of medical science.

The first degree of *Medicinæ Baccalaureus* was conferred on William Pearson in 1789; and it was not until 1811 that *Medicinæ Doctores* were regularly made. Among the first class of doctors will be found Nathan Smith, Lyman Spalding, John Dixwell, Nathaniel Bradstreet, John Gorham, William Gamage, John Randall, and John G. Coffin, — names familiar to the older members of the profession.

The medical department was removed from Cambridge to Boston at a later day, for the purpose of affording clinical instruction; and, as Jackson, Channing, and Ware came upon the stage, the students increased in number. The examination became more difficult; and, as the demand became greater, new professor-

ships started out from the old stocks, until to-day the catalogue shows a list of thirty professors, lecturers, &c. Up to this year, 1871, as we understand it, a degree of Doctor of Medicine could not be refused to him who could pass examination in a majority of the nine departments. If he passed in five of those departments, it proved no excellence in any; for if he had been up barely above mediocrity in those five, he could not by university statute be rejected. That is to say, he was marked by each examiner upon a scale of eight. He might at examination have seventy-two marks in his favor. But if he passed well enough in five of the departments to have twenty-five marks in his favor, he could not be rejected; and he *might* possibly get his degree with only twenty, as the statute read: that is to say, he might be among those "*quos scio idoneos*," and yet be but five-eightieths of a finished physician.

In all this the Harvard School stood as well as any, and better than most of the schools of this country. She had done all that the profession required, all that the public required. She had done all that the community were willing to pay for, and therefore the supply was equal to the demand. But there is a change going on. More is asked for by the profession and by the public. We understand that for fifteen years the medical faculty have discussed the changes, and tried to accommodate themselves to the demands of the profession. We presume there are professional scolds, who will take to themselves the credit of what has been done; but we believe that, regardless of personal expense, and with but slender means, the present faculty have proposed the reforms which have been adopted by the cor-

poration, and which have been approved by the Overseers.

What are the changes made in the plan? Let the announcement in last year's catalogue tell what the plan was.

"Every candidate shall have attended two courses of Lectures delivered at the Massachusetts Medical College by each of the Professors; but, if he shall have attended a similar course in any other college or university approved by the faculty, the same may be accepted in lieu of one of the courses above required.

"He shall have employed three years in his professional studies, under the direction of a regular practitioner of medicine.

"If he has not received a university education, he shall satisfy the executive faculty in respect to his knowledge of the Latin language and experimental philosophy.

"To secure a recommendation to a degree, the candidate must pass a satisfactory examination in at least five of the nine departments, and have presented a satisfactory dissertation."

That is to say, he was to purchase tickets to the same lectures twice. He was to bring evidence, which he might buy, that he had been studying medicine three years, and, at the end of three years, to pass an examination of an hour and a half.

The above are the main points: now for the changes.

The year, like the year of the undergraduate, is to be divided into two terms. Instead of requiring four months' attendance, twice, upon the same lectures, with only a closing examination to be crammed for, the student's comfort is one of the objects sought for.

The course of study is to be for three years, and the examinations will be as follows:—

At the end of the first year, Anatomy, Physiology, and Chemistry.

At the end of the second year, Medical Chemistry, Materia Medica, and Pathological Anatomy.

At the end of the third year, Therapeutics, Obstetrics, Theory and Practice of Medicine, Clinical Medicine, Surgery, and Clinical Surgery.

To return to our text. "And now, who is to lose by the new arrangement of studies? Who is to be the gainer?"

If the plan is successfully carried out, the practitioner, who alone and unaided endeavors to teach all branches in his private office, will lose. His student will obtain the means, if he can, and go where he can obtain a thorough education, instead of the hurried, superficial one that he now has. This instructor will lose his annual fee.

If the plan is successfully carried out, every medical college in the country will be obliged to follow it, or lose its better students. And this brings us to the second class of losers, which will consist of the inferior schools. Their occupation will be gone, for the people will demand evidences of more thorough instruction than they can give. If we are mistaken in this latter class of losers, it is because a new brand of doctors is to be raised up, for cheap practice; and other men will find themselves putting *Harv.*, or *Nov. Ebor.*, or *Penn.*, or *Jeff.*, and the like, after the M.D., to distinguish them as graduates of schools of honest reputation.

Who will be the gainer? The student. The quiet of mind which he will have from first to last, and especially at his last examination, will be very different from the dis-

turbed condition that we were in, in our last few months, when we hurried our review from one branch to another, as the day drew nearer. He will sleep sounder when he knows that he is to have a fair test of his qualifications, with sufficient time to speak and to write in, instead of passing, as we did, from one subject to another, and being rammed through the whole course in half an hour or less with such force that it was no wonder that some of us didn't know the diagnosis between pathological anatomy and general chemistry.

All the schools, with working men and means, will gain. Gentlemen connected with these may wag their heads incredulously, but there are those who knew that railroads would ruin hostlers and stage-drivers and stage-owners. Wait and see, gentlemen. The New-York stage started from Boston one day, some forty-five years ago, with two passengers; and one of these had to stop at Worcester, because he was sick, the other rode without a companion as far as Hartford.

The profession will gain in every way. The men who are inclined to practise specialties will be forced to know that blindness may come from diseased brain; that pain in the chest is not always from diseased heart; and that back-ache does not necessarily require the disgusting exposure of the modest virgin.

The most important of the gainers will be the public. Every step in advance, every improvement in the education of the individual, the public gains by. You cannot put a stop to quackery in medicine; neither can you in law, nor in politics, nor in preaching. But, by educating the different classes who are engaged in

the several pursuits, you may make the quack better appreciated by those whom he attempts to treat, whether his practice be in one profession or another.

There is an impression in the minds of the community, that the Massachusetts Medical College is a very rich part of a rich institution, and that it can afford to do any thing that the public asks. It is supposed to be largely endowed. We find, however, that nearly all the expenses, even to repairs upon the building, are paid from the annual income from students. It is to be hoped that the number of these students will increase at once, as it surely will in the end; for the labors of the faculty are to be increased, and the amount of instruction, as well as its character, will be in proportion. Changes will doubtless be made in the programme, for it takes time to make all parts work smoothly together.

We conclude, by calling attention to the following extracts from the annual announcement:—

“Either of these two terms will be more than equivalent to the former ‘winter session,’ as regards the amount and character of the instruction.

“The course of instruction has been greatly enlarged, so as to extend over three years, and has been so arranged as to carry the student progressively and systematically from one subject to another, in a just and natural order.

“In the subjects of anatomy, physiology, chemistry, and pathological

anatomy, laboratory work will be substituted for, or added to, the usual didactic lectures. Every student will have his place and time in the anatomical, physiological, and chemical laboratories, and in the microscope room; and laboratory work will be as much required of him as attendance at lectures and recitations.

“Instead of the former hasty oral examination for the degree of Doctor of Medicine, held at the end of the three years’ period of study, a series of examinations on all the main subjects of medical instruction has been arranged. These examinations will be distributed for regular students through the whole three years; but they may be passed by other students, either all at once at the end of their course, or successively at several times. Every candidate for the degree must hereafter pass a satisfactory examination in every one of the principal departments of medical instruction, at some time during his period of study. The faculty are convinced that this requisition will present no serious obstacle whatever to those who do not neglect their opportunities.

“The new scheme is not only more advantageous than the old for those students who can afford to spend three years in a city school, but also more advantageous and less costly for students of slender means, who are forced to get a part of their education more cheaply than is possible in a large city.”

Who will not wish them success?

The Examiner.

ON the 15th of August, 1771, Walter Scott was born. As a hundred years have passed, it has proved that that event gave a new color, purpose, and tone to the literature of England and America. In that century, Walter Scott has given positive delight to every person of any culture in the English-speaking nations; ¹ he has created, who shall say how widely, a new taste in the study of history; he has made a new school in fiction. And, in proportion as we hear less of the immediate enthusiasm of the popularity which he earned as the author of "Waverley," it becomes certain that Scott is one of the poets whose best poems bear the test of time, and are to be remembered in the coming centuries. This is what can be said of very few poets, however popular in their own time.

A quarter century ago, when the immediate excitement caused by the publication of his novels had passed by, those hardy pioneers in criticism, who are nothing if they do not clamber upon world-renowned ramparts the moment after the smoke of the artillery has cleared away, to find, if they can, some weakness or breach not suspected before, ventured, in their various little spheres, to tell us that Scott was, after all, only a painter of costume and manners. They undertook to show that he had none of the elements which go to lasting fame. He was an upholsterer, a decorator, one of the men who hang flags and painted canvas in the streets of a city on occasion of a great public celebration. But the quarter century, as it has gone by, has not verified these suggestions. The vital interest in Walter Scott's works holds unabated. They furnish as many epigrams in conversation, they add as many characters to the remembered persons in history; and the interest in them, and knowledge of them, make one of the standards by which you may judge of a man's culture, or even of his character. It could probably be truly said, that no man would be regarded as an accomplished gentleman, in England or America, who could not appreciate the more familiar allusions to the writings of Walter Scott.

¹ And Mr. Forsyth tells us, that, when once, in a Prussian prison, he asked what books the convicts read most, he was told it was the translations of Walter Scott's novels.

The truth is, that, though Scott describes costume, scenery, and manners well, he does not describe them too well, because he describes character, passion, genius, and life, as well as he describes their circumstances or accessories. Now, it is no fault in Titian that his draperies are good, because the faces and hands which he paints are as good; his drawing is as good, the tone of the picture is as good, and the balance of the whole is maintained. It is true of most photographic portraits, that their accessories are too good; that is, the breastpin and ribbons and laces are so perfect, that the failure to render character and life is the more distressing. But it does not follow, as the critics we allude to thought it did, that there is any thing wrong in perfect drapery, if only the writer be able to present life behind the drapery. Can he add to the characters who have lived in history? If he can, why he may dress them as neatly, or as brilliantly, as he chooses.

Tried by this test, Walter Scott stands, and will stand. As was said long ago, the people of the dreary ages of the first Georges with whom we are best acquainted are Edward Waverley and Fergus Mac Ivor, two characters by no means remarkable among Scott's creations. Edie Ochiltree, Mr. Oldbuck, Caleb Balderstone, Jeannie Deans, Meg Merrilies, Dominie Sampson, to name them almost at random, are so many people whom we remember, quote, and in other ways refer to, as living, with a persistency and reality which do not belong to one person in a thousand of those whose names are in the Biographical Dictionary. And who will pretend to say how much of the current, and — which is more — the true view of history held by the present generation is due to Scott's representations? Mary Stuart, Louis Eleventh, the Pretender Charles, Richard Cœur de Lion, Charles the Bold, and how many others, are to most men this day what he represented them. Let us be thankful that he had more than the upholsterer's power to paint them as kings of spades or of clubs; that he had the insight and determination which brought, on the whole, the true men and women again upon the stage, not in any ghostly glamour, but in their manner as they were. The Duke of Marlborough said that all he knew of English history was Shakspeare's plays. The expression has long since been enlarged; and half the men and women of intelligence you meet will tell you that what they know of history is in substance, and at the bottom, what they have learned from Shakspeare and Scott. There is nothing to be ashamed of, in acknowledging that one has studied at the feet of two such masters.

Any one who compares Leslie's drawing of Scott's head — showing that astonishing pile above the line of the ear and eye — with the portrait of Shakspeare in the first folio, feels at once that, in the personal resemblance of the two men, there is a type of that equal power over

men's hearts and memories which compels the men of England and America to name them so often together.

Nothing shows thus far that the humor and wit, and vigor of narrative, and picturesque description, with the creations of character and the dramatic situations of the novels, have any less real sway on the great world of readers than they had half a century ago. By the time one set of stereotype plates is worn out, half a dozen more sets are ready, and are supplying the unending demands. But, even if anybody chooses to suppose that the general rule as to novels will apply here after a hundred or two years, viz., that every generation must write its own, he will be forced to acknowledge, that among the poets of the beginning of this century, — even among those, the smoke and blaze of whose fireworks at that moment shut off from the public eye some of his more modest workmanship, — Scott is now holding his own in general favor, and in the memory of men, — the simplest test of fame. The truth is here, again, that he was not simply the easy and pure versifier which men tried to represent him. He was not simply a vivid narrator writing in rhyme. As early as any one of the modern school, as Mr. Ruskin himself acknowledges, Scott taught and illustrated the abandonment of conventionalism, and the presenting again of Nature herself, the re-presentation of Nature, as the duty of any writer pretending to be a poet. When Mr. Morritt said to him, in the habit of the last century, that daisies, violets, and primroses would be as poetical as any of the humbler plants he was examining by Guy Denzil's crag, Scott gave him the key to the true literature of our time, by telling him that no two scenes are exactly alike; that only he who copied truly what was before his eyes would possess the same variety in description, and exhibit apparently an imagination as boundless, as the range of Nature. Take the description which he afterwards wrought out from the studies which he was making, at the moment when he taught Mr. Morritt this lesson, —

“ He laid him down,
Where purple heath profusely strewn,
And throatwort with its azure bell,
And moss and thyme, his cushion swell.
There, spent with toil, he listless eyed
The course of Greta's playful tide. . . .
Then, tired to watch the current's play,
He turned his weary eyes away,
To where the bank opposing showed
Its huge square cliffs through shaggy wood.
One, prominent above the rest,
Reared to the sun its pale gray breast;
Around its broken summit grew
The hazel rude, and sable yew;

A thousand varied lichens dyed
 Its waste and weather-beaten side.

But when Guy pulled the wilding spray
 And brambles from its base away,
 He saw, appearing to the air,
 A little entrance, low and square."

Those lines are not equal to some of Scott's best descriptions. But in their precision, — in what our day calls conscientiousness, — in the determination to speak the part as the great Author of Nature meant it should be spoken, there is all the simplicity which gives all the worth to all the poetry which gives any character to our own day. If anybody cares for the word, there is the whole spirit of pre-Raphaelitism.

Let a man write with such conscience, let him have Scott's marvellous insight, whether into inanimate nature or the characters of men, give him the dramatic habit which compels the interest of the reader to the story he weaves, even were the method halting, — let such a man have a memory of each least detail that he has seen or heard, whether of natural scenery or of the movements of men, and you have united in one author so many of the most unusual and remarkable traits of genius. He will be a poet whose poetry lives.

Indeed, if there were needed any evidence that Scott's name will stand, not simply among the novelists, but among the poets, of highest rank, his songs would decide it. Lyric power seems to be the rarest of all. Wordsworth even has given us no song. The songs of Scott, less often spoken of while he lived, simply because he gave men so much else to speak of, have the true ring. They will live as the minstrel songs of the Border lived. He was not so fortunate as were Moore and Byron, in such accidents as led fashion to take up the Irish melodies or the Hebrew melodies. But his songs have not needed popular airs to float them above the smoke and dust. Roderic Vich Alpine Dhu, Greta Bridge, Pibroch of Donuil, Gregalach, Fitz Eustace's song, Lochinvar, and a score of others, have earned their fixed rank among the very first of English lyrics. No one could have placed them there but one of the very first of English poets.

We cannot say less than this on the anniversary of the birth of the first man in the English literature of our time. There are so few of us who have had the pleasure to see him in his home, and to hear his living voice, that our readers will read, with curious pleasure, some reminiscences of a visit to Abbotsford, which we are permitted to print, by a friend who had the privilege of seeing and talking with the great magician before the curtain fell.

ABBOTSFORD.

I WENT to Abbotsford in the companionship of one who had already acquired a literary reputation at home, and who found cordial welcome among the galaxy of genius who then gave brilliancy to the capital of Scotland. In their society we had passed three or four weeks, in that most charming of cities, or in excursions to Loch Katrine and Loch Leven, and other places equally memorable, when we were invited to Abbotsford. It was in August, in the finest of summer weather, that we posted down from Edinburgh, and, fording the Tweed not far from the castle, drove about noon into the court-yard. The family were all out driving; and, after a brief rest from the fatigue of our journey, we sallied forth for a stroll in the grounds and garden.

The principal apartments range along the front towards the Tweed, and look towards the north, the edifice being on the south side of the stream, which is here between fifty and a hundred yards in width. On the side of the house away from the river is the main entrance, from a court-yard about half an acre in area, walled in on two sides, through one of which opens a stately gateway from the avenue, and on the fourth side, opposite the house, a succession of broad arches pointed, filled in with iron net-work, which presented slight obstruction to the eye as it ranged over a terraced garden, thick set with flowers and shrubs. This garden ascends with gentle acclivity towards the road, beyond which are forests and farms, part of the domain, as there are also to the east and west on either side of the stream. Over against the entrance to the mansion, centrally placed in these garden

arches, we found a small gateway, over which was inscribed the verse from Genesis in Latin, "*Audiveram vocem Domini ambulantis in horto.*" "I had heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden." Through this we entered the walks, and strolled along among beds of bloom and fragrance, until we had gained a favorable point for taking our first view of the castle.

It was a superb day, even for that delightful season. Not a cloud was in the sky. The air was tempered by the freshness of the breeze, but held no moisture to lessen the splendor of the sunbeams.

Familiar as we both were with every line that Scott, who was idolized in those days to a degree beyond what now can be easily conceived, had ever published, — indebted to him for more happiness certainly than to any other author, — his character, the incidents of his life, the special inspiration of his prose and verse, had formed and fashioned us; and, as we stood and gazed at what has been happily termed his romance of lime and stone, and what surrounded it, we could not but recognize, in its completeness as in every detail, how much his genius had entered into their construction and arrangement.

We had worked out in our own imaginations, while reading his volumes, so many castles and manor-halls, homes which he had contrived for the fictitious personages of his story, that it afforded us special delight to see here a masterpiece of his architectural invention, in solid and enduring material. Tower and turret, buttress and finial, arched windows and projecting bays, at irregular intervals and elevations; the subdued, suggestive look of painted panes in mullioned frames,

hiding behind the ivy; blended tints of stone-work, gold or purple, to which, without glaring contrast, many a hillside of his beloved Scotland had evidently contributed; stately dimensions of half a hundred yards in length by one third at least or more from ground to battlement,—all combined to form a whole of dignity and stateliness, relieved of stiffness or pretension by harmonious proportions, exquisite grace, and variety of ornament. If one principal canon of architectural taste be adaptation, it would be difficult to conceive of a more appropriate residence for Scott; and our delight as we gazed was not dissimilar from that experienced when poring over the marvellous creations of his pen.

While we were rapt in these meditations, the tramp of horses and rush of wheels in the forest, mingling with many voices, apprised us of his return; and presently afterwards half a dozen open carriages drove through the great gates into the court-yard. We were far enough off to witness the general gayety of the scene, without being ourselves sufficiently near to disturb it. Lockhart and his wife, who resided two miles off, at Chief's Wood, took their departure; and there were the usual interchanges of merry words, and peals of laughter, where many persons, fond of each other and at ease, have been together in enjoyment. We remained unobserved till the first excitement had subsided, and the ladies had entered the house, when we regained the hall. We were standing on its threshold, as Scott, who had gone off towards the stables to give some directions about his horses, approached.

Scott had been, from my childhood, my wonder and delight; and it was not without sensibility that I found

myself in his presence. I had only time, however, to receive the impression that he was more lame and stout than I expected, when his cheery voice and cordial greeting took possession of us, and we felt at ease and at home.

The hall into which he led us, about forty feet long by about half that breadth and height, was paved with black and white marble, lighted by two tall windows of painted glass. Wainscoted high up in oak, the cornice above, as also the framework of oak that passed in shallow arches across the ceiling, were adorned with emblazoned shields of his own progenitors, and other border families. On one side of the huge fireplace of dark sandstone, opposite the entrance from the court-yard, opened a door into the drawing-room, and, farther along on that same side, another into the great library. At the west end of the hall, between two niches, was a door to the staircase, dining-room, boudoir, and small armory. Sir Walter led us along the hall, tramping, as he went, with cane and limping gait, towards the other end of it, where, between two figures in complete steel, one in chain and the other in plate-mail, we followed him into his sanctum.

This apartment, quaint and unusual in shape and arrangements, was peculiarly impressive from the genius of the place. Here were embodied so many of those marvellous conceptions that have already bewitched many successive generations, and no doubt will many more. Here that noble intellect reached its fullest vigor; and here, in the heroic efforts of the end, it spent itself. The room is said to be a cube of twenty feet. A tall window, with a deep seat, occupies the side towards the

court, while round the other three, midway between the floor and ceiling, extends a light gallery of wood, reached by a slightly-built flight of steps. The walls above and below are lined with books of reference, maps, and other implements of work. Opposite the window a door opens into the library. In one corner is the fireplace, and the others are formed into closets, thus giving the room an octagon form as well as the appearance of great height, while the galleries fill up so much of its space, as to impress one forcibly with an idea of cosiness and comfort. A writing-table, large enough even for such literary labor as his, occupied the centre, and a few comfortable chairs what other space remained available.

Throwing himself into a chair, of dimensions sufficiently capacious for his full, burly frame, after first providing his guests with seats as attractive, if not as spacious, his large hound, who had followed him into the house, stretched himself at his feet. Scott removed the purple plaid cap from his head; and we saw, in all its grandeur, that remarkable face, which displayed the characteristics familiar to us through portraits. His towering forehead was displayed in all its amplitude; while his expression, radiant with courtesy and kindness, brimmed over with good humor. One could not but be impressed with the wondrous vitality of the man, not only in intellectual vigor and kindness of heart, but in a magnetism, imparting its intensity to whoever approached.

He read with attention our credentials, the letter of introduction from his friend Mr. Ticknor, after whom he inquired with affectionate warmth, as also after many other American acquaintances. In reply to some inqui-

ry as to his own health, he spoke favorably of its general condition, adding, however, that he began to feel the symptoms of the failure of a strong man. His age was far short of the average limit of life, and he looked as if he might have in store many years of enjoyment and comfort. But this was not to be. His severe mental labor that Herculean task, which in six years paid off nearly a million of debt, had already made sad inroads on his constitution; and, two years later, his life was brought to a premature close.

For about an hour, conversation flitted from topic to topic, when he told us that the dinner-hour was approaching, and that, after our drive, we might need repose and refreshments. He rang the bell, summoned an elderly servant to show us to our apartments, and we left him. As we passed out of the door, we saw him ascending the stairs to the gallery which connected with his own sleeping-room. Night or morning he could pass at once without delay between couch and desk.

Some allusion to the beautiful creature, which, during the interview, had kept an eye on his master, led to his mentioning that the animal slept on a rug by his bedside. When the sun was up, or at some other early hour at which it was his habit, when weather permitted, to go forth, the dog placed his paws heavily on his master's breast to intimate that the time had come, and he must be up and away to his fields and woods. Both dogs and horses occupy so conspicuous a place in the writings of the novelist and poet, that we listened with profound interest to the anecdotes he told relating to them. One he narrated which Lockhart also mentions in the life. He said that, when a young advocate, eager for

opportunities to distinguish himself in his chosen profession, he was assigned as counsel by the court for a burglar. Notwithstanding his exertions, the prisoner was convicted. Whilst under sentence of death, for the offence was capital, the man expressed a wish to see his lawyer. He told him he was grieved he had no adequate equivalent to render him for his services, but he would give a piece of advice that might prove of better worth than money. It was, never to keep a large watch-dog. He could always tamper with the fidelity of a large dog, but never with that of a small one. Scott spoke with a rich, musical accent, which, not so excessive as with many of his countrymen, added much to the raciness of the many anecdotes with which during our visit he entertained us.

We saw little of the house above stairs, but one hall and pleasant room into which we were shown. We observed that there were gas fixtures throughout the building, introducing a luxury unusual in such a place at that time. When we had finished washing, the servant was at the door to guide us to Miss Scott's parlor, back of the dining-room and at the foot of the staircase, a cheerful apartment with bookcases, filled, it has been said, with all the novels ever written except her father's. Here we were received by this excellent woman, then twenty-seven years of age, whose dutiful devotion to her father, exemplary in his life, was made even more impressive by her own death within a few weeks of his own. Sir Walter soon joined us, and for about twenty minutes gave himself up to my special entertainment. It is not easy to recall, even by aid of notes written down not long after, much that he said. He spoke of sub-

soil ploughing, as I understood him at the time, as a device of his own; but in this I was mistaken. He referred to the difference of soil between new country and old. He said that, instead of rotation, or fallows, as long had been the custom, by sinking the share a few inches deeper, fresh loam was brought to the surface, and good crops grown. This was one of the secrets of his own success, not only as a farmer but an author; for, instead of harping over and over what is trite and hackneyed, as our own modern romancers, he worked his wits, and brought out of the hidden recesses of thought and imagination new topics, illustrations, and incidents. He had the rare gift of bridging over the distance between youth and age; and I felt, as he talked, free from all constraint or embarrassment.

The party, which was large, gradually assembled for dinner. The eldest son, afterwards the second Sir Walter, and his handsome wife, were there; and Charles Scott, and a friend of his; also one of Lockhart's sons, about my own age, — the one to whom, as Hugh Littlejohn, the "Chronicles of a Grandfather" were addressed. There were possibly one or two other guests at the oval table round which we were soon seated. The dining-room is a long, spacious apartment, looking north towards the river and west, wainscoted in oak, polished, and hung with paintings, among which was a marvellous picture of the head of Mary, Queen of Scots. There were other portraits, of some of which Scott related anecdotes, especially of his grandfather, who lived in that neighborhood. He did not assume to himself any undue share of the conversation, and indeed encouraged every one to participate,

even his grandson and myself, who were much younger than the rest. Still, when we recalled how much he had told us, it seemed as if he must have had it all to himself.

He sat in the centre of the long side of the oval facing towards the river. As my seat was next to Miss Scott's, on the other side, I had full opportunity of hearing whatever he said, and marking every change of his animated countenance. Hugh of the "Chronicles," Lockhart's son, sat next to me, and said he had been puzzled by the term "squatters" he had met with in a book about America, and of which he wanted to know the definition. I knew enough to explain to him that they were trespassers on wild lands, that belonged to non-resident owners; and this led to much interesting discussion of the pursuits and habits of our backwoodsmen. Their lawless indifference to the rights of others, in taking possession of such vacant lands as pleased them, had occasioned, not long before, much disorder and some hard fighting. These had been attended with circumstances of more than usual interest, such as Scott himself takes pleasure in describing.

He said he had long wished to visit America, but had been prevented. He told us, that, during the war of 1812, he came near being taken there against his will. He was cruising round the Hebrides in a yacht, with the Light-House Commission, when one of our cruisers chased them for several hours; and they would have been taken, but that they ran into shoal water where the cruiser could not follow.¹

The conversation was generally brisk and animated. Another incident gave it a turn. At a certain season in a Scotch dinner, certainly at his table, small cups of raw whiskey were handed round, and drunk off by the experienced without difficulty. The sip I took, not knowing what it was, burnt my throat. The cups were of different forms and material, each having its story. The one given to my companion was made of a tree under which Wellington stood at the battle of Waterloo. Scott, having been for some time busily engaged on his "Life of Napoleon," had much to say about him and his battles. After the ladies withdrew, cigars were brought; and having acquired the accomplishment at Harvard, of which institution I was then a student, I was glad to think afterwards I had had my puff with the great wizard.

At that season, so far north as Scotland, it was not sunset when we left the dining-room; and as we passed into a long and narrow hall, extending through the house from front to rear, about sixteen feet in width, our attention was directed by our hospitable host to swords and spears, daggers and pistols, and a vast number of other fighting-implements that covered the walls. Each had attached to it some special association; and though time was wanting for thorough examination, where all were so deserving of study, the most remarkable were pointed out to us. Before, however, we had satisfied our curiosity, our ears were saluted by the somewhat discordant sound of bagpipes; and going into the drawing-room, the adjoining apartment on the river-front, we saw, from its window, two men on the lawn beneath the terrace, in Highland costume, playing on these curiously-shaped contrivances. The airs they

¹ The Diary of the voyage in the Hebrides often alludes to the Yankee cruisers. The two vessels most dreaded were the Peacock and the Prince of Neufchâtel.'

played were simple and familiar, but, it must be confessed, not improved by the monotonous tones elicited by the national instruments, which could be hardly termed musical.

While Scott carried my companion away to show him some of his literary treasures, his daughter kindly undertook to entertain me. We sat in the drawing-room till the sun gave place to twilight. One of my elder brothers had passed, several years before, a winter in Edinburgh, under circumstances which insured him access to its gayest circles of society. He had been a frequent guest at Lord Harmon's, the judge of the court of which Scott was clerk. There was consequently much that I could tell her in which she appeared to be interested, and for my part it was a great enjoyment to listen to what she told me in return. When we were starting for Abbotsford, we were told that we should be most agreeably impressed with her colloquial powers, and particularly with her slight national brogue. It was decidedly Scotch; but, in one so thoroughly educated and accomplished, it added another charm to her vivacity and wit. Her mother was partly French in origin; and this may have contributed, in some measure, to what was peculiar in her accent and modes of expression.

Later I joined her father; and he took us into the library, the largest apartment of the four along the riverside of the mansion. It contained some twenty thousand volumes, of such works as would naturally have been collected by one of Scott's peculiar tastes and pursuits. He called our attention to a large portrait, over the fireplace, of his eldest son, the second Sir Walter, in his uniform of a cavalry officer, about to mount a noble charger. He spoke of him as

the best rider in his regiment, adding, with a beaming look of pride, but with little or no savor of vanity, "And I taught him." He went on to say that he had always brought up his children to ride on horseback, and tell the truth; one instilling physical courage, the other moral. It would be impossible to recall the numberless other good things we listened to, delighted, from his lips. Wonderful and infinite as are his publications in history, poetry, and romance, full and complete his biography by his gifted son-in-law, and innumerable the printed reminiscences of what he said by others, the world would have been the gainer if Scott, and not Johnson, had had his Boswell.

Mrs. Scott, a lady of great beauty, sang for us, later in the evening, to the harp and piano; and, not long after ten, our post-chaise came to take us to Melrose. We had sent it there, on our arrival, with our luggage, thereby setting at rest all proffers of further hospitality; but regret was expressed that our visit was not to be prolonged, with a kindness and warmth evidently indicating more than politeness. The moon was up when we took our departure; and, as I lingered for a moment on the threshold while my companion was entering the carriage, Scott placed his hand upon my head, and uttered, in a tone of kindness not easily forgotten, "God bless you," — a custom not unusual, to judge from my own experience, with elderly people in our mother-land towards those much younger than themselves.

It was almost as bright as day, and the full light of the harvest moon shone down upon us in cloudless splendor, when, after a drive of three miles, we reached Melrose so as to —

"Visit it by the pale moonlight;"

and, though past twelve, we lingered long among its tombs and ruins, where Michael Scott lies buried, and the heart of Bruce, after its long pilgrimage with the Black Douglas to Holy Land, at last found sepulchre.

T. C. A.

PARIS ASSIÉGÉ.

M. JULES CLARETIE has published his journal of the winter's siege of Paris, which has a deep interest from being written by evidently a thinking man.¹ The tone is far above all bombastic expression, which is too often attributed to the French writers upon their troubles. On the contrary, there is a vein of infinite sadness throughout. The writer constantly blames Napoleon for the present ills of France. He was himself put upon the commission to examine the papers left behind at the Tuileries in order to prepare a "*Histoire de la Censure Impériale*." This duty, he says, is performed with a sensation "in part of pity, but above all of disgust. How much cowardice disclosed, and petty dastardliness brought to light! In the apartments of the Empress, a *mélange* of rice-powder and superstition. Reliques of saints, little fragments of sacred bones, between two pots of cold cream. An image of our Saviour on a *toilette*, a chapel, a prie-dieu, a screen for a confessional. Everywhere worthless books."

"For us, happy to have come out from the miserable state of things that enervated and corrupted France, we can console ourselves for the bitter necessity in which the ex-Emperor has placed us, and can say, that, after

all, liberty and the republic are worth some sacrifice. Better die than rot out."

M. Claretie speaks of a regiment of children, who march about the streets in gray blouse and red sash, and of still younger ones with drums and trumpets. "These children can kill no one; but they already have a foretaste of their duty to the public. Their little souls have, too, their griefs. They do not go to sleep at night till they have asked what is the last news of the army. With lips of carmine and rosy cheeks, these adorable babies will avenge us some time perhaps. And what a change! These are the children that a while ago were trafficking, speculating, buying and selling postage stamps, under the chestnut-trees of the Tuileries. The empire had dishonored even infancy. The republic restores a fresh flame to the large, honest eyes of the smallest of these children, — black or blue, — innocent, pure, and good."

"Our generation is stamped with seals of a sad impress. After being crushed by a despot's heel, it is now struck in the heart with the kick of the conqueror. It is punished, indeed, for its weakness, its abdications, its little failures! No race of men, perhaps, will have suffered so much."

"Three times has France, invaded, seemed to be a prey to a foreign army, — in 1814, 1815, and 1870, and three times from the crime of the two Bonapartes."

Alas! since the late bloody struggle, and terrible retribution in Paris of its own inhabitants, these words may still be no less true: —

"To-day, a masculine element is restored to Paris, formerly Haussmannized and debased by the Bonapartes. Burnt powder has purified the air, and saltpetre serves for chlorides. At

¹ Paris Assiégé. Sept. 1870, Jan. 1871. Paris: A. Lemons, 1871.

the Variétés Theatre, where kings and emperors went to applaud the *cancan* of Schneider, there floats now the white standard with the red cross of that republic of Switzerland, which, when monarchies were crying for war and massacre, always spoke in favor of peace and fraternity. The Champs-Elysées are turned into a camp. Where passed the insolent *coupé* of some frivolous woman, there now is drawn along the heavy cart of the Vosges, bearing bread and arms; the artillery have planted their tents within two steps of those noisy restaurants, from which last year echoed an idiotic laughter and the popping of champagne. It is a city transformed, a city rendered wholesome."

"Chance has to-day placed in my hands," says M. Claretie, "a number of 'La Liberté,' which dates from the 4th of May, three days before the Sunday of the plebiscite. All our ills date from this day. In voting for Napoleon, the people then voted for war, — for their own ruin and slaughter. The peasant voted for the burning of his farms, and shooting down his sons. France is dying from the results of this plebiscite."

One of the appeals to the people at that time to vote affirmatively on the plebiscite, reads as follows: —

"Electors, do you wish for liberty? Vote 'Yes.' For order, stability, prosperity? Vote 'Yes.' Do you wish to recognize our efforts, our devotion? Vote 'Yes.'" This is signed by Emile de Girardin, and some other members of the latest committee.

M. Claretie sums up the result of that "order, stability, prosperity, liberty." He questions "the sum total as, Sedan, invasion, devastation, misery, and death. Poor France, into what hands thou hast fallen!"

"Arago has charged me with a com-

mission (gratuitous on my part, I have insisted) to organize a communal library for each ward, also for lectures and conferences. This is a task which I shall be glad to perform, and with zeal. To instruct the people is to set them free. This is the true war which we should make upon Germany."

"I observe that the Prussian prefect of Seine-et-Oise (what shame in such a connection of words!) orders the re-opening of the schools of the department. There is doubtless some hypocrisy, and affectation of civilization, and of a mission for education, in such a half-scoffing decree; yet the blush mounts to one's brow to dream that these *barbarians*, as we call them, think of such things. To be crushed by the Krupp cannon once and again is nothing. Against force, the right even may not prevail. But to be humiliated by things of this sort, to be conquered in science and education, — this is enough to rend and crush the heart."

"I heard a saying yesterday, that the government for the national *defence* had succeeded the government for the national *expense*."

"The costs of the *coup d'état* of December have been discovered. It was paid for by an outlay for wine, made in one night, at one hundred and seventy-three thousand francs. Costs of the arrests of Malté, Saint Romme, and another representative, thirty francs, — ten francs a head. Louis Bonaparte did not have to rob himself."

The publication of the two latter numbers of "papers seized at the Tuileries" has produced much effect. These contain despatches relative to the present war, and betray complete disorder and carelessness. "Where are my soldiers? I cannot find them,"

writes Gen. Michel, on reaching his seat of command. Napoleon telegraphs to the mayor of Etain, "Do you know where the army has gone?" But how the ignorance of these generals brings to light, in contrast, the honor of the soldier, in this case the martyr."

"Poor people, ignorant and wretched, exposed to cold, hunger, and death, who has led you into all this misery? An emperor, Napoleon. And who sustains you in it? A king to-day, an emperor to-morrow, William. They say that the nations of Europe, profiting by our ruin, wish to share the world between them. England would take Egypt; Russia, Constantinople; Germany, Holland and our Lorraine and Alsace, — thefts of to-day which will be adjudged to-morrow, and by what tribunal? By that sovereign and republican tribunal that will one day be called the United States of Europe. Oh! these times are not far."

"Ah! how much better do I love Paris in all her grief, in her night of sorrow, hardly pressed, torn, tried, menaced, bombarded, shattered, and in ruins, than in the days of imperial bacchanals, and with festal nights glaring with light and show. It becomes again the head of the world, the centre of free human thought, the capital of the future republic of Europe."

"Behind the mist in which Paris is veiled rises the dawn, the great sun, of republican liberty. A hope remains to us, a hope of regeneration, and faith in the future."

With this hope the book closes before the late dark events that have again sullied Paris. If, however, there are only manly souls enough to maintain such hope and faith, we may believe that Paris will indeed be redeemed.

ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY OF WONDERS.¹

Two interesting volumes of the excellent series under the above title are now in course of publication by Messrs. Scribner & Co. The first is a translation from the French of M. Radau, called wonders of acoustics. It seems to us to keep the promise of its titlepage, conveying as it does, in a compact, clear, and agreeable form, the substance of our knowledge of the phenomena of sound, as revealed by the speculations and experiments of all the great thinkers on this subject, from the days of Pythagoras to those of Helmholtz, the illustrious professor of Heidelberg. A vast and arduous field of labor indeed, but one which it is pleasant and profitable to explore under the guidance of a cicerone who divides the journey into easy stages, who explains his statements by abundant diagrams, illustrates them by excellent pictorial sketches, beguiles the way by a constant succession of piquant and appropriate anecdotes, and who, even in the driest chapters, is continually surprising us with graceful turns of thought and picturesque forms of expression. The two most striking chapters, perhaps, are the ninth, entitled the Pitch of Sounds, and the eleventh, which discusses the Timbre or Quality of Sound. In the former are described the various Sonometers of Seebeck, Chladni, and Mersne, Savart's rattle, and the wonderful Siren of Latour, which not only records with perfect accuracy the vibrations of the air, but performs its office with equal success in whatever liquid it may be plunged. The writer also glances at the question of the limit of audible sound, and recites the ingenious experiments of the various

¹ Illustrated Library of Wonders. Scribner & Co.: New York. 1870.

French and German savans, who have thus far vainly endeavored to answer it. The eleventh chapter discusses at length the phenomena of vibration, subjecting the waves of sound to the same scientific analysis as those of water, and tracing the marvellous resemblances between their complex movements with clearness and copiousness of illustration. Thanks to the untiring zeal of the dauntless students of Germany, we are now enabled to dissect every sound in nature or art, and trace, with mathematical accuracy, the relations of its harmonies to each fundamental sound. By the aid of that brilliant invention, called the Flames of Koenig, the vowels themselves are compelled to give up their secrets, and to record, each its characteristic traits, in visible images upon the surface of a revolving mirror. We have not space for the author's description of this invention, or of that earlier discovery, the Figures of Chladni, wherein grains of sand, resting from their tumultuous dance upon a vibrating plate of glass or metal, are seen to range themselves, at last, in regular and symmetrical figures, defining, with the fidelity of diagrams, the nodal lines, and centres of vibration. The book abounds in descriptions of similar triumphs of ingenuity. The chapters devoted to the voice and the ear are as graphic as they are accurate; and the volume is full of facts and suggestions, interesting alike to architects, public speakers, and musicians. We copy a brief passage or two to show the agreeable style of the writer. The following is the opening paragraph:—

“Sound is movement. Repose is dumb. All sound, all noise, tells of motion: it is the invisible telegraph which Nature uses. Sound is an appeal to sense. It cannot be understood without the attentive ear,

just as light cannot be understood without the eyes which it enlightens. In voice and word and song, it becomes the chief and dearest tie to social life. Every one knows that the blind, who hear and speak, are better off than the deaf and dumb, who have only their eyes to learn by. It is by the voice, that offspring of the air, that living beings tell most clearly their thoughts, their needs, and their desires. The voice invites, attracts, or repulses, excites or soothes, implores or curses. As speech in man's mouth, it expresses all that mind can conceive, or heart can feel. Marvellous incarnation! which lends an invisible form to thought; which carries from soul to soul passions of emotion, faith, or doubt, trouble or peace. To imagine a dumb humanity is impossible.”

Jenny Lind, or Nilsson, could hardly claim a more glowing tribute than the following:—

“The nightingale is the true songster of our forests. By the wonderful variety of its intonations, by the deep passion of its voice, it bears the palm from all its comrades. The nightingale's song usually begins with an uncertain, timid prelude; by degrees it becomes animated, eager, and soon we hear the brilliant, thrilling notes pour forth heavenward. The full, clear warbling alternates with low murmurs, scarcely audible; the trills and rapid runs so clearly articulated, the plaintive cadences, the long-drawn notes, the passionate sighs, give place, from time to time, to a short silence; then the warbling begins once more, and the woods resound with the soft and stirring accents which fill the soul with sweetness.”

One extract more, wherein the author asks,—

“Whence comes the power that music exercises over the soul? What is the secret affinity by which sounds excite passions?” . . . “Music is the image of motion. It employs sounds arranged in regular intervals, between which the voice mounts and falls, according to the fancy of the musician. In varying the duration and the intensity of the different notes

that succeed one another, every shade of expression, every possible difference of time, is given, from the drowsy meandering of a stream, which loses itself in the sands, to the stormy impetuosity of a mountain torrent. Now, sounds act directly on the nervous system by the vibration they impart to the sensitive nerves; and thus they provoke the disposition of mind, agreeing to the kind of movement expressed by the music. Gayety is characterized by a measure quick and light, gravity by a slow and solemn movement, anger by an abrupt and hasty staccato. These different characteristics apply equally well to the motions of the body; and it is in this unanimity of impression and action, in soul and body, that we must seek the explanation of the effects of music. Sorrow paralyzes our limbs, while it makes our speech slower, and stops the flow of ideas. Music composed of notes which painfully climb a slow ascent of semitones disposes to melancholy reverie; while, on the contrary, notes which leap by fifths and octaves fill us with a flutter of excitement, which has its symbolic expression in laughter and the dance."

The object of the other volume, *Lighthouses and Light-ships*, by Mr. Adams, is thus stated in the preface:—

"Its aim is to furnish, in a popular and intelligible form, a description of the lighthouse as it is and as it was; of the rude Roman pharos or old sea-tower, with its flickering fire of wood or coal, and the modern pharos, shapely and yet substantial, with its powerful illuminating apparatus of lamp and lense, shining ten, twelve, or twenty miles across the waves. The gradual improvement of this apparatus is concisely indicated. Sketches are furnished of the most remarkable lighthouses in Great Britain and France; and a detailed account is given of the mode of life of their keepers, with full particulars of the administrative systems adopted at home and abroad. As auxiliaries in the noble work of guarding the seaman against the perils of rock and shoal, the light-ship, the buoy, and the beacon have also found a place

in our pages; and the volume closes with a list of all the lights existing on the coasts of England, Scotland, and Ireland at the present time."

Mr. Adams has performed his task in a straightforward, unpretending manner, and in so doing has contributed an interesting chapter to the great volume of the *Record of Progress*. Both the descriptive and historical portions of his account are excellent, giving the reader all needful information, without an undue parade of technicalities, or a wearisome multiplication of facts. There is a most commendable abstinence, too, from all attempts at fine writing, though many passages betray that the author is fully alive to the poetry and pathos of his theme. "The Story of the Eddystone," as here told, is full of materials for the artist and the dramatist. A most entertaining and instructive panorama might be constructed from it; giving us first the fantastic structure of the eccentric and irreverent Winstanley, whose presumptuous boasts and foolhardiness seemed fairly to provoke the terrible tempest that swept away him and his work; then the far more sober and serviceable structure of Rudyard, about which so many touching anecdotes cluster, and which, after more than forty years of duty, fell a victim to the flames; and finally, the master-work of the heroic Smeaton, each painfully-prepared and carefully-laid stone of which bears witness to the ceaseless vigilance, indomitable courage, and unfailling fertility of the inventive genius of its builder, while the pious inscriptions at its base and summit attest the devout humility of his spirit. This noble tower has already entered the second decade of the second century of its career of beneficence, and will continue, we trust, to bless and to save the mari-

ners of many, many generations to come. The fourth book is devoted to the French Lighthouses; giving us the romantic history of the stately Tower of Cordova, which overlooks the stormy Gulf of Gascony, and about which Michelet has rhapsodized so charmingly; describes the stately structures of Cape La Hève, so impatiently looked for by all young travellers; and dwells with especial admiration on the Lighthouse of the Héaux of Bréhat, that grand success, in the face of the most formidable obstacles, or M. Léonce Reynaud, the Stevenson of France. Of this edifice he says, "Alone, in the midst of ocean, the Lighthouse of the Héaux de Bréhat acquires, by its very isolation, a character of severe grandeur, which profoundly impresses the voyager. As Michelet says, it has the sublime simplicity of a gigantic sea-plant. Enormous, immovable, silent, it seems, in truth, a defiance flung by the genius of man in the teeth of the spirit of the storm. Sometimes, says M. de Quatrefages, you would say, that, sensible of the outrage, the heavens and the sea league together against the enemy who braves them by its impassibility. The impetuous winds of the north-west roar around the lantern, and hurl torrents of rain, and whirlwinds of hail and snow, against its solid crystal. Under the impulse of their irresistible breath, gigantic billows hurry up from the open sea, and sometimes reach as high as the first gallery; but these fluent masses glide over the round, polished surface of the granite, which offers them no holding-place; they even fling long streams of foam above the cupola, and dash down, with a groan, on the rocks of Stallio-Bras, or the shingly beach of the Sillon. Without a quiver, the lighthouse supports these terrible at-

tacks. Yet it bends towards them, as if to render homage to the power of its adversaries. The keepers have assured me, that, during a violent tempest, the oil-vessels, placed in one of the highest chambers, show a variation in level of upwards of an inch, which indicates that the summit of the tower describes an arc of more than a yard in extent. But this very pliancy may be regarded as a pledge of durability. At least, we find it in numerous monuments which have braved for centuries the inclemencies of the seasons. The spire of Strasbourg Cathedral, for instance, curves, under the breath of the winds, its long ogives and its graceful little columns, and balances its four-armed cross, elevated four hundred and forty feet above the soil."

We should like to quote entire the interesting final chapter of the book, descriptive of Life in the Lighthouse. "There is about this life," as the writer says, "a certain heroic simplicity; it is so completely severed from the commonplace aims and concerns of the work-day world; and it is characterized, moreover, by an austere regularity, which reminds one of the existence formerly led, in grotto and cavern, by saint and hermit, though its end is much more useful; and it is, in itself, of far greater value to mankind." In this chapter, he gracefully introduces some exquisite verses by Longfellow, with the two last of which we must conclude our brief notice:—

"Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
Year after year, through all the silent night,
Burns on forevermore that quenchless flame,
Shines on that inextinguishable light!

"'Sail on!' it says, 'sail on, ye stately ships,
And with your floating bridge the ocean span;
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
Be yours to bring man nearer unto man!'"

BARNES'S NOTES.

THE revised edition of Barnes's Notes¹ will be looked at with a new interest, because it contains the author's last contribution to the study of Scripture. Begun chiefly in the interests of Sunday-school teachers and Bible-classes, either new volumes, or new editions of old ones, have kept appearing continually during the past forty years, to meet the ever-increasing demands of this large body of students. The simple fact mentioned by the author, that more than a million volumes have been sold in this country and Great Britain, and that "it has been translated, in whole or in part, into the Welsh, French, and Tamil languages," will show the uses of such a work, and also Mr. Barnes's qualifications for it. In spite of a very diffuse style and a poor habit of explaining passages, which, to say the least, are as simple as the notes upon them, this first of all popular commentaries in America is still the most popular.

Of the final shape these books have taken, we can speak only in terms of praise. They are supplied with valuable maps, such as every student of the New Testament needs, with very full illustrations of Eastern manners, customs, clothing, scenery, and all that can make the story more vivid to the modern reader's mind, and, in the case of the Gospels, with a carefully-prepared index, which gives to the volumes nearly all the advantages of an ordinary Bible-dictionary. In all these respects, great pains have been taken to make the revised edition conform to the increased knowledge of Palestine, which modern travellers have gained for us.

¹ Notes, Explanatory and Practical, on the New Testament. By Albert Barnes. Revised Edition. Harper & Brothers.

The substance of the notes can be fairly judged only by keeping the author's purpose constantly in view. He was not writing for advanced students or clergymen, nor yet for a generation which was flooded, like ours, with religious literature of every form; but he undertook, forty years ago, to meet a demand, far more common than now, for a book which should be at once a manual of theology, religion, morals, and sacred history. His notes were to be missionaries, which, after explaining the text, should preach the sermon. They would have suited us better if the "suggestions" and "reflections" had been struck out, and the volumes reduced to half the present number; but they would in that case have done far less good in the frontier homes and foreign lands for which they were equally designed. Indeed, one of the author's last thoughts before his death was, "that in the form in which these volumes now go forth to the public, I may continue, though dead, to speak to the living, and that the work may be exerting an influence on immortal minds when I am in the eternal world."

It is hardly needful to say, that Mr. Barnes (he would never allow the D.D. to be added to his name) finds throughout the Bible the doctrines which are usually termed "evangelical," and introduces into nearly every chapter some arguments in support of his belief. Yet he preserved his own independent thought in a way which is somewhat rare among the advocates of a creed; and especially is his notes on Romans, he was so bold, outspoken, and uncompromising as to be one of the direct causes of the separation of the Presbyterian churches into the New School and the Old. His notes on the fifth

chapter of that epistle, wherein he maintains that physical death is in all cases the result of sin, and shows the connection between Adam's sin and ours, have therefore a peculiar value to the student of doctrine; while, for all practical purposes, they are the most useless in the book. Probably no man ever wrote a volume with special reference to defending his own belief, without seeming to have his mind warped by his special pleading. Certainly those who differed from Mr. Barnes felt that these frank and fearless notes were by no means fair.

One of the most valuable passages in the comments on the Gospels is the explanation of the phrase, "that it might be fulfilled," which occurs so often in the early part of Matthew and the latter part of John. Mr. Barnes shows clearly, that, while in a few cases this refers back to a definite prediction, yet in the greater number of instances we are not to understand that the Hebrew prophets were alluding to Jesus in those passages, but only that their words would "fitly describe" him and his career. Any event which can be appropriately expressed in the words of another is a fulfilment of his words, just as old fables, parables, and proverbs are continually fulfilled in our lives. So Isaiah's prediction about the child to be born from a virgin, had not, according to this view, the slightest reference to Jesus; and it was quoted by Matthew for no other reason than that it *aptly described* what took place in Bethlehem. Few of our popular commentaries give as clear an explanation of these passages which trouble so many readers' minds.

Still, even Mr. Barnes, while denying that the ancient prophecies are

to be taken in two senses, finds a double meaning in Jesus' words about his second coming. This seems all the more inexcusable in him, since he was wise enough to reject the false exegesis which everywhere detects double meanings in the teachings of David and Isaiah. His notes, therefore, on the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth chapters of Matthew are somewhat confusing, from his strange belief that Jesus spoke in the same breath of two events which were to be thousands or millions of years apart! Had he not been so fearless in his treatment of "Romans," we should certainly have called him timid in these comments on the Gospels; and, as it is, no sufficient reason can be given why in that whole discussion he should have avoided all allusion to any dispute concerning the phrase "end of the world." Even in the parable of the tares, where "the field is the world" and "the harvest is the end of the world," he does not allude to the fact, that two different Greek words are used in the original, and that "the world," which is ended at the harvest, is by no means the same as that which constitutes the field. The omission of the slightest hint to this difference in the original is a great blemish to the book. Every reader of the Greek Testament knows that the phrase *end of the earth* is never used in the Gospels; but a reader of Barnes's notes would suppose it to be used very often.

Another characteristic of this commentator is his disposition to regard the Bible language as used in a popular sense; that is, just as we would use it in conversation. "When the Saviour says that *all* were thieves, he speaks in a popular sense, using the word *all*, as it is often used in the

New Testament, to denote the great *mass* or the *majority*." In the same way the strong utterances of Paul about the sinfulness of men are so explained that we may still believe there were a few pious men, according to Mr. Barnes, even when the words read, "There is none that doeth good,—no, not one." Yet even he thinks that the multiplication of these popular utterances at last establishes a universal truth; and, while no one passage means any more than that the great majority are wicked, all the passages together prove that every human being, without a single exception, is guilty! That is a logic which will no more satisfy the churches which accept the same conclusion on different grounds than it will those churches which deny the conclusion altogether.

We have, however, to praise the form, method, and substance of this book, and the good scholarship which is for the most part manifest in it. Besides this, the spirit in which it is written is, with rare exceptions, truly devout and Christian throughout. Students of all denominations can turn to almost any page with the assurance, that, while finding many things from which they may differ, they will not come across one word written in bitterness or contempt. When so much is said about theological hatred and bigotry, it is no slight praise to a commentator to say, that his book exemplifies the Christianity of which it treats. This praise, with the exception of his treatment of one class of Christians, we can bestow on Mr. Barnes; but that one exception, we are sorry to say, he did make. He had only contempt, it would seem, for those who believe it to be God's fixed purpose to draw all men into the Christian fold. In commenting

on Romans iii. 4, he says, "No man with this feeling [namely, a feeling of God's perfect truthfulness] could for a moment be a Universalist; none would be an infidel." It was unworthy of such a man to imply that a whole sect bases its belief in the final holiness of all men upon a doubt of God's veracity, especially when he knew that they themselves base it on a belief in his perfect veracity and goodness! Besides, a man who had so many mental struggles himself about the final doom of those who die impenitent should have been the last to cast a slur on those who hoped all would be well; for Mr. Barnes, in a sermon published or republished in 1860, declares that his mind is *tortured* by the question of sin and its punishment. "My whole soul," he says, "pants for light and relief on these questions. But I get neither. . . . It is all dark, dark, dark, to my soul; and I cannot disguise it." Now, the fact that a man who wrote those hopeless words should have only bitterness for the Universalists, while speaking kindly of all others who differed from him, can have but one possible explanation,—he was trying to silence his own doubting mind.

R. M.

THE WAR OF 1870.

CHAPELLE, COUNT DE LA. THE WAR OF 1870. *Events and Incidents of the Battle-fields*. London: Chapman & Hall.

It gives one a curious sensation to read this record of the first three months of the war, written by a Frenchman following the course of the French armies, but written in English, and as the correspondent of an English paper, "The Standard." He frankly confesses that his heart is

with his countrymen, but never fails to criticise their blunders and shortcomings, which he lays to the account of incompetent leaders; quoting the saying of the great Napoleon, "*Il vaut mieux," disait-il, "un troupeau de moutons commandé par des lions, qu'un troupeau de lions commandé par des moutons."* This remark, if Napoleon ever made it, was his translation from his boyish memoirs of Plutarch. All Anglicized Frenchmen can be safely set down, generally, as Orleanist, Legitimist, or Republican, and, in either case, good haters of Napoleon III.; but this Count-correspondent speaks always of the Emperor with respect and sympathy, blaming only his bad choice of advisers, among whom the true scapegoat, the root of all mischief, is pointed out in the person of Marshal Leboeuf, the major-general of the army, whose popularity was great, and "whose ability," it is significantly said, "had not been contested." Count de la Chapelle says, "The general staff was composed of those brilliant and special officers, who at all times have distinguished themselves by their knowledge, their military science, and their great aptitude. Unfortunately, those officers were left without initiative in secondary positions, when they were, with few exceptions, the only officers who had made serious studies on strategy and tactics, and who had acquired by experience the military tactics, studied

all their lives. And l'Etat-Major Français, those learned pupils of the polytechnic schools, were compelled, at the beginning of the campaign, to trace out patiently the absurd plans conceived by a major-general without brains, or a spark of inventive talent. We shall soon see how unfortunate France, under a misguided sovereign, has had to pay for the incapacity of one man,—for his guilty ignorance." At the battle of Forbach, the complete loss of the day is ascribed to the "inconceivable carelessness" of Gen. Frossard. "He had left the battle-field, after giving a few orders, and treating the affair as a mere engagement without importance. He quietly remained several hours in the house of his friend, the mayor of Forbach, enjoying a luxurious lunch, and discussing with that worthy magistrate the magnitude of his arrangements; and, in the mean time, new German columns had arrived on the battle-field. The French soldiers, headed by the brave Gen. Bataille, had to sustain the tremendous shock of an enemy increasing continually in number. Message on message was sent to the general-in-chief, but he did not proceed any quicker; and instead of a new combination, a movement of retreat, which might have saved the day, the French divisions were left without new orders; and had to succumb by degrees under the tremendous shock of seventy thousand Prussians."

Fine Arts.

THE general interest in museums of fine art calls particular attention to the principles involved in the architecture of the buildings which are to contain them. A mistake there is well nigh fatal. We need not ask for a careful consideration of the suggestions in the following paper from very high authority.

ART MUSEUMS IN AMERICA.

NEWPORT, July 1, 1871.

WHEN I last had the pleasure of seeing you, we discussed the prospects of the various art museums which are about to be established in this country. While sanguine that they will effect much for the cultivation of art in the future, I expressed a fear that we might be disappointed, if we supposed that they would immediately affect the taste of our people; and also that there would be some failures before the true practicable system would grow up, that would enable these museums to perform what might be expected of them. In order to explain myself, I will begin by declaring, that, in regard to the organization of public institutions, I am a decided Darwinian. The "*flat lux*" either of a prince, or princely bodies, is apt to produce a "fit" — of darkness. This is owing to the nature of things, and not to the stupidity of men; for, on their accustomed ground, men are very intelligent.

The love and understanding of art, like that of all good things, is of slow growth. So it is especially necessary

that the study should begin early. How study is to begin is a matter of great importance. If the rudiments are made as repulsive as those of what is called "sound learning," good-by to art.

To return to museums.

The first thing to consider is the building: what principles should govern its structure?

First, *Judicious light*, without which the works are thrown away. Secondly, *The capability of growth*. Thirdly, *Beauty*.

Good light is essential to honor the works of painting and sculpture; for the building is erected to exhibit them properly, and for that only. Now, the question is, Have our architects such experience and practical acquaintance with the subtleties of this problem of lighting works of art, as will enable them to master it? If there is any uncertainty, the best way to meet the difficulty is to follow the example of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, and to take the light from every side, as out of doors. The moment you undertake to govern the light by means of walls, you do very well or

very ill, according to your understanding of the exigencies of works of art.

The next important consideration in our art museum is its "*capability of growth.*"

The uses of most public buildings, such as state-houses, palaces, churches, &c., fix their dimensions within specific limits; but there are certain buildings, such as markets, libraries, and museums, which ought to be so constructed as to keep pace with the growth of population or their own collections. It will thus be seen how important is the first outlay for one of these buildings; for such a design may be fairly considered as the seed which will determine the character, beauty, and usefulness of the after-growth.

Third, to build wisely, the element of *Beauty* is indispensable.

Temples and churches are made more or less magnificent, according to the demand of the worshippers, some of whom conceive that their thoughts will be disturbed by the slightest decoration, others thinking that their ideal will bear any amount of it.

Elegance rather than magnificence is appropriate in the decoration of an art museum; for the works to which it is dedicated are themselves the chief and most worthy means of decoration. Harmony in the *ensemble*, and purity in the details, together with a strict proportion of space allotted according to the size of the works; the whole with such a distribution of light that no work shall be sacrificed, — such are the points to be secured, without which posterity will be forced to remodel the work of their bungling ancestors.

Having said thus much, I would call your attention to another subject of vital importance, "the selection of works for a public museum." As art is

a species of language, it becomes us to watch with jealous care what ideas and sentiments it is made to express.

Yours faithfully, G.

A QUARTET IN COUNCIL.

UPON the principle that birds of a feather flock together, four members of our boarding-house family have fallen into the habit of spending much time together in what is called the "little parlor." It was not because this quartet was exclusive, or because the other boarders were in any respect disagreeable, that they thus separated themselves, but simply because they had tastes that the others did not share in the same degree. The quartet was musical; and, naturally talking much upon the subject, they had found that in the "front parlor" they were either disturbed by aimless jokes and criticisms, or depressed by the conviction that they were boring every one else. In the "little parlor," they were independent, and, with the attraction of an open fire, truly comfortable; especially after Emily Lessing had her cabinet-piano moved into their retreat.

The quartet was naturally made up of two ladies and as many gentlemen. None of them were lovers, nor likely to be, — a fact that added much to the general comfort. All were young, and all amateurs, unless Emily Lessing, who gave piano-lessons, might have been called a professional. She was the pianist of the company, an excellent performer, playing well, with a large *repertoire*. She was in the habit of thinking, however, that she should never consider herself any thing but a modest parlor-player, until she could satisfy herself in Beet-

hoven's sonata, Op. 106. She had quite enough money to support herself, but not to supply her musical necessities: so she gave lessons; and what she made by the art, she devoted to it. In this way she was able to buy music and books, to go to operas and concerts, and to take lessons of a first-class professor. In addition to all this, she helped to support a young girl who was studying in Germany; and she was trying to save enough to buy a grand piano, but this fund increased but slowly.

Daisy Stuart was a singer, with a clear light soprano and a good method. She sang in a choir, took solo parts in the society to which she belonged, and accomplished a good deal of hard study, in spite of being exceedingly pretty and moreover engaged to a young Englishman, who was at home settling his father's business in order to come to America to live.

The third member of the party was Gustave Von Mosel, American born, but of German descent. He was a tenor; he sang much with Daisy, and was cheery and pleasant. Philip Sterling, the fourth, could take a bass part, as Emily could a contralto, although neither of them sang solo; but although he sang little, he read much, and listened more. Mrs. Sterling, for there was such a person, cared more for backgammon than music, and so was content to spend much of her time playing with old Col. Brocklehurst in the other parlor.

Mrs. Ford, the widow of a musician, sometimes joined the quartet in the evening. She had an indefinite idea that musical culture was contagious, and considered herself, in virtue of her husband's profession, authority on the subject. She was, however, a great bore until it was

found that a long piece of music always frightened her away. This had been an old and favorite expedient with her husband when for his own credit's sake he wished to reduce her to silence, but was considered quite an original discovery by the quartet.

The night was not pleasant enough to tempt any one out for pleasure alone, so the four naturally gathered in the cheerful little parlor. They had a glimpse of a larger, gayer party in the larger room across the hall; so that, while the open doors added to their comfort, they were yet perfectly undisturbed. Emily was sitting in an easy chair in front of the fire. Daisy near her on a stool; but between them, on a chair, was a box of sugar-plums, a peace-offering from Gustave. Philip was lounging on the sofa; and Gustave at the piano was singing the serenade from "Don Giovanni."

"Pardon me," said Daisy, "but I think that sounds horribly," as he ended.

"Horribly? Why, what is the matter with it?"

"It does not suit your voice, in the first place. In the second, you have transposed it; and I dislike transpositions in music as much as I do photographs of paintings."

"Both are justifiable," he replied, leaving the piano, and standing near them. "It is better to bring music within the compass of a voice than to sing it badly, just as, if you cannot have the color of a painting, it is well to have the drawing."

"I agree with Daisy," said Emily, handing him the candy. "I do not like transpositions. All characteristic music has its own key; and, when you put it into another, you deprive it of one of its individualities. Every key you feel instinctively has its own color;

simultaneous; but neither singers nor orchestra take any note of Mozart's intention."

"There is a quick return to E-flat, however," said Gustave. "Yes; for the dramatic effect was made, and that was all that Mozart wanted."

"I think," said Daisy, "to come back to our starting-point, that it is wise to let composers have their own way, and not alter nor add to music."

"Siebelt says, you know, that the dream of his life is to add to Beethoven's orchestration."

"Idiot!" ejaculated Gustave. "Why don't he do so?"

"Because he is afraid of the hubbub it would raise. He says that there was so much talk made over Dr. Peck's alterations in the 'Messiah,' that he does not care to risk it."

"Then Dr. Peck ought to be thanked for having made a beacon-light of himself. I wish to state, however, that, while I do not agree with him in making changes, I would like to know what the 'Handelian method' the newspapers talk so much about, really is?"

"*A propos* of Miss Nilsson, I suppose?"

"Yes," continued Gustave, getting somewhat excited. "Is there a definite Handelian method? The New-York newspapers, for instance, call Miss Nilsson to account for departing from the true rendering in singing 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' and in 'Angels ever bright and fair.' A Boston journal, on the contrary, praises her for her departure from the 'conventional style.' Is the Handelian method purely a conventional method?"

"Now, I will tell you just what I think about this matter," said Daisy, assuming an authoritative manner.

"If you will study Handel carefully, you will see that he makes sound follow sense very closely. He does not bring in frogs or great beasts, perhaps, as Haydn does; but he is as literal. Now, there is the aria 'Every valley shall be exalted.' Nothing could be more literal than that. The 'valley' goes curving up an octave, making a mountainous outline through the whole phrase. The sense is followed just as closely all through the aria. In every respect, Handel was a good elocutionist. Now, tell me how would you read 'I know that my Redeemer liveth'?"

"Not as you do now, with no emphasis," replied Emily, "but 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'"

"With accent on every word, but especial emphasis on 'know.' Well, that is just what Handel does."

"And Nilsson does not."

"She puts it on 'liveth.'"

"That is what almost all singers whom I have heard do; and so I should call this the 'conventional method.'"

"It is not 'Handelian;' and so the New-Yorkers, I suppose, were right."

"Well," said Gustave, "I don't believe they were criticising the aria in detail: they rather referred to the general rendering. You know how Parepa sings it. She gives it like an exultant herald making a proclamation."

"You would not expect Nilsson to sing it in her style?"

"Of course not: Nilsson's style is the dramatic intense. That sounds like slang, but it is not. Parepa's is broad and full."

"There is this difference in them to me," said Emily, "that when you hear Parepa you never forget her, and you lose the song in thinking how grandly she is singing,—how

round, free, and perfect her tones are. Now, Nilsson goes straight to the heart of her music, and so catches the full meaning of the music. I don't believe Parepa ever brought tears to any one's eyes; but the 'Old folks at home' by Nilsson moves people as absurdly as 'Rip Van Winkle.'"

"Or 'Aurora Floyd,'" said Daisy. "It is just like you Americans to laugh at emotion; but I saw you girls staring through your opera-glasses while Nilsson was singing that very song; and I know it was only to hide your tears."

"That's the absurd part of it. It amuses me to see the feints people are driven to when they are touched. We like to be as stolid as Spartans."

"Do you want to know what I consider the true 'Handelian method'?" said Philip.

"We do," replied Daisy.

"We do," echoed Emily.

"We do," re-echoed Gustave.

"Then it is this. First, sing the music as he wrote it. Secondly, emphasize according to sense as he does; thirdly, follow your own nature in delivering it. If you have a noble, splendid voice, like Parepa, and no dramatic personal power, put your whole reliance upon your voice, and sing out grandly. If, on the contrary, your dramatic genius is more remarkable than your voice, lean upon that. I fancy this would satisfy Handel himself; and it gives us the opportunity of hearing it in two ways. In one we get the full weight of the music; in the other the wedded meaning of word and melody. That is the opinion of the court."

"Which is declared adjourned," said Mrs. Philip looking in; "for we mean to have a dance, and want Emily to play." L. S.

THE OLD COMEDIAN.

How many years had the old actor seen,
 Since first, a boy, he trod upon the stage?
 Year after year had passed, and each had been
 Full of ripe art and full of coming age;
 And now 'twas his last night; and his farewell
 Must now be said to scenes he'd loved so well.

In the vast crowd, although his eyes were dim,
 Faces he saw, not seen before for years;
 And younger faces that had grown with him
 To know the joys of laughter and of tears.
 All had come forth to hear the last farewell
 That he must say to scenes he'd loved so well.

The oldest ne'er had seen him play so well:
 All hearts, all hands, confessed his wondrous power;
 And, as in slow descent the curtain fell,
 Loudly they called the hero of the hour.
 He came not forth: for him the last farewell
 By death had come to all he'd loved so well.

Record of Progress.

WE are still unable to publish all the studies of method in the various colleges which we wish to bring before our readers interested in the higher education. In our next number we shall be able to add, to those which are to be found here, some account of the institutions of Ohio and of Iowa.

The critical importance of the Döllinger protest, in the history of our time, is evident to every reader.

VASSAR COLLEGE.

BY JAMES ORTON.

WERE Plato living, he would cease to give thanks to the gods that he was not born a woman. Long has the cry gone up for the definite recognition of the rights of woman to all the advantages of a thorough education accorded to man. Long and heroically has she lived by faith; she has now the sight, at least the sure promise, of better things. Woman has an Alma Mater.

When, in 1858, Matthew Vassar was contemplating his novel enterprise, he asked the advice of the great philanthropist, educator, and publisher, William Chambers of Edinburgh. Mr. Chambers replied, that the proposal to endow an institution of a high class for board and education of several hundred young ladies filled him with astonishment and consternation. "I cannot imagine such a thing. Boarding-schools with but thirty girls are difficult to manage satisfactorily, and much above a hundred, in a day-academy, is impractica-

ble. It has only been by exercising a marvellous degree of vigilance and discipline, such as you could not carry out among your high-spirited and highly-dressed republican young ladies, that the Scottish Institution has been attended with success." He then recommends him to pause, and consider whether he might not modify his benevolently-conceived scheme, which he fears would never work to his satisfaction or be creditable to his good name. A safer investment, he thinks, would be a seminary for the blind, the deaf and dumb, or the weak in intellect.

But the deed is done. And nothing could better show the determined purpose of the founder, or the undeniable demand of the age, than the fact that the costly experiment was begun while our National Government was rocking to its foundations. By the old Dutch city of Poughkeepsie, midway between New York and Albany, and in fair view of the Catskills, stands one of the largest edifices in America, covering nearly an

acre of ground, and furnished, as few of our oldest colleges are, with all the appliances for a thorough and comprehensive instruction. For six years Vassar College has thrown wide its doors to the daughters of the land, with this result:—

Average number of students, three hundred and sixty-seven.

Average number of undergraduates (excluding specials and preparatories), one hundred and fifty-three.

Total number of graduates, one hundred and seventeen.

It has also demonstrated the following facts:—

1. The shallowness of the popular education of young ladies. A short course, crowded with high sciences which are attempted without a preliminary drill, or filled with those glittering generalities, the accomplishments of speaking French and making a brilliant noise on a piano, cannot possibly give "clearness, breadth, force, precision, and fertility to the mind, nor dignity, weight, refinement, and symmetry to character." Our daughters deserve something better than knowledge falsely so called, unorganized and inert, without the power of independent thinking and accurate observation. Can the systematic, effective education of woman be safely committed to private enterprises, when the other sex require permanent, well-endowed colleges? The establishment of Vassar reveals the like ambitious scheme, and the slurring of fundamentals in many public schools. Few who have them know how to study, and fewer still have a right conception of the means and end of a sound culture, and the inexorable conditions for its attainment. Vassar College is therefore compelled to have a preparatory de-

partment, and properly fit the candidates for its college course.

2. The opening of Vassar College, in 1865, proved that woman herself was demanding a higher education. At no time has there been a lack of students. Their demand was not met by existing institutions. There are colleges which admit young ladies to their literary feasts; but the food is prepared by and for men. It is a masculine curriculum. Woman does not ask for any lower standard than that of Yale; but she asks for a similar course, modified to meet her distinctive nature and her peculiar sphere. For, while the mental faculties in the two sexes are essentially the same, they are very different in their proportions, and they should have a corresponding treatment.

3. The age is demanding a broader, deeper, truer, female education. Unreasonable prejudice is hiding itself, along with the effete and narrow views of our fathers; and the world has come to the consciousness, that the culture of both sexes must keep pace with the ever-enlarging sphere of personal activity.

4. Woman has shown herself capable of a liberal education. There are already one hundred and seventeen living proofs that she has earnestness and energy enough to carry her through the difficulties. And one of those difficulties has been the depressing, deadening influence which consists in feeling that nothing very good is expected from her. The world has great expectations of a young man in Yale or Harvard; but who cares for the uncrowned Corinnas and silent Sapphos? "All women who do any thing are self-made, and can only be fairly compared with self-made men. The achievements in science and literature of such women as Mrs. Somer-

ville, Harriet Martineau, Anne Swanwick, and the author of 'Adam Bede,' must be taken as representing, besides what is actually accomplished, a reserve of force, expended in removing special obstacles." Vassar College, with educational advantages of the first order, enables us to test the question, whether average women have sufficient force of brain to justify the hope of success. If her students manifest diligence and enthusiasm; a memory more quick to receive, if not so retentive as man's; a delicacy of perception, a habit of minute accuracy, patience of details, quick and clear insight, and the love of æsthetic finish;¹ a relish for scientific research, aptness for the acquisition of languages, and capacity for the higher mathematics; if her graduates pursue Hebrew and extra-collegiate Greek, and follow Pierce and Safford through "the wondering mazes" of nebulous astronomy without being lost, — surely the problem is solved. But all this is fact, not hypothesis. A keen critic of Vassar says, "The answering, translating, and demonstrating which we witnessed were done in a style which we have never seen surpassed by young men of the same standing; and in the treatment of some subjects, in readiness and clear-cutness, and dexterity in expression, the superiority to young men was very perceptible."² We have no fear that a Fielding, a Thackeray, or a Dickens will ever portray women of that stamp as "either unprincipled schemers or affectionate fools."

But have young ladies the physical strength for study? Why not, when "the endurance of woman" has be-

come a proverb; when her "delicate constitution" does not incapacitate her for other callings; when she has been the burden-bearer of the race ever since the Fall; when she can do washing and ironing, cooking and nursing, by the year, or needlework for fourteen hours daily. It is sufficient to say that Vassar can show as fair a health-roll as any other college. "A more robust, plump, and rosy company than the three hundred and seventy we have never seen seated in one room. We doubt very much whether any institution in the world has ever offered young girls such a chance of combining physical with mental culture."¹ Lectures on the laws of health, by the resident physician; sanitary regulations respecting food, dress, exercise, bathing, sleep, and study; airy, cheerful rooms, opening into spacious corridors; ample grounds (two hundred acres), with miles of walks by forest, hill, and lake; gymnastics, riding, bowling, boating, skating, floriculture, — such are some of the arrangements for physical training. And we think that the hundred alumnæ who have passed the ordeal of a four-years' course are as well-developed, vigorous, and graceful women as the majority of ladies who have been imprisoned in the parlor, the nursery, or the kitchen.

5. Woman has use for a liberal education. First of all, to ennoble herself. But it is her province to refine, illumine, purify, and adorn; she is the chief educator of the human family; therefore she has need to be as intelligent as man. Give her an invigorating moral and intellectual discipline, the want of which is so demoralizing and enfeebling to any one; enable her to draw upon larger resources for conversation and instruction, so that

¹ See Pres. Raymond's Demand of the Age for a Liberal Education for Woman, and how it should be met. Proc. National Baptist Educational Convention, 1870.

² The Nation, No. 255.

¹ The Nation, No. 255.

she will be "more of a woman, and more what a woman ought to be,"—and will she not become a still greater and diviner power in society, and ready to enter upon those new fields of activity which Providence is plainly opening for all who have heads, hands, and hearts? America, pre-eminently, needs the influence of cultivated women in the development of American character.

6. A liberal culture does not lower the personal character and grace of woman. When the door of the Academy of Medicine at St. Petersburg was shut in the face of MILÈ. SOUSLOWA, the world was told that "woman do better, *as such*, when they know nothing and understand nothing." This may be imperial, but it is not true. There is nothing like a boundless science to inculcate humility and remove prejudice; it is the weak-minded and half-educated who turn out termagants. There is no necessary connection between a sound head and vulgarity; between the ability to calculate an eclipse and rough manners.

"Ought our standard of what is perfect and beautiful ever to stop short of the *best* than can be reached? Should not a perfect development of feminine grace and beauty rest upon a basis of strength,—moral, mental, and physical,—rather than upon the absence of strength?" Helplessness is not a grace; self-reliance, energy, brains, are intrinsically good qualities in either sex. If an excessive education is dangerous, an insufficient one is not less so. If education unfits woman for household duties, does ignorance conduce to domestic happiness?

But trial is better than theory. Vassar College aims not to make women like men, but to make the best women. In giving a high culture,

the distinctive characteristics of the sex are carefully guarded and nurtured. How it has succeeded, the writer whom we have quoted testifies: "There was nothing in dress or manners to make anybody fear that any of the graces of life were going to suffer from the experiment; nay, there were plenty of signs that it was likely to give homes what they have perhaps wanted most of all,—the dignity of strength, the repose that comes of knowing exactly where one stands, and what one can achieve."

Vassar College professes "to do for young women what the existing colleges are doing for young men." It is neither a convent nor a mammoth boarding-school, with the legal power to confer degrees. As a matter of wisdom and economy, it is on the home-system, and furnishes the quiet and safety, the privacy and freedom, of the family, with no silly *espionage*, and no more exclusiveness than every parent would desire.

It is not a theological seminary; yet it is not indifferent to religion. It is believed that the scholar should be more than a mere intellectual result. Elevation of thought and feeling, a pure and joyous religiousness of spirit, are held up, but incidentally, not formally. The Bible is preached, without ecclesiasticism; principles are inculcated, without the dogmas. The trustees, faculty, and students are of all denominations: "All sectarian influences should be carefully excluded," was the voice of the founder.

It is not an organ of "Woman's Rights" in the civil sense. The true women of our land neither wish to be assigned to their true position by the other sex, nor to usurp it; but to be allowed to prove themselves worthy of it. They would rather be masters

of their faculties than masters at the polls. There is work enough to be done, within woman's present sphere, to demand a higher education. There are woman's rights that are dearer than woman's duties; and one is, the power to work.

It is not an industrial school, nor a university for professional education. The prime object of the collegiate system is, not acquisition of positive knowledge, but the development of the mind itself, irrespective for the time being of the uses which may be made of learning. Below the applications of science, lies the great deposit of primary principles. High over practical life hang the clouds of hypothesis. But truths are first clouds, then rain, then harvest and food. A college gives gold in the bullion; the university is the mint which turns it into coin. Civilization is but the diffusive radiance of a profound culture. "Who does not know (said Edward Everett) that there is not a yard of cotton cloth bleached or printed in the Commonwealth, without assistance from the last results of chemical research? that you cannot construct a turbine water-wheel but by the aid of the highest mathematics?" It is a mistake, therefore, to suppose that that only is useful knowledge of which an immediate use can be made. Very little of our knowledge is directly applied; most of it is an unseen force behind, to make effective the little we do use. A college course should consult utility in its highest and broadest sense, — not that eager utility which would cut down the tree for the sake of its fruit, but that far-sighted utility which ploughs deep that the world and the ages may reap.

With this view of its mission, Vassar seeks to reduce the number of

its "specials,"¹ and recommends the symmetrical culture of its regular course. It considers a principal worth more than its application, and the power of thinking of more value than erudition. It does not, however, lose sight of the fact that maternity is the ordained condition of woman; and hence a course of instruction should have higher reference to the sex in its normal state than to the exceptional cases of single life. Colleges are not founded for a few women who, apparently, ought to have been men, nor for the few men who ought to have been women.

The course of study at Vassar is not offered as a finished pyramid of knowledge, but as a good foundation for future labor. It aims at a thorough and productive training in essentials, rather than in giving multifarious information. It is impossible to crowd within four years (reduced by vacations to three) the ever-widening circle of human science. At the same time, a reasonable variety is secured by the elective system. All the studies of the freshman year (chiefly Latin, French, and Mathematics) are required. The average age upon entering sophomore is eighteen and a half; which, considering the earlier maturity of the sex, corresponds to the age of the Harvard sophomore and the age of university freedom in Europe. The young lady is then supposed to be capable of making an intelligent choice of studies; and, during the rest of her course, is free to do so within certain limits. Her selection is subject to the approval of the faculty; for the special wants, as well as tastes, of the student, and the logical order of the sciences must be con-

¹ The Special Course is intended only for ladies of advanced age and culture, who wish to pursue particular branches.

sidered. Whoever knows nothing of mineralogy and zoölogy is unprepared for geology; whoever has omitted the higher mathematics cannot take astronomy. No student is required, or (under ordinary circumstances) permitted to take more than three full studies at a time with one art study. Comparing Vassar and Yale, we find the following relative amount of time which *can* be given to the several collegiate branches, combining the prescribed and elective: ¹—

	Vassar.	Yale.
Latin,	3 years.	2 $\frac{2}{3}$ years.
Greek,	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	2 $\frac{2}{3}$ "
English,	$\frac{1}{2}$ "	$\frac{1}{3}$ "
French,	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	$\frac{2}{3}$ "
German,	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	1 "
Mathematics,	2 "	2 $\frac{2}{3}$ "
Physics,	1 "	$\frac{3}{4}$ "
Astronomy,	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	$\frac{2}{3}$ "
Natural History,	1 $\frac{3}{4}$ "	$\frac{1}{2}$ "
Chemistry,	1 "	$\frac{1}{4}$ "
Anat. and Physiology,	1 "	$\frac{1}{12}$ "
Mental and Moral Phil.,	1 "	$\frac{2}{3}$ "
Logic,	$\frac{1}{2}$ "	$\frac{1}{3}$ "
History,		1 "

The difference of time in the two courses arises mainly from the greater freedom of election at Vassar; still, it is true that more importance is given to modern languages and the inductive sciences, while nearly as much time *may* be given to the classics and mathematics as in Yale. Thus a student can, with the consent of the faculty, elect Latin for three years, both colleges starting with Livy. Greek is not required upon entering Vassar, nor in the course. But the college believes in holding its students to Latin and mathematics for at least one year, as the best possible prepara-

¹ This is exclusive of rhetoric, criticism, and elocution, which are taught similarly in both colleges. Political economy and art are also omitted from the list. History is at present taught only incidentally; but it is intended to give due prominence to this important study.

tion for the work before them. It is the experience of centuries that classical study is the most perfect training in the study of language; and no young lady can afford to lose that priceless culture. It is, moreover, a means of mental refinement and the inspiration of original thought. The length of time given to the modern languages needs no apology. Modern literature is the broadest, as well as latest, efflorescence of the highest intellectual growth; and *belles-lettres* is as eminently appropriate in a ladies' college as oratory in Yale. Linguistic study gives flexibility and grace as its complement; mathematics gives strength. With less than is required in Vassar, a student will lack capacity to take and hold "the long breaths of patient thought." And, surely, the higher walks of calculus and astronomy — "that form in which science has reached her highest development, the power of prophecy" — should at least be open to that little circle of minds who love to abstract themselves from all things terrestrial. Thus far, in no other college save Harvard do students voluntarily go farther in mathematical astronomy, or do more observatory work. The claims of the physical sciences are imperative; and there are special reasons for giving to woman, so exposed to narrowing influences, as wide an interest as we can in all that is now expanding human thought and enterprise, and the study of which communicates precision, clearness, and method to the mind's working. Nature has given to women the keener preceptive faculty, — an argument that natural science is specially within her range.

To early cultivate the power and habit of observation, botany is placed in freshman year; while physi-

ology is the Alpha and the Omega of the course. Heavy is the penalty the world has paid for keeping half the race, "whose sphere is home," in prudish ignorance of the laws of health and the first principles of chemistry. Who would strike metaphysics from the Vassar curriculum, and with it the pleasure of "coasting around the shore of things invisible?" or logic, in which the loftiest minds of all ages have delighted to dwell?

In the higher education of woman are necessarily included (but how often left in heathenish neglect!) the arts of expression, as well suited to her imagination, and the grace and delicacy of her nature. We believe in the true and the good, but none the less in the beautiful, and in its refining power. "Mere science is wont to denude Nature, and, unlooping her drapery of field and flower, bind it up in a lean bundle of principles." But Nature hath a soul and voice; and genuine æsthetic culture, true elegance of taste, does not stop at externals. In the departments of music and painting at Vassar, mechanical dexterity is not the ultimate aim; for that is no higher than parrot-talk in an unknown tongue. But the students penetrate into the sanctuary of the art, and get the sense, the science, and the literature of what they are doing.

Very likely some may say the Vassar course of study is well enough in theory, but too strong to practise. But the "impossible" is done. And the faculty has yet to receive a petition for a lower standard. The voice of womankind is, "Give us undiluted knowledge. We can digest any thing, up to *least squares*; but we cannot feed forever on gruel prepared expressly for the female mind." Of course,

young ladies display unequal talents; and according to Dr. Baur, representing many eminent educators, a college system should be adapted to the average student. But we prefer the judgment of Pres. Eliot, that the course should consult the wants of the best scholars. Nothing is so elevating to our preparatory schools as the keeping of the colleges in the high altitudes.

As to the method of instruction, Vassar has not discovered any royal road to learning. We plod in the old military path of "drill and review." In general, text-books are preferred to lectures, combining, when properly used, greater accuracy with equal freedom of inquiry. In no case, if possible, are words allowed to take the place of conceptions. In the study of Nature, the student is taught to search for fundamental laws, homologies, and analogies, rather than burden the memory with details. It is insisted that the name shall not be substituted for the thing itself; that the eye is a nobler organ than the ear; that a specimen must be handled without gloves before it can be known. In the art department, the system of Albert Dürer is followed, — that of first studying the object mathematically, to insure a perfect likeness rather than a "picture." Theoretical rhetoric is not taught in the college; "Whately" being studied solely for its analysis of thought. Throughout the course, the ladies are exercised in composition, and their essays are used as the basis for developing style. German and French, by Otto's method, are mastered to a full and facile possession both of the tongue and the literature. In the classical course, grammar is the beginning and end; while the genius and structure of the language and the people are brought

to light, and all the elements of ancient life — philosophy and art, history and civilization — are reproduced in the analysis of the author. To the mere linguistic interpretation which prevails in the preparatory course, other æsthetical and historical studies are added as progressive features, together with exercises in prose composition, written translations, and essays on the subjects read.

We commend to all these words of the Edinburgh Ladies' Educational Association: "So far as we can see, cultivation does for women what it does for men, — intensifies every moral attribute in proportion to the mental growth. Those who must go out into the world, go out with a truer courage, founded upon a nobler estimate of work; those whose duties lie within the circle of home, find them invested with a new and vivid significance from the higher elevation, and consequently larger views, of their own minds; and, finally, as 'woman is not undeveloped man,' we believe that womanhood can only be made more truly womanly, as manhood is made more truly manly, by the utmost use of the possibilities of high cultivation."

THE SECOND DEGREE. — At the annual meeting of the trustees of Vassar College, June 20, 1871, the following resolution was passed: —

"Resolved, That graduates who shall have pursued a two-years' course of study submitted to and approved by the Faculty, shall have passed satisfactorily a thorough examination in the same, and shall have presented a commendable dissertation on some literary or scientific subject, shall be entitled to the Master's Degree."

DR. DÖLLINGER AND THE STRUGGLE IN THE ROMAN-CATHOLIC CHURCH.

PREVIOUS to the late Vatican Council, the question of the infallibility and supremacy of the pope was an open question, dividing the Roman-Catholic Church into the ultramontane and liberal parties. The main object for which that council met was to establish papal infallibility, and thus to close the question. A glance at the voting on the question will indicate the size and character of the two parties.¹ On the 13th of July, 1870, the first vote was taken.

Of the Fathers present in Rome, ninety-one abstained from voting, many of them doubtless in order to dodge the question; five hundred and twenty voted, — eighty-eight *non placet*, sixty-one *placet juxta modum*, i.e., a conditional yes, and three hundred and seventy-one *placet*. But these numbers are deceptive as representative numbers; for the votes of missionary bishops, and of titular bishops representing no sees, count the same as those of truly representative bishops, and, also, the sees of the different bishops vary greatly in size.

Thus the sees of the German and French bishops are much larger than those of the Roman and Neapolitan. It will be well, therefore, to consider the weight of these votes of the minority, as well as their number. The minority of eighty-eight included, of the French Fathers, the archbishops of Paris, Lyons, Besançon, the bishops of Marseilles, Orleans, Nice, Dijon, and about fifteen others, — twenty-two in all; of the Austrian, the archbishops of Vienna, Prague, Grau

¹ See Letters from Rome on the Council. By Quirinus. Pott & Amery: New York, 1870. This book gives a vivid and very interesting account of the inner workings of the Council, and a view of the policy and principles of the liberal party.

(the primate of Hungary), Olmütz, and some six bishops; of the German, besides the Austrian, the archbishops of Munich, Bamberg, the bishops of Augsburg, Rottenburg, Mayence, and Breslau; of the Italians, the archbishop of Milan and seven bishops; of the English and Irish, one archbishop and four bishops; and there were eleven Oriental prelates,—Armenian, Syrian, and others, besides about a score more from various places; and, of the Americans, there were the Archbishop of Halifax, the Bishop of Montreal, Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis, Bishop Fitzgerald of Little Rock, Domenech of Pittsburg, and McQuaid of Rochester. From this it will appear what a weighty body this minority was, in spite of its small number. On the 17th of July, the minority handed an address to the pope, stating that they persisted in their conviction, but that their filial reverence for him would not allow them to vote *non placet* in the solemn session, and that, therefore, they would go to their homes. The next day, the solemn session was held, and the final vote decreeing infallibility was passed, only two dissenting; one an American, Fitzgerald of Little Rock.

Infallibility having been established, there were but three courses open to the liberals,—to submit, secede, or resist. Many have submitted; and among them, it is said, Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis, though, before the decree was passed, he published a pamphlet, in which he says, “I boldly assert that this opinion (of pontifical infallibility), in the form in which it is submitted to us, not only is not a doctrine of faith, but cannot be made such by any definition whatsoever, even definition by a council.” We have seen no notice that Hyacinthe, or Gratry, or Dupanloup, or Strossmayer,

have submitted; but many others have, some of them rather awkwardly and apologetically, others with apparent heartiness. In Germany, the dissenting bishops held a meeting at Fulda, where they nearly all submitted; and among those who submitted was the Archbishop of Munich.

He then sent a letter to the professors at Munich, asking their submission. All the professors submitted, except Frohschaumer, Friedrich and Döllinger. Döllinger delayed replying, but at last gave his answer in the form of a letter, nominally to the archbishop, but evidently meant also for the public, as it was immediately published. As this is a representative document, and gives in outline the position of the liberal party, who are determined neither to submit nor secede, but to resist the new decrees, it deserves careful attention.¹

He opens with a statement which indicates the bitter hostility of the two parties, that he understands, that, unless he gives in his submission to the new decrees, he is to be visited with severe penalties, hitherto only inflicted in cases of gross immorality. He asks for a hearing by competent men, to whom he is prepared to prove, first, that the scriptural texts on which the dogma of infallibility is founded have been interpreted against the interpretation of the Fathers; and, as he is bound by an oath to accept and interpret the Scriptures according to the interpretation of the Fathers; he would break his oath if he should otherwise interpret them; second, that the statement, published by several bishops, that the doctrine

¹ A gentleman who was a pupil of Döllinger gives his personal reminiscences of him in another part of this number of OLD AND NEW. For a good account of him and the situation in Bavaria, see, in the Contemporary Review for May, 1871, an article by “a Bavarian Catholic;” also articles in the same Review during 1870.

of papal infallibility and supremacy has been universally, or almost universally, believed and taught from the beginning, is contradicted by the clearest facts and evidence; third, that the great majority of the bishops at the council were misled in the matter of papal authority by the textbooks used in their clerical education, in which the evidence brought forward is largely false, forged, or distorted; fourth, that two general councils and several popes, in the fifteenth century, by solemn decrees, decided the question of the pope's infallibility and authority, and that the decree of the 18th of July is in plain contradiction to these decisions, and therefore not binding; fifth, that the new decrees are plainly at variance with the constitution of the European states, especially with the Bavarian Constitution, which, as member of the legislative chamber, he has lately sworn to support, which makes it impossible for him to accept these decrees, with the Syllabus and other papal decisions thereby made infallible, which conflict unavoidably with the laws of the State.

"If," he says, "I shall be convicted by evidence and facts, I hereby pledge myself openly to recant, to take back all that I have written on this matter, and to make my submission. For the church, and for the public peace of mind, the results of such a trial could not in any case be otherwise than desirable. For this is not a matter which concerns me alone. Thousands of the clergy, hundreds of thousands among the laity, think as I do, and hold the new articles of faith to be inadmissible. Up to this time, not a single one, even of those who have declared their submission, has said to me that he is really convinced of the truth of these propositions. All my friends and acquaintances assure me that they experience the same thing. 'Not a person believes it,' is what I hear every day from all mouths."

Farther on, he speaks of the degradation of the bishops, necessarily resulting from these decrees:—

"The new Vatican doctrine vests in the pope the whole fulness of power (*totam plenitudinem potestatis*) over the whole church, as over each individual layman, priest, and bishop,—a power which is to be at the same time truly episcopal, and again specifically papal; which is to comprehend every thing that in any way touches upon faith, morals, duties, or discipline; which can directly seize, punish, command, or prohibit any one,—the monarch as well as the day-laborer. The words are carefully so put, that, for the bishops, absolutely no other place and authority remain than that which belongs to papal deputies and plenipotentiaries. Thereby, as every one acquainted with history and with the Fathers will admit, the episcopate, as it was in the ancient church, is essentially dissolved, and an apostolical institution, possessing, in the judgment of the Fathers, the highest significance and authority in the church, fades to an unsubstantial shadow. That there should be two bishops in the same diocese,—one who is at the same time pope, and one who is simply bishop,—is beyond anybody's comprehension; and a papal vicar or diocesan deputy is surely not a bishop, not a successor of the apostles. He may, through the authority delegated to him from Rome, be very powerful, so long indeed as his superior allows him to hold the power, just as a Jesuit or mendicant monk, invested with full powers by the pope, possesses great authority. And I am well aware, that in Rome this prospect of an increase of their power was held out to the bishops; that they were frequently told, 'The more irresistible the pope, the stronger will you be; for, from his fulness of power, rich rays will fall upon you.' The bishops of the minority saw clearly through the illusiveness of these promises; they, as the official 'analytical synopsis' shows, saw plainly, that, if the universal episcopate¹

¹ By this is meant direct and universal authority of the pope over every individual Roman Catholic, ignoring altogether any independent authority in the bishops.

of the pope were established, they would still indeed be church dignitaries, but no longer in any way true bishops."

And he gives us a look into the inside of the council.

"In general, there was no lack, before the council, and also during it, of petitions, remonstrances, and warnings. You yourself, most honorable sir, took part in them by your signature. The bishops of the minority, in an address handed to the pope on the 12th of January, and signed also by you, declared that 'the decisions and acts of the Fathers of the Church, the *genuine* authorities of history, and the Catholic system itself, present serious difficulties which oppose the proclamation of the doctrine of infallibility.' They, at that time, as they said, shrank from an exposure of these difficulties, and prayed the pope not to lay upon them the necessity of such counsel; that is, to give over the dogma of his infallibility. But, as the pope was determined that the council should act upon it, the German bishops, on the 11th of March, asked for thorough conferences upon the question of infallibility, to be conducted by chosen deputations on both sides. These were not granted; and they kept to the speeches in the hall of St. Peter's, where any regular discussion was wholly impossible."

He then speaks of the necessity of a careful investigation, according to precedent, into the traditions and evidence upon which the dogma claimed to rest, which were confidently believed to be false by himself and Grätry and others, and capable of being easily proved so.

"In the whole history of the Church," he continues, "among the councils convoked as general councils, there is only one known to me in which the authorities, as in the last, prevented all thorough discussion of tradition; and that is the second of Ephesus, in the year 450. There, in the so-called robber-synod, it was done by force, and tumultuous tyranny; in the

Vatican council, it was the order of business imposed upon the assembly, the papal commission, and the will of the majority, which prevented any orderly and thorough-going examination. Such an examination would certainly have brought very serious and unpleasant things to light, but it would also have saved the Church from a complication, which, even to you, seems lamentable. If you now, nevertheless, hold that the Vatican assembly was fully free, you must take the word 'free' in a sense not elsewhere attached to it in theological circles. A council is theologically free, only when free examination and discussion of all doubts and difficulties has taken place, when the objections have been allowed, and tested according to the rules which the inquiry into tradition demands. . . . Not the smallest beginning was made in this direction.

"It is known," he continues, "that the Jesuits, when they devised the plan to raise the papal absolutism, in Church and State, in doctrine and authority, to an article of faith, invented the so-called *sacrificio dell' intelletto*, and assured their supporters and disciples, and also actually convinced many, and among them, indeed, bishops, that the fairest homage to be paid to God, and the noblest Christian heroism, consist in a man's renouncing his own mental light of self-earned knowledge and acquired insight, and throwing himself with blind faith into the arms of the unerring papal authority, as the only sure source of religious knowledge. This order has fully succeeded, far and wide, in elevating intellectual sluggishness, in the eyes of numberless people, to the height of a meritorious religious sacrifice, and therewith has even caused men, who by their former culture were well fitted to undertake historical investigation, to give it up. But the German bishops, as far as may be judged from their pastoral letters, have not yet descended to this degree of blindness. They still allow to human science, also to human investigation and examination, their right, and their sphere of action. They even appeal to history, as the pastoral letter which has appeared under your name has also done."

Farther on he calls attention to the fact, that the question at issue is about "one, or rather the, fundamental article of the faith; about the *regula fidei*, about the standard, which must decide what to believe or not to believe. Hereafter every Catholic Christian can and must answer to the question, why he believes this or that, only, 'I believe it, or reject it, because the infallible pope has ordered it to be believed or rejected.'"

In closing he says, "This authority is unlimited, and beyond computation. 'It can reach everywhere,' as Innocent III. says, 'where sin is;' can punish every one, suffers no appeal, and is sovereign caprice. For the pope carries, according to the expression of Boniface the Eighth, 'all rights in the shrine of his breast.' Since he has now become infallible, he can in a moment, with the one little word '*orbi*' (meaning that he addresses the whole church), make every statute, every doctrine, every pretension, into an unerring and indisputable article of faith. As regards him, there exists no law, no personal or corporate freedom; or, as the canonists say, the tribunal of God and of the pope is one and the same. This system bears its Roman origin on its front, and will never be able to penetrate the German countries. As a Christian, as a theologian, as a student of history, as a citizen, I cannot accept this doctrine. Not as a Christian, for it is at variance with the spirit of the gospel, and with the plain words of Christ and the apostles; it seeks to establish just that kingdom of this world which Christ renounced, and seeks dominion over the churches, which Peter forbade to all and to himself. Not as a theologian, for the whole genuine tradition of the Church stands irreconcilably opposed to it. As a student of history, I cannot accept it; for, as such, I know that the obstinate struggle to realize this theory of world-wide dominion has cost Europe rivers of blood, disordered and brought low whole coun-

tries, shattered the fair organic structure of the older Church, engendered, nurtured, and upheld the worst abuses in the Church. Finally, as a citizen, I must reject it, because with its claims to the subjection of states, and monarchs, and of the whole political order to the papal authority, and by the exemption which it claims for the clergy, it lays the foundation for an endless, fatal separation between Church and State, clergy and laity. For I cannot conceal from myself, that if this doctrine, through which the old German empire went down, should rule in the Catholic part of the German nation, it would plant at once the seed of an incurable disease in the newly-founded empire."

Döllinger, probably, had no expectation that his request for a hearing would be granted. He asks, in fact, to have the whole matter, first decided by the supreme tribunal,¹ re-opened and re-argued before an inferior and local tribunal. Foreseeing that this will not be granted, he makes his argument in the letter itself, and appeals to the public. This letter acted like a declaration of war between the two parties. The Archbishop of Munich, after some delay, excommunicated Friedrich and Döllinger. The entire Munich clergy soon came out with a protest against Döllinger. On the other hand, forty-three of the Munich professors, some of whom had previously

¹ The question will probably occur to most people, how can the liberals, who acknowledge the binding authority of ecumenical councils, reject papal infallibility, now that an ecumenical council has established it? The liberals answer, that the decrees of a council are thus binding, only when the conditions of ecumenicity are fulfilled; that in this case two very important conditions, freedom of discussion and moral unanimity, were not fulfilled: hence the council was not truly ecumenical. Moral unanimity of the universal church, not a mere majority, is what gives authority to the decrees of a council. This, it must be confessed, throws a good deal of uncertainty over all councils. Who is to decide what constitutes freedom and moral unanimity?

submitted, sent him a letter of sympathy. Professor Sepp, formerly ultramontane, declared for him. It is said that many of the country clergy have declared for him, and that the German bishops have resolved to hold a meeting to consider the best means of preventing a schism. The professors of the university at Rome—Victor Emanuel's professors, not the pope's—have sent Döllinger a letter of sympathy, for which the pope has excommunicated them. It is hard, indeed, to get at the facts of the matter accurately, as one has to be discreet in accepting what the newspapers say; but, from the general stir in the Roman-Catholic press, and the fierceness of the ultramontane press, and the measures of repression going on, it is evident that the struggle is severe. How much strength the liberal party has remains, however, to be seen. The large number, known as the "intelligent" Catholics, who have no belief in infallibility, seem unfortunately to be as indifferent as they are intelligent. How many of the clergy are to be counted as liberals, it is also impossible to say, as they have a way of backing down from their most solemn statements which defies calculation. That, however, there is a large body in the church who are strongly opposed to the Jesuits and ultramontanes, and to the new decrees,—a party strong in Germany, Austria, France, Northern Italy, and Armenia,—seems evident. Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis, in the pamphlet before referred to, says of the minority, "We, fewer in numbers, but representing a larger number of Catholics than our opponents."

But perhaps the strongest allies of the minority are its political allies. The minority has every government

of Europe on its side. Not even Spain or Austria is left to the pope now. By the new decrees, every sovereign in Europe—and elsewhere for that matter, our president also—is *de jure* a vassal of the pope; and every true Papist is bound to use all his efforts to make this *de facto* as well as *de jure*. In countries where the Roman-Catholic population is a majority, or any thing near it, this means something, and the significance of it is re-enforced by the history of the Jesuits. The representatives of some of the European governments remonstrated against the proposed decrees before they were passed; but the other governments waited till something decisive should occur. Döllinger's letter has brought to light again the struggle between papal and national allegiance. The Bavarian court and king support him; and the king continues him, against the pope's order, in his place as Dean of the Royal Chapel, and him and Friedrich in their professorships. It is said, that, in spite of the archbishop's prohibition, there is no lack of students on Döllinger's list for the coming term. The communal government of Vienna has sent him an address of sympathy. Besides this political sympathy, the liberal party have, undoubtedly, the sympathy of the German Roman-Catholic Universities. The decree of infallibility reduces theology to a kind of jurisprudence, or exposition of fixed statutes; and the German universities, at least, have not yet sunk to that.

The liberal party, then, have strength enough upon their side to make a good resistance, if they only have leaders able to call out and organize their strength. If such leaders are wanting, the party, as a

Church party, will probably succumb. But they have many advantages: they are inside the church; they are not advancing any thing new; they are merely resisting an attack; they have behind them the long line of Gallican traditions and precedents. If they merely stand still, it will be hard for the pope to dislodge them. The bishops ought, indeed, regularly to have their privileges renewed by the pope every five years; but, with the support of their governments and with the possession of their dioceses, they can probably hold out, and manage to dispense with this ratification by the pope.

The temper of the pope and of the ruling Jesuits is, however, so fanatical, that no truce can be hoped for between them and the liberals, at least for a long time to come. If the liberals will not submit, they must keep up an open hostility with Rome. There is little prospect of peace at present. We may expect, then, either a cessation of the conflict, by the defeat of the liberal party, or one of those long dead-locks, not unknown in the Roman or in other churches. At present, the parties are developing; and it remains to be seen whether the liberal party will be strong enough to keep up any such long hostility.

If they are too small for that, and yet will not submit, what will they do? In this connection, the well-known sympathy, existing between Döllinger and the liberal Bavarian and other Catholics on the one hand, and the Catholic-Episcopal party in England and elsewhere on the other, becomes interesting. As is well known, there has long been a movement going on in Europe for a reunion of the various national churches, on a Catholic-Episcopal basis, with the Roman bishop, perhaps, as pri-

mate or president, but *primus inter pares*; and efforts have been made to win the Roman Church to this. The late decrees prevent, as Pusey said, any hope of the Roman Church joining this movement; but the liberal Roman Catholics, and especially the Bavarians, are strongly in sympathy with it; and, if they cannot stay in the Roman Church, they are likely, unless they scatter, to join themselves to this new Catholic movement.

Besides this struggle in Western Europe, the late decrees have stirred up the East also. Some of the Eastern Latin Churches have hitherto held certain independent rights, which are invaded by the decrees. Among the minority, as has been said, were eleven Oriental prelates; and trouble was predicted in the East, if the decrees should pass. The predictions have come true; and the United Armenian Church, or a part of it, has revolted, and is upheld in its temporal claims by the Sultan.

In America, here, we are pretty quiet over the matter, but we are certainly very deeply interested. The passing of the late decrees means nothing less than the triumph of the Jesuit party and of Jesuit principles in the Roman Church; that is to say, it is now the duty of thirty-five hundred priests in this country, to teach three or four millions of our fellow-citizens that they owe allegiance to the pope above the nation, and that they have no right to think except as the pope shall direct. What a thorough-going infallibilist is, any one can learn from the writings of Manning¹ and Heck-

¹ See especially Manning's Vatican Council (New York: D. & J. Sadler, 1871), where he carries out the denial of the right of private judgment almost to its full extent. "Do you say," he says, "that history is against the dogma? Who is to interpret history? If you claim to interpret it against the pope and Church, you assert the right of private judgment," — which is true.

er. That the existence of a large body of people holding such principles, compactly organized and aggressively disposed, is full of danger to our peace and social order, no one can doubt. They themselves, indeed, declare that their principles are fundamentally opposed to the free principles of our social constitution; and it is well for our public clearly to understand this. The passage of these decrees means the enormous enlargement of the power of the Jesuit party, — the passing of the whole power of the Church into their hands. The Jesuit policy, in this country beyond a doubt is, as far as possible, to isolate the Roman-Catholic youth, and train them up to be devoted sectaries, owing allegiance not to the nation, but to the Church. On the other hand, it must be our policy to keep the Roman-Catholic youth, as far as possible, out their hands, and educate them in our public schools. By wise concession, by using every honest inducement to keep them in our schools, by firm resistance to all claims for sectarian aid, we must keep the Roman-Catholic youth within the influence of our free principles, or we shall be laying up civil war for ourselves and for the future. FRANCIS T. WASHBURN.

LOMBARD UNIVERSITY.

THIS institution, located at Galesburg, Ill., was founded by Universalists. It is a Liberal Christian school, in which it is designed to offer pupils the instruction and discipline of a college, and to throw around them such influences as will prevent them from becoming bigots, and render them promoters of virtue and of true religion. Freedom of opinion is allowed. Students are not made adherents of particular parties or sects

by improper influences, but are encouraged to investigate for themselves; and liberty of conscience is respected.

It has been the aim to adapt the institution to the wants of the people among whom it is located. A classical course of four years, similar to that pursued in the colleges of New England, is provided. For those who do not desire to pursue the study of Greek, two other courses have been arranged, each also of four years, but requiring less preparatory study than the classical. These are called the scientific and literary courses. The scientific contains more of the study of mathematics, and less of that of language, than the literary.

Both include Latin, but to a less extent than the classical. The student who completes the scientific course receives the degree of Bachelor of Science; and upon the one who masters the literary the degree of Laureate of Arts is conferred.

The classical course is recommended to students as including, in connection with its preparation, the most thorough culture and discipline; and it is hoped that this will be the popular course, when the false notions of utility shall become corrected which are prevalent in the rapidly-growing West, and which lead men to regard only as practical that which conduces to material prosperity.

In common with most other Western colleges, this institution has a preparatory department, in which students are fitted for the collegiate courses.

This is one of the few colleges to which ladies are admitted. They are allowed to take any of the courses of study; and they receive the same honors as gentlemen.

An experience of eighteen years

has confirmed the opinion that our sons and daughters should be educated together. The presence of ladies in chapel and in recitation tends to prevent the rudeness of deportment to which many young men would otherwise be inclined, and to promote in each sex ease and politeness in manners. The fear, sometimes expressed, that the admission of ladies to college classes would degrade the standard of scholarship has been proved to be unfounded. On the contrary, it has been found to be favorable to proficiency in study. Young men feel more keenly the disgrace of a failure in their recitation, and are incited to greater effort, when ladies in the same class recite fluently and understandingly. Young women have shown their ability to pursue successfully the most difficult disciplinary studies of a collegiate course. In logic, calculus, or the most difficult Greek, their scholarship does not fall below that of the young men.

FATHER IGNATIUS.

LONDON, JUNE, 1870.

WE went one Sunday evening to hear Father Ignatius, — the man whose remedy for the crying evils of the present condition of the English Church is the re-establishment of monastic orders.

He urges, that, for such reforms as are needed, no man is sufficient who is trammelled by family ties, or whose duty demands prudence and thought for others. A monk stands free from all such relations, and may justly risk even life itself.

However much we doubt whether the gain in this direction will counterbalance the evils which experience has proved to belong to monasticism, and which have pressed so heavily on

the nations of Southern Europe, there can be no doubt that this man is thoroughly in earnest. At the risk of his own life, — for he has been mobbed more than once, — he has established an abbey, of which he is prior; and he pleads his cause with earnestness and eloquence.

We were a few minutes late at St. George's Hall, where he was to speak; and we found a clergyman of the Church of England droning through the service in a painfully unintelligible manner; but, when the second lesson came, Father Ignatius himself took it up, and read the somewhat involved passage from one of St. Paul's epistles, with a clearness and emphasis that made plain to his hearers the meaning which he found in it. One rarely hears such reading of the Bible.

The freshness which marked that was as noticeable through his whole service. He led the singing himself; and, when he found that he had pitched it too low, started afresh on the second stanza, lifting the whole congregation with him to a higher key. His subject that evening was the sacrifice of the mass; and his sermon was an earnest, impassioned appeal, as personal as any revival preaching, and lightened by apt illustration, ready adaptation of argument, keen wit, and wide stretching sympathy and fervor that had something magnetic in it.

Indeed, Father Ignatius has few of what we consider English characteristics, but reminds one rather of Southern preachers in manner and matter. He wears the black dress of a Benedictine monk, and is tall and spare, with rather sharp features, keen eyes, a voice of great flexibility and compass, and delicate, sensitive hands. Altogether a noteworthy man, and one who, it would be safe to predict, would exercise a strong personal influence. M.

OLD AND NEW.

VOL. IV.—SEPTEMBER, 1871.—No. 3.

“Tear the thick vells God’s works that fold,
And let the light of God shine through ;
The rent is new, the light is old,—
Old as Himself, and always new.”— *The Widow of Nain.*

THE little party, whose attempt to introduce Old-World travel into a New-World vacation we attempted in August to describe, did not regret their experiment. They wrote their own letters to such friends as they chose as confidants of their adventures ; and, as they did not favor us with a diary, we cannot undertake to give the history of the expedition. But one little experience of their first Sunday may serve as an introduction to this September number.

In giving to Havorson his directions for Saturday’s encampment, Anna Haliburton had taught him that they should not travel on Sunday, and had bidden him screen his camping-ground from the road, that they need not be too much annoyed by the incursions and supervision of Arabs and other loafers, who, having chosen other days for worship, did select the first day of the week for their pleasure expeditions. The worthy Swede understood her injunctions ; and when the horseback-party, on Saturday evening, just before sunset, found him waiting for them on the high road, he challenged them with a just pride to tell where his encampment was. So soon as they confessed their ignorance, he led them by a haying-road into a pretty meadow, on a branch of the Pemigewasset River, where, with the play of the stream in front, and the exquisite outline of the Lafayette range in the distance beyond, they were still screened from the north-west winds, and would not be molested through their quiet sabbath occupations by any traveller on the line.

After breakfast was over, and the gentlemen had finished their cigars, they made Ingham read to them Robert Collyer’s sermon on Gashmu, from the new volume which Mr. Fuller had sent round as his contribution to the supplies of the expedition. They then fell to talking

over the sermon, till Anna proclaimed it was high time to go to church, and asked who was going.

Julia owned that she was very comfortable, and feebly argued that it was impossible that they should hear any thing half so good as what the Padre had been reading to them. Anna had led them all out into the wilderness: why must she be thirsting and hungering for Egyptian flesh-pots? For her part, Julia would be quite satisfied to hear another of the Collyer sermons, if Anna were not content with one.

"No," cried Fausta Carter, "that is all sophistry. I have tried that whole thing through and through when I was a school-mistress in the Western Reserve. You will never hear such bad preaching as we had there, Julia! There never was such bad preaching to hear! And so I staid away. I tried this business of worshipping God on the mountains, and worshipping him by the lake-side, both of which can be done by any man or woman; and I tried the business of reading sermons, "so much better, and prayers so much more beautiful," than poor Elder Schmucker's were; and a miserable mess of spiritual pride and pharisaic snobbery it all came to.

"How I hate to hear people talk about an 'exquisite liturgy' and Mr. Smoothtongue's 'beautiful prayers'! It is like the first verse of what Ingham calls 'the sugar-candy hymn': —

'Come beautiful, as souls should be.'"

And having delivered herself of these words with some energy, Fausta rose from the ground, and threw her water-proof, on which she had been sitting, over her arm, as if she also were ready for walking.

"Where are you all going?" said Ingham. "We are going to that little white meeting-house we passed last night the other side of the bridge and mill. It is not more than a mile and a half away, and it must be the 'parish-church' of this section."

Not sorry to walk after their experience in the saddle, the whole party followed Anna and Fausta, who had taken the lead; and some on one side the road, and some on the other, by that queer law which governs country walking, passed every now and then by a well-filled wagon with worshippers on their way to meeting, they came to the little meeting-house almost before they were aware.

Yes, it stood quite by itself, without any decoration of its unfenced grounds, and with no other ornament than white clapboards and green blinds can give. The steps seemed almost unduly high, as if the builder had tried to separate the house of God from the common world: but nobody thought of this; and, when you had once surmounted them, there were no special ecclesiastical splendors within.

After enough had assembled nearly to fill the little house, the elder rose, and from a hymn-book, of which it seemed Prof. Smith was one of the compilers, — the author of

“My country, 'tis of thee!”—

gave out one ominously short hymn. Ominously short; for when an elder selects a short hymn, it is a sign that he distrusts the singing. And well he might. After a long pause, some conscientious brother, whose sense of duty was stronger than his sense of rhythm, tried to pitch the tune, in the hope that some angel inspiration would lend him, on this occasion, power he never had before. But the inspiration failed; and after he had invented one line of a tune, with which, unfortunately, the rest of the congregation were not acquainted, his bold voice died away into a hush, even worse than that he had interrupted. But, with this hush, all was made secure.

For, so soon as it proved thus that there was no person in authority, a clear, triumphant, sympathetic soprano voice, in the very heart of the church, took up the rugged hymn; and, before half the line was sung, the congregation had caught the enthusiasm, and joined in the noble and familiar air; was led from line to line in real communion now by the heart and spirit of the singer, and passed from verse to verse in the glorious enthusiasm of united worship. Anna could not resist the temptation of turning her head far enough to see what spirit God had made his minister for this occasion, and recognized, as indeed she expected to, the familiar face of one of the first artists of the time, whom, indeed, Anna had last heard when she sang

“I know that my Redeemer liveth,”—

in the silence of an immense Musical Jubilee.

With that hymn the spirit of communion was secure. The quiet elder's simple prayer spoke for every one there the gratitude, the confidence, and the humility of the hour; and then he read, and he read well, from the eighth chapter of the Epistle of the Romans.

“What a providence indeed!” said Carter to Julia as they walked home; “what an invention of superhuman conception and wisdom, which, into every assembly of worship the world over, on this day, brings the chance of good sense so profound, of description so daring, of praise so devout, as are in those words, which you cannot make familiar, of such a man as this Paul! Put into your pulpit what fool you choose, still he must read something as well worthy as this. When he has done that, say what he will, he cannot spoil your day.”

But with this calm, quiet, earnest elder, who had, as it proved, been painting blinds all the week in his shop at North Thornton, or

South Woodstock, or East Holderness, or West Campton, there was no fear of the day's being spoiled. He gave out one of the immortal texts : —

“ The kingdom of God is not in word, but in power.”

And with the pluck and sincerity one has a right to ask for in his communion, pure independents as they are, untied by any of the authorities, he illustrated his text: not in any external sign, not in creed, not in ritual, not in architecture, not in doctrine; no, indeed! but in the power which only God knows, and God's child; in that only is God's kingdom found.

There were two other hymns,— one before the sermon, and one after; one more united prayer; a long home-like explanation of the arrangements to be made for the meeting of the “ Association ” of the district; then the benediction; and then the second meeting, more familiar, but not less sacred, in the porch and on the steps, and by the road-way, of the various worshippers.

“ Yes, Anna,” said Julia, “ I will be magnanimous; and I am glad we came.”

“ You may travel far without hearing better preaching,” said Ingham,”

“ That's true, dear Padre; but forgive me if I say that it is not the preaching. No, dear Anna, nor even the marvellous and miraculous lead of our singing. It is that all of us strangers were there as absolute friends. Why, that tattered hymn-book seemed to me like a rosary from the Mount of Olives!”

“ Yes, I know your feelings: with a sermon more stately, we might have lost the harmony of the whole; with a ritual more formal, I am sure it would have been gone. I know that I, who do not often help, would have gone up and read the lesson, if that good iron-gray had bidden me, just as naturally as your friend there led the hymn. Lucky for us, that she did not think it best to worship in communion with the spruce-trees.”

“ That is not her kind,” said Ingham. “ The last time I heard her sing was in an attic in Oswego Street. I was in the room below: but the doors were open; and it seemed there was a bedridden old woman up stairs, who never could go abroad, of whom your friend there had heard, and for whom every week, in the midst of other cares, she devised this luxury of consolation and refreshment.”

“ Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?”

“ Yes, indeed, are not we all?”

A TRESS OF HAIR.

BY ISABELLA GRANT MEREDITH.

“How did you find her?”

“By the grace of God,” said the artist, reverently uncovering his head.

He threw his hat on the turf; and the sea-breeze, fluttering inland from its idle play with the ripples on the shore, tossed the dark masses of his hair. His face had lost the dreamy, half-melancholy look it had worn of old, — the look it had been a pain to his friend to remember; the lips, that yet expressed infinite sweetness and tenderness, had a firmer set; and in the brown eyes shone a new light of steadfast serenity, the gladness of one who was inwardly at peace.

He had thrown himself on the billowy grass at the feet of his companion, and, with all his soul in his eyes, lay rapt in an artist-dream, of which the mellow loveliness of the day was a fitting inspiration, when the thought in his friend’s mind insensibly formed itself into the question that had fallen from her lips.

Two years before, in a summer night, when the roses hung their slumbrous blossoms, and the sighing gales crept through the gardens, rifling them of their sweetness, while the gleaming stars burned and thickened in a moonless sky, — Mark, with the old, familiar melancholy, worn with a careless grace, like a mantle he was half-minded to cast aside, had lingered in the porch, over his farewells.

“That, in going, I must lose you, Clair, is my heaviest regret; a selfish grief, but none the less a grief,

since it is to leave my better self behind,” he said regretfully.

“Ah, Mark!” Clair answered, strains of pleasant cheer in her voice, although to spare her friend troubled her no less than it pained him, “in this world, even, we are richer than we know, and we lose much less than we are prone to think. We are full of misconceptions. What are time and distance, really? Little, indeed, to us, who know each other too well to be ever truly parted; and you, three thousand miles away, will still be nearer to me than my neighbor next door. The soul has its Psyche-wings, which, like the Persian’s magic carpet, annihilate space at the instigation of a wish.”

His smile was half-sad, half-bitter.

“Does your philosophy teach any process, whereby the sense of hearing may be stretched out over leagues of space, to catch the sounds of a beloved voice when the irritated soul of man needs to be soothed and subdued by its best music? or for the lengthening out of arms, when the homesick, wounded heart needs a friendly hand-clasp to heal, and make it strong?”

“It is not well done, to speak contemptuously of my philosophy, which is only making the best of the *must be!*” she said, with mild patience.

After a pause, in which his smile had wholly faded, and only the soft stir of night had filled the silence, he resumed, —

“When, and how, shall I listen again with you to the clamor of the katy-dids? and what changes, I wonder, will the intervening years

have brought to our lives, Clair? Something sweet, let us hope, else life were a bitter pill indeed."

"No," protested Clair. "A hard nut, perhaps, with a husk like verjuice, and a tough shell; nothing worse."

"Will the kernel it hides compensate one for the risk to one's teeth — and heart — in the cracking?"

"Do you pretend to doubt it? Try, then, and see. I have faith enough for you, because" —

"Because?"

"I have faith *in* you, Mark."

"A good word, to speed my parting! I will live by it in the future, be the nut sound or hollow. I feel that I am leaving you with a benediction."

A bird that nested in the flowery thicket of the garden uttered a soft, plaintive note.

Suddenly bending before her, he touched her hand with his lips, and was gone.

That was their parting.

Two years later, as Clair lingered over the treasures displayed in the window of Goupil's art-rooms, a gentleman with a light, blithe step passed her, paused a moment to toss away his cigar, and entered. The cigar-end, carelessly thrown, scattered its gray ashes on her sleeve, observing which, he lifted his hat, with a quick "Pardon," and for a brief instant glanced her way.

A moment after, Clair also entered; but the pictures failed of their usual charm, while a strange living face persistently haunted her, like a measure of once familiar, but long-forgotten music.

The fact, associated as it was in some intangible way with the stranger's eyes as they had flashed upon

hers, caused her much annoyance, because it was a new experience. And, like the "haunted man," she was perpetually tempted to turn, and glance over her shoulder after him. Resolutely bent upon resisting the absurd desire, she seated herself in a camp-chair, and fixed her eyes upon a study of woods in autumn, that hung on the wall before her. But still the face of which she had caught a passing glimpse, or some expression it had held, or some memory it had awakened, played at hide-and-seek with her, through those dim forest-aisles, ever mocking and elusive.

With the best intentions to become absorbed in that work of art, she was presently startled at hearing, behind her chair, a voice softly and satirically humming, under the breath, the burden of an old ballad, —

"Ah, Lisette! you are *not* spinning!"

She felt the color flush her cheeks; but she sat motionless before her picture, her eyes riveted upon the crimsons and yellows of the maples and ferns therein.

Then came a pleasant, caressing voice, well remembered, saying in gay reproach, —

"What, old friend, so soon forgotten?"

A long, warm hand-clasp supplied the place of a greeting and a welcome for which there were no words; and, in the silence, Clair's eyes, at liberty now to study that face, noted the change which had etherealized him and brightened all his moods, — a work of circumstance upon his life, rather than of time upon his head.

"Am I so altered, then, that you did not know me?"

"You are — enlarged."

He laughed.

"Ah! that tongue has not lost its

ancient cunning. It is a good phrase and a true, although I have not added an inch to my girth or stature."

"No. I think you must have been taking soundings, and discovering the heights and depths of a man's heart and soul! You look to me as if you had put away childish things, and learned to live in earnest!"

"There, again! You are surely *clairvoyant*! But you began the cure; your faith has made me whole; your teachings were not all in vain, although you had, at times, but a graceless pupil. Listen! I have cracked the nut; but by rare good luck I waited until it was ripe, and the husk fell off. Most men, I fancy, make the mistake of boys who pelt the walnut-trees in September, and bring down the nuts without waiting for the benign influence of the first frosts. Thus, you see, too often they are at great pains to get at a kernel which, after all, is naught. I have found life sweet; I have had a miracle wrought upon me whereby the old heresies that tormented me have been cast out!"

"Ah?"

Again he laughed joyously.

"That shot hit the bull's-eye of your curiosity! Good! I meant it should! But I cannot talk to you *here*. I am not cured of my whims, I promise you; and the word out of season was never a propitious one for me. I have much to tell you: but it is a poem, a romance, and should be told only in pure and perfumed air, under waving trees and serene blue skies, on a gala-day; especially to a listener like yourself, who devoutly believes, as I have cause to remember, in the 'eternal fitness of things.' *Therefore*, when will you come to us? We are liv-

ing most pleasantly, in an Eden of roses and apple-blossoms, — as their season is, — an idyllic life of delightful obscurity, with the sun of fame rising in the near future, and streaking the present with fair auroral tints, or making of it, at worst, a golden gloom. I have it much at heart that you should know Cecil."

"Who, and what, may Cecil be?"

"A question not to be answered in a minute! We are a pair of artists; and we dwell together in much unity of thought and purpose, meaning that the world shall be something the better that we have been; our lives attuned to Nature's concert-pitch, — which is indeed a trifle high for the chorus — hence the discords, — and pursuing our harmless ways, with entire satisfaction to our consciences: in short, we are two as gentle gypsies as ever played at housekeeping. 'And why?' — to forestall your next question. Because Cecil is the best friend I have in the world, and — I have my own anticipations concerning you two."

This, laughingly spoken, with bright mischievous eyes looking into hers; then, in a winsome tone not to be refused, —

"You will come, will you not?"

"Surely; if only to investigate your inimitable *ménage*, and satiate my curiosity with your poem."

And that is how Clair happened to be sitting on the lawn, with an old, embowered house on one hand, a brilliant garden full of bloom and bees, sunshine and fragrance, on the other; before her the sea lapping the white curves of shore, singing its low song; the blue sky brooding above; and Mark lying idly at her feet.

She was there, as the best answer she could give to his laconic note, —

"Come — see — and be conquered."

A note over which she had smiled, even while a little resenting its thra-sonical boastfulness, and quite determined with herself never to capitulate.

She had seen also.

Naturally, her fancy had often roved Cecil-ward in the interval; and feature by feature, as with mallet and chisel, it had wrought a fair ideal of Mark's "best friend," — a masterpiece of manhood, strong and gentle, firm and tender; bending, down-gazing, as one who leans and looks from great heights; in eyes and smile and tone, foreshadowing the great soul, the deep heart, hidden within. And then, Prometheus-like, she borrowed fire from heaven to animate her marble creature, whom she believed in, revered, and christened "Cecil."

Well, she had *seen* Cecil, when she sat there; and, looking back upon the ruins of her shattered masterpiece, Clair had the grace to smile.

This was the way of it.

As she sat idling over her early coffee, in her little breakfast-parlor, the newly-risen sun poured a Danaë-shower of gold in at the long lattice, filling the room with brightness, smiting the sweetness from her heliotropes, gilding the soft brown ferns and mosses of the carpet, and stirring within her the old longing, never wholly subdued, for mountains, fields, and woods. The canary in his cage must needs put in his note, greeting it with a flood of rejoicing, and swelling his throat in a musical ecstasy, as if the foolish thing thought spring had come again.

Glancing out, she saw the glad blue of the October skies, full of promise, and knew that Nature had sent a gala-day; heard the birds singing of their southward flight; felt the soft

airs blowing; and knew her opportunity.

By steam and jolting car, ferry-boat and country-wagon, she left the city smoke and din behind; and lastly, by a foot-path, came to the gate of her friend's paradise, which she found guarded by invisible angels only, and a rustic latch, whose fastenings were easily undone.

She made no haste along the yet dewy walk; for the house, moss-grown at the eaves, its quaint gables dappled with gray lichens, half-hidden by masses of brilliant green and wine-red woodbine, was a study of itself, — the very ideal of an artist's summer home. Besides, she liked such gradual approaches to a waiting pleasure — or friend, feasting eyes and heart upon anticipation, while yet afar off.

All the doors and windows stood wide, inviting and hospitable. The spacious, old-fashioned hall, with faintly-fragrant Indian matting on its floor, bamboo chairs and tables, its picture-hung walls, its cushions, books, and papers strewn about carelessly, as if a wandering wind had been the latest comer, made a pleasant prologue to the friendly biographies so soon to be opened, leaf by leaf, there, for her reading.

She paused on the threshold, confronted by a curious difficulty at the outset: for she could find neither bell nor knocker to announce her coming; not so much as a dog-whistle among the riding-whips in the rack. Looking about her, and vaguely speculating upon her probable success, should she hollow her hands about her lips, and lift up her voice as she had seen a woman, at the door of a farm-house she had passed, hail the men home from the distant fields, she discovered, in the cool gloom of an adjoining room, the white glimmer of ivory

keys, where the pianoforte stood open.

Pausing before it, she played an Alpine *jodel*, and sent its clear, sweet notes ringing through the silent house. Listening then, she heard from some distant room, coming nearer and clearer, a voice singing an answering strain: it was followed by Mark, who entered with hands outstretched, and eyes brightening with honest delight.

“Let the stranger within your gates come, henceforth, provided with trumpets also, and shawms, since you disdain the modern inventions.”

“Let them sound what timbrels they may; it was like you, and appropriate, to herald yourself with sweet sounds,” was his gay greeting.

While one hand strongly imprisoned her two, the other deftly unfastened the ribbons of her bonnet, and cast it aside, not roughly, but with a manly disregard of the frail nature of millinery; removed the shawl-pin, and left that marvel of Indian looms to slip unheeded to the floor. Then a curl was lightly coaxed by gentle touches into place, a tress the wind had coquetted with smoothed aside; and the artist, with two steps backward and a critical eye to effect, uttered a satisfied —

“So!”

I think the reader will have to pardon the artist these little, but not disrespectful, peculiarities, and all the more, that long ago Clair had found herself obliged either to pardon him for so many, and to accept him for himself, or to lose him altogether. Now, because of the strong love, out-spoken, faithful, and tender, — but not too tender to have borne many a tough strain in stormy weather, in whose stress a love less real, less true, would have gone down, — such a loss would have been not to be endured;

for Mark was, Clair often averred, one of the few suns that shone upon, and warmed, and revolved around her orb of life. There were those, sitting in the lower rooms of her affections, who affirmed, indeed, that she liked him none the less for moods and ways that were his own, — for oddities that proved him, at least, “not Launcelot, nor another.”

Still holding her hand, he drew her, through an open window, upon a terrace full of bloom, and glowing in the sunshine. There, as a robin in the path eyed them with its bright, inquisitive glance, and after that silent investigation welcomed them as friends, with a joyous *roulade* from his repertory of songs without words, the human sunshine of rapture brightened Mark's face; and, pressing her hand, he exclaimed, in that subdued tone in which his great enthusiasms uttered themselves like strains of distant music, “O friend! behold how the day welcomes you, knowing our poverty of speech, with songs and gladness!”

The tame robin, having finished his musical salutatory, prinked and plumed himself, with a satisfied air of having done the honors of the place in a manner that left nothing to be desired, and hopped on before their loitering steps, as one who felt it still incumbent on him to lead them on from one point of beauty to another. But all the while the cunning creature was eying Mark, in expectation of his daily ration of seed or crumbs; and other birds came tamely flocking around him, as he paused to cut a half-blown autumn rose, and to fasten it in her hair. By such dainty device of pleasant impediments did he dally with Clair's anticipations, delaying the moment which he, too, longed for, which was to be the

crowning happiness of the day, — the bringing his two friends face to face.

Clair understood and humored him, in her old indulgent way; loitering to praise a view, or his garden, which was a *fantaisie* of color and perfume, with its gay autumn flowers.

“There are tastes and tastes,” said Mark; “fewer praise than blame it. The geometrical cast of mind demands a lawn mosaicked with a study of angles; the precisian recognizes beauty only in the straight lines of a Dutch garden, substituting order for grace; while a fashionable friend, who once drifted this way, would consent to nothing but a wearisome reproduction of Hogarth’s line of beauty, and insisted, that, in accordance with ‘the latest style,’ the colors should be assorted!”

“It is at once a delight and a regret to *me*, who, in fancy, like you and Andrew Marvel, —

‘Have a garden all my own,
But so with roses overgrown
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness;’

while, in reality, I have only a wire-stand in a bay-window, with a prim row of most orderly flower-pots.”

While he listened, with fastidious care he searched the laden vines, rejecting numberless fair blossoms, until the one perfect rosé was found. Clair, who had watched him, pleased to recognize the familiar ways she had of old encouraged him in, getting thereby the reputation among the less-favored of having “spoilt” him, — Clair laughed at him, and prophesied, with warning fore-finger uplifted, —

“Mark, in that over-particular way of yours, you will, one day, search the world for your wife.”

“Say on, Sibyl: shall I find ‘my perfect rose of womanhood’?” he asked; and bent upon her a look so

questioning, so curious, she was puzzled to interpret its meaning. She only smiled, and shook her head, as one who had lost faith in miracles through over-much worldly wisdom, for answer.

With a gay, glad look on his face, he cut the rose, and carried it carefully in his hand; she had thought he meant to wear it in his button-hole.

But moments we are fain to prolong may not be spun out like Penelope’s interminable web; they could not linger forever on the terrace, among the artist’s birds and flowers.

Enjoining silence with his hand, as their steps brought them near to an oriel window, Mark drew aside the purple curtain, and his eyes invited Clair to enter. Expecting, at last, to be ushered into the presence of Cecil, she could but think that a grand flourish of trumpets would have been a more cheerful preparation than thus solemnly “stealing a march” on the friend to be.

It was the studio.

There stood his chair, pushed aside as he had hastily left it at her signal; a table, with the usual litter of brushes and color-tubes; the palette; an easel, supporting a large canvas, on which, in the gorgeous gloom of sunlight streaming through a painted window, arose lofty, gilded organ-pipes beneath a richly-carved pediment of dark wood, and, with a rapt, uplifted face, luminous eyes, and a mist of golden hair that floated backward from the serene brow like an aureole, a white-robed Saint Cecilia.

For an instant she hung breathless, with clasped hands, over the altar-piece. Then she turned her eyes full of reproach on Mark, and said regretfully, “So, *this* is why I am here? To behold a masterpiece.”

"To behold a master-piece!" repeated Mark pleasantly, losing her accents of regret in the strain of organ-music, that, even as she spoke, slowly rose and swelled, filling the room with solemn sound.

Mark drew aside the easel, which, standing there, had interposed the canvas as a screen between Clair and the long apartment beyond. And yet — and yet — before her the crimson and violet lights still streamed athwart the organ's massive frame and gilded pipes, and before it the transfigured Cecilia sat white-robed, crowned with a saintly glory of marvellous hair, but with eyes that no longer communed with heaven, down-cast, now studying the score, now following her slender fingers in their wanderings over the keys.

Mark went to her, bent over her; and the rapture in his touch, in his voice, was a revelation to Clair, as, fastening his rose on her bosom, he said, —

"Cecile, it is for *thee*."

"But a friend is more than a rose; have you not brought her, too, Mark? Ah!"

Following the silent motion of his hand, which was his sole introduction, she crossed with a swift grace to where Clair stood stricken mute with surprise, took Mark's friend in her arms, kissed her with soft, warm lips, looked deeply into her eyes, and, recognizing a kindred spirit, received her with childlike jousness.

"You are most welcome. I have waited a long time for you, — ever since I first knew Mark. Now I don't know how I could have been so patient!"

Clair, with her rich experience of affection, was wont to be rather severely critical on the ways of women, — their tricks of kissing, their flighty

raptures, their exaggerated enthusiasms, reminding her that "the ocean deeps are mute," and creating a suspicion that shallow hearts, like shallow streams, betray themselves by their noisy babbling.

So, at the simple grace of that welcome, her heart leaped gladly; their hands clasped and thrilled at the touch, and a soft flush glowed on her cheeks, as, looking into Mark's glad face, she said, —

"I am content."

And Cecile smiled wonderingly; unconscious that her presence was like a lily in the room, a strain of sweet music, a happy bird-song, a memory of Nature's blandest moods; that she was to mark an inspiration; that she would be henceforth as the wine of life to Clair, who, until now, had sought, finding not, — a woman with many lovers, pining for the one possible friend.

Were I to tell the whole story of that idyllic day, the minutes of which were like passing from one artist-thought to another in a gallery of paintings, full of graceful, slow surprises that never took one ungracefully by surprise; that day of picturesque groupings, of busy idleness, brimful of bright fancies, of cloudless effects, for the blue sky poured down its living gold as if Hebe were newly fallen, and the nectar of the gods, spilled all over the green earth, was a vintage of "Sunshine," — it would fill a tome; and I am compelled, on this occasion, to leave room for those who come after me, and who have also something to say.

Mark's moods were like a musical chromatic scale; deftly sliding from one to another, like a succession of full, sweet notes, harmonious and satisfying. The sharps and flats,

which once had wailed with fitful discordance through his days, no longer broke the melody, which ran smoothly on, unfretted by accidentals.

At eleven o'clock, a bright-eyed, swarthy, turbaned Ethiope, who followed the fortunes of these gypsies, appeared on the lawn, bringing them breakfast on a silver salver; fragrant mocha in parian cups, that rose from their green saucers in the form of water-lilies, and ruddy-cheeked autumnal fruit in baskets, besides the more substantial twists and sticks of Italian bread.

They ate under a wide-spreading oak, whose dropping acorns made periods to their table-talk, as they rambled discursively from art to nature, from Paris to Italy, from poems to romance; until, at length, they came to the glowing noontide hour, — when the Saint Cecilia went in doors, transformed for the sweet rôle of Madonna, — and to the romance of which the foregoing pages are simply prefatory, and Clair's opening question but the key-note.

"There was a divinity in it!" continued the artist, his eyes taking a lark's flight into the blue sky, as if only in the height of heaven could his soul sing its pæan. "And a sorceress, moreover: Providence, acting through the vanity of a Circe, brought me to my own. Don't figure to yourself a gnarled and crabbed witch, such as impiously rode broomsticks, and were piously hung at Salem therefor, but a laughing houri, whose beguilements were potent enough, doubtless, only that I wore an amulet against glamourie; a triple armor of patience, — Heaven be praised! — that kept me from a pitiful mistake. It is a simple history, — shall I tell it? — being only

the story of a curl; how I loved a ringlet, and not a woman.

"When I left you one summer night, reluctant to go, yet strangely impelled, it was as if shadow hands stretched forth from the future, clasped, and drew me on, — whether to meet a joy or a grief, I could not foretell. I could not resist; I felt like a dying unbeliever, who, leaving a secure foothold, plunges blindly, not daring to speculate upon the beyond.

"My first ambition was for fame; and I worked for it, — after my fashion; truly, not in the sweat of my brow, for I was dissatisfied with every thing: I had an intuition that the world held something nobler for the crowning of man's life than the withering bay-leaves of applause.

"Unrest drove me to haunt strange places: I saw sad phases of life, — so wild, fantastic, full of hollow mirth and mockery, of stifled groans and grinning death's-heads, that my heart grew bitter over the shame and the humiliation, and I was near dipping my brushes into its gall, and painting life in its motley, — a grotesque ballet, wherein all the *figurantes* had dropped their smiling, beautiful masks, which had hidden only hideous skulls and fleshless jaws.

"In Italy the lazzaroni stung me with their incessant, shameless whine: but in Paris it was worse; for I had only exchanged the beggars of the streets for paupers whose souls were starved instead of their stomachs. There, in the Louvre, I met a divinity, — a goddess truly Parisian, — pretty enough, superb in that intangible thing you women call 'style,' incomparable in the tricks and wiles that men call 'fascination;' but who, for me, had only one grace, — her crown of hair, golden threads glistening with fire, — the true Fornarina tint.

"Our acquaintance had an odd beginning.

"One day, while I worked at my easel, and the people came, and went, and looked over my head, and talked rapidly, she also came, looked over my shoulder, saying nothing; but the single long curl it was then the fashion for women to wear, drooped forward as she bent, and rested on my breast with the light tangled in its shining coils.

"Without a thought of the woman, without a thought at all, but simply obeying an impulse, — for which you may chide me presently, — I took the tress in my hand, even touched it with my lips reverently, and murmured over it some brief praise of its beauty.

"Reprehensible gallantry, was it not? I had the grace to blush for my audacity the next moment, when I recollected myself, and turned to stammer out a blundering excuse. She set me at ease in a moment, for she was clearly not wroth. There was a faint flush on her cheeks; but her eyes laughed through her veil, and her lips smiled slightly as she said, —

"Rather I should ask your pardon; for I was admiring your Madonna!"

"In comparison with that tress, which was all I had seen of her hair, for a cloud of lace and a rose-wreath concealed the rest, the beauty of her face, artfully heightened by the gossamer veil she wore, made wonderfully little impression upon me. I returned to my work; and I thought of the curl, not of the woman.

"I will not trace the acquaintance, so begun, through the weeks that followed. She came often to the galleries, and feigned a friendly interest in my work. I invited her,

therefore, to my *atelier*; and, when I at last begged that she would sit for me, it was not specially venturesome on my part. I was then at work on a copy of 'The Fornarina;' and she understood that I cared only for her hair, nothing for her face.

"She yielded only a half-consent to my repeated petitions, a tantalizing 'perhaps,' but never down-right denial; until one day the thread of my patience, too long fretted, broke; and I pinned her to the point with an abrupt, —

"'Why not?'

"She changed color, grew restive; a red flame shot into her velvety brown eyes: she shrugged her shoulder, and turned coldly away; but the next minute she was laughing at me in gay mockery, as she tossed back the mighty reason, —

"'Because' —

"I have a foolishness, — an impertinence if you will — to confess: the sequel of which will, I hope, be your forgiveness, though *I* never felt a moment's remorse over the peccadillo. This sprite exasperated me; I determined to punish her. My sin was one of premeditation. So, when she next day came to my studio, I, being prepared for her, caught her by both hands, and, by way of greeting, demanded, —

"'Because of what?'

"'Ah! I don't choose,' exclaimed my beauty, with as coquettish an air as if I had been Watteau, and she a reigning favorite of that age, seeking to beguile me with tricks of glance and smile to paint her beautiful.

"'Very well, I shall ask you no more!' I said coldly; and flashing out a pair of sharp scissors, especially provided, I severed a good foot of the shining tress, and held it up before her in triumph.

“Are you angry with me?” She was not. She shot a defiant glance and a saucy smile at me, and clapped her hands to her bonnet in comical apprehension.

“Never mind, there are more where that grew!” she exclaimed; then ran away as if she thought I certainly meant to pursue, perhaps cut her head off.

“Finding that my barbarism had its limits, she presently stole back, drooped over me (I had resumed the peaceful implements of art), passed her hand with a gentle, almost caressing touch across my forehead, and said sweetly, —

“Don’t be cross with my perverseness! I am penitent! I promise what you wish!”

“That was startling to me; but don’t you be shocked at my betrayal of it, because — well, as Fanchon herself said, not choosing to give a better reason ‘because’ —

“We never met again. The cunning creature had her reasons — I did not dream of it then — for delaying to fulfil her promise. Perhaps it was a part of her scheme to punish me in turn, by making me wait, or forcing me to search for her. It is what happened at all events. I searched as closely and cautiously as I could, without making direct inquiries, lest my anxiety to find her should be misinterpreted. You see Fanchon was — Fanchon; while I was a devotee to art. For her sake, still more, I avoided foolish comments.

“Meanwhile, my picture waited; for it was my unfortunate whim not to complete it until I had made a study of the rippling lights and shades of that wondrous hair.

“I was in a wearisome state of vexation; of course I liked her

none the better for that. Her nonsensical coquetries, if coquetries they were, were simply thrown away on me, professedly no gallant. Still, no man likes to be thwarted so foolishly, and I was set upon finding her.

“I never did, but I found that which was infinitely better. How often, I wonder, while we are searching for some trivial thing that has given us much trouble, do we find, instead, a blessing? By such mysterious ways are we led!

“I won’t weary you with reminiscences in the detective-note-book style, nor tell you by what steps I was led to the discovery of Fanchon’s hair-dresser, — a probable place to find a clue to her own address.

“There, however, I came upon a revelation, — a wealth of those same golden tresses newly shorn, — a murmured direction as to how they should be ‘made up,’ as an employée prosaically bunched them together, and ticketed them with Fanchon’s name. I, listening, supposed it only a sacrifice to Fanchon’s cruel vanity: I afterwards learned it to have been a beautiful sacrifice to a holier sentiment.

“I saw my poor Cecile, with her sweet, patient face, sorrowful then, stand waiting to be paid for the treasure of which she had been despoiled; and this time the soul in the woman’s face, rather than the beautiful hair, photographed itself, in the sunshine of a nobler feeling, on my heart.

“I should have been wrong to follow her, but for that instinct which made me so surely recognize my own in her. And I did follow her, — did, as a true lover may, interpose between her and some bitter hardships; comfort her in some lonely sorrowful hours; usurp the place of

guardian angel to watch over her, until the father for whom she so reverently cared, and toiled, and suffered, — died; and then this lonely little one came to enrich my life, and gladden all my days.

“Need I tell you, who have seen her, who have already fallen under the spell of her winsomeness, that from the first I loved her? There was no other way possible. You may imagine all that sweet interval in which our friendship hallowed itself into the perfect oneness of love. We had a quiet wedding, and a honeymoon, that, like the moon, renews itself monthly, and never grows old.

“Since which time, my friend,” concluded the artist, smiling, “I have ceased to speculate on the millennial mystery, because to me there is a new heaven and a new earth.”

Mark drew from his breast a long, bright tress, and gazing at it fondly, as a miser might gloat over his baser gold, exclaimed,—

“Only a woman’s hair! only love, only fidelity, only purity, innocence, beauty” —

And following his eyes, Clair saw advancing towards them the white-robed Cecil; the brightness of the October sunshine on her golden head, the light of love illumining her face, and a rosy, glowing baby in her arms.

SOME WORDS ABOUT WOMEN.

BY MARTHA PERRY LOWE.

WOMEN cannot truly succeed in their great work of self-emanicipation, if they put themselves in seeming antagonism to men. They may get their rights, they probably will; but they destroy the fine relation which should exist between them and men, unless both work together for the same end. Man is all ready to serve woman, and to take up her interests as much as in the knight-errantry times of old; but woman must use a wise policy in her dealings with him, in order that his service may be glad and spontaneous, and that his prejudices against a change of existing customs may melt away insensibly before the eloquence and power of her life.

The first fact which women should justly convince man of is this: that they can do a great many things which he cannot do. How do they show him

this? By courting his praise and flattery, or by laudation of their sex and boasted independence? No; but by their daily life; by their power to govern a household, which is often sublime; by their wisdom with children, their clever economies, their domestic graces. In these, and many other ways, they show their dominion over realms which man cannot enter, except as a subject. Men see this spectacle of women, at their post of duty, all over the Christian world; and in their calm hours they bow before it.

The next fact which they should recognize with men is this: that there are many things that men do, which the majority of women cannot do, or ought not to do. Coarse, out-of-door employments seem not to be for them, nor exposures on land or sea, nor the severest labors of the surgeon,

the management of animals, the command of vessels, the lading of merchandise, and the heavy mechanical arts.

It is so evident to our senses that women are moulded on a different plan from men, that we must feel that any prolonged physical labor, which has a tendency to brutalize those finer nervous powers in her, will also threaten to destroy the distinctive qualities of her soul, which respond to the higher wants of man. Similarity of pursuit, in many cases, will only produce variety in the working and better self-development; but in the departments of labor which we refer to, and many others, we feel that more is lost than gained. Of course, there are exceptions to all these cases; but they do not alter the general rule.

Cannot women afford to yield the supremacy here? Material forces are fast losing their value in the estimation of this age. Manual labor is rapidly giving way to head-work. If a woman cannot plough well, she can at least have the chance to invent a plough. By claiming a sphere which does not become them, which does not seem to be naturally their own, women put sensible men, in fact all men, ill at ease with them; they destroy the harmony, which, say what we will about inequalities of right, does exist in the relations of men and women; they make turbid the stream which has flowed steadily through all the discord of the past, and cleared itself a little in every new generation.

Let not women be so unwise as this. Shallow men will laugh; coarse men will jeer; and narrow-minded men will put up their brows at them. The true men in the community will feel out of sorts, uncomfortable, they know not why; for they are woman's

well-wishers, always looking towards the light for her.

Let women come to men with fine candor and say, "We cannot do without you, help us to be what we ought to be," and leave it for men to say whether they can do without them or not.

The third fact of which women should convince men is this: that they can do many things as well as men, which men have supposed they could not do.

How shall they make men believe it? By loudly declaring that it is so? No,—by simply doing the things well. This answer is trite, but it cannot be too often repeated in the ears of some of the proclaimers of woman's equality with man.

They say, "Give us political equality, and then see what we can do." Well and good. Let woman have it. She ought to have it, because she is a free being. But it is a question, whether that one possession is going to make such an immediate change in her position. If a woman can paint a good picture, can write a good poem, now, what is there to prevent her? If she would become learned in the sciences, skilled in the professions, who is there to oppose her? What man is there to say her thing is not well done, if it be well done? It is true her privileges have been few, compared with men's; but great souls work their way along in spite of obstacles. The entrance to universities has been denied to her in the past, and is now, more or less; but our best physicians, lawyers, and statesmen have pressed their way through to eminence amidst many privations, picking up their books in obscure places, working at all

trades to secure a few hours for study, diving into their own natures, and the secrets of the universe, to find new truth, rather than drawing borrowed knowledge from the schools.

In regard to woman's entrance to universities, we believe, that, when a considerable number of women in any community wish to enter a particular college, and are fitted for it, the doors of that college will open to them. We cannot expect laws will be changed from abstract considerations of right; when there is a practical demand for a change, it will come.

The wages of woman are certainly a serious drawback in her career; but even that matter, we know, will right itself when her standard of excellence is raised.

We must consider one of the most important obstacles in woman's way, to be her moral and intellectual estimate of herself. As long as the majority of women in this country feel that it is their chief business to marry, bear children (we do not say train them, for that is quite another function), keep house indifferently well, make clothes for their families, dress for the street or a party, and go to church on Sunday, we cannot expect them to rise in the scale of being. This habit of expecting nothing great of herself is the root of the evil. Society is to be blamed for this, and women also. The young woman comes out of school, with the brave idea of doing something besides dressing and going to parties. If she has no decided home-sphere, she resolves to give a large portion of her time to the cultivation of her mind. But woman has looked upon herself as a mild reflection of man in all intel-

lectual pursuits, — a moon of the sovereign sun; not as an original being, like to man and yet unlike, born to work out her life-problem, after her own fashion.

The young girl studies German perhaps. She goes a certain distance, but she has no thought of comprehending the philosophy of language. She has no idea of acquiring a knowledge of German literature. It may be answered that young men, also, are superficial. Yes, their motives at the outset are not so true as the girl's; but they have an impelling force which makes them in earnest, — they have a living to get. They may be only half educated, training to be pretenders, charlatans, demagogues; but they mean to be successful: this is a low motive; but even this, in some points of view, is better than that aimless condition of mind in a girl, who feels that she ought to develop herself, but has no goal in view. As soon as marriage comes, she drops all her intellectual aspirations. The excuse is, that she has no time; but, if she had pursued any one vocation with zeal and conscientiousness before marriage, she would not be likely to relinquish it afterwards. She would still pursue it in delicious, stolen hours; and the faces of her husband and children would shine with light reflected from her countenance.

Now, we do not mean to say it is not enough for a woman to be a wife, mother, and householder. It is enough. It is more than she can be without God's help. It is enough for her to be a woman alone; a single woman, with a woman's possibilities in her nature, without any special taste for books, science, or art, doing the plain duties of home. Domestic cares, what are they? Do women consider them mean? They touch

the most delicate springs of our being; they widen in our highest vision, and affect the destinies of nations. But if a woman is incessantly toiling in her house, sewing on her children's clothes, or struggling with the tempers of her family and servants, she has no play to her nature; there is a constant creaking of the wheels; she loses the power of doing those very things well. Let her spring out of this condition as from malaria. If she has no literary or artistic tastes, let her work in her garden, not idly, but as a good horticulturist; let her take up some handicraft, doing well what she does; let her join in some active work of benevolence, or visit the strangers and the lonely in her own religious community, — not those merely who are poor in money, but those who are poor in social sympathies. Who can say how much one woman can do in this last-named field?

The married woman must give her energies first to her home. The quantity of her outside work must therefore be smaller than the single woman's; but the quality should certainly be as good, and in some departments better, on account of the expansion of her whole nature, and the wide experience of human emotion, which falls to the lot of the wife and mother. The unmarried woman's opportunities for excelling in any particular art or profession are very great.

Supposing she wishes to have a vocation, as every woman should have. The arts are open to her; the fields of poetry, history, criticism, fiction, are at her command. Perhaps she has no taste for any of these callings, but is possessed of great executive ability. Our war was a blessing to her, and to hundreds of able women, who found

a field for their energies in the management of philanthropic work. If such brains as those lay idle before the war, they are not willing to do so again.

These women, with clear heads, good brains, firm health, are wasting their superfluous strength, perhaps, in some narrow household routine, which another mind of lower range might fill. What shall be done for them? Let them have men's occupation, if we choose to call it men's. If a woman can govern a household well; if she can manage a hotel; far higher still, if she can keep a large and important school admirably, she can certainly do a great many other things of a kindred nature.

In every school of girls, we venture to say that the majority of best scholars is as much in favor of arithmetic, natural philosophy, chemistry, and geometry, as of metaphysics, rhetoric, or intellectual philosophy. Why should not a woman, then, govern a manufactory if she can? Mercantile life offers a wide field for the energies of women, from the country store up to the trading-houses of the nation. If we can credit the reports of those who have investigated the present occupations of women, we find the women who keep country stores are generally good business managers. They are not of the type of aimless girls who throng our city shops merely to get money for dress; they are women who are in earnest, thrifty and industrious, and the wholesale country dealers aver, that they rarely ever run in debt for their goods.

Why could not such women as these, with more education and knowledge of the world, added to their natural gifts, manage a commercial house? In thousands of cases of

failure, we find the wife has been anxious beforehand, saving in little ways, questioning her husband timidly, hinting expedients, long-headed at the crisis, and courageous at the final crash; while he has been mulish, taciturn, profuse in his expenditure, loose in his accounts, and childish in his despondency at the end.

Mr. Ruskin says, in an article of a character liberal in other regards, "There is one dangerous science for women, one which let women beware how they profanely touch, that of theology." We venture the opinion, in spite of Mr. Ruskin, that women are no more likely to touch the subject profanely than men. The writer of the article himself adds, "Theology is a matter they know nothing of." It is quite time, then, that they did. The truth is, our best friends among men are timid about us; they are so fond of us, that they are afraid something will happen to us, — the bloom will be rubbed off the plum. This apprehension we respect sincerely; but it is not paying us the highest compliment as free beings. God says to man, "Try and do what you can, and every thing you can, in my universe." Does he say to woman, "Do some things, but do not try to do others lest you fail?" No: he gives her a chance to fail, as well as man. The majority of men will not spend their lives in attempting to do things for which they are unfitted. We have confidence that women will be equally able to find their places in the world.

In regard to the law, politics, and reform, if we have not become convinced that it is wise for women to enter the public arena of debate, we must concede that there are side branches not inferior, in all these de-

partments, which women might fill with ability.

In organizations for the discussion of great social questions, their presence would be valuable; as their power of conversation, in the treatment of weighty themes, bids fair to be equal to that of men.

We are not to suppose, that women in general are going to be foolish enough to wish to do exceptional things, because some do them. Many would, undoubtedly, run into new walks of life, at first, from the love of notoriety: all good is attended with its evil. But even these women would, in time, fall back into the places they belong in, and be wiser for their failure. If there is any one result which the true woman's-rights movement aims at, as we understand it, it is this: to put every woman in a condition to work out her own development in the manner most harmonious and natural to herself. In speaking of these uncommon pursuits, we are not arguing the necessity of them for women in general. Most women are wives and mothers; and, whatever married women do outside of these spheres, should, in our opinion, be done in conjunction with their duties at home, and shed lustre upon them. Married women need not go far from their own firesides for intellectual stimulus. They can find it abundantly, all around, if they are willing to look. There are, indeed, cases when a married woman is cut off from her home ties, — sometimes by the hand of death, often by the growing maturity of her children, who pass into other homes. If she has a calm and tranquil mind, large affections, and domestic habits, she will pass from one household to another, a blessing wherever she goes. Or she will remain in the old homestead, dispensing hospi-

talities to her neighbors, and receiving her children. But, supposing she is restless, energetic, independent, what an advantage to her to enter into some active pursuit, which would keep all her faculties alive, and save her from the nervous discontent which attends so often on old age!

But many women, eminently fitted for matrimony, for various reasons remain unmarried in New England and other parts of the world. Some of them are leading only half lives, cut off from what would be their highest joy. They are women, perhaps, in whom the maternal sentiment is deeply implanted. They long to have the care of children, but not those of other people, where they have all the drudgery, without any authority: the maiden sister is often, we know, the sunbeam in the family, and the chief force in the household; but her position, in many cases, is a subordinate one. Why cannot such women, if they are possessed with moderate means, or without it even, adopt children, and make a little household for themselves? If a married woman, prostrated in health and spirits by the death, or desertion, of her husband, can manage to support her children, and train them up to be good citizens, how much more should a single woman, of firm health, with a small property, or the means of earning a moderate livelihood, be able to conduct her affairs economically, and rear children for the State, under the light of her love and guidance, besides securing an independent home, the pleasure of extending hospitalities, and making herself, thus, a power in the community.

One of the most noble and lovely women in New England at this moment, a power in the town in which she lives, and a person to be in every

way regarded with honor, has, in this way, taken in succession ten or twelve children to her home, trained them to life and duty, and shown that she has a sphere higher and nobler than any sentimentalist of them all.

The want is not in opportunities, but in the lack of eyes to see; the lack of motive power in women to impel them to noble deeds; the lack of that spirit of self-sacrifice, which should lead them to overcome their love of ease, the requirements of fashion, the fear of public opinion, and make for themselves a career. If this power is wanting, will a change of laws help women much? It will remove glaring injustice in the management of property, and in marriage contracts. It will lead them to think about their general rights, and create a spasm of energy, which will, however, amount to very little, unless there goes along with it a moral magnetism, which shall arouse individual women to a consciousness of their great opportunities. The antislavery leaders awaked the community to a sense of the evil of slavery; but it remained for the people to accept and digest this great truth, in the daily contact of their lives, before any results could be accomplished.

So our brave women pioneers are calling on their sex to hear; but every woman who listens must think not only of her future rights, but of her present privileges, remembering, that, the more she can do, the wider will the way open before her. Technical rights, granted or denied, should be as nothing to her, compared with those rights which she will make for herself, entering untrodden fields, and putting her hand to a work of which no one had dreamed.

We would touch now on one more

branch of our subject, — the place of women in society.

By society, we do not mean alone that stratum in our metropolitan towns, which, by right of wealth, fashion, or family pretension, calls itself "good society." That branch takes its place among the rest. We mean the reunions, all over civilized life, that are governed by the general rules of courtesy and good-breeding. Good society is not, necessarily, to be found in one place more than another. We find the elegances and luxuries of life in some circles, more accomplishments in others; more literary attainments in some, more religious and philanthropic culture in others. We need all of these elements to make up the ideal social circle; but there are certain requisites without which truly good society cannot exist; and, in the possession of these, it may dispense with many of the former accompaniments. We mean by good society those coteries where there is purity of purpose, activity of mind, broadness of view, respect for others' opinions, candor, modesty, and fine feeling. We have seen these qualities as often in the parish circle of some retired village, as in the most polished *conversazione* of the metropolis.

Now, it is women who are to make these re-unions everywhere what they should be. If they do not, the married men will go to the club or lodge, the married women will talk about their servants, the pretty girls will flirt, and the plain ones will discuss their dress-makers.

Our limits will not permit us to enlarge here upon the advantage of a broad intellectual culture, which shall enable women to think and to express themselves with clearness and grace, thus giving them great social power;

we will only touch upon those qualifications which are the property of all.¹

Let the married women still talk about their servants, but not merely to compare notes and find fault: let them learn wisdom from each other. There is one quiet-faced woman who sits among them at their circles, and listens, but does not say much. They know that her servants always stay long with her. She has a serene household. Let them ask her what she does to make the wheels run so well. She will tell them, with blushes perhaps, for she is unused to talk much, a good many secrets: the little sacrifices of her own plans; the daily sympathy with those who serve; the power to put herself in others' places, to see as they see, for the moment; the cautious tongue, and great faith in human nature. These and many other truths will set them to thinking; they will go home, gratified with their evening entertainment, and wiser women. They have, truly, been in good society.

Let the young girls frolic with the young men: they were made to do it. It is the heyday of their lives; but let them indulge in no silly familiarities, no courting of attention, no high-strung phrases, no affectations of manner, nor pretence at knowledge. Let them appear what they are, and resolve that they will never lower a young man's standard of womanhood by their words or actions; he will, then, have been in good society.

Let the girls talk about their dress-makers, — how they read, perhaps, a bright story to her while she is at work; how they give her a drive into the country; how they draw her into their parish party; how they lend her

¹ But the editor of every literary journal is tempted to ask, that women who send to him articles for insertion shall, at least, have studied the art of spelling.

books. Will not that be good so-society?

Women of so-called cultivated circles, who understand the art of conversation sufficiently to satisfy modern social requirements, would do well to look to their ways, and see whether they express other people's opinions, or their own; whether they satirize a cause which they do not understand, or speak from sincere conviction; whether they skim on the surface of subjects, or see them in their highest relations. It is a mistake to suppose that light subjects of conversation, any more than light themes in literature, should be treated superficially. How nobly a woman, in the graceful play of her nature, can say words which shall touch the aspirations of aimless men, or, in the graver moods of her thought, arouse the politician and the statesman to a broader field of vision!

The same laws govern us, from the the village sewing-circle to the *salon* of Madame Récamier. Those French women did not talk much about their power; but they had every thing in their hands which they coveted. They wanted admiration: they succeeded, by their beauty, *naïveté*, and grace, in bringing the first men of letters in France to their feet. They wanted power; and, by their tact and skill, they insinuated themselves into all the councils of the State, and fo-

mented wars and overturned kingdoms. When their reign was over, they retired to some august monastery; and, robed in the garb of the nun, they fasted and prayed, and, while praying, they still listened to the far-off blandishments of the world, which uttered their names no longer with gay flatteries, but with pious and romantic veneration.

They were wise in their generation, but not with the wisdom of the children of light. They were thoroughly artificial women. They are no types for us.

We would rather recall those women of the early Christian days, who were true yoke-fellows in the gospel, as St. Paul says; those matrons of Greece and Rome, who stimulated their husbands and sons to all noble deeds; those Italian women, who took their seats in academies of learning and science, by the side of men; those women in our own time, who are friends and co-laborers with great men, and ask no other adulation or homage than that which mind and heart spontaneously offer to each other.

Let our women go their own way in this new world, unfettered by tradition, unelated by success, and do their work with such singleness of purpose and such earnestness of conviction, that they shall, ere long, be found side by side with men, in the pursuit of the highest truth.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

COME to my sun-land! Come with me
 To the land I love, — where the sun and sea
 Are wed forever; where palm and pine
 Are filled with singers; where tree and vine
 Are voiced with prophets! Oh, come! and you
 Shall sing a song with the seas that swirl,
 And kiss their hands to the cold white girl,
 To the maiden moon in her mantle of blue.

TO MY WIFE'S SILVER-POPLAR.

ON OUR TWENTY-SIXTH WEDDING-DAY.

[Written at her side while she sleeps.]

DEAR Silver-poplar, yonder on the lawn,
Planted to please my darling's sober eyes,
While she lies quiet as a marble faun,
I see her spirit quivering in thy sighs.

Slender and pale, thou modest Quaker tree,
Thou feelest every breath the summer draws ;
And thy thin fingers, delicate to see,
Like hers, are trembling without seeming cause.

O nervous aspen ! teach me how they roll, —
Those unseen currents in the heart's abyss ;
Ruffling the downy feathers of a soul
Plumed for a softer atmosphere than this.

The breeze has passed ; thy beauty seems to die ;
Is there no flutter in my darling's breast ?
Wake, wind ! the silver lining must not lie
Hidden in stillness. Wake ! though to unrest.

These six and twenty years, my wedded bride,
I've watched the lights and shadows in thy path,
Thou trembling aspen, planted by my side,
Thou quivering spirit, fluttering round my hearth !

No longer will I say that thou art sick
To feel each motion that I cannot feel :
The poplar tells me heaven hath made thee quick
And aching with a life to me unreal.

Why should the sturdy pine, that stiffly heaves
Only before the winter's surly blast,
Despise the aspen's right to raise its leaves
While the least breathings of the summer last ?

Wake, then, beloved ! Ope those curtained eyes,
E'en though a tear may tremble in their beams,
I'll love my aspen better for her sighs,
My Silver-poplar for her quivering limbs.

And, darling wife, the silver in thy hair,
That tells me thou'st been mine these many years,
Is lovelier than the tresses of thy care,
Ere thou had'st known, or sadness, time, or tears.

TO TUDIS BY RAILROAD.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

DOUBTLESS the completion of the Pacific Railroad was an event of national interest and continental importance; and doubtless, second only to his honorable record in the great rebellion, Gen. Dodge congratulates himself, not unworthily, upon having enrolled his name among the foremost of those who have won for their country the victories of peace, no less renowned than war's. And what with the driving of golden spikes midway between two oceans, and the baptizing of babies with the mingled waters of the Atlantic and Pacific seas, our enthusiastic and mercurial countrymen seemed determined that no element of the fanciful shall be wanting to make the work impressive. It was more like a fairy story than like the actual achievements of hard heads and horny hands in this practical nineteenth century.

Yet for all your golden wedges and baptismal waters, there is nothing in the whole Pacific Railroad so impressive to me as riding up to Tudis on a railroad. Geographically considered, Tudis is to most scholars an unexplored region. I might explain its locality by saying, that it is partially bounded by, involved in, and a constituent part of Pine Swamp; but even then —

"It would be a secret still
Though all look on it at will;
For the eye shall read in vain
What the heart cannot explain."

Etymologically, Tudis is full of interest. No word analyzed and his-
torized by Dean Trench is more luminous than this, illustrating as it

does the loyalty to law, the humor, and the intelligence of our ancestors. Years and years ago, before any person now on the earth had been born, a question came up in "town meeting" concerning a large tract of land, lying on the outskirts of the township. The owner thereof, or some person concerned in the transfer, arose before the assembled sovereigns, and declared, or meant to declare, that there was some error in the transaction, which he wished to have rectified. Unhappily the poor fellow was not skilled in words, or was confused by the unwonted prominence of his position; and, instead of saying "rectified," he put it "rectitude." But these grim old Puritan Solons had no mercy. Nemesis pounced upon him, and fastened to him the name of "Tudy" for the remainder of his natural life, and even handed his shame and its scorn down to a local immortality, since the land he owned and the region round about is called Tudis to this very day.

But we cannot always go into explanation; wherefore, when we wish to be romantic and mellifluous, rather than philological, we spell it *Tudis*, to match the dark-eyed girl of Cadiz!

A railroad to Tudis! The imagination refuses to comprehend it. With the institution in general we are not unfamiliar. The engine's shrill shriek has deafened us so long, that the memory of man scarcely runneth to the contrary; but that a train of cars should deliberately leave the beaten track of trade, and travel and whisk off towards Tudis and Pine Swamp, seems to us yet an almost in-

credible thing. I can more easily believe in the scaling of the Sierra Nevada, or in penetrating the Yo-Semite, than in modernizing Tudis. For the West was made to be modernized. Telegraphs and steam-carriages were invented to this very end; but Tudis is sacred to the past.

If the Spirit of Conservatism could anywhere say to the Spirit of Progress, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther," it would certainly be at the old stone-wall which fences off Tudis and the river meadows. But that wall of division is broken down, and all our secret haunts are laid open to the march of improvement.

As you stand on the platform of the staggering car, the wild rushing wind blowing your hat one way, and your hair all ways, you see not the railroad crowd, but the dead generations. You are cutting through the cornfields, the woodlands, the cranberry-meadows, the blueberry-swamps, that have descended from father to son for ages, unvexed by greed, unassailed by ambition. What does Master Stephen think of you, seven devils that you are, snorting, screaming, plunging past his back-door without so much as saying, "By your leave"? — Master Stephen, the stately gentleman who dwelt so grandly on his ancestral acres, and with pardonable excess of pride wanted no son of his to go out into the coarse scramble of trade, but thought the best way for a young man to acquire property was to wait and inherit it! In the eagerness and mad haste of this day, I love to remember that there was one man who never gave in to it, — who set himself deliberately and honorably against it. Teaching the "district school" was not only not derogatory to his dignity, but rather added to it, so great was our reverence for learn-

ing in those old times: and truly Master Stephen honored himself, and honored his calling; for he taught with love for teaching, magnifying his office, and rejoicing with paternal joy in the after prowess of his pupils. Now, when we want a teacher, we take young men from the colleges, who yearn for a hundred dollars to eke out the expenses of sophomore or senior year; young men without experience and without responsibility, who may be mature and trustworthy, but are quite as likely to be chiefly intent on getting through the three months, and receiving their wage. This done, they flit; and whether they have wrought good or evil, matters little to them.

Not so in the brave days of old. Master Steve dwelt among his own people. In the summer he tilled his well-loved farm. In the winter he taught the well-loved farmer's children, and faced the fruits of his doings all the year round, and called no man master. Proud he was of his abilities and accomplishments; but with a transparent, child-like pride, that gave amusement and won sympathy, but never caused offence. The offices to which his townsmen elected him were to him a solemn trust; and the well-kept pages of many a year's record show how faithfully he held it. All the duties of life bore him honor; and never king went to his coronation with form more erect, with tread more majestic, or dignity more unalloyed, than he to his hereditary pew in the village church. Brave and blameless gentleman! We have fallen on other days and other ways, and the world wears more loosely-fitting garments than was its wont; but I question if we have not lost, as well as gained, somewhat by the change.

Shriek on, you fiery-breathed drag-

on ; what do you care for the black-berry-patches, where we stained our fingers and tore our clothes a hundred years ago ? Profane the silences of the greenwood, broken only in winter by the woodman's axe. Rush, mad monster that you are, past yon still house half-hidden beneath its elms of the centuries, and give no thought to the mute, inglorious Milton who used to haunt it. Unhappy Kennettell, gifted beyond the common lot, but doomed by some untoward fate to be chained to his muck-rake forever ! No improvisatore of Italy could rhyme more readily than he ; but he never went farther than to amuse the village shopmen, — never within my knowledge ; but, as I was one day walking down a green lane, I was suddenly aware of some one behind me, and, using the eyes which we all have in the back of our head, soon ascertained that it was Kennettell wheeling a wheelbarrow. For a long space he followed me at a respectful distance, till I presently turned aside and plucked a buttercup, to let him pass. To my surprise, instead of passing, he set down his wheelbarrow, and waited as punctiliously for me to resume my walk as if I had been a monarch of the middle ages, and he my most humble courtier. Presently he spoke, —

“ May I be permitted to ask if this is the author who is known by the name of ‘ Vitriol Vixen ’ ? ”

I was rather overcome. I had never heard of him except as “ old Kennettell, ” — with or without the adjective prefixed, — a drunken village vagabond, with great facility in writing verses. But it was a gentleman who addressed me with the courtliness, the deference, the elegance, of the old school ; his manner was entirely self-possessed, his words were deliberate, his voice, but for a certain hollowness

which comes from dissipation, cultivated. What evil fairy frowned upon his cradle, and sent him stooping, tottering, maudling through the streets, in a solitary and dishonored old age, instead of setting him to grace and illustrate his time ? He should have been Kennettell, poet and gentleman, instead of hanging around the shoemakers' shops, — old Kennettell, half crazy, and, when he is not crazy, drunk.

“ Not a bit of it, ” I answered heartily, but gazing all the while into his heavy eyes, as if, perhaps, I might somewhere, somehow, see the Kennettell that God meant rising, evolving, extricating itself from the Kennettell that had become. “ Not a bit of it. I am only myself ; but you, I hear, are given to composition. ”

“ I am, indeed, not unused to the pen. In my earlier days I used to contribute to several periodicals. ”

“ Under your own name ? ”

“ Sometimes, but usually under a pseudonyme. My favorite name was Rinaldo, and that title I used most frequently. ”

“ I should like much to see some of your writings. Have you preserved any of them. ”

“ None. They floated about in the ‘ Ladies' Magazine, ’ in ‘ The Boston Mirror, ’ and in many other papers. I used to be much solicited and well paid. ”

And through some fatal moral gravity, some irresistible downward tendency, such a man lost the heights he should have gained, — did for his fellows no better service than to tend through the small-pox some wretched scalawag, whose bedside, indeed, he would occasionally leave for a while, to go around and make a friendly call on the neighbors ; so that the small-pox had a fair chance to show its

hand ; and if it did not embrace the opportunity, and the population too, it must have been an inferior article.

Thus he maundered through his feeble, useless life, and died in the poor-house. The home of his haunting stands silent under the hill, and out of his grave comes no voice. Faint spark of divine life, dim glimmering through degraded years, choked out of the world at last, is there never and nowhere any re-lighting ?

Whiz and roar and clatter and shake and rush, as if the one object in life were to get away from, and get to, somewhere. Passengers from near and far, why do you look so careless and vacant ? Why do you chatter and chatter, and see nothing ? Conductor, put down the brakes, take off your polished label from your breast, and be a man. Do you see that old woman swinging in yonder bent apple-tree ? No ? What are your eyes good for ? It is Grandmother Hubbard, in her grave these fifty years, swinging on the bent apple-tree. Who is Grandmother Hubbard ? Oh ! that I cannot tell you. She was born, and became a grandmother, and died. So much is in her name. But of all her long life of love or hate, of pleasure or sorrow, of good or evil doing, this only remains by tradition for future ages to the world's benefit, that in this bent apple-tree she used to sit and swing. Whether in her grandmotherly or pre-grandmotherly days she thus laid the foundation of her post-mortem biography, we are not informed. My childish eyes always saw her there in octogenarian cap and glasses, a wrinkled and decrepit woman, bowed almost to the angle of the tree she swung on. It is not much to tell, — an immortality of little worth, — faint essence to extract from the long turmoil of a woman's

life, — its sole savor left in departing ; but it was accident, not essence. Somewhere — unrecorded perhaps in the world's annals, but not unrecognized of the world's Creator — has floated out the aroma of that forgotten life, and still, over this alert and eager earth, broaden and circle the waves of impulse that she started. Down brakes ! Good conductor, do you not see the whole parish trooping to church along the path which you will assuredly plough across if you keep on this headlong way ? In the village churchyard they lie, every one, older than Noah and Methuselah ; do not you see them fitting under the hill, filing through the wood, dressed in their Sunday best, — Uncle Tim trotting on rods before his wife, and waiting now and then for her to come up ? They are crossing the brook, they are climbing the stile, they are opening the gate, — sturdy boys that are grandfathers now, and dead at that ; and, among the strong-limbed girls, perhaps, is that very Grandmother Hubbard who swung out her name and fame on the bent apple-tree. The stile is taken away ; the gate is built into the wall ; the path has crept back into field ; all the parish goes to church by the new road ; and only the oldest inhabitant and I know that there ever was a thoroughfare in this beautiful wild waste. Leave it wild and waste and beautiful, I pray you, men and brethren, and do not crush our phantoms under your iron wheels.

What do they think of you at Mingo's ? — the merry imps, the graceless, dare-devil, do-nothing, happy-go-easy gnomes, sparks of southern fire borne by a wanton wind to this untender north, glittering a short, grotesque life, and going out forever ? Children of the palm-tree and the desert and the fervid tropical sun, souvenirs of the

Sphinx and the Pyramids and the eternal repose of Egypt, wrenched out of all their poetry, their calmness, their broad, still civilization, flung up bare and defenceless against our hard, foreign ways, our cold, rugged, unnatural life, Egypt and the Sphinx went quickly out of them, and they were nothing but a family of "niggers," shiftless, worthless, ne'er-do-well, glad of the crumbs which fell even from poor men's tables. What could they do, but drop out of life one by one? There are wreaths of blinding snow which shut away the summer sun. Under the bleak hill they have whirled up a curious mound. The belated, benumbed, bewildered traveller, solitary and intent, pitches through the ever-accumulating drifts, but stumbles upon this, and starts back, all his chilled blood shocked into sudden heat and horror. It is the last of the merry imps of Mingo's, lying in a drunken death in the pathway of the storm, till death in sober earnest overtook him. So they drifted out of the great unknown into a narrow, aimless, degraded life, and, after a little grovelling and grinning and grimacing, drifted out again into a great unknown, and left upon the earth that we can see no mark but "Mingo's:" yet known unto God are all his works; and if he must use for building-blocks these unshapely and unsightly stones that will take no polish and crumble under the chisel, it is the least of all possible reasons why we should make them or leave them unsightly and unshapely.

Merry imps, grim and grinning ghosts, sad shadows, gentle and sweet phantoms, it is no work of mine. I never broke into your fastnesses with smoke and whirlwind and fury. I would have left you to your haunts forever. Never should the foot of

traffic or of pleasure have pressed your turf. Only some wandering wayfarer like me should now and then heighten your solitude; only the familiar stroke of the frosty axe, or the crusted snow crunching under the patient feet of oxen, should have softened, not broken, your olden silence; only the gentle and timid cows should have stood knee-deep at noontide in your sluggish summer brook, or browsed along your ancient hillside, scarcely more ancient than they. But even to this snorting, screaming devil, let us give his due. He makes havoc among the phantoms; true, but it is only for a week. Double, double, toil and trouble, for seven restless days, and then a year of rest again as deep as the centuries. Only a week, and the iron rails shall lie as still as the earth that holds them, and the dead generations shall come back to their haunts, as noiseless as of old. And for that week, though he bitterly disturb the dead, this frantic and ruthless demon, consider, I pray you, fair ghosts, how much succor he brings the living. The great and terrible crowds that used to descend into our very door-yards, drink all our waters dry, choke us with clouds of dust, jostle us in our own streets, — these crowds he swallows as deftly as a snake her endangered young, and leaves us clean and content to go in the old paths. All the booths and stalls that sprung up upon our borders for one vigorous week; candy-tents and coffee-barracks; counters that invited you to buy baked beans and brown bread, stilled oysters and hatred therewith; marvellous menageries, that promised to show you a Hindoo cow, and a Persian ox, and a performing pig, and a Kentucky giantess, and a boa-constrictor for the moderate sum of ten cents, children half-price; fandangos

that invited you to swing ; and hobby-horses without legs, whereon you might ride in a sort of round-robin for five minutes and five cents ; bears that danced, and monkeys that dressed, — all these this rapacious and remorseless demon, this kindly and merciful genius, has drawn into his capacious maw, and let us have peace.

Yet the world is never unanimous, and every blessing has its drawback.

“O mamma!” cries our little maiden of four summers, with vivid memories of previous delight and unshed tears of disappointment filming her black eyes, “O mamma! I went to camp-meeting, and didn’t see the bear!”

ST. JEROME.

BY H. G. SPAULDING.

SAINT JEROME — *Eusebius Hieronymus Sophronius* — was born at Stridon, an obscure town on the confines of Dalmatia and Pannonia, which was afterwards destroyed by the Goths. The probable date of his birth is 346 of the Christian era. His parents were neither pagans nor heretics ; and, in one of his letters, he boasts, that he had been “nourished from his very cradle on Catholic milk.”

He has left some notes of his home education ; but at an early age he was sent to complete it at Rome. There we find him at the grammar-school of the celebrated Donatus, when, in the year 363, the death of the Emperor Julian is suddenly announced, to the joy of the persecuted Christians, and the confusion of all adherents of the ancient worship, whose gods the “apostate” had restored.

The Catholic biographers of Jerome make much account of a passage in his commentary on Ezekiel, wherein he refers to his custom, while a boy at school, of going on Sundays with his mates to visit the tombs of the martyrs in the Catacombs. But Jerome, in narrating this fact, had a very different purpose in view from

that of describing a commendable religious habit of his school-days. The darkness of the matter on which he is commenting — the doors and courts of the Temple — reminds him of those gloomy subterranean vaults, into which, as into his understanding of the subject before him, only a few faint streaks of light ever entered. It is much more probable that the thirst for learning, which afterwards led him to study the lava of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and to visit the tomb of Scipio Africanus, impelled these Sunday pilgrimages. At all events, the fact remains, that such merely outward practices, whether inspired by simple curiosity or by a dreamy devotion, were poor preservatives of his feeble virtue, and failed to restrain him from the grossest vices. In many of his letters, Jerome alludes to the vicious indulgences of this period of his life. At one time he writes of the *lubricum adolescentiæ iter* in which he had fallen ; at another, he describes himself as having been shipwrecked at Rome in that raging tide between the Charybdis of luxury and the Scylla of lust. It is the wreck of chastity which he bewails ; and, in a later epistle, he extols puri-

ty, not because he has it, but because he has it not, lauding in others what he is conscious of not possessing himself. There is no occasion to attribute this sinful course of Jerome to the influence of bad companions at school, or the temptations of the imperial city. Endowed by nature with strong passions, growing up in the midst of a low-lived and sensual community, and living in luxury at home, his propensities to evil were already well-developed. Then, as in the days of Quintilian, it could be said that the student, instead of losing his virtue first at school, rather carried thither the vices of his home. Then, as always, the family made the school, and the evils of school-life were less a new product of companionship, than natural results of the confluence of many bad tendencies from poorly-governed households.

At the period of which we write, Roman education reflected both the social vices and the corrupt literary taste of a decaying civilization. "The second half of the fourth century," says M. Thierry, "was the epoch of the greatest luxury at Rome; not of public luxury, which allies itself with the arts . . . but of private luxury, inseparable companion of caprice and bad taste, the product of a moral decadence." Of ancient Rome scarcely any thing, either good or bad, remained. The people bore strange and unintelligible foreign names. A senator was no longer a Cato or a Catiline, but a *novus homo* in an unwonted sense, whose model one could find only in the annals of Babylon or Persia. The highest badge of nobility consisted in tracing one's ancestry through some Asiatic of the Troad to Æneas, or one of the mythological heroes of ancient Greece. "The senate of this proud city, which

had absorbed the world, might have been taken for a theatre, where the vanquished races had come to play for the diversion of their masters the comedy of their past grandeur." Roman society, which, in the conversion of Constantine, had fallen under the domination of Christianity, and which, after the death of Julian, again enjoyed the protection of a Christian emperor, was enveloped in the grossest materialism. Under the influence of such a society, public education was corrupted at its very source; for it is always the whole society which forms education, and not the schools, which can only follow the general current. The dignity of the Roman citizen was lost; and the force, the nobility, and the purity of classical studies necessarily perished therewith. Without science and without liberty, philosophy could live no longer. Eloquence, which the tribune and the discussion of the grand public interests had created, languished when these were enthralled. Rhetoric flourished, since oratory had no field. Commentaries and compilations abounded; because men who can no longer think or say any thing new must needs think and speak about what has already been written. Everywhere a vicious eclecticism prevailed, which, without taste or judgment, gathered rhetorical flowers of every sort from old and rapidly-disappearing authors, and either re-arranged them in stiff formalities, or left them in a wilderness of disorder.

In the days of the Republic, it had been the object of education to make Roman citizens. The student was then well grounded in the principles of sound learning, and fitted by severe discipline to take his part in the affairs of his country. Now all was changed. Parade of learning, and not useful-

ness in the State, was the object in view; and the pupil, subjected to a forcing process, was prepared to shine prematurely in loquaciousness and all kinds of superficial display. The public teachers were divided into two classes, the grammarians and the rhetors. In philosophy, there were, strictly speaking, no schools; and the student, following his own bent, read such works of the old philosophers as he might choose. The grammarians read to their pupils the ancient authors, gave the explanations necessary for understanding the phrases, and imparted a knowledge of historical and mythological allusions; while the rhetors formed the student for the art of oratory, by means of eulogies, panegyrics, declamations, and controversies, — practice-pieces of “colored images without solid background.” Aspirants for rhetorical honors were required to speak *extempore* upon the most absurd topics and with the greatest garrulity. The epistolary style was also largely employed, out of deference to the etiquette of the imperial court. Throughout the entire literature of this period, ambition had taken the place of grandeur; affectation, of elegance; stiffness, of force; obscurity, of profundity; plays upon words, of solid thought.

In the writings of Saint Jerome, who was the scholar *par excellence* of the Latin Fathers, may be traced all these influences of the times in which he was educated. His school-life at Rome affected the development of his character, as well as of his style. The less than half-Christianized Paganism of the decaying empire poured the dregs of its culture into the more than half-Paganized Christianity which survived the ruin; and the voluminous works of Jerome, so highly esteemed

during the succeeding period, formed one of the principal channels of this evil communication. In the dissipated Dalmatian youth, spending the time not given to his vicious indulgences in the composition of turgid panegyrics and the delivery of pompous declamations, or engaged with all his fiery temper in some fictitious controversy, we see the florid rhetorician, the angry and sophistical controversialist, and the fanciful exegete whom the Church has canonized in Saint Jerome of Stridon.

How long Jerome remained in Rome cannot be definitely ascertained, though Vallarsius fixes the date of his departure therefrom for the city Trèves in Gaul, at 369, in the twenty-third year of his age.

Of many events in the life of Jerome during this residence in Gaul, we are almost wholly without information. It is certain, however, that, at some time in this period, he first formed the purpose of employing his talents in the service of the Church; and that, returning to Rome, he received his baptism at the hands of the bishop Damasus. Jerome's allusions to these events are vague and meagre in the extreme. In a letter to Rufinus, he alludes quite incidentally to the fact, that he “first wished to serve Christ while journeying along the semi-barbarous shores of the Rhine.” In letters to the bishop Damasus, he appeals to the authority of the “chair of Saint Peter,” whence he adds, he had “received the vestments of a Christian.” There is no evidence whatever that the baptism of Jerome marked any great change in his character or like. He could boast that he had been in name a Christian from his cradle, but with him no “second birth” forms the beginning of a Christian career. He

was a stranger alike to the pains and the joys of a conversion like that of Augustine. The "carnal mind" long retained its sceptre, and the dominion of the spiritual seems never to have been fully established. He confesses to Damasus, in a later epistle, that his baptism of the Spirit had not sufficed to keep him from the sins of the flesh; he had polluted his Christian robes, and needed a second purification, a baptism not of water but of fire.

Escaping from an unpleasant scandal which he had excited in the imperial city, Jerome went to Aquileia, the metropolis of his native country. This noble and proud city, the Venice of the fourth century, was an *entre-pôt* of commerce between Rome and Illyria, and reckoned by Ausonius as ninth in rank among the illustrious cities of the empire. The orthodox bishop Valerianus, who had succeeded an Arian, had gathered around himself, in the interests of the faith, a number of learned prelates and studious youth. Here Jerome found several companions of his school-days, and others, all enthusiasts for the new monastic life, of which they had read in the lives of the Fathers of the Desert. Already the seeds of monastic ideas had been sown broadcast in the receptive soil of a decaying society. According to Montalembert, the city of Trêves, where many of the emperors had lived, and where, as we have seen, Jerome had long resided, was the cradle of monasticism in the West. Although we can hardly credit the statement of this historian, that the exile of the later confessors of the faith under the Arian persecutions was the seed of the monastic order, as the blood of the early martyrs had been the seed of the Church, there is no doubt that the exile of

Athanasius in Trêves, in the year 336, gave an impulse to the new life, which, by the zealous Gallic clergy, was soon communicated to other parts of the province. We shall hereafter have occasion to notice the powerful influence exerted upon the life of the nobility of Rome by the visit of Athanasius to that city in 340. His memoir of Anthony became the first monastic scripture, and was widely circulated throughout the West. This and similar lives of the Eastern hermits had the effect of a new revelation; and their exaggerated stories raised the ardor of the young monastic brotherhood at Aquileia to the highest pitch. Rufinus, who was at this time one of Jerome's warmest friends, was among the most zealous champion of the monks, upon whom he thought the continued existence of the world itself depended. The enthusiastic fraternity was speedily broken up, that its members might seek to realize their beatific visions. Some sought deserted gorges among the Alps; others, among whom was Bonosius, the bosom friend of Jerome from their earliest childhood, took refuge in the inhospitable islands of the Adriatic; while Jerome, the genuineness of whose zeal for a life of solitude we are strongly inclined to suspect, retired to his savage native country.

The force of this imported enthusiasm was soon spent. The opposition of many of the clergy followed the young hermits even into their retirement; and it was evident to all, that the ideal life could be enjoyed only in the Eastern deserts. "They left," says Thierry, "their cells, which had neither poetry nor miracles, some of them for the Orient, and some to re-enter the world."

Jerome, soon after his return to

Dalmatia, quarrelled with his bishop, and, becoming again the object of certain calumnies, accompanied by his brother, retired to a more distant retreat. Thence he writes, "We have come to seek peace, which is denied us at home. We wish to have nothing to do with anybody. If bishops must be honored as teachers of the faith, yet will we not tremble before them as before masters." Shortly afterwards parting from his brother, Jerome returned to Aquileia, whence, as he informs us, a "sudden whirlwind" separates him from his friends, and sweeps him to the East. Whatever the cause of this "whirlwind" may have been, there is little doubt that Jerome had in some way provoked an unusual hostility, and at this early period had established his claim to the title so fairly earned by him in after life, of the "Jerome of quarrelsome memory." In company with his friends, Innocentius, Nicolas, and Heliodorus, and under the guidance of Evagrius, a priest of Antioch, Jerome once more set out from Aquileia. Soon, however, he parted from his companions, and, leaving them to go by sea, pursued alone the land route through Asia Minor to Antioch, where he rejoined his friends. This journey to the East is assigned to the year 372, when Jerome was twenty-six years of age.

Since the day when he first quitted his father's roof, he has led a restless life, seldom free from the tyrannous domination of his strong passions and fiery temper, provoking enmity and exciting suspicions wherever he goes. The striking defect in his character is insincerity. He cannot rid himself of the habits of thought which a false education has engendered. The world is only the extension of the rhetor's school, — a play-ground with

mock encounters, not a battle-field with the intrincements of strong beliefs. His zeal is easily kindled, but as easily quenched. Instead of convictions earned by the sweat of laborious thoughts, he has only fancies, which disappear almost as suddenly as they come. If he is not all things to all men, he is at least all things to himself. In spite, however, of this instability of his mental structure, and this fickleness of disposition, Jerome is everywhere the same ambitious student, eager for information, and tormented in all his wanderings by the same insatiable curiosity. In his journey to Antioch, he visits many places of note: stops at Ancyra, the capital of Galatia, long enough to ascertain the identity of the dialect there spoken with that which he had found in Trêves; remains for a still longer period at Tarsus, where he studies the peculiarities of the language of St. Paul; and at Rhossus in Cilicia acquires an intimate knowledge of monastic rules in the monastery of Theodosius.

In the intoxication of his studies, Jerome seemed to have forgotten his purpose of entering upon the monastic life in the native country of asceticism. An accident rekindled his smouldering zeal. At Maronia, a hamlet in the suburbs of Antioch, belonging to his friend Evagrius, Jerome became acquainted with the aged monk Malchus; and received from him a full account of his life and wanderings, which, twenty years later, he embodied in a biography of the monk and a panegyric of his virtues. But the immediate effect of this acquaintance was the withdrawal from Antioch of Jerome and his companions, who retired to a convent in the desert of Chalcis. Soon a fever took off two of his friends; while the third, Helio-

dorus, departed in disgust from the East, was invested with clerical orders, and, eventually, was made bishop of Altinum in Venetia. Jerome's own ill health, the death of his friends, and his feeling of absolute loneliness, deeply impressed him. Leaving the convent, he retired into the uninhabitable desert, where he seems to have given himself up for a time to the severest asceticism. In the most famous of his epistles, that to Eustochium, "*de custodia virginitatis*," written ten years after this period, he paints in vivid colors his self-inflicted tortures in this vast solitude, beneath the consuming rays of a tropical sun. The companion of scorpions and wild beasts, his daily portion is groaning and tears. His features are pallid from constant fastings, and his squalid skin takes on the rusty hue of an Æthiop. Escaped from the world, he finds he has not escaped from himself. His fleshly lusts assail him with unwonted force; and, in imagination, he leads again the wanton life of his school-days at Rome. There can be little doubt, that Jerome in this picture has greatly exaggerated both the extent and severity of his penance. He is writing in defence of the solitary life; and the subject affords ample scope for the exercise of his factitious rhetoric. "His powerful imagination," as Thierry well remarks, "could give a body to the vaguest illusions."

In the same letter to Eustochium occurs the well-known description of Jerome's *anti-Ciceronian dream*, which, as he affirms, led him to renounce the study of profane literature, and which, if we assume that it was a veritable vision, must be assigned to the period of which we are now treating. In the restlessness of a fever, he is suddenly borne before the hea-

venly tribunal. Upon being asked concerning his condition, he responds, that he is a Christian. "Thou sayest falsely," replies the judge: "thou art a Ciceronian, and no Christian; for where thy treasure is, there is thy heart also." Having received a fitting castigation, Jerome pleads for pardon, and solemnly vows never again to read any profane author. "Upon which," says the quaint Jortin, in his "*Notes on Ecclesiastical History*," "one of the Italian Ciceronians hath observed, that, if Jerome was whipped for being a Ciceronian,—that is, for writing altogether in the style and manner of Cicero,—he suffered what he did not deserve, and might have pleaded *not guilty*." It is needless to say that the solemn vow was often broken. When, in later years, his opponent Rufinus accuses him of sacrilege and perjury for this violation of his oath, Jerome replies, that dreams are of no account, nor are men to be judged by what they say in sleep. His Catholic biographers endeavor in various ways to account for the glaring inconsistency; for they cannot deny that the narrative of the vision was seriously meant by Jerome, and was written to deter the young Eustochium from the study of the classics. Tillemont is obliged to confess, that even holy men are not exempt from weakness, and that Jerome, in the heat of writing, and for the purposes of his thesis, often put together many fine-spun and thoughtless phrases, some of which he was forced to give up when pressed in argument. M. Collombet thinks, that, as Jerome advanced in age, his piety increased, so that he could relax his former rigor in respect to the use of profane writings. He admits, however, that Jerome's renunciation of the classics did not, even at this

early period, amount to entire abstinence. He still employed expressions, and sometimes verses taken from the heathen writers. We find him at one time quoting from Horace; but, as if remembering his dream, he introduces the illustrious poet under the flattering sobriquet of "*quidam*." The learned Heumann, in an elaborate dissertation written upon this anti-Ciceronian ecstasy of Jerome, declares plainly, that the whole narrative was a *pious fraud*, used by our saint to restrain his young disciple from classical pursuits. "Truth," he remarks, "needs no Delphic sword of this sort for its defence; . . . and Jerome would have done much better if he had followed the example of Basiliius, who wrote an '*oratio de gentiliis libris cum fructu legendis*,' and had taught his pupil what cautions she must observe in her study of the profane writings."

Jerome's desert life, it is safe to assume, was of no long duration. He was never less of a monk than when leading a monastic life. The solitude and contemplative devotion of an Eastern hermit were repugnant to his nature. He had not been born for a tranquil existence; and the strict Oriental asceticism which he professed was largely modified in practice by his active pursuit of knowledge. We find him frequently visiting his friend, the priest Evagrius, at Antioch, who furnishes him with books and amanuenses. Other monks from the West join him in his literary labors; and the time becomes for Jerome an epoch of studious leisure, to which he looks back regretfully in later years. His peace of mind, however, is disturbed by his passionate longing for some more congenial friend than Evagrius, or any of his monastic brethren. He

hears that Rufinus is in Egypt, and immediately writes to him. Receiving no reply, he turns to Heliodorus. "Summoning his classic reminiscences, he writes in a labored style, a letter, the effect of which passes his expectations." It fails, indeed, to bring back the apostate monk from the Western Church to the convents of the Orient; but, finding its way to the monastic fraternities and sisterhoods which had sprung up in every part of the Roman Empire, it is read with avidity, and attains to the highest authority. Ten years later, Fabiola recites to Jerome at Bethlehem passages from this letter which she had learned in Rome. "One finds in it," says M. Thierry, "little but an extravagant amplification of the fundamental principle of the monastic theory. Its exaggerations and sophisms, its untimely wit and declamatory eloquence, all smack of the rhetor's shop, and could hardly fail to injure the cause of the monks with all right-thinking men."

To this period of his life, Jerome refers the beginnings of a study which was destined to exercise a lasting influence upon his future career; the study, namely, of the Hebrew language. In a letter written in his old age, he describes the repulsive nature of this study; affirming that he had entered upon it in order, that, by such a penance, he might subdue the temptations to sin, and the ardor of his temperament, which frequent fastings had failed to overcome. The modern student of Hebrew will find it easy to sympathize with Jerome in his description of the painful transition from the acumen of Quintilian, the fluency of Cicero, and the smoothness of Pliny, to the "*stridentia anhelantiaque verba*" of the Hebrew tongue. However sceptical we may

be as to Jerome's alleged reasons for undertaking this uninviting labor, we can but rejoice with him, that from such bitter seeds there came the sweet fruit of the Vulgate translation.

But Jerome's Hebrew studies were not so engrossing as wholly to interfere with his literary activity in other directions. His pen was seldom idle; and he contributed at this time another history of the eremitic life in the biography of Paulus, the first hermit. "One inhales in this life," says M. Collombet, "such a perfume of the ancient piety, there is so much of the charm of ancient days, such sweet urbanity of Christian solitude, that it forms one of the most beautiful chapters in literature of the Fathers." The relentless exposure which modern criticism has made of ancient myths has not spared this work of Jerome, so highly prized by his Catholic admirers. "The tradition of Paulus," says Neander, "is entitled to little confidence, and is much distorted by fable;" while others have pronounced his biography a fiction of Jerome's lively imagination.

Jerome's residence among the monks of Chalcis was embittered by controversy; and in the spring of 379, compelled to depart on account of the persecutions of the Arian monks, he returned to Antioch.

The city of Antioch, in whose suburbs Jerome tarried long, was at this time the Rome of the East. The Homilies of Saint Chrysostom have made us familiar with its luxurious and riotous inhabitants, given to theatricals and all sorts of ceremonies, ungrateful to God, and uncharitable to their fellow-men. Here Jerome was ordained presbyter, on condition, however, that he should never be required to perform the active duties of the priestly office.

From Antioch, Jerome proceeded to Constantinople, drawn thither by the fame of its learned bishop, the celebrated Gregory Nazianzen. He became at once his pupil, and devoted himself assiduously to the study of the Greek Fathers and the principles of scriptural interpretation.

During his residence in Constantinople Jerome appears to have been wholly engrossed in study and literary labor. He translated the Homilies of Origen upon Jeremiah and Ezekiel, using great license in cutting down, and adding to, the original, and promising to continue the work by giving in Latin the rest of the writings of the illustrious Greek Father. He also wrote hastily, at the request of his friends, and to try his own powers of interpretation, a mystical and allegorical explanation of the vision of Isaiah. An historical work, "De Viris illustribus" also composed at this time, is valuable for its notices of many writers of whom we have no other information. The basis of this work was the history in Greek of Eusebius of Pamphylia, of which, however, if we may trust the learned critic Joseph Scaliger, Jerome preserved only a few mutilated fragments. The style of the book is very ambitious; and Jerome himself compares it with the catalogue of Latin orators in the "Brutus" of Cicero. The list of "illustrious men" begins with Saint Peter, and ends with Jerome, whose object in compiling the catalogue, as he informs us in his preface, was, "to show the opponents of Christianity, *rabidos adversus Christum canes*, who think the Church has had no philosophers, nor any eloquent and learned defenders, how many, and what sort of men, have laid its foundations, and raised and adorned its superstructure."

After a sojourn of little more than two years in the capital of the Eastern Empire, Jerome abandoned the quiet of his study for a period of restless activity at Rome, and exchanged the companionship of the discreet Gregory for that of the imperious Damasus, whose favor he had already gained by unmanly submissions and dishonorable flatteries. Jerome informs us that the needs of the Church, *ecclesiastica necessitas*, drew him to Rome; but it is uncertain whether he had been summoned by Damasus, or had merely followed the bent of his roving nature, in revisiting the scenes of his early life. Damasus had undoubtedly conceived from Jerome's letters a high idea of his ability and orthodoxy, and was glad to avail himself of his eminent scholarship in the council which he convened at Rome towards the end of the year 382, soon after the arrival of Jerome in the imperial city. Jerome, as secretary of the council, was called upon to draw up a creed, the signing of which would open the door of return to the Apollinarists, a new heretical faction. The manner in which this was done, and especially the use, by Jerome, of the novel expression, "*Dominicus homo*," which he professed to have found in a letter of Athanasius, gave great dissatisfaction to the Apollinarists. The council broke up in confusion, each party charging the other with fraud; thus affording a striking illustration of the wisdom of Saint Gregory's remark concerning church councils in general, that "the good proposed is always surpassed by the evil which is allowed to be done." Damasus, however, was too wise to allow Jerome to depart with his friends Paulinus and Epiphanius; and, indeed, Jerome himself was by no

means averse to a longer residence at Rome. The patronage and favor of Damasus flattered the vanity of the monk; while the services of so distinguished a scholar as Jerome encouraged the pretensions and adorned the administration of the bishop. In many respects the two men were alike. Damasus possessed no mean knowledge of profane science, which he used in the service of the Church; "confiscating," as he said, "the vases of Egypt to the profit of the temple of God." His *liaisons* with certain Roman matrons had given rise to scandalous reports, although his affable disposition rendered him popular with the masses. His elevation to the bishopric had been attended with riots and bloodshed; in which it is not unlikely that Jerome, then a student at Rome, had taken part.

If we may credit contemporary historians, Damasus lived in all the pomp and luxury which he condemned in his priests; while the character of Jerome, assailed on all sides by grave imputations, has not escaped from censure, in spite of his own strong assertions of innocence. Notwithstanding a severity of satire which argues strong personal feelings, the graphic pictures which Jerome has left us of the vices of the Roman clergy at this period must have been painted from the life. The celebrated pagan historian, *Ammianus Marcellinus*, bears witness to the same lamentable disorder and luxury which are described vividly in the epistles of Jerome. "That Damasus himself," says Bower, "was fond of all that pomp, grandeur, and parade, that he led such a voluptuous life as Ammianus so justly censures in the bishops of Rome, is not to be doubted; since Praetextatus, a man of the first quality, honored with

the greatest employments of the Empire, and zealously attached to paganism, in conversing familiarly with him, used pleasantly to say, 'Make me bishop of Rome, and I'll immediately turn Christian.'" A further testimony to the corruptions which then disgraced the Church is found in the law enacted in the year 370 by the Emperor Valentinian, "strictly forbidding the ecclesiastics, and such as profess celibacy, to frequent the houses of orphans or widows, or to accept from those whom they attended under the veil of religion any thing whatsoever by way of donation, legacy, or feoffment in trust." This law Jerome calls a "*good caustic*;" but both he and St. Ambrose, while admitting the evils which led to its enactment, complain of its severity. "To exaggerate the pretended hardship," adds Bower, "they both observe that the pagan priests lie under no such restraints: an unseasonable observation, since it shows the difference between the pagan and Christian priesthood in a mortifying light."

Jerome's descriptions of the excesses of the Roman clergy, under Damasus, have been compared with the satires of Juvenal upon the Roman nobility under Domitian; but the fact of the sacred calling and Christian profession of those whom Jerome censures, lends an additional sting to his satire, and justifies the mournful complaint of Montalembert, that "there is something more surprising and sadder still than the Roman Empire from Augustus to Diocletian,—the Roman Empire after it became Christian."

Under the influence of the congenial companionship of Damasus, Jerome's literary and theological labors were carried on with great zeal. He translated some Homilies of Ori-

gen, and also began a translation of the celebrated work of Didymus on the Holy Spirit. At the same time he renewed his exegetical labors, and replied to several inquiries of the bishop in respect to points of scriptural criticism. His letters to Damasus, and many of his other epistles written at this period, abound in specimens of arbitrary interpretation which fully justify the comment of Schroeckh, that "what he needed more than learning was judgment and taste."

But the learning of Jerome was already sufficient to fit him to commence that great work for which he seems providentially to have been raised up,—the revision and translation of the Scriptures for the use of the Latin churches. He had, as we have seen, early acquired a profound knowledge of the Latin language; and his studies under Gregory, at Constantinople, had added to this a thorough acquaintance with Greek philology and the treasures of biblical criticism in the Eastern Church. He was also familiar with the Alexandrian translations, and the various manuscripts of the Greek text of the New Testament. The aim of Jerome was at first limited to a revision of the ancient Latin version of the Gospels, of which, he says, there were then "almost as many forms of texts as copies;" but there is no doubt that he extended his revisory labors to the rest of the New Testament. About the same time, he began a revision of the Old Testament from the Septuagint; of which only his texts of the Psalter and Job have been preserved. His translation from the Hebrew of the entire Old Testament was not entered upon till a much later period.

Our study of the work of Jerome in Rome is incomplete without some

account of his share in the foundation of the convent of noble ladies, — the *petite Thebaïde dorée*, which under the auspices of Marcella grew up on the Aventine. We will attempt, at another time, some account of this extraordinary community. In the popular tumult of rage, which drove from Rome the most distinguished members of the community, Jerome also was compromised, and fled before the mob. The loss of his eminent patron Damasus, who died at the close of the same year, gave occasion for his enemies to renew their opposition. His name was mentioned in scandalous connection with that of Paula, the most distinguished of the noble nuns; and although a person of no repute, who had circulated the story of a guilty *liaison*, retracted the charge upon being put to the torture, the alleged fact was still believed by a majority of the people. Paula at first resolved to quit Rome for the Orient, but, changing her purpose, remained, determined to live down the calumny. Jerome, however, was unable longer to withstand the popular disapprobation. In a farewell epistle, addressed to the aged Asella, he vehemently asserts his innocence, and, thanking God that he had been accounted worthy of the hatred of the world, declares that he is about to leave “Babylon” for Jerusalem. Accompanied by his brother Paulinianus, the priest Vincentius, and several monks, he sailed from Rome in the month of August, 385, never again to behold the city of his early follies and later indiscretions. At Antioch he was joined by Paula and Eustochium. After journeying through Palestine, the pious pilgrims visited Alexandria and the monasteries of the Nitrian desert, and finally established their permanent residence in

Bethlehem. Here the munificence of Paula enabled them to build a hospital for pilgrims, a convent, over which Paula presided, and the monastery in which Jerome spent the remainder of his life. Until his death, in the year 420, he employed his time in monastic exercises and literary occupations, taking also an active part in the various religious controversies of the day. To this last and busiest period of his long career, belong his most important labors as translator, exegete, and controversialist. From his cell at Bethlehem proceeded the translation of the Old Testament from Hebrew (the production of which extended over the period of fourteen years); the books on Hebrew questions, names, and places; the famous controversies with Jovinian and Vigilantius, with Rufinus and the Pelagians; commentaries on nearly every book of the “Holy Library” (as he was wont to call the Bible); and a voluminous correspondence with monks, scholars, priests, and “devout women not a few,” in all parts of the world.

These varied productions of his riper culture reveal a man, the fame of whose scholarship and the important service of whose biblical labors may not be questioned; but the survey which we have taken of the principal events in his life has shown that the claims of Jerome to the worthy title of *Saint* rest on other foundation than that of sanctity of character. We may accept from competent criticism the judgment, that, in the language of the Vulgate, that “connecting link between classical and modern languages,” “the genius of the Hebrew and of the Latin tongue” are blended in beautiful proportions, producing a translation for which Jerome alone for fifteen hundred years pos-

essed the necessary qualifications, and whose influence on modern thought cannot easily be estimated. But Jerome was more than translator; and through other and less pure channels has his influence descended. In his character, degenerate Paganism and degenerating Christianity met together. The vanity of the former added its influence to the superstition of the latter, without at the same time destroying either the strong passions with which Nature had endowed him, or the insincerity acquired by his education. That such a man should have done so much in moulding the Church which survived the barbaric invasions and the fall of the Roman Empire cannot be accounted less than a misfortune to

mankind. As supporter of the claims of the rising papacy, as satirist of marriage and of the holiest laws of Nature, as compiler of monkish legends and defender of monkish practices, as defamer of the earliest Christian Protestantism, and apologist for the martyr-worship and paganized ceremonies of the Roman Church, Jerome must be classed with those who have hindered the progress of the race in morals and religion. Whatever else the varied labors of his life may teach us, they repeat the lesson, so often taught, yet never fully learned, that we are not to seek the living truth among the dead falsehoods of tradition, nor hope to find the purity of our Christian faith except among the "pure in heart."

HYMN OF FAITH.

Tossing at night upon a stormy sea,
 What earthly help can now avail for thee?
 How the frail boat, on which thy hopes are cast,
 Shivers and trembles in the rising blast!

Lift up thine eyes! Behold! upon the wave,
 The Lord draws near, thy trembling life to save.
 He knows thy peril, though thy lips are dumb:
 Across the watery waste he bids thee come.

Cling to no frail supports that round thee float;
 Arise, and quickly leave thy sinking boat:
 Strong in his strength, and in his courage brave,
 Stand thou upright upon the slippery wave.

Think not how high the angry waters rise;
 Think not that men will gaze with wondering eyes;
 Think not it is thine own exalted power
 Upholds thy feet upon that treacherous floor.

But fix thine eyes upon that face divine;
 Take the kind hand so gladly stretched for thine;
 Let not thy clear faith waver nor grow dim:
 So on the water shalt thou walk to him.

R. S. P.

I M M O R T A L I T Y.

BY C. C. EVERETT.

WE stand upon the earth, and see that the same destiny has been appointed to all her children. We see all the generations of plants and animals pass away as the generations of men pass away. We know that the bird which mounts with the gladdest song to heaven will soon be voiceless and motionless; we know that the beast which treads the forest with the lordliest step will soon roam its depths no more; just as we know that the crowds of busy men that throng our city streets will disappear, and the places that now know them will know them no more forever. And so we think that the same shadow has fallen upon all the children of the earth.

We find a certain sad consolation in this common fellowship, in the thought that the doom of mortality has fallen upon all alike; but we are wrong. Though all pass through the valley of death, all do not feel the shadow of it. Man stands alone in the consciousness of mortality. To him alone the secret has been whispered. He alone has gazed down into the black gulf that waits for all. The bird lives, so far as its consciousness is concerned, an eternal life. It knows no limit. Its moments are snappily the moments of eternity. It lives as if upon the crumbs fallen from the eternal seats. So it is with all the lower forms of the animal creation: they all live as if in an eternal life. Death, if they know any thing about it, is the solitary exception, not the rule. Though they shrink from it, they do not know what it is. You know the method

sometimes taken to break a horse. His throat is grasped till he is almost dead. After that, his spirit is broken: it is weak and submissive. Such chill and terror has this shadow when it rests, even for a moment, upon the lower world of life. But man lives in this shadow. The universality of death is one of the earliest results of his generalization, as it is one of the most certain. When the logics would give the most common and simple example of reasoning, one that will be understood and accepted by all, they give the outline of an argument based upon the mortality of all men. This one premise all will accept without question, — so simple, so universal, is this first truth.

What does it mean, — this strange fact, that to man alone, the highest of all, the noblest of all, the terrible secret has been revealed? that he stands amid the lower tribes of unconscious and joyful creatures, as a man might stand watching the unconscious play of children in a ship which he knew was slowly but certainly filling and sinking? What does it mean? Does it mean that the world is a mockery and a deceit? It would mean this if it did not mean the opposite. What it does mean is this, that to man is revealed the finiteness of the earthly life, because to him is revealed the infiniteness of the eternal life. In life, knowledge of limit comes only with the power to pass the limit. The plant is fixed to a single spot of earth. It has no power of movement; and it has no senses, and no impulses, that go beyond the point where it is fixed. To the animal, this limitation

would be bondage. The animal has senses that reach to other objects, the impulse to move among them; and, with the impulse, it has the power of such movement. But still all its thoughts, as well as its movements, seem bound to the earth. Man goes a step farther. To him are given thoughts and senses which go beyond the visible things of earth; and with these he feels that there has been given him a power of freer movement, a life not dependent upon the earth. Thus man alone is led to see the barrier which is fixed before this earthly life, because he alone sees over it and beyond it.

Unless these two revelations came together, unless with the revelation of death came also the revelation of life, the whole would end in mockery; but the two have come together. Whence the first whisper came that promised a new and higher life, we do not know; but the whole world has heard it. Hardly a tribe has sunk so low, that it has not heard, in some distorted shape or other, this whisper of hope. Geology, exposing among the fossil memorials of ages long-past the relics of funeral feasts, and indications of offerings to the spirits of the dead, traces back the belief in a future state to times long anterior to history and tradition.¹

As human life has advanced, this faith has grown clearer. The race of man has found, more and more, that its life was not shut up within the things of time and sense. Its thoughts, that wander through eternity, make it know itself to be the child of eternity.

The demonstration of the being of God demonstrates the existence of a spiritual realm unseen by bodily sight. And when the spirit comes to know

that it is in God that it lives and moves, and has its being, it knows, that, since its life is in him, it is not dependent upon outward things and outward changes. When you find in an acorn the germ of an oak, you know something of the duration which is appointed to the life of which the acorn is the earliest form. The thought of God in the human soul is the germ of infinity.

Thus we overlook the barrier of death; thus we are prepared to receive whatever comes to us with clear authentication as a revelation from the unseen world. When the love of Christ flashes back upon his disciples from the midst of the unseen glories, we rejoice in the light that comes to us; when the faces of the dying are visibly smitten with a brightness from a source which is to us invisible, we rejoice in the reflected radiance; and when, in those moments in which the power of the flesh is weakest, familiar forms and voices, to us unseen and unheard, greet the departing saint, we rejoice, not doubting in these manifestations of a higher life.

If you ask for the details of this coming life, for minute pictures of its relations and its scenes, we must be silent. We can only speak of an infinite hope that cheers us, and supports us, and lures us on.

Does the Bible, does Christ himself, give us more than this? Christ utters certain parables, the scene of which is laid in the future life; but the object of them is to reveal to us the relations of this life, not to picture to us the details of that. For the most part, the New Testament throws us back upon our ignorance; but, just as we are ready to despair of knowing any thing, there flashes upon our souls the glory of this infinite hope. Thus

¹ See Lyell's *Antiquity of Man*, p. 193.

we read, that "Eye hath not seen, neither hath the ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love him;" but, in the next breath, we are told that God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit. And John says to us, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be;" and then, just as we are beginning to despair of knowing any thing, follows the great hope, that cannot be suppressed: "But we know, that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."

At this ignorance we cannot wonder. No revelation can come before its time. Life itself is the only revelation of life. Were we taken bodily into the celestial realms, could they be revealed to our bodily sight, we could not discern their true nature. The full and busy life of mature men and women lies open to the child; but how little does the child know of its meaning! Even when the child imitates the acts of manhood, what does the mimic banker or preacher or politician know of the anxiety, of the passionate eagerness, of life! We are but children: how could the relations and the details of the maturity that awaits us be revealed to our comprehension! Let a person who has no ear for music be taken into a hall which is filled with some grand harmony. He hears the sounds, the very sounds, that convey to another almost the greatest joy which he can know, that open to him the rapture almost of heaven itself. To the first, the tuning of the instruments conveyed as much. Thus impossible is it for the spirit to receive any revelation, though it be poured into its very ears, and pictured to its very eyes, before it is ready to receive it.

But, though this ignorance of detail

must be accepted and insisted upon, none the less are there certain large and general principles that must guide our thought, and on which we may place firm reliance. It is with our thought of our future life something as it is with our thought of some far-off planet. If one should undertake to draw for us pictures of the planet, to tell us "its rocks are like this, and its flowers like this, and its inhabitants like this;" if he should give the detail of family and state life, of government and education,—we should listen to his words without an approach to confidence: we should see in them only a pleasant fiction or a moral lesson, or else look upon them as idle babbling. But there are some things which we do know in regard to this far-off planet as certainly as if we had trodden its continents, or sailed upon its seas. We know that the law of gravitation is as mighty there as it is here; that the laws of chemical action and composition are the same there that they are here; that all the fundamental laws of material existence are the same there that they are here. Of the same nature is our knowledge of the life to come; only, in this case, we have to do with spiritual laws and forces instead of with material. The fundamental principles of spiritual life are the same under all circumstances, at all times, in time and in eternity. The love of God—that great fact which is in our religious thought what the great law of gravitation is in our thought of material things—always is and always will be absolute. In regard to any theory or picture of the future life, we may ask, Does it absolutely and fundamentally contradict our faith in the infinite love of God? If it do, we can dismiss it as false, with the same confidence with which we should dis-

miss as false any guess in regard to the planet which I spoke of, that should contradict the absoluteness of the law of gravitation.

We may go even a little farther than this. All spiritual laws and relationships must remain the same. We are like the children of some family in the Old World, about to emigrate to the New. What does the child know, what can he guess, of the scenes that will open before him? Can he understand from any thing he has ever seen, of the meaning of the words, "forest," "lake," and "prairie"? Perhaps the language will be different from any thing he has ever heard before. Of all this the child knows nothing, and can know nothing; but he does know that father and mother, brother and sister, will be with him, and, knowing this, he is content. Where they are is home; and, where home is, he is glad to be. So we stand upon the brink of the dim ocean, and let our thoughts stretch and strive to look forward to the life that is beyond. The whole is vague and shadowy to us. But we know that the great Father of all souls will be there; we know that our brothers and sisters will be there; and, where these are, our spirits may feel themselves at home.

To speak more definitely, we may say, that, in death, the body dies, and that alone. If we can determine what belongs to the body, and what belongs to the spirit, then we can understand what will die with the body, and what will live on in spite of the body's death. Let us apply this principle to certain views that are more or less commonly held in regard to death.

There are views of death that make it the one great, decisive moment of existence. One of these is, that, when the body dies, all possibility of sin

dies with it; that the death of the body is and always must be the regeneration of the soul. If sin were of the body, the death of the body would be the death of sin; but though the saints of all ages have striven with the body, have tortured it and starved it, believing that the sin was in it, and in it alone, yet sin is not of the body, but of the spirit. If sin were in the world, in the circumstances by which the body is surrounded, then to die out of the world would be to escape from sin. Moralists and saints have disowned the world as they have disowned the body; they have denounced the world; they have sought to flee from the world, thinking that thereby they could flee from sin. We might think, indeed, that, when the soul is free from the temptations that are about it here, it might be free from the sin that these have caused. The miser, the defrauder, the sensualist, will not be beset by the temptations that here have wrought his ruin. All the circumstances of life will have been changed. But sin is not in the circumstances about us. It is not in the world any more than it is in the body. There is not an object, as there is not a power on the earth, which was not meant for good. Money, which we call the root of all evil, is the great instrument of civilization. That wild passion which has blasted so many a heart, and blackened so many a life, was meant to kindle the pure flame of the domestic hearthstone. That ambition which has raged through so many a land was meant to be an incentive to honorable toil. No! the sin is in the soul, not in its surroundings; and, though the very forms and powers of heaven were about it, the selfish soul would find some way to make them serve

its selfish ends; or, if it could not, it would torment itself with its own failures, or heaven would be heaven no longer.

If the death of the body is not the death of the evil which is in the soul, still less can it be the death of the good which is in the soul. Perhaps the most common view of the future life falls into both the errors which I have just named. It draws a line which separates the world of living men and women into two classes. Those who stand on one side of this line are good; and, when they die, all the evil that is in them perishes: they become perfectly pure and holy, and pass at once into a state of endless peace and blessedness. Those who stand on the other side of the line are evil; and, when they die, all the good that is in them perishes,—all the kindness and love, all the impulses of a noble generosity, all the power of self-sacrifice: they become wholly evil, and pass at once into a state of hopeless and endless misery. But who in this world of ours is good, and who is evil? How would it be possible to draw such a line, which would not cut through many a heart, nay, that would not cut through every heart?

And what is the bad, that its death should accomplish a change like this? If it were the spirit that died, the body might be left in this unchangeableness,

“Fixed in an eternal state.”

But the very nature of the spirit is change: its very life is progress. How shall the death of the body thus transform it?

No: death is a sleep and an awakening; and we must believe that the soul emerges from the darkness of this sleep such as it was when it entered into it. The spirit will stand forth beautiful or deformed, pure or defiled,

strong or weak, complete or imperfect, healthful or diseased, according to its nature while it was living, half-concealed, in this tabernacle of flesh. But so far as the consciousness of the spirit, and its appearance are concerned, there is between the two lives one immense difference. I have said that sin is not of the body, but of the soul. It is true, at the same time, that much that we call sin is of the body. Every wrong act committed leaves its mark upon the brain. Habit, working through the body, chains the spirit to its past self, even when it would forsake its past self. The faults or the sins or the mistakes of parents leave their marks upon their children, give them weights to carry through life. The very weakness and disorder of the physical system, of brain and nerves, make themselves felt in the life. No person who strives after the highest life is able to fulfil even his own highest thought of life. How many persons do we see struggling with some false tendency, which is always tripping them up when they would least have it so! How many drunkards struggle against their terrible thirst, with a purpose and an aspiration that would win them sainthood, were it not for this terrible enemy! How many men and women struggle against some infirmity of temper that besets them, because their nerves are all jangled, and out of tune! How many such struggles are carried on in life we cannot know. They are fought in the very secret places of the soul. The brave struggler after peace and love and purity, and a lofty faith, feels himself often vanquished in the fight. There is a law in his members, struggling against the law in his spirit: so that what he would he does not, and what he would not that he does.

Death, we may believe, puts an end to this struggle: it unbinds the soul. The spirit that has thus struggled stands forth free, strong, erect, pure, glad. It mounts with a sudden flight up to the heights towards which it has been struggling so long. It fulfils its own ideal. Loftier heights will be yet before it; grander ideals will lure it on: but what it longed to be, what it strove to be, it has become. What a revelation of life it would be to us, if we could see the spirits that thus emerge, clean out of the mire of life, pure out of its pollution, peaceful out of its strife, exalted out of its degradation, victorious out of its defeats!

There is another side to the picture. If some appear worse than they really are, there are others who appear better than they really are. The circumstances that drag down the first buoy up these. With the body death strips away all the outward circumstances of life. All the advantages of birth, of outward dignity, of position in society, — all these are stripped off from the soul. It sees itself, and is seen, as it has been all along in the sight of God, naked and open in the presence of him with whom it has to do. The restraints of life are removed; the soul can act itself. There is an ideal of evil as well as an ideal of good; there is a looking-downward as well as a looking-up; there is a love of the low, of the depraved, of the selfish. Death, we believe, leaves the spirit free to follow its own gravitation. He that has struggled after the right and the good, whose heart has been filled with the aspiration of love, — such an humble, God-loving, and man-loving spirit shall mount up into the realms of blessedness and peace; while those whose love has been downwards, and

not up, shall fall — whither shall they fall? We read that it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. Would it not be a more fearful thing to fall out of the hands of the living God? It is a fearful thing, the poor wounded soldier feels, to pass into the hands of the surgeon; but yet he thanks God, even though with fear and dread, for the surgeon's skill. It is the wound that is dreadful: the care that probes it, and binds it up, is blessed.

Sin is a fearful thing: it is the one dreadful thing in God's universe; and blessed is any discipline that shall free the spirit from its power. We must not forget the fundamental law with which we started, — the law of God's infinite love. The comet seems to try to shoot from the warm and shining centre of the system into the outer darkness: can you draw the line that shall mark the course and the limit of its wandering? We only know that the great law of gravitation does never let it go, that at last it draws it back again into the light and warmth: so we believe that the love of God follows the sinner in his course. No soul can wander beyond the reach of God's protecting hand. The love of God is infinite; and it shall yet triumph over all things. We cannot understand God's method; we cannot anticipate his ways. We know not what discipline, what experience, may be demanded, what paths may be the best. He knows, and he has the power to choose.

We hear men speak, sometimes, of the lost. There are spirits that seem lost; but did you ever see one that was wholly lost? You read of a single act of a man, and you think his nature was wholly in that: if the act was evil, you think of him as wholly evil.

But did you ever see a man that was wholly evil? that had not a single spark left that could be kindled into a flame? that was utterly broken, so that there was no possibility of an influx of strength? Nay, among those who are most the prey of the most shameless vice, do you not often find a generosity, a free nobility, of soul that puts to shame the calculating virtue of those who would shrink from the very touch of these polluted ones? And shall He who does not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, not find a way to save that which is left, to breathe with his Spirit upon the smoking embers, to bind up the bruised reed? Thus we stand by the side of every grave in hope, we follow the course of every spirit with trust. We believe that in the Father's house are many mansions; that every prodigal shall at some time leave his pollution, and be welcomed home; that at last God's great family shall be complete.

Shall we seek to make real to our hearts the joy and the promise of that waiting home? Consider, then, that all the truth, all the joy, all the life, of this present world, is of the spirit. You loved your friend. What was it you loved in him? It was his love, his nobleness, his aspiration, his self-forgetfulness. These were of the spirit. The outward presence that you rejoiced in was but the revelation of the spirit. It was this that looked from the eyes, and smiled through the lips, and uttered itself in the voice. Thus, when this outward presence perished, the friend remained, the love loved on; though the body's lips are hushed, soul can still utter itself to soul. Nay, we may believe, that, after the body's death, there is often a closer union between soul and soul

than when each could only half express itself through the poor medium of the flesh. And what this outer presence was to your friend, that is the universe to God: it is his glory that flashes from the heavens; the strength of the hills is his strength; the beauty of the flower is his beauty; the love of all spirits is his love. What, then, that is dear and precious to us will be lost, though the heavens should be rolled together as a scroll, and all the visible forms of things should perish? This outward world is only the hint of the spiritual world,—a veil that half reveals, and half conceals, its glory. Whatever is highest here, that is the truest. Thus we look forward and upward,

“Knowing that what is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent.”

If we would form a picture of the heavenly life, we have, then, only to take what is most divine in the earthly life. The gladness of thought, the communion of love, the blessedness of service, the ecstasy of worship, the contemplation of the divine,—these are of the spirit, and partake of its eternity. The contemplation of the divine,—the words may sound cold and meaningless; but if it be true, as was just affirmed, that whatever thrills us in the grandeur and beauty of the earth is only a hint of the presence of God, what joy must come from the ever higher and higher manifestation of his presence!

Such is our belief in regard to the future life. Well would it be for us if it were indeed the faith of our inmost hearts. What darkness could gather on our way if we walked ever in the light of this hope! O spirit! weary with the burdens of life, O wanderer! lost amid its mazes, O sinner! struggling with some vice that wraps its folds ever more closely about you, O

mourner! stretching forth eager arms after the loved and lost, how blessed would ye be, how blessed would we all be, if we could open our hearts to the fulness of this promise, to the brightness of this hope!

And yet there is another lesson which the great truth we have considered may bring home to us. If we must take of the materials of our earthly life to form our thought of heaven, does it not follow that we may take our thought of heaven to

shape our earthly life? Is not the material at hand? Is not love here? Is there not opportunity of service? Is not God here? Let us not forget that our eternal life has begun already; and while we look forward to a more complete fulfilment, to new and higher possibilities, let us take the present also in its fulness, and, if we cannot reach the height of the angelic joy, strive after that which is better and nobler, — strive to enter, even here, upon the angelic service.

CAMARALZAMAN.

“Then the queen looked into his face, and said, “O beloved, awake!” but Maimound the fairy immersed him in sleep, and pressed down his head with her wing, so he awoke not.”—ARABIAN NIGHTS.

DEEP in the lily its odor lies,
Hidden in beauty cold as snow;
Only the south wind stóops as it flies,
Stealing sweetness that dreams below.

Deep in the heart of the Arab tale
Sleeps the breath of a truth divine;
Open thy petals, lily pale,
Make the splendor and perfume mine.

When the rapture of life shall call,
Low or loud, through my weary dream;
When its lips on my slumber fall,
Its eyes of summer above me gleam, —

Patient angel of strength and power,
Guarding ever my wandering way,
Pour thy sleep on the fateful hour,
Hide mine eyes from the dawning day.

When the thrill of its kisses spread
Life and bliss till the sleep must flee,
Press thy wing on my restless head,
Keep me sleeping and safe for thee!

UPS AND DOWNS.

A NOVEL IN THIRTY CHAPTERS.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

CHAPTER VII.

Is there any thing quite so depressing to look upon as what the smart "man of business" calls the "winding up of a concern?" Imagine Mr. Dennis Maccarty, who moves families into the country at the shortest notice, or removes sea-shore visitors to the city in the fall, — imagine him turned into Raffaele D'Urbino's studio the day after his death, with directions to clear the rooms, and get them ready by tomorrow morning to move in the furniture and fixtures of Dr. T. U. Villalobo, first dentist in ordinary to His Holiness Leo the Tenth, and told to carry what he finds in the studio to the public stores. Imagine Dennis, as he squeezes into a flour-barrel a lovely Madonna, smiling with a divine affection, even when man looks his last upon her face, — crowding after her three or four studies for cupids, — the first conception of a fresco, — and the keepsake best beloved which Michel Angelo left when he was last here. All these are jammed together into the "rubbage-barrel" because they happen to have no frames on them at the moment when Dennis sets his eyes on them. Such is the method by which the "smart man of business" winds up a concern which is intrusted to him, — if by chance he have been trained to the twisting of hemp, and the business in question, like John Hughitt's, were the cutting and shipping of lumber. "We must get the accounts closed, any way," says the smart man of business.

Jasper had the agony of seeing an administrator smash round, in such fashion, in the midst of his uncle's broken affairs; had the poor satisfaction of interfering once or twice for the rescue of some correspondent who would else have been compromised in the ruin wrought by the smart man of business; had some moments of success when the smart man of business withdrew for a few weeks from Duquesne to demoralize and disorder something else which he was administering on: but after six or eight months the man of business had made a solitude of the thriving village which was, and called it peace. Jasper at the last took poor Mrs. Hughitt by the easiest stages down to Dexter, found for her as comfortable a home as he could contrive with an old school-friend of her's, and for himself repaired to Detroit to seek his fortune. As for Duquesne, which John Hughitt had built up out of nothing, it all went to ruin again, thanks to the smart man of business; you will find no such place in the present county registers of Michigan; and if you are tempted to paddle your canoe down there, you may pick blackberries on what was the causeway to the wharf, should you be in season.

And so in the spring-time after his brilliant commencement, Jasper found himself in the bustling city of Detroit, — with a little more than seventeen dollars in his pocket, seeking his fortune. He was not in the least downcast. Rather was he elated, because he had at last cut loose from

the entanglements, and had some reason to hope that he might never see the smart man of business again. What he was to do, he did not know. But he knew he should find himself at some honest work before he had spent all his money. He must indeed. His aunt's little property, left after the adjustment of affairs, was not enough even to pay her modest charges at Dexter. And Jasper had therefore the thought of her as well as himself, as he looked out on his future.

Detroit was at that moment the most active city of the North-West. Chicago was just starting into being; and Detroit was the great *dépôt* of the trade of that new region, which was beginning to be one of the gardens and one of the granaries of the world. Jasper had passed through the city, back and forth, once and again. Till now he had never made as long a stay as on the sad day when he had to tell every one the news of disaster. Still he had no lack of personal acquaintance among the lawyers and the men of business of the town; and, on his first morning, confident enough of success, only curious as to what form it was to take, he set himself to visiting in succession the men with whom his uncle had had most to do.

"No? Yes: ah, well! There can be no sort of difficulty." This was the average speech that these gentlemen made to him, when they were twice his age. "No difficulty at all. Young men is what we want, Mr. Rising. The West is to be built up by young men; and young men of education like yourself, why, of course they have the best chance! If I had only had your education when I was of your age. Why, — if you had written to me last fall, I would have

asked you to take a desk in our office here; just now we are rather overcrowded. Business you know, — well; perhaps a little dull. But then, you will have no difficulty. Have you had any talk with the mayor?"

No: Jasper had had no talk with the mayor.

"Well, now, that is a good thought. Suppose I give you a line of introduction to the mayor. He knows every thing about the public works, you know, — and they need men, you know, — honest and intelligent men, in every line. He is a very good friend of mine, and I am very glad to introduce you" ("*writing with assiduity*," would be the stage-direction). "A very good friend of mine, — a very good friend of mine. You know where the City Hall is? Yes; three blocks up, — ten blocks west; Mr. Smith, what is the mayor's given name? Oh, yes! I thought it was John. There, Mr. Rising, there is your note to the mayor. I would go with you myself, but here is Mr. Umbein waiting for me. Good-morning. Come in again."

That is about an average of one class of such interviews. This is the other form.

MAYOR, sitting behind a desk, which serves in some sort as a rampart or barricade. In front, on settees which seem a good deal worn, two emigrant women keeping their children quiet with difficulty; a very suspicious, shiny-hatted gentleman of Bohemian birth and features; a little woman with a black veil down, and a large black bag in her hand; two business men with lithographic plans and other papers. Standing between settee and barricade, two constables, waiting to get in a word. MAYOR looks jaded, not to say perplexed, receives Jasper's card and note with

a bow, and points to a vacant place on one of the settees. He also writes with insane alacrity, folds and directs his letter (envelopes still unknown), beckons the constables, and whispers to them in an aside, dismisses them, and then takes up the settees in order. Different smart men of business, travellers with letters, steam-boat clerks and others, come up and interrupt. But the mayor is steel, and holds to "first come first served." So in an hour it is Jasper's turn.

"Yes, Mr. Ring, I am glad to see you, — I am very glad to see you, only we are so hurried this morning; indeed, we are always hurried. Mr. Hughitt's nephew, I see. Yes; I met him at the convention, in — no; yes, — a year ago last fall. I heard, — yes, — no; I did hear of his death. I was very much distressed. Mr. Fordhammer says you are looking for employment. I wish I could give you any encouragement; not that we ever have any thing to offer, but temporarily perhaps, while you are looking round."

Jasper takes heart, and assures the poor mayor that some temporary position, while he is looking round, is all he needs, or would think of.

"Yes, well: but you cannot conceive, Mr. Ring, of the number of people I have here. You see Detroit is the great thoroughfare, — or on the great thoroughfare; our geographical position you know, — and every one who lands here comes to this office." At this moment, by way of illustration, an enraged Norwegian with two dogs, three children, a wife, and a gun, comes in, and is with difficulty made to subside upon the only vacant settee. "There is really nothing, Mr. Ring, that is in the least in my gift. But I will most gladly make a minute of your name,

and you would tell me where I might write to you." And then, with a guilty and uneasy look, the mayor draws out an immense address-book, turns up page R, by the alphabet annexed, and Jasper has the pleasure of seeing his name entered at the bottom of the second column of office-seekers whose names begin with that letter. As the mayor copies his card, he observes that the name has two syllables. "Oh, Rising is the name! indeed, I beg your pardon, Mr. Rising; Mr. Fordhammer wrote so hastily! I am afraid I called you Ring. Good-morning, Mr. Ring; good-morning. If any thing occurs you shall hear from us. Now, sir," — to the shiny-hatted Bohemian, — "what can I do for you?"

These two interviews, taking a good deal more time in fact than they take either to describe or to read of, may be taken as exhibiting the type of a series of visits which Jasper made on his two first days in Detroit, Tuesday and Wednesday. The plucky, prompt "No!" came in sometimes, and was an exquisite relief when it did come. Jasper says he has always remembered with thankfulness the men who gave it to him, from that day to this. But more often, despite himself, he was bejuggled and pushed along by ill-timed good-nature; sent from pillar to post, and from post to pillar, following a will-o'-wisp, which, however, always showed different colors from those of the last jack-o'-lantern, and led to some marsh of a different-colored mud from that which he grovelled in before.

Jasper went home Wednesday night, meditative as to the "best education his country could afford." That it had done him good he knew. But how droll it seemed that nobody

in the North-West seemed to want him any the more because he had such training! No: he would not offer himself as a teacher! That seemed rational, and enough people had proposed that to him. But, first of all, Jasper utterly distrusted his ability in that line; second, he could see that the newspapers, and streets even, of Detroit, were crowded with the announcements of professors, who seemed to have little to do but to profess. Jasper could not believe, yet, that his university training gave him no advantage over the Norwegian emigrants, who had hard muscle, a poor gun, and could live on black bread. "Comes to that" said Jasper to himself, "I can have or do all three." He could not believe that he must go out and take up a quarter-section of land. But, worst come to worst, that is, thank God, what every man or woman in America can do. Before he tried that, however, Jasper meant to test Detroit by some other channel than that which his uncle's acquaintances opened to him.

On Wednesday evening, — conscious that he had paid two days of life, and certain dollars to match; and had only a little experience in return, — he paid his bill at the hotel, took his valise to an emigrant boarding house, sent a wagon for his trunks, and went to bed, resolved to start on life the next morning without further application to his friends.

What has Jasper Rising to recommend him as a man, pure and simple?

So the next day found him at the various steamboat wharves, inquiring whether this passenger-line, or that freight-boat, needed a clerk. And much shorter measure he had awarded to him here than in the places to which he had carried letters of intro-

duction. Nobody wanted any clerk; and Jasper, in his soul, was quite sure that he liked their way of saying so better than he did the more long-winded way. One rather talkative accomplice, or companion, of the man he spoke to in one of the Mackinaw offices, roused up so far as to take a general paternal interest in Jasper, and ask a good many questions about his plans and accomplishments, ending by his suggesting, that, at the freighting-house of Dibbs & Fortescue, on the Windsor side, they had wanted an invoice-clerk the last time he was there; they had asked him about a certain Jem Clavers, who had once invoiced in the Mackinaw employ, and the unknown knew that they did not engage Jem Clavers. Had Jasper any communication with them? No: Jasper had not. But Jasper was perfectly willing to. The only arrangement Divine Providence or human Destiny had thus far suggested was this; and Jasper eagerly took the address of Dibbs & Fortescue, waited for the ferry-boat, and, with some hopefulness this time, pursued his way to the dominions of 'Er Majesty, and without much difficulty found the warehouse which answered to the name.

The manners, not to say the language and the cut of the whiskers, were different from those of the western side of the Strait. But the result was the same. They wanted no invoice-clerk, had wanted none, should want none. Nay, they did not know who could have told Mr. Rising that they wanted one. Nor could Jasper indeed, the unknown having had no visiting card perhaps, certainly having given him none. An allusion to Jem Clavers, however, did bring to light the recollection that

they had had a letter for Jem Clavers's mother, and they had asked where he was to be found. Probably it was from this circumstance that the unknown had made his mistake about the invoice-clerk. And so they wished Jasper a very good evening; for the day had now well passed the meridian.

"In pure delights like these,"

Jasper spent the two first days of his life at the emigrant lodging-house; and on Friday night found himself no nearer the object of his quest than on what his friends at Windsor call "the Tuesday morning."

Nor was he nearer, to all appearance, on Saturday noon. Silently he ate his dinner, not of the most savory description, among the Norwegians, Germans, and Frenchmen who had been for these days his boon companions at the three revels of the day. Puzzled more than sad, puzzled because he could not get hold of time's forelock; certain that he was making some mistake, and not yet chiding the selfishness of the world, which would not let him "go shares" with it, he left the table, and stood on the stoop to see the laboring men with whom he had feasted drift off, to the right and left, to their affairs.

"It is not that that man is stronger than I," said Jasper to himself, as a clumsy Wurtemberg lout went lumbering down the street, hardly knowing enough to keep on the sidewalk. I could pull him round and round in any boat on the river, and walk him to death in the woods or on the prairie. And yet, if I went down with him now, and offered my service to the man on the pier where he has earned his two dollars a day since last Monday, I should be told there was nothing for me to do. Is there

a disadvantage in speaking English?

"There goes that hulking Irishman from his shanty, boys following as yesterday; that man has found somebody who wants him. Yet he is no bigger than I am. He is not half so good-natured. And, if we got into a fight, I could knock him down before he knew we had begun." And Jasper chuckled, even in his desolation, at the satisfaction with which he should give the Kelt No. 6 if it were all in friendly play.

"A hole for every peg except me," said the poor boy. "A hole for a Norwegian runaway; a hole for a German boor; a hole for an Irish bog-trotter: only no hole for this poor gentleman."

"Poor gentleman," he said again, cutting off the end of his last cigar and taking out his match-box, a little gold-mounted toy which Alice Cohoes had given him for a philopœna. "A poor gentleman," he repeated aloud, "who still smokes Manuel Amore's cigars, and then wonders why he is not hired as a long-shore man."

And with this he went up to his den under the roof: put up a little parcel for his aunt, of some trifles which he had promised to buy for her in Detroit. When he came down stairs, he was another man. The new epoch of his life really began, when, in place of the French boots he had been wearing, he put on a pair of brogans, reserved from his last trout-brook; when in place of his linen shirt, he put on one of gray flannel; when for the beaver hat he had touched only that morning when he met Mr. Fordhammer, he put on a Scotch-plaid cap; and instead of Huntington's tight-fitting frock, for such were cut and worn in those days, he put on a well-worn velve-

teen coat, left from a hunting expedition in Wisconsin. Jasper had not walked fifty yards with his parcel, when he met Miss Mary Chandler, one of the Detroit belles at that time, with whom he waltzed the last winter at a party at the Shaws'. He was on the point of touching his hat; but it was clear that the pretty lady no more recognized him than she did the awning post, though she passed that also every day.

Jasper went to the station of what has since become the Central Road, and gave his aunt's parcel to the conductor. He stood to see the train leave, having, indeed, no call elsewhere; and was then slowly leaving the *dépôt*, as the station was in those days called, when he met his destiny.

His attention was arrested by a sharp, angry call, "Where is Mr. Keyl? send Mr. Keyl to me."

Mr. Keyl appeared. He was the "*dépôt*-master."

Mr. Keyl, why have these cars not been cleaned to-day? I spoke of it to George yesterday, and no one has touched them. Here's prairie-mud which might have come from Battle Creek."

Mr. Keyl was in no wise dashed by the anger of his chief. With perfectly imperturbable expression, he informed that officer that it was John's business to clean the car, and that John had not been seen all day. "Off on a spree, I guess. He has not had one since Fast Day."

"What do I care for John?" said the superintendent, not in the least soothed by Mr. Keyl's indifference. "Make up John's pay, and ship him as soon as you set eyes on him; and have these cars fit to be seen before the train is made up." So storming, he went on his way.

"Where in hell am I to find any

one to clean his cars for him?" said Mr. Keyl, half under his breath, to a baggage-master who stood by. But, before the baggage-master answered, Jasper stepped forward and said, "Do you want some one to clean the cars? Try me."

Mr. Keyl squirted a little tobacco-juice between the rails, surveyed Jasper from top to toe, and said, "Have you ever worked for the road?"

"No," said Jasper; "but I have cleaned carriages, plenty of them."

"Then clean them cars before it's dark; and, if you like, come round here again at seven, Monday morning, and I'll talk with you. Jefferson, show him John's closet, and where the things are, and tell him where he must fill his pails." So the imperturbable Mr. Keyl, who was at bottom much more perturbable than he wanted Mr. Superintendent to know, went his way, with an extra oath or two. Jefferson explained to Jasper the mysteries of long brushes and short brushes; the "*dépôt*" soon sank into its usual quiet; and as Jasper, infinitely amused with the adventure, brought to light the hideous arabesques of the car-paint from beneath the charcoal dust and mud which a smart shower had plastered on them, he knew indeed that his lowest descent was over, and that he was beginning to rise again.

It is not very unpleasant business when you have good tools, and do it for the first time, with nobody to watch you. And by sunset the three cars were clean, the closet was locked, and the favorite of Commencement day went home.

The fair reader need not be distressed by thinking that Jasper had to spend thirteen hours out of every twenty-four in washing prairie-mud off the sides of cars. Perhaps the fair reader never before reflected that

anybody had to do this disagreeable duty, — perhaps she believed the platform, when it informed her that all the disagreeable things in life are done by women, and all the agreeable ones by men. In point of fact, the career of car-scrubbing was only the gateway by which Jasper broke into the magic circle. From this time he was in the game with the others, — was recognized as a co-worker, — and was no longer shoved from pillar to post, as he had been when he seemed an outsider. No: the little one-track road, which has since grown into the Michigan Central, had not, in those days, cars enough to employ any man for his whole time in keeping them clean. And Jasper soon found that his new vocation had at least all the elements of interest which variety can give. Now it was to lend a hand to the baggage-smashers, in handling trunks on arrival. Once and again he was detailed to be an extra-conductor when a special train was sent to an academy examination or a county convention. He was the person who collected forgotten parasols and right-hand gloves, after people had left the trains, and kept them sorted against the owners should apply. When the morose ticket-master had occasion to retire occasionally from duty, either for repentance that he had been so cross to people who had never injured him, or for other religious or personal duties to me unknown, he liked to put Jasper on the service of selling at the window in his stead. At this time, the morose ticket-master was more morose than ever, because, in an access of prosperity, the company had enlarged the building, and given him a more spacious office. The only view he took of this improvement was that it cost him so many more steps daily in crossing from the gentlemen's

to the ladies' window. Think of it, gentle reader, and you may understand why the average ticket-seller is low-toned and morose; you may reflect, that, if you had his trials in life, you would not be gentle; and you will be all the more disposed to give credit to those ticket-sellers you and I could name, who, in face of such temptations in other directions, keep cheerful still, — look up and not down, look out and not in, — and, caged though they be in their little houses of glass, throw no stones, but lend a hand to thousands of unprotected females, such as you, or such scatter-brained impulsives as your male companion in travel.

For Jasper himself, the new life was not a frolic merely, as you may have thought it, but an experiment. As the heroine of the old novel wanted so much to be loved for herself alone, Jasper was by this time dead resolved to work his own way forward in the world, without troubling its mayors, its college authorities, or its Mr. Fordhammers more. There was, undoubtedly, disagreeable life in this association with baggage-smashers, and in the physical labor it involved. But the men learned to respect him in an hour. They learned to love him in a day. Their tobacco was poor; but Jasper could get used to that. They were very simple people: he had never imagined that any people in the world could be so simple. They talked but little; and what they did talk about was their pay, their food, their rent, and what the company was doing. Jasper had not been in this little circle a week, before his habits of generalization, the ease with which he took the wider view of things, the absolute good temper which grew out of this, and, indeed, his general information regarding things in which they were

but specialists, made him of real use to everybody in the station-house ; and he was respected accordingly. His great conquest was made one day when he went out as fireman, by sudden substitution for a poor fellow who had cut his hand. Purdy, the engine-man with whom he went, was known behind his back, among the workmen, as "old Meat-axe ;" and so virulent and unintelligible was the heat of his temper, that no man who could get an exchange ever worked with him a week. But Jasper, who, indeed, knew nothing of these peculiarities, went and came, went and came, two trips out and two in, — and conquered "old Meat-axe." He did it by mere force of intelligent questioning and wise acknowledgment of ignorance. Meat-axe himself was not insensible to this most delicate form of unconscious flattery.

At the boarding-house, where he still staid because he would not be rolling from spot to spot, and because it was dirt-cheap if it had some dirt in its other attributes also, Jasper was hardly less a favorite. But this mattered the less. He was at the head of the table in a week ; for the inmates were here to-day, and gone to-morrow. The "boarding-mistress" was amazed at Jasper's ease in talking French and German with the "Europeans." There were, however, Swedes and Norwegians, not to say Welch and occasional Portingallers on the lake, who were quite beyond him. And he found some home amusement in teaching himself phrases of their language.

Not long after this new life had opened for him, he was waked one night, in the midst of his usual sound sleep, by heavy tramping in the passages, and, in a minute more, was conscious of the tang-tang-tang of what

he supposed was the bell of a fire-engine house, which must be somewhere near him. Jasper roused himself enough to observe all this, reflected that it was no business of his, and tried to go to sleep again. But sleep was not easy. It was clear enough that every one else in the boarding-house thought the fire was his own business, whatever Jasper thought ; and, at last, he dragged himself to his window and looked out, — to find that a furniture store in the next street was all a flame, and to begin to understand that a new city, like Detroit, had other laws than the old places he was used to, and that it might be his own business to attend to his neighbor's in this extremity. He locked his trunk, dressed as rapidly as he might, and ran down to the fire.

It is an amazing sight, a fire in a new town at midnight, — the discipline and obedience, on the one hand ; the amount of spontaneous and unpurchased work, on the other. Here was this furnace, three times heated, of a warehouse, packed full of the most combustible matter. Dark on either side, protected only by brick walls, were other warehouses, in which moving lights showed you that men were working hard to pack and save books and valuables while there was yet time. In the street where Jasper was were two fire-engines, and a hose carriage or two, and a few men with speaking-trumpets giving intelligent and cheery directions, as if pretending that their wholly inadequate machinery was all that could be asked for in the exigency, and loyally obeyed by every man in the throng with the same affected confidence. On the roofs of the two side buildings, sometimes on the central roof, which had not yet fallen, appeared, in the midst

of smoke and steam, other men with trumpets, who conversed, even consulted, with those below. A pipe here, a hose carried there, showed the result of such colloquies. Then came the cheery, "Play away, Hero," "Play away, Tecumseh," and the thud, thud, thud of the most wasteful way of using human power, answered with a will, as if to say, that men are always ready to sacrifice themselves, even to the last fibre, if only there be intelligent command and an unselfish motive. "Now then; let her have it! What are you afraid of? Good, once more! Put in, Hero! Play away, Tecumseh! One, two; one, two; one, two. Well done, boys, well done!" and every other word of encouragement, as one or another phase of the unequal war took turn. The brakes of the engines were crowded full, with men in every dress, driving the little machines to the very edge of their possible performance. The dense throng of men looking on, only waited their turn at the exhausting labor, and so understood their position.

"Now, gentlemen, walk up; spell these men; you don't mean to have them work all night do you? Take hold, with a will! What are you afraid of? You won't empty the lake, I guess." And so Jasper and the men around him rushed forward to take the places of those exhausted; and he found himself with his hands on the large round bar, at the eternal up and down, wondering whether indeed he did any thing, or whether he were pulled to and fro himself, in this jerking movement, by a power to which he did not seem to lend the worth or the weight of a straw.

He could not even see the stream he was trying to drive. He could only see the letters "ER," of the word

"Hero." But he could hear that hoarse foreman, "Now, then! what are you afraid of?" He almost felt ashamed that he did so little. He was conscious of a new *esprit de corps*, in the mad determination that Tecumseh, which was pumping into Hero, should not over-fill her watertank, as there are rumors she once had done. Then came the terrible doubt, "How long can I stand this? Can I hold on at this till we are spelled? What a disgrace to let go! Could I let go, if I tried?" And, at that instant, the man next him gave a choking cry, lost his hold, and went down, like a log, on the wet stones.

Jasper and his new next neighbor dragged the poor fellow out, one of them, at least, inwardly grateful for this change of duty. They carried the senseless body out of the crowd, hearing, as they retired, the tireless foreman. "See, gentlemen, do you mean to stand and see men die before your eyes? Walk up and spell us. That's right. One, two; one, two; one, two. How's your water, John? One, two: that's well, Hero; let 'em have it." And so Jasper and his companion laid their burden out on the counter of an open and empty shop, and, by the light of the conflagration, stripped him of his heavy clothing, and applied such restoratives as brought him to.

He sat up, rather wildly, on the counter; hardly more than a boy, though he was so tall; smiled shyly, rubbed his eyes; dropped his head again, as if faint; took a little brandy from Jasper's companion; looked down with surprise to see that he had on no coat, and that his shirt was open; and then made an effort to jump down and leave them. But this they would not yet permit. They did their best to find where the

handsome fellow belonged; but soon as his real consciousness returned, it proved that he did not un-

derstand a word they said to him, more than they understood a word of his. He was a Norwegian.

AN IDYL OF MID-SUMMER AND MIDDLE AGE.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

[IN laying the corner-stone of this small piece of architecture, I shall appeal at once to the Editor of "OLD AND NEW." I shall ask him to open his door before I build my story, and I shall ask it on the following ground.

The editor just mentioned has put it on record that heads of families must go to the pork-barrel when they have no fresh meat, and no money to pay for any. To one such head, in a moment of straitness, came a summons from a university, hundreds of miles away, to name her own terms, and deliver a Commencement lecture.

Surely, Mr. Editor, this was a legitimate barrel of pork. The party written to had invested largely in manuscript. You might say, she had written human life all over, from the garret to the cellar. And, having given herself this unpaid trouble, she hid away, as quietly as she could, the views and treatises which would have reformed the commonwealth, — man, woman, and child; but for the want of a certain *πῶν σιῶν* well-known to Archimedes as a prime necessity, and to whose discovery she is willing to pledge her immortal soul, if only time enough may be allowed.

She therefore named a respectable sum, which was acceded to by the other party to the contract. She borrowed a small advance, selected a M.S., packed a bag, and purchased a ticket. Shaking her finger at the cook, playfully admonishing the second girl, and kissing the dear children, Pacifica — so we will name her — departed, *viâ* Worcester, Springfield, and Albany.]

Pacifica's luck carried her to a compartment of the drawing-room car, already occupied by two cheerful youths, with that pleasant paraphernalia of bags, shawl-straps, newspapers, &c., which makes an object-lesson in the cars very horrible.

Item, the body of the car was filled by high and mighty people, going to fashionable watering-places. She knew from their looks what sort of trunks they had. This mamma had, no doubt, ten good gowns, and this daughter, twenty, with jewelry to match. There were laces and *moirés* and cashmeres, checked and represented in this company. Our traveller had only a bag, and nothing very remarkable in it except her essay. So she was very glad to get into the compartment where the youths, above mentioned, would not apply the inferential calculus (is there such a thing?) to her linen gown and unpretending head-gear.

Nor did they. The company of youth is fresh and charming to elders, when it admits the latter to good fellowship. The assiduity with which our young friends hunted the daily papers for notices of the Commencement, just over, soon let out the secret of their recent graduation. Pacifica kept silence as long as she was able; but the mention of *Phi Beta* prompted her to ask about Bret Harte's per-

formance. And then the ice was broken, and it turned out to have been very thin, and so disappeared immediately.

But a great part of the art of a story-writer consists in forgetting something which ought to have been told, and in going back and rummaging for it. Nobody's fate would fill three volumes without this well-known artifice. But we have done the thing in the natural way; for we really and truly forgot to mention, that, before the ice was broken, one of the young men desired to repay an advance made by the other. The pocket-books were taken out; and a certain inconvenient twenty-dollar bill was produced by one, and demurred at by the other as unchangeable. Now, the parties were to separate at Albany, one intending to tarry there for a time, the other intent upon a journey to the far-Pacific slope. It did seem, therefore, that the financial question should be settled. And accordingly, Pacifica, conscious of a few wholesome five-dollar bills in her slender wallet, produced the same, and took into her keeping the larger legal tender, whose physiognomy she did not quite approve. A little anxiety about this money mixed itself in her thoughts from that moment, and cropped out from time to time. But the young men were so genuine and so pleasant, each the opposite of the other, and both good after their kind, that the latent suspicion concerning the note was soon packed out of sight, and did not re-appear in the company now described as present.

Personal description, as practised by novel-writers, is merely a cheap device for covering paper. It is perfectly uninteresting, and nobody reads it. But it fills up the volume, and sells with the rest. These adultera-

tions of literature might be pointed out and reprov'd. But it would be claimed that they have in them nothing deleterious. We simply mention and avoid them.

But B was a thoughtful man of twenty-eight, with a kindly smile that seemed to have in it remembrance of a mother and sisters. Grave beyond his years, he had frequently filled a neighboring pulpit during his college life. He purposed returning to Harvard for the further study of the philosophies. Greek was familiar to him; Sophocles had been his delight. He knew the Germans, and meant to know them better.

"If you are a true preacher," said Pacifica, "and were born with a sermon in you, do not study formal theology. It puts all the sweet nature out of both Testaments, and overlays them with a case-hardening of stereotyped opinion. If you should go to a delightful concert, would it please you if some musical critic should sit beside you, and compel you to hear his criticisms all the way through? A great deal of religious teaching and preaching just amounts to this: it will not let you hear the music."

Which awful heresy shall be left with other accountabilities assumed by the rash soul of Pacifica, and not to be visited upon the head of the denominational and other magazine.

D, the college chum of B, was of the usual age of Harvard graduates, and as much given to practicals as his fellow to ideals. He did not contemplate any unusual efforts in the further acquisition of knowledge, did not know much about the Germans, and had heard enough about the Greeks. But he had a keen appetite for life and its ventures, and congratulated himself upon the happy unanimity which had prevailed throughout

these college years between himself and his chum. Many troubles and some mistakes his thoughtful friend had spared him, he told Pacifica. But now he was all for the West; and at Palmer, a third college-mate, bound also for California, was to join the company. This third was a Pierian Sodalian, a mighty man in music. And soon we were at Palmer; and the third man, fresh as a rose, and with a bouquet nearly as large as himself, entered the car, and was duly welcomed.

Albany shall be the next point in our story. Its prosaic *dépôt* swallowed up the two Californians; while Pacifica, with the aid of the considerate B, found a carriage, and was driven in it to the *dépôt* of the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad, concerning Fisk's raid upon which, see "The North American Review" for January, 1871. Here came a delay of three hours, with which Pacifica scarcely knew what to do. Having secured her ticket and baggage-check for Hornellsville, and finding the *dépôt* uninhabitable, she asked for a quiet hotel in the neighborhood, and betook herself thither with shawl and satchel. Permission to occupy the parlor of the F—— House was readily accorded her. Taking out portfolio, books, and inkstand, her thoughts were soon far away.

The day wore on, and of a sudden a cruel hunger began to warn our traveller of the lapse of time. A dirty, barefooted servant coming in, some inquiries concerning meals were made. And now came up the proprietor, and said that supper might be had for fifty cents, which seemed a reasonable price. But call no meal cheap until you have eaten it, or tried to.

They say that our low-priced tea is first used by the Chinese, who re-dry

it, and send it to our market. Happy are we if they do not also sweep carpets with it, which the flavor of the Albany infusion suggested. To ask for a steak, and receive a slice of sole-leather is no unusual occurrence: so let the supper pass. Pacifica said to herself, "Well, I don't want any more of it, that's one comfort," and took out her pocket-book, to pay the proprietor. To her embarrassment, she found her funds reduced to the twenty-dollar note, previously spoken of, which appeared in conjunction with passage and sleeping-car tickets for Hornellsville. The proprietor now regarded his guest with evident suspicion. "Haven't you fifty cents somewhere about you?" growled he. "No; indeed I have not," plaintively answered Pacifica: "what can I do about it?" "I will try to get it changed," said the surly landlord, who accordingly departed, and soon returned, saying to poor Pacifica, "The bill's a counterfeit."

"Impossible," replied she. "I had it from a most respectable young man. He has come here to preach next Sunday; and one of the deacons of the —— Church came down to the *dépôt* to meet him.

The landlord looked as if he understood that game perfectly. "I knew it was a counterfeit the moment I set eyes upon it," said he. Here was a good deal of trouble for both parties, particularly in the pork-barrel view. Pacifica — let us call her P, for shortness — could not afford to lose twenty dollars; the landlord could not consent to lose fifty cents. The time for departure, too, was drawing near. A thought at last seized our heroine. "I will speak to the railroad people about it," said she."

"I will take your satchel, ma'am," said the landlord, locking up in some

convenient depository that small compendium of creature and other comforts, including Garibaldi's novel, a silver knife worth three leather suppers, and the best travelling inkstand there is. Sad as were these losses,

the indignity was worse. And in this deadlock, after the manner of all serialists, we are forced to leave our friend, whose P's and Q's somehow had not been properly minded.

[To be continued.]

LOOKING ACROSS THE WAR-GULF.

BY ROBERT D. OWEN.

No. IV.

HOW SLAVERY THROVE WITH COTTON FOR ALLY.

THE system of forced labor, originally received as an unwelcome intruder among the English colonists of North America, throve but indifferently for nearly two centuries after its first introduction at Jamestown. It was openly condemned by many slaveholders, and apologetically defended by others. Its name was studiously paraphrased in the Constitution, as if to avoid an odious term, or evade recognition of an immorality. When, in the convention which framed that instrument, the article was reported, containing a provision for the surrender of fugitive slaves, the wording was so amended as to exclude the idea that slavery was morally lawful.¹

It held not yet sway, in Europe or at home, in virtue of a staple the growth and manufacture of which employs millions of men.

¹ The provision, as reported to the Convention (Sept. 15, 1787), read thus:—

"No person LEGALLY held to service or labor in one State, escaping into another, shall," &c.

It was amended so as to read:—

"No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another," &c.

"This was done," says Madison, "in compliance with the wish of some who thought the term *legal* equivocal, and favoring the idea that slavery was legal in a moral view."—*Madison Papers*, vol. iii. p. 1589.

About the beginning of the present century, there came to its aid an ally, humble at first appearance, yet with the force of a giant. All things changed, as by enchantment, under his wand.

The rise and progress of the cotton-trade has already been sketched (in a previous number). Judge Johnson placed on record some noteworthy facts. Speaking of the cotton-gin, he said, "With regard to the utility of this discovery, . . . the whole interior of the Southern States was languishing, and their inhabitants emigrating for want of some object to engage their attention and employ their industry, when the invention of this machine at once opened views to them which set the entire country in active motion. . . . Individuals who were depressed with poverty, and sunk in idleness, have suddenly risen to wealth and respectability. Our debts have been paid off; our capital has been increased; and our lands have trebled in value. We cannot express the weight of obligation which the country owes to this invention."¹

¹ *Memoir of the Life of Eli Whitney*. By Professor Olmstead. *American Journal of Science*, vol. xxi. p. 232.

Thenceforth the tide of prosperity rose and swelled with a rapidity and a power unexampled in the history of commerce. From vast wealth sprung political influence; and with political influence came arrogant and ambitious thoughts.

Slavery, in Revolutionary days, and before, was mild and apologetic; was accustomed to arraignment of its justice, and acquiesced in interdiction of its extension. Great names were arrayed against it; among them Oglethorpe, first governor and virtual founder of the Colony of Georgia. Regarding slavery as opposed alike to law and to religion, he united with his co-trustees in excluding it from the new settlement.¹ Laurens of South Carolina, president of the Continental Congress throughout two sessions, wrote to his son, "I abhor slavery."² Washington expressed his earnest desire that slavery might be abolished by law.³ Jefferson said, "The abolition of domestic slavery is the great object of desire in these colonies."⁴ The author of the Declaration of Independence, himself a slaveholder, adverting to a possible conflict, in the future, between slave and slaveholder, declared, "The Almighty has no at-

tribute which can take sides with us in such a contest."¹

Intelligent slaveholders frankly admit that the men of the Revolution regarded slavery as a great wrong, soon to pass away.²

The legislation of those days accords with the views here expressed.

ORDINANCES OF 1784 AND 1787.

In the early part of that session of the Continental Congress held immediately after the evacuation of New York by the British forces, Mr. Jefferson, in presenting, on behalf of the delegates from his State, the deed of cession, by Virginia to the Confederation, of her lands lying north-west of the Ohio, obtained a committee to report a plan of government for the Western Territory;³ he being chairman. The committee, taking a comprehensive view of their duties, reported an ordinance applicable not only to the lands ceded by Virginia, but "to the territory ceded already, *or to be ceded*, by individual States to the United States." As North Carolina and Georgia held the territory out of which were formed the States of Mississippi, Alabama, and Tennessee, any regulations incorporated in such an ordinance determined

¹ General Oglethorpe spoke of slavery as "against the gospel, as well as the fundamental law of England" (Stevens: History of Georgia, vol. 1. p. 237). One of the ten trustees for the establishment of the Colony of Georgia, the Rev. Dr. Rundle, preaching in London, declared, on behalf of himself and his colleagues, "We refused, as trustees, to make a law permitting such a horrid crime" (Sermon preached at St. George Church, Hanover Square, Feb. 17, 1734, by T. Rundle, LL.D.: London, 1734). The motive for the prohibition appears to have been partly political and partly humane (SPARKS: American Biography, vol. xii. p. 240).

² Letter, given in Collection of the Zenger Club, p. 20.

³ In a letter, dated Sept. 9, 1786, to John F. Mercer of Maryland (Sparks's Washington, vol. ix. p. 159).

⁴ In 1774. Writings of Thomas Jefferson: Washington, 1863. Vol. 1. p. 135.

¹ Notes on Virginia, 1787, p. 272.

² Alexander H. Stephens, in a public speech in Savannah, Ga., a few days after his election as vice-president of the Southern Confederacy, said, —

"The prevailing ideas entertained by Jefferson, and by most of the leading statesmen at the time of the formation of the old Constitution, were, that the enslavement of the African was in violation of the laws of nature; that it was wrong in principle, socially, morally, and politically. It was an evil they knew not well how to deal with; but the general opinion of the men of that day was, that, somehow or other, in the order of Providence, the institution would be evanescent, and pass away." — *Speech of A. H. Stephens*, March 21, 1861, published in the Savannah Republican.

³ The deed of cession was signed by the Virginia delegates, March 1, 1784. The committee were Jefferson, Chase, and Howell (Journal of Continental Congress, vol. iv. p. 344).

the future condition, not only of the North-western States, but of three of what have since been among the chief slave States of the Union.

It so happened, that, on the day when the Congress proceeded to final action on the ordinance reported by the committee, one of the delegates from New Jersey was absent from his seat; a single delegate only being present from that State. By the Articles of Confederation, the vote of a State could not be cast by less than two delegates; and a majority of the thirteen States who had agreed to these articles was necessary to carry a vote in that body. At the critical moment, the vote of New Jersey was lost.

The committee had reported five articles, "as fundamental conditions between the thirteen original States, and those afterwards to be added." The fifth of these articles provided, that after the year 1800 there should be no slavery in any of the States in question. A North-Carolina delegate (Spaight) moved to strike out this article; and on the question, "Shall the words moved to be struck out stand?" though the vote stood seventeen to seven in favor of retaining the prohibition of slavery, and though the vote by States stood six States for the article to three against it, yet, as six States were not a majority of thirteen, the motion prevailed, and the fifth article was lost.¹ Had New Jersey voted ay, there would have been seven States in the affirmative; and the momentous words would have remained part of the ordinance. But

¹In the affirmative were New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, *six*; in the negative, Maryland, Virginia, South Carolina, *three*, — New Jersey losing her vote, and so also North Carolina, one delegate from the latter State voting ay, and the other, no.

There were no delegates present from Delaware or Georgia. Virginia voted, one ay (Jefferson), and two noes (Journal of Congress, vol. iv. p. 373).

the golden opportunity was lost, never to return.¹

Three years later² a committee of the last Continental Congress reported another ordinance restricted to territory lying North-West of the Ohio. It contained a provision similar to that which was stricken out by Congress in 1784, differing, however, in this, that it was to take immediate effect.

Here first showed itself, in embryo form, that policy of compromise touching the system of slavery which was to re-appear, in various phases, during three-quarters of a century. So long as slavery had continued to exist in the Northern States, few fugitive slaves from the South took refuge there. These few were readily yielded up to the claim of their masters; by the law of custom, however, not in obedience to statute. But as slavery was abolished in one Northern State after another, difficulties in connection with this matter gradually arose. There was no provision on the subject in the Articles of Confederation; and public opinion, gradually alienated from slavery, often sided with the fugitive. In some of the Northern States all aid was refused to the owners of runaway slaves; occasionally they met with open resistance. The fugitive came to be regarded as a free man. "At present," said Mr. Madison, speaking in the Virginia Convention,³ "at present, if any slave

¹In 1790, Congress accepted a cession of territory from North Carolina, and in 1802 from Georgia. Out of the former was afterwards formed the State of Tennessee, and the latter was divided into the States of Alabama and Mississippi. But North Carolina and Georgia made it a condition of their respective cessions that slavery should not be prohibited.

²The Ordinance was reported July 11, 1787, and adopted two days later (Journal of Congress vol. iv. p. 751).

³In 1788, in the Convention by which Virginia ratified the Constitution. See Elliott's Debates, vol. ii. p. 335.

elopes to any of those States where slaves are free, he becomes emancipated by their laws. For the laws of the States are uncharitable to one another in this respect." Thus fugitive slaves were often lost to their masters.

The slave States took the present opportunity to protect themselves from such loss. To the anti-slavery article was appended a clause providing for the reclamation of fugitive slaves; foreshadowing the provision to the same effect which was incorporated, two months later, into the Constitution of the United States.¹

This first form of slavery compromise commanded, in the Congress, great unanimity. No effort was made to strike out the article as amended. Free States and slave States alike voted for it. Out of eighteen delegates, there was found, on putting the motion to adopt the ordinance, but a single dissentient; and the vote, given by States, was unanimous.² Of the States then present, by their delegates, in the Congress, five were slave States and three were free.

The slave States, in those early days, seem to have adhered in good faith to this compromise, even when

¹ The following is the text of the article in this ordinance, as it finally passed, July 13, 1787:—

"There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said Territory, otherwise than in punishment of crimes whereof the party shall have been duly convicted; *provided always*, that any person escaping into the same from whom labor or service is lawfully claimed in any one of the original States, such fugitive may be lawfully reclaimed, and conveyed to the person claiming his or her labor or service as aforesaid."—*Journal of Congress*, vol. iv. p. 754.

² Robert Yates of New York was the dissentient; his two colleagues (Haring and Smith) voting ay, and thus determining the State vote in the affirmative.

The States represented in the Congress at the time of the vote were: Free States, Massachusetts, New York, and New Jersey; Slave States, Delaware, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia (*Journal of Congress*, vol. iv. p. 754.).

there was temptation to violate it. This temptation appeared in the shape of petitions to Congress, first presented in 1802, and renewed at intervals throughout five years thereafter, by the inhabitants of the North-western Territory, praying a temporary suspension of the clause prohibiting slavery.¹

The first petition on this subject, to the House, was referred to a committee of five members, of which the celebrated John Randolph of Roanoke was chairman. Mr. Randolph, by unanimous vote of the committee, reported, on March 2, 1803, against the prayer of the petitioners, and the House concurred in his report.² The sage words of that report are worthy of record.

"Your committee deem it highly dangerous and inexpedient to impair a provision wisely calculated to promote the happiness and prosperity of the North-western country, and to give strength and security to that extensive frontier. In the salutary operation of this sagacious and benevolent restraint, it is believed that the inhabitants of Indiana will, at no very distant day, find ample remuneration for a temporary privation of labor and of emigration."

Another slaveholder, Mr. Jesse Franklin of North Carolina, chairman of a similar committee in the Senate, reported, Nov. 13, 1807, that it was not expedient to suspend the anti-slavery article.³

It does not appear that any farther efforts were made by the North-west-

¹ The southern portions of that territory only were then, to any extent, inhabited; and these had been chiefly settled by emigrants from Kentucky, Virginia, North Carolina, and other slave States. The early settlers, urgently in need of additional labor, sought to supply themselves as in their former homes they had been wont to do.

Ohio was admitted as a free State in 1803.

² House Journal, vol. vi. p. 381.

³ Senate Journal, vol. iv. pp. 298, 294.

ern pioneers in this direction. Congress remained firm; and the States soon to be called Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin were protected from the curse of slavery; in part, be it frankly admitted, through the efforts and the votes of Southern men.

ACQUISITION OF LOUISIANA.

In those days the South could afford to be generous. She had recently acquired, not through sectional intrigue nor by any machinations of the slave interest, but by the natural course of events, a vast accession of power. Louisiana, with her far-reaching territory and her thirty thousand slaves,¹ had been added to the Union.

Jefferson's views touching the inexpediency of extending slavery were sufficiently proved, not only in his writings but by his legislative action, as the author of the ordinance of 1784. But he did not, because of his desire to restrict slavery, adopt the policy of obstructing the extension of the Union. His sagacious foresight detected the danger which lurked in the control, by a foreign power, of the mouth of the Mississippi, through which nearly half the produce of the Union must needs pass to market.² Sacrificing to the

¹ The estimates of the population of Louisiana in 1803 differ widely. The consul of the United States, then resident there, estimated it about fifty thousand (49,473), but without separating whites and blacks. Major Stoddard (in his *Sketches, Historical and Descriptive, of Louisiana*, p. 226) puts it at upwards of ninety thousand; namely, 50,700 whites, and 42,600 colored. The truth lies probably between these conflicting authorities. We shall not greatly err in assuming the entire population to have been sixty thousand, of whom one-half were colored. This agrees with an estimate of Mr. Carey. Speaking of the colored population, he says, "Nearly thirty thousand were found in Louisiana at her incorporation into the Union" (*The Slave-Trade, Domestic and Foreign*, p. 17).

² Thus, under date April 13, 1802, he wrote to Livingston, then our Minister to France:—

"There is on the globe one single spot, the

great interests of the country and of peace his predilections for the land of Lafayette, his constitutional scruples in regard to the right of Congress to obtain territory by purchase, and his aversion to increasing the number of slave States, he staked every thing, even to the chance of immediate war with France, upon the resolution to see opened to the sea the commerce of the Mississippi Valley.

Slavery profited greatly, ultimately obtaining, by this purchase, an addition of three to the slave States of the Union,—Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri. Yet she profited incidentally only. The purchase was wise in itself, notwithstanding some of its consequences.

THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE.

In 1812, Louisiana was admitted, without contest, as a slave State; the rest of the purchase from France retaining its territorial character. As, under French and Spanish rule, the whole had been open to slavery, it was still, by tacit consent, so considered, though a portion of the purchase stretched north, far beyond the limits to which slavery, by action of

possessor of which is our natural and habitual enemy. It is New Orleans, through which the produce of three-eighths of our territory must pass to market. . . . It is impossible that France and the United States can continue long friends when they meet in so irritable a position. They, as well as we, must be blind if they do not see this; and we must be very improvident if we do not begin to make arrangements on that hypothesis. The day that France takes possession of New Orleans fixes the sentence which is to restrain her forever within her low-water mark. It seals the union of two nations, who, in conjunction, can maintain exclusive possession of the ocean. From that moment we must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation. We must turn all our attention to a maritime force for which our resources place us on high ground. . . . This is not a state of things we seek or desire. It is one which this measure, if adopted by France, forces on, as necessarily as any other cause, by the laws of nature, brings on its necessary effect."—*Writings of Thomas Jefferson*, vol. iv. p. 431.

the Continental Congress, had been confined.

Hence it happened, that, when the repeated applications to Congress, by settlers in the territory north-west of the Ohio, for a suspension of the anti-slavery article contained in their ordinance, were refused, some of them, impatient of such restraint, crossed the Mississippi into what is now the State of Missouri. Western emigrants, also, from Kentucky and Virginia and North Carolina, passing by the Territory whence their peculiar institution was excluded, followed in the wake. In this way, as early as the year 1818, the Territory immediately west of the State of Illinois came to number sixty thousand inhabitants, many of them slaveholders.

In March of that year, the people of the Territory petitioned for an enabling act, authorizing their admission as a State, with proposed boundary lines, including four degrees of latitude; namely, from thirty-six degrees thirty minutes to forty degrees thirty minutes. The prayer of the petitioners was referred to a select committee, and a bill was reported and committed. No further action, however, was taken upon it during that session. Next session it was revived; and out of it arose the first of those sectional struggles which led to results transcending all human anticipation.

The proposed State, of which the southern boundary line was but half a degree of latitude south of the mouth of the Ohio, naturally belonged, by its geographical position, to the group of North-western States whence slavery had been excluded in 1787. Accordingly, when the Missouri bill came up for debate in the House, it was amended so as to prohibit the

introduction of slavery, and declare free, at the age of twenty-one, all negro children born in the Territory.

But things had changed greatly in the thirty years which had elapsed since the North-western Ordinance had passed. Slavery's great ally had meantime been at work. In 1784, eight bags of cotton, exported from the United States to England, were seized in a British custom-house, on the ground "*that so much cotton could not have been produced in the United States;*"¹ while, in 1819, the South was exporting annually to Great Britain upwards of three hundred thousand bales. She began to realize her importance, and to rise in her demands.

Thus, in the Senate, the anti-slavery amendment was rejected by a decided majority,² and the bill returned to the House, where it failed by disagreement of the two houses.

At the next session the subject was again brought up, and the main contest came on. The North fought at a disadvantage. She had permitted the first false step. Her opponents had possession of the field. Slavery already existed in the Territory of Missouri, and a majority of the settlers favored its continuance. The question was not, as in 1784, whether slavery should be permitted to enter, but whether slavery should be expelled. It was complicated, also, with the question of prospective emancipation, and finally with that of State-rights and popular sovereignty. Were the inhabitants to be denied the right of choosing, within the limits of the Constitution, their own form of government? In a Territory, Yes: that was conceded in those

¹ DE BOW: Southern Review, vol. 1. p. 119.

² The vote was 22 to 16.

days, even by Calhoun;¹ but in a sovereign State, or in a district of country engaged in organizing itself as a State, certainly, No. That was the stand then taken by the South.

But, on the other hand, was an irruption of slavery to be allowed, in legal and permanent form, thrusting itself by the side of free States to within a degree and a half of Canada? Again, was the territory west of the proposed new slave State to be also abandoned to slavery? Or, if not, was Missouri to interpose itself as a barrier between free States, — forever to remain an impediment in the path of emigrants to free territory?

The debates were warm and protracted, and the votes were close. The Senate, as before, amended the bill by striking out the anti-slavery proviso; the House, as before, disagreed to the Senate's amendment; and so a second time, matters came to a dead lock. Then it was that a senator from the North-west, who

¹ A Congressman from Virginia, during the debate on this question, distinctly states the position then assumed by slaveholders. He said, —

"Although, whilst the proposed State continued a part of our territory, upon the footing of a territorial government, it would have been competent for us, under the power expressly given to make needful rules and regulations respecting the territory of the United States, to have established the principle proposed, yet the question assumes a totally different aspect when that principle is intended to apply to a State."— *Speech of Mr. P. P. Barbour of Virginia, in the House of Representatives, Feb. 15, 1819. Benton's Abridgment of Debates in Congress*, vol. vi. p. 341.

Judge Barbour was an eminent American jurist, president, in 1829, of that Constitutional Convention of which Madison, Monroe, and Chief-Justice Marshall were members.

Mr. Calhoun, the embodiment of extreme Southern opinions on slavery and State-rights, held, in 1818, to the same opinion as Mr. Barbour, though, at a later day, he changed it.

Speaking in the Senate, during the session of 1837-8, on the power of Congress to exclude slavery from a territory, after candidly admitting that he had been in favor of the Missouri Compromise at the time it passed, he added, that "with his present experience and knowledge of the spirit which then, for the first time, began to disclose itself, he had entirely changed his opinions" (BENTON: *Thirty Years' View*, vol. ii. p. 136).

had opposed the anti-slavery proviso, proposed, as a mode of reconciling conflicting opinions, an additional section to the Missouri bill. This section provided, that the admission of Missouri as a State should be coupled with the condition that the anti-slavery article in the ordinance of 1787, while it was not enforced against the State itself, was declared to be in force throughout so much of the rest of the territory included in the Louisiana purchase as lay north of the southern boundary-line of the new State.

In other words, this proposal, since well known as the *Missouri Compromise*, amounted in substance to this: that for this once a slave State should be received, carved from territory lying north of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes of north latitude, provided that the same should not be allowed again.

The proposition thus devised, at first rejected by the House, drew finally from the North, under the manipulation of a committee of conference,¹ just votes enough to pass it; and the next autumn² Missouri took her place among the States of the Union with a constitution authorizing slavery.

This arrangement, or compromise,

¹ A skilful manœuvre of Southern senators doubtless tended to bring about this result. A bill to admit the State of Maine had passed the House, and gone to the Senate. On Feb. 19, 1821, it was returned, with a rider (which had been appended to it in the judiciary committee of the Senate), for concurrence by the House. The rider authorized the people of Missouri to organize a State government; thus making the admittance of Maine depend upon the admittance, without restriction, of Missouri. The House refused to concur. When the conference committee on the Missouri bill was appointed, they made it one of the conditions of the compromise between the two Houses, that the Senate should recede from its amendment imposing a rider on the Maine bill, and the South had credit for this as a concession to the North. The Missouri bill and that for the admission of Maine passed on the same day.

² Aug. 10, 1821.

was essentially a Southern measure. It had its birth in the Senate, in which body every member from a slave State, save two,¹ voted for the bill as finally amended.

In the House, where Northern votes considerably predominated, the decision against that amended bill, when it first came from the Senate, was overwhelming.² The final vote in that House was not on the bill, but on the report from the committee of conference. Upon what must be considered the main vote on concurring in that report, every Southern representative voted in the affirmative. Fourteen Northern votes, many of them procured with difficulty and given with reluctance, decided the issue.

This compromise, then, was pressed home by the South; and in honor, if honor there be in such bargains, she was bound to adhere to it.

Some of the more considerate of the Southern members, while urging the Missouri Compromise with all their influence, seem to have regarded the position of the future slave State, surrounded now on three sides by free territory, as a precarious anomaly, for which it was wise to anticipate a change. Henry Clay is reported to have said to Mr. Scott, the delegate from Missouri, "Now go home, and prepare your State for gradual emancipation."³

Meanwhile the two great sections of the country, after some bitter words,

¹ The vote was 24 to 20. The two Southern votes in the negative were given by Senators Mason of North Carolina and Smith of South Carolina.

At that time, of the States in the Union, eleven were free and eleven slave; the votes, therefore, in the Senate, as between the two sections of country, were equal. In the House, the greater population of the Northern States told, giving that section a majority of twenty-five.

² The vote stood 159 to 13.

³ HORACE GREELEY: *The American Conflict*, vol. 1. p. 80.

in which, for the first time in an American Congress, threats of secession found utterance, had consented to bury the war-hatchet; agreeing in this, that hereafter the system of free labor should prevail north of thirty-six degrees and a half, while south of that parallel the land was virtually given up to slavery.

As all of that territory had been included in the purchase from France, and had hitherto been dealt with as slave territory, and settled as such, to omit prohibition of slavery there was virtually to authorize its existence.

Experience had shown that the system of labor adopted in a Territory might be expected to determine the character of the constitution which would be proposed by that Territory to Congress, when asking admission as a State. And so, in point of fact as to all Western territory then possessed by the United States, it came to pass.

STEPPING-STONES IN THE ADVANCE.

This struggle, protracted through two years, ripened into slavery agitation. In January, 1821, Benjamin Lundy commenced with six subscribers only a monthly periodical, entitled, "The Genius of Universal Emancipation." In the winter of 1823-4, the first American convention for the abolition of slavery was held in Philadelphia.

In 1829, Lundy was joined by William Lloyd Garrison; and on the first of January, 1838, the latter commenced, at the federal capital, the publication of "The Liberator."

There are some systems of polity so tender of reputation, because of their inherent injustice, that agitation shocks them to the centre. They cannot endure the light of discussion.

It behooves the supporters of such a system to debar all questions that

might assault and endanger its foundations; or else, sooner or later, they must abandon their system. Southern politicians, wise in their generation, saw this. As in despotic governments, it had been found necessary to declare it to be sedition, punishable as a capital offence, to deny the right divine of kings; so, in a slave empire, it was imperative to forbid, on pain of death if lesser penalty failed, the expression of opinions touching the sinfulness of slavery.

They did not, indeed, enact such a penalty by statute; but some of them declared from their seats in the national legislature, that, in spite of the Federal Government, every abolitionist they caught should die a felon's death.¹

Nor were the partisans of slavery content to remain on the defensive, within their own territory, threatening death to all comers who questioned the justice of their rule: they sought to crush out whatever outward symptoms of disaffection they found in the free North towards the labor-system they had set up as the basis of their social economy.

Disturbances were frequent as early as the years 1833, 1834, and 1835; occurring in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and elsewhere. In the States of Illinois and Pennsylvania, in two noteworthy cases, the rioters proceeded to deliberate murder and arson.

The first occurred at the city of Alton, in Western Illinois.

¹ "Let an abolitionist come within the borders of South Carolina, if we can catch him we will try him; and, notwithstanding all the interference of all the governments on earth, including the Federal Government, we will hang him." — *Senator Preston, in debate in United-States Senate, January, 1838.*

"If chance throw an abolitionist in our way, he may expect a felon's death." — *Senator Hammond, of South Carolina, in United-States Senate, 1836.*

In August, 1837, the Rev. Elijah Lovejoy, a Presbyterian clergyman, was editing in that place a religious paper, called "The Observer," occasionally containing anti-slavery articles. It did not take ultra ground on that subject, nor indulge in abusive language. He had written at first ¹ rather in favor of colonization than of immediate abolition. Even when he asserted, at a later day,² the wrong of slaveholding, and the policy of immediate emancipation, he desired to see such emancipation effected "by the masters themselves," hoping to effect his object by moral suasion. He uniformly held "that the citizens of the non-slaveholding States have no right to interfere with the domestic relations between master and slave."

Yet this man was repeatedly mobbed, and threatened with personal violence, at first in St. Louis, afterwards in Alton; the assaults increasing in frequency and violence, until, in the autumn of 1837, it became evident that his life was in daily peril. At a public meeting, held ³ at the court-house in Alton, to discuss the propriety of allowing him to continue the publication of "The Observer," he said, —

"I plant myself on my unquestionable rights: and the question to be decided is, whether I shall be protected in the exercise and enjoyment of these rights; whether my property shall be protected; whether I shall be suffered to go home to my family at night without being assailed and threatened with tar-and-feathers and assassination; whether my afflicted wife, whose life has been in jeopardy from continued alarm and

¹ April, 1835; when "The Observer" was published in St. Louis.

² Aug. 20, 1837; he having then removed to Alton.

³ Nov. 3, 1837.

excitement, shall, night after night, be driven from a sick bed into the garret to save her life from the brickbats and violence of the mob? That, sir, is the question."

Here, overcome by his feelings, he burst into tears. Many, not excepting his enemies, wept; several sobbing aloud. But the speaker, speedily recovering himself, continued,—

"Forgive me, sir, that I have thus betrayed my weakness. It was the thoughts of my family that overcame my feelings. It was not, sir, I assure you, from any fears on my part. I have no personal fears. Not that I am able to contest this matter with the whole community: I know well that I am not. But what then? where shall I go? . . . I recently visited St. Charles to bring home my family, and was torn from their frantic embraces by a mob. Here I have been beset night and day: I have no more claim upon the protection of another community than I have upon this. I have concluded, after consultation with my friends and earnest seeking of counsel from God, to remain at Alton, and here to insist on protection in the exercise of my rights. If the civil authorities refuse to protect me, I must look to God; and, if I die, I am determined here to make my grave."

Four days after this meeting a new printing-press arrived for Mr. Lovejoy, to replace one recently broken to pieces and thrown into the river by rioters; and it was stored, by aid of the mayor, in the garret of a strong stone warehouse.

This was on Nov. 7. Throughout the day volunteer defenders dropped in, of whom twelve agreed to remain in the building, with Mr. Lovejoy, during the next night.

At ten o'clock in the evening, a

mob, some armed, invested the warehouse; and their leader demanded the surrender of the press. The demand was refused. The mob fired into the building, but hit no one. The fire was returned; and several of the rioters were wounded, one mortally. The mayor sought to induce them to desist, but in vain. At midnight the bells were rung, bringing large additions to the mob. Ladders were raised, and the roof of the warehouse was fired.

Thereupon Mr. Lovejoy and a few others issued from the building, Mr. Lovejoy being in advance. The mob fired upon them; and Mr. Lovejoy was killed, three balls entering his breast. His murderers were tried and acquitted.

Among these warning signs of the tempest afar off, sun-clear proofs, too, of the incompatibility of slavery and free speech, another, of noted character, showed itself in the heart of a free State and a great city during the year 1838.

Pennsylvania Hall, a spacious public edifice in Philadelphia, was opened on the fourteenth of May, the managers announcing that it was dedicated to "free discussion of the principles of liberty, and equality of civil rights." It continued open four days, to crowded audiences throughout; the subjects discussed being slavery, the rights of the Indian, temperance, and requited labor.

On the evening of the third day, May 16,¹ the house was assaulted by a ruthless mob, who broke the windows, alarmed the women, and disturbed the meeting by yelling, stamping, and throwing brickbats through the windows.² No person was remain-

¹I take the account of this act of vandalism from the Report of the Committee on Police, read in Councils, July 5, 1838.

²Report, pp. 15, 16.

rested, "as an attempt to carry away the prisoners might lead to a successful rescue."

On May 17, the managers called on the mayor (John Swift) to "protect them and their property in the exercise of their constitutional right peaceably to assemble, and discuss any subject of general interest." The mayor said he would give them no assurance, if they persisted in their evening meetings, that the police was able to afford them adequate protection; "but he would do all in his power."¹

Early in the evening, passing through a crowd which an angry speaker was haranguing, he entered the hall, and advised the managers not to hold their meeting. To this they assented: the doors were secured, and the keys were given to the police. The mayor returned home.

Later in the same evening, news was brought to him that an attack had commenced on the hall. He collected a body of police, and marched to the spot, "where the work of destruction was in rapid progress." He exclaimed to the crowd, "Is there nobody here to support the law?" But the only reply was an assault on the police. Two or three resolute men who entered the building to protect it were seized and ejected; the furniture was piled up and set on fire; and the crowd "directed the fire-engines not to play upon the Hall, or else their engines and hose would be destroyed." The building, with all it contained, was burnt to the ground.²

The feature in this case which most strongly indicates the fatal influence of a perverted public opinion is the feeble and apologetic tone in which the Councils' Report condemns the

act. It speaks of Philadelphia as "having been selected as the rallying point of men known among us only as restless agitators;"¹ and winds up thus: "However excusable the excitement might be, it can never be tolerated without jeopardizing our dearest rights."²

The excuse for such excitement amounts only to this: that a man, or a government, or a nation, committing actions, the justice of which will not stand the test of investigation, becomes excited if inquiry is made into such conduct, if its morality is called in question, or its consequences brought to light. That government or institution which will not bear the light has no claim to existence in a sun-lit world.

Soon after these outrages were committed, — probably as a consequent of them, — agitation on the slave-question flamed up in Congress.

During the session of 1838-9, Mr. Slade, representative from Vermont, presented in the House certain abolition petitions, and moved for the appointment of a select committee, with instructions to report a bill in conformity with the prayer of the petitioners.

The mover, proceeding to discuss the abstract question of slavery, was met at first in temperate language by its advocates,³ who alleged the

¹ Report, p. 14.

² *Ibid.*, p. 27. All the proceedings within the Hall during its brief existence, together with a full account of its destruction, will be found in a small volume entitled the History of Pennsylvania Hall. Philadelphia: Merrihew & Guan. 1838.

³ Legaré, member of the House from South Carolina, said, —

"He sincerely hoped the gentleman would consider well what he was about before he ventured on such ground, and that he would take time to consider what might be its probable consequences. He solemnly entreated him to reflect on the possible results of such a course, which involved the interests of a nation and a continent. He would warn him, not in the language of defiance, which

¹ Report, p. 17.

² *Ibid.* pp. 23, 24.

danger to the domestic tranquillity of the country from such a course.

Mr. Slade, however, persisted; whereupon Mr. Wise of Virginia invited his colleagues from the Southern States to retire with him from the Hall for purposes of consultation. But Mr. Slade's remarks being finally ruled out of order, the House adjourned.

Thereupon the Southern members met, and took into consideration a resolution offered by Mr. Rhett of South Carolina, declaring, "that, the Constitution having failed to protect the South in the peaceful enjoyment of their rights and peculiar institutions, *it was expedient that the Union should be dissolved.*"¹ It was one of the first mutterings of the coming tempest.

For the time, however, the storm passed. The South was not yet prepared for secession. The resolution failed; though, under the excitement of the moment, a large minority voted for it. In its stead, Mr. Patten of Virginia was authorized to offer, next morning, an addition to the rules of the House, providing that all abolition petitions should be laid on the table without debate, and no further action be had thereon. This rule, usually called the twenty-first, was adopted by a decided vote,² and accepted as a peace-offering; and, for the time, the agitation subsided.

More than twenty years were yet to intervene ere the crisis was reached. The sheet-anchor, which enabled the vessel of State to ride out the politi-

all brave and wise men despise, but he would warn him in the language of a solemn sense of duty, that, if there was 'a spirit aroused in the North in relation to this subject,' that spirit would encounter another spirit in the South full as stubborn."³

¹ Letter written by Mr. Rhett to the editor of the Charleston Mercury, quoted by Benton (*Thirty Years' View*, vol. ii. p. 152).

² It was 124 for the rule to 74 against it.

cal storms of these twenty years, was doubtless the Missouri Compromise. Many indeed, North and South, were restless or rebellious under its conditions: these alleging that Northern domain had been invaded and defiled by slavery; and those that Southern citizens were unjustly debarred from emigrating with their property to lands that were the common possessions of the Union. Nevertheless, the majority, in either section, looked upon the partition of territory by a parallel of latitude as a reasonable adjustment of a perilous question; at all events, a lesser evil than an open breach.

ACQUISITION OF TEXAS.

Riches and repeated accessions of territory, carrying with them political power, fell to the lot of the slaveholders. Louisiana came first; then, by purchase from Spain in 1819, the Floridas; and to these, in the year 1845, was added Texas; all of them slave countries: each accession of foreign territory thus inuring to the increase of Southern power.

In its origin and primitive form, the proposal to effect the annexation of Texas by treaty, and without any anti-slavery restriction, pressed chiefly by Southern politicians, especially by Calhoun and his immediate friends, degenerated into an intrigue to elect that Senator to the presidency.¹ The project was defeated. "But," as one of those who mainly contributed to the defeat of that intrigue afterward expressed it, "annexation was desirable in itself, and had been the unceasing effort of statesmen from the

¹ The South had long been casting a longing eye toward that rich province. As early as May, 1836, Mr. Calhoun, speaking on the recognition of the independence of Texas, said he "looked anxiously to the annexation of Texas, as conducing to a proper balance of power and to the perpetuation of our institutions."

time the province had been retroceded to Spain."¹

Texas was ultimately annexed, not by treaty, but by legislative enactment. To this result, sectional influences, and the pecuniary interests of speculators, largely contributed. Yet the measure would not have passed, had not many votes been given for it from national, not from party or mercenary considerations. Though not so essential as Louisiana, Texas was geographically appurtenant to our country. A weak power, it was likely to connect itself, on some terms, with a stronger nation. England was willing to extend over it her protectorate; and there were grave reasons why neither she nor any other European power should be allowed to obtain footing there.

In the light of recent history, all can see clearly the essential wisdom of the measure.

The popular instinct, which so often gropes toward the light, unmistakably favored the acquisition.²

A clause in the Texas bill applied the principle of the Missouri Compromise to the newly-acquired territory, prohibiting slavery therein north of thirty-six degrees, thirty minutes. The people of the West and North saw with satisfaction this re-enactment, after a quarter of a century, of the restriction to which they chiefly trusted as a barrier against the encroachments of slavery; and though much the larger portion of the new acquisition was south of the parallel in question,³ yet public sentiment, in

the Free States, was considerably influenced by this important indorsement.

Up to about this time, though the South ever looked sharply to her interest, neglecting no opportunity to confirm her political power or to aggrandize slavery, and fighting in compact phalanx whenever the conflict assumed a sectional aspect, yet her offences were chiefly confined to individual speech and action, violent certainly, and subversive of freedom of opinion, but not (except in South Carolina, where secession proclivities came to light in 1832) amounting to official acts showing flagrant sectional aggression, nor to any concerted endeavor to wrest the Constitution from its clear intent in furtherance of sinister purposes. That came later.

In the case of Missouri, the South had it to say, that it had been left to the people of the Territory to decide their form of State Government, and that they had elected to establish slavery. In the case of Texas, there were sufficient reasons outside of the question of sectional supremacy why we should not refuse to accept such an addition to our territory.

Nor, so far, did the South, to attain her objects, need to become the open aggressor; for she managed skilfully and with remarkable success. A favorite scheme—the maintenance of equality in number between free and slave States—had prospered under difficulties that would have deterred less resolute designers.

The original States who ratified the

¹ Thomas H. Benton. — See his *Thirty Years' View*, vol. ii. p. 619.

² "The whole body of the people, South and West, a majority in the Middle States, and respectable portions of the Northern States, were for getting back Texas." — BENTON: *Thirty Years' View*, vol. ii. p. 620.

³ Yet the portion thus freed from slavery was not unimportant. "The boundaries of Texas, by

the treaty of 1819, which retroceded that province to Spain, were extended across the Red River, and following that river up to the thirty-seventh, the thirty-eighth, and eventually to the forty-second degree of north latitude; so that all this part of the territory lying north of thirty-six degrees, thirty minutes, came within the terms of the Missouri Compromise line." — BENTON: *Thirty Years' View*, vol. ii. p. 632.

Federal Constitution stood seven free to six slave. In 1791, Vermont was admitted, making eight to six. But in 1792 Kentucky, and in 1796 Tennessee, were added on the other side, bringing the numbers to an equality. For more than half a century thereafter, the South contrived to maintain this balance of power; each free State admitted being preceded, or closely followed, by one holding slaves.¹

¹The following table exhibits this:—

Original free States, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York	7
Vermont (admitted 1791)	1
Original slave States, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia	6
Eight free States to six slave States.	
Kentucky (admitted 1792)	1
Tennessee " 1796	1
Numbers equal: 8 free, 8 slave.	
Ohio (admitted 1802)	1
Indiana " 1816	1
Illinois " 1818	1
Maine " 1821	1
Michigan " 1837	1
Iowa " 1846	1
Wisconsin " 1848	1
Louisiana (admitted 1812)	1
Mississippi " 1817	1
Alabama " 1819	1
Missouri " 1821	1
Arkansas " 1836	1
Texas " 1845	1
Florida " 1845	1
Numbers equal: 15 free, 15 slave.	

Missouri, admitted as a slave State, offset Maine. So, fifteen years afterward, came a second slave State from the Louisiana purchase, to match free Michigan; and later, when Iowa and Wisconsin were preparing to ask for admission, an acquisition from Spain supplied a match for the one, and—crowning piece of good fortune!—the annexation of Texas furnished an antidote to the other.

Thus, until the year 1850, there was in the Senate a tie-vote between North and South; and when the Vice-President chanced to be a Southern man, or a Northern man with Southern principles (which happened, on an average, three years out of four), the South had the controlling vote, enabling her to arrest whatever legislation she might consider unfriendly to her section of the country.

The brimming cup seemed to be her portion. How far did she succeed in carrying it?

And so it remained until 1850. The States admitted from that year until the breaking-out of the rebellion were all free; namely, California (1850), Minnesota (1857), Oregon (1859), and Kansas (January, 1861); making 19 free States to 15 slave.

SONNET.

BY H. L. SPENCER, ST. JOHN, N.B.

ABOVE this lonely grave, no loving hand
 Doth plant the amaranth, or hyacinth blue:
 But Nature scatters flowers of various hue
 Around the sleeper's bed; and they are fanned
 By heaven's breath, and fed by heaven's dew.
 Man may forget, but God remembers all.
 They who forget, one day will be forgot,
 Except by him who notes the sparrow's fall.
 What though no monument for thee be planned?
 As lovingly the sunbeams seek the spot,
 As lovingly the birds of summer sing,
 As if of half the world thou hadst been king.
 Let not, O heart! the stern-eyed fates appal:
 ONE hath thee in remembrance, and heaven is over all.

REMINISCENCES OF BROOK FARM.

NUMBER III.

SIBYLLA, gliding Sibylla, had disappeared, after a six-weeks' stay among us. She had been graciously pleased to favor me with a small share of her confidence, and I felt proportionately elated and happy, — with reason; for is there any greater good fortune than to have really known noble and beautiful persons? After her return home, she sent me "Bet-tine's Correspondence with the Canoness G underode" (just translated by Miss Fuller), and a disembowelled Coleridge. "Pardon my courage," she wrote, "in sending you little more than the covers of the book: I find it contains the 'Ode to Dejection' you wished to recall; so I do not wait to get a new whole volume. For my rambles on the shore of Lake Superior, I cut out each day the leaves I wished to read, and so avoided burdening myself with the remainder."

Besides such distinguished visitors as Sibylla, with Mr. Emerson, Miss Fuller, and those I have previously mentioned, a few outsiders, connected, in one way or other with the first settlers, availed themselves of the opportunity occasionally to take a look at us; and the more superficial and artificial of these could hardly conceal their amusement at the fanaticism exhibited by well-bred women scrubbing floors, and scraping plates, and by scholars and gentlemen hoeing potatoes and cleaning out stables; and particularly at the general air of cheerful engrossment apparent throughout. The bride of R uckhalt, the artist, could scarcely be numbered among these mild disdainers, although she left behind her, in the respectable

city, any grain of trust her heart had ever held for us. R uckhalt had helped to launch the enterprise by dropping all of his few precious dollars into the treasury, while owing to a morbid reserve, an utter incapacity for freedom in social intercourse, he was unable to give, as he had intended, his proper self, with the product of his late pictures. His shade, or double, moved about among us for a few months; but the artist himself lived wide apart from us, isolated, but no longer shy or constrained: he had lately dwelt in a secluded upper chamber in Twilight Court, Boston, where he was preparing his famous creations, — Remorse; Fruitless; Frozen to Death; — which in conception and execution placed him at the head of American painters. His pale bride unwillingly left his side for so long as two days, in order to make up her mind, from actual observation, if it were best for him to sever his connection with us, by having his name erased from the books when it was not possible to extract the dollars from the empty exchequer. Touched by her frail appearance, Hero and myself offered to resign our little room for her use, and having done so, while crowding ourselves into inconvenient cribs and corners, felt no end of pity for the wife of the poor artist. In the afternoon, returning to the chamber for some necessary garment, it was but natural for me to stoop over the bed, where she lay quite worn out with the short journey, and impress a kiss on her pallid cheek. But she turned away with evident signs of disgust; and in the evening I overheard her ask Mrs. Grant

Smith, "What about that girl, the servant, with the Jewish name, Huldah or Salome, was it?" and I recognized at once the demon of caste, whose very existence I had forgotten.

The report of our doings and intentions brought also people from far and near, requesting admission to the society: sometimes a whole family would arrive without having previously warned us of their approach, and of course had to return as they came; for the accommodations were always extremely limited, and admitted of no sudden expansion.

Among all the members, there was not sufficient capital to embark such an enterprise fairly; and in our business department we suffered from having to compete with the world outside, where hands worked doubly cheap, in order to provide for the support, not only of those who pay in brain-work, but for that portion of society which uses neither brains nor hands to purpose,—the (in every sense) non-producers. A few wealthy persons, in sympathy with the new gospel, risked, from time to time, more or less, in aid of the movement; and we were hopefully awaiting the time when intelligent capitalists and skilled artisans, converted to the co-operative idea, should, by the establishment of manufactories, place our enterprise out of the reach of any possible danger. At present, the scholars and the dairy were our main dependence.

At one time it seemed likely that a new method for raising calves, advocated in the agricultural journals, would further our interests. The young calves, it was urged, could be brought up on hay-tea, without the aid of physiological chemistry on the mother's part. Thus the demands of

the human conscience and pocket would be harmonized, and the tremulous, plaintive lowing of the cow, together with the ineffectual struggles of her defrauded offspring, would become concerns of the dead past; since the most nutritious of hay-tea could be provided at merely nominal expense.

The professor was to test the thing; and he proceeded at once to the task. He brought into the kitchen, on several successive days, a huge discarded coffee-pot, jammed full of hay, on which he poured boiling water, and then placed it on the stove, that the more potent virtues of the herbage might be set free. It was noticeable, that, pending the experiment, he entered the kitchen, not with his customary disengaged air, but having the aspect of one, previously innocent, who had at length become entangled with criminals. He looked neither to the right hand nor the left, aware, I've no doubt, of the indignant glances cast on him by Sibylla and Margaret, who prophesied a failure of all our efforts, as they watched the not animated movements of the calf in the pasture.

"How can we expect to prosper," muttered the former, with repressed horror, "if we violate the maternal instinct in that way?" and she took evident satisfaction in observing that each day the calf belied the theory by growing weaker.

"The cow is, under this experience, progressing towards the old order we name 'civilization,' which calls for self-abnegation and the wisdom of accepting calmly the inevitable," said the ironical Don Carlos, as he passed through the kitchen, and took in the situation. As he spoke, the little fellow was seen from the window to keel over and give up the

ghost; thus in less than a week putting the theory to rout.

It was now the fall of the year; and, my small stock of money being nearly exhausted, it became necessary to consider anew the situation. Before, however, there had been time for much anxiety, word was brought me, that, if I wished to remain, and take my chances with the Association, I should be cordially accepted as a "member." And now began my first delightful experience of "Woman's Rights:" for in the meetings of the Association no distinction was made on account of sex; and a proposition could be put, discussed, and voted on, with entire freedom, by women and men alike. This new sense of power and responsibility widened my horizon, and included all the benefits I was prepared to take advantage of. It was the key-stone to the arch, the value of which I had scarcely appreciated before possessing it.

Seldom is an aspiration, or even an ambition, fulfilled according to its original form and dimensions, because of the ever-varying changes constantly taking place on the surface of character, if not at its depths. Having earned our money, we apply for our loaf, and are surprised, it is not unlikely, at the shape, the color, or at the larger or smaller proportion of it. How few of us understand that in any case we have fully our money's worth! I had prayed for arithmetic and history, and the companionship of my equals; and I had found opportunity for unlimited culture, and a company of advanced thinkers,—large-hearted, pure-minded, religious, and cosmopolitan. I was held in loving esteem by a goodly number of both young and old (forty years made the limit of the longest experience). Work had its own zest; study

adorned all that lay below it; intimate friendships filled the spaces between. If the loaf were too large, of necessity I could not appropriate the whole. I did indeed seem to be receiving my own with compound interest.

As one of the very few actual members of the Association, I could appreciate better the difficult position occupied by the heads of departments. For every thing that went wrong they were held responsible, while that which succeeded was attributed to the working of the divine idea. A quite critical phase of affairs was presented, when the table was for a short time supplied with second-best butter. This could not in the least be tolerated. If the association principle did not include the very sweetest and best of butter, it was worse than a failure, and we might as well return to cold-blooded competition at once.

At this distance of time, I understand also how great a degree of solicitude and apprehension must have been felt by the Professor and the Lady Superior concerning the almost unrestrained companionship of so many young people of both sexes. They could not know, as we did, how really noble and pure were the relationships between them. Perhaps they did rely somewhat on the fact of their mutual occupation in the higher studies, though they knew little of their common aspiration after truth. We were, besides, absorbed in books,—in Carlyle first, then in Swedenborg, Tennyson, Sterling, and Walter Savage Landor. I do not include Emerson; because he, with his "Self-Reliance," "Heroism," and the "Over-Soul," seemed an integral part of the movement itself. Such activity of the interior

and higher faculties consumed the vitality which might otherwise have wrought confusion and unseemliness. There were love-affairs, of course; but they flowed generally in an atmosphere of religious sentiment.

It was thus with Hero and Leander. After the former had refused her lover, on the ground that he was not sufficiently her senior, she devoted herself so exclusively to his welfare and happiness that a second proposal naturally followed. This, she declared, was in the true order of nature, "Because, you see, he put me in communication with him through the terrible earnestness he displayed on that occasion, while it yet took time for me to change my mind." The intercourse that subsequently took place, was, as I could plainly see, of the most innocent and beautiful character, and, beyond that, tinged with the light of a new-born reverence.

The first proposition had taken place while Hero was washing the breakfast cups in the dining-room; and the knowledge of this recalled the case of my "cousin" Tom, who had been moved, contrary to all precedent, to hand Sibyl his petition while assisting her with the dishes at the great sink in the kitchen. Now, it was not unusual when the weather was bad, for a convocation to be held in the parlor at the Hive for the informal discussion of any subject chosen by the majority. Such a season occurred during my first visit, when the question proposed was, —

"Is labor in itself ideal? or, being unattractive in character, do we in effect clothe it with the spirit we bring to it?"

Margaret and Leander insisted that it was in itself divine, as was

proven by the invigorating effect it had on character. It was *doing*, — faithful, patient repetition of material duty, of service, or production, that proved and disciplined the *will* and the reason. Such pleasure, such unflinching satisfactions, attended the most needed occupations, that surely the work must be in itself ideal!

"The garment we have expended our time and skill upon finished," said the former, "what a gratified sense of power we are conscious of! The apartment put thoroughly in order, what a delightful compensation one glance round it affords! The dinner, requiring such a combination of skill, at last on the table, a just pride is quite permissible!"

"That too much labor disgusts the mind, as well as degrades the body, is no argument against the character of the labor itself," continued Portia. "The odor of violets may be prolonged to disgust, and the finest music presently produce exasperation. So deeply imbedded in the very constitution of our being is the idea that labor is a curse, that we have woven the false sentiment into our laws, customs, and literature; and we are scarcely fit judges of its character. It is only the bravest thinking and doing, like our own, that will ever root out the error. In the old order of society, the great mass of cultivated people lack health and vigorous individuality, because they have not had the stimulus of necessity to this inexpensive but admirable means of training."

"It is Puritanism that has declared labor a curse and hideous," reiterated Erasmus. "I do not care how far back the statement was made, it has on its face the die of some antediluvian Calvin."

"We have turned aside from our

subject," said Mrs. Grant Smith. "The question was, not the uses, but the character, of labor. No one can see more plainly than myself the injustice done labor, in civilization, where the laborer has been cut off from the best culture and been virtually whipped to his task. Chattel slavery is labor slavery, only a trifle less disguised. Yet I must differ from you all, in finding any thing æsthetic in the ordinary forms of labor, — say scrubbing, washing, preparing vegetables, &c., &c. Who," she asked smiling, and in a tone that defied disapproval, "who would ever think of proposing to a girl while she was washing the dishes?"

It vexed me that I could not rise and summarily disprove the infallible dictum by adducing my cousin, who, at that moment, lay tempest-tost on his bed, because of the answer he had received to his interrogation.

This winter brought to the farm a cordial sympathizer and earnest laborer, J. S. D., and with him all sorts of talk about the meaning and uses of music, and much delicate improvisation. Soon there was a class of little ones (I see them now with their arms clasped about each other, crowding up to the instrument, where the gentle, genial master accompanied), singing from the *first* "Boston School-Singing Book," (Has there been so sweet a collection since?) and later, a larger class, who attacked the glees in "Kingsley's Choir," and presently Mozart's 7th and 12th masses. How modestly J. S. D., in a late number of "The Atlantic" speaks of the "Mass Clubs" which "sprang up" about this time, not only at Brook Farm, but in Boston, and of the writing and lecturing on the great masters, as if he himself had not been the sole instigator and indefatigable

worker, assisted, no doubt, measurably, by the articles of Miss Fuller! First, it was necessary to create a larger want for something better than the Swiss Bell-Ringers and mangled psalmody: then he set himself to work to *cause to be assembled* the talent that would supply, while it increased, the demand. It will never be known by what studied and persistent manipulation a sufficiently large public was brought to believe that Beethoven's symphonies and Mozart's masses were divine creations, and, as such, their performance should be called for by all lovers of fine music. When at length an audience, such as would justify an orchestra of eighty instruments in rehearsing some of the noblest productions of Beethoven, Haydn, and Mozart, was secured by means of subscription-tickets, a new era in the Boston musical world was inaugurated, — notwithstanding that at the outset it became necessary, through the papers, to apprise the younger portion of the said audience, that persons capable of appreciating the great composers never indulged in conversation while their compositions were being rendered. But these concerts were given, I think, the following winter; and I must return.

The Professor, J. S. D., and Don Carlos now began to give considerable attention to the formulas of the social system propounded by the untranslated Fourier. We heard a good deal of "attractions being proportioned to destinies," and of "groups and series;" and, as far as we went, there certainly seemed much incontrovertible truth and much sound practical sense in the details and the general sweep of his plan; yet, for all this, those friends with whom I was most nearly united failed to be moved by the humane Frenchman's scheme.

It suggested perfectly-made machinery, which, if it could be put together might work admirably, — go of itself. But there it was: we could never get over the 'if;' and we doubted — could the Phalanstery be erected, complete in all its appointments, even to the "Badges of Honor," and the most delectable cooking — would the soul be content abide inside the arrangement?

"No inconsiderable man, this Fourier," wrote the Dominie from his barren little chamber at the Hive to our more home-like bower at the Eyrie, after listening to some reading from the author in question, "a rare and original mind; a picture of life very fascinating and attractive to poor flesh and blood; but our nobler part protests at much which a genuine descendant of the old Puritans must always find it hard to swallow."

"I am greatly drawn of late to a close study of Fourier," wrote the Lady Superior to Sibylla. "His science of association recommends itself more and more to my feelings and conscience, and I am constrained to accept him as a man of genius, a discoverer; though I believe that in many things his system is to be modified by the spirit of our time and nation. The unfolding of the groups and series is as beautiful to me as the opening of the buds and leaves in spring, and will give a grace and charm to the actual, never imagined before."

But the only application of Fourier's principles made by us at this time was in the matter of waiting on the tables. Hitherto the desire experienced by each to wait on every other had resulted in some confusion; yet it seemed so selfish to eat while others, as hungry, stood to serve, that we had been unwilling to think of any other

plan. It had even been found necessary to call a meeting to settle the question of griddle-cakes, or no griddle-cakes; since those eating their breakfasts declared they could not enjoy that delectable food while oppressed by the thought of two or three friends, with empty stomachs, leaning over the stove cooking it. It is true that the vote taken on this occasion was in favor of that diet, the most disciplined *cuisinieres* insisting that the sight of the golden-brown cakes made the trouble a pleasure; but this obligation referred at most only to one day in seven, and certain self-sacrificing women *would* make more or less confusion, during the other twenty, out of the twenty-one meals. Now Don Carlos managed to organize a group of servitors, comprising four of the most elegant youths in the community, — the son of a Louisiana planter, a young Spanish hidalgo from Manilla, a rudimentary free-soiler from Hingham, and, if I remember rightly, the brother of Gen. B.; and these, with one accord, elected their handsome and beloved tutor chief. It is scarcely necessary to observe that the business was henceforth attended to with such a courtly grace, such ease and promptness, that the change was welcomed by every one; although it did seem at first very much as if we were all acting a play. The group with their chief took their dinner, which had been kept warm for them, afterwards, and were waited on with distinguished consideration; yet I confess I never could become entirely reconciled to the new arrangement.

It was now winter; and, instead of boating, the scholars took to skating: those from the tropics, who had never before stood on ice, could not have enough of the fascinating sport. Sometimes, but not often, a party,

including the older members of the community, with sleds and skates, would make the moonlight on the river social. In the crisp starlight, wearing an improvised bloomer-suit, I took my first lessons in the art from Portia; and, returning over the desolate snow-covered fields, we exchanged records, and from that time became more and more intimate. One Sunday, seeking health and solitude at the same time, we decided to steal off unobserved to the river, passing by way of the solemn cathedral of the woods, the more fully to enjoy the religious serenity of the sabbath. A gracious silence flowed all around us, unbroken by insect or bird; and, having thus far succeeded in our plans, we were a little chagrined, on reaching the frozen stream, to see, just in advance of us, Erasmus, with his friend William. So, after fastening on our skates, we lingered, in order that they might distance us, when, following slowly, a deep bend in the river brought a church-spire into view; and forthwith we saw Erasmus fall on his knees, and clasp his hands together as if in prayer, and, after a few moments, rise, take off his skates, and, fording his way through the unbroken snow of the bank, approach in the direction of the not distant church.

"He will certainly not go in there with that old checked blouse on, and the skates in his hand?" said Portia.

"Yes, he will, though," replied William: "the sight of a church-spire calls out all his devotional feeling, which has no relation to his dress, you know. He'll walk up the middle aisle, and kneel down at the altar steps, and astonish all the respectable people in the pews, who will hold their breaths in amazement, supposing he has just escaped from some insane asylum. Meanwhile, having satisfied his reli-

gious sentiment by repeating such prayers of Socrates, Epictetus, or Taylor, as arise in his heart, he'll come out as composed, and all unconscious of the impression he has created."

And, sure enough, in about ten minutes he joined us, looking very tranquil and happy; and after talking a while about the greater simplicity of Catholic countries, where the church-doors are always open, and no market-woman or ragged child but can step in and ask a blessing at any hour of the day or night, he put on his skates, and, bowing us a courteous farewell, pushed rapidly up the river and out of sight. The silence was now broken; and it was but natural that the conversation should fall on him who had been the cause of it.

"I will tell you," said Portia, "that I like him better, and love him less, every day. No one at the farm has been of so much service to me as he has. I feel towards him very much as you do to the Dominic." "Oh, no, indeed!" I interrupted: "I love the Dominic, and like him too, more every day. If people only *liked* me, I should want to die right away. I thought you and Erasmus were quite intimate."

"So we are, I rejoice to say. No one appears more true than he; and his mind is as pure and simple as a child's. But then, while I approach him more nearly, it is still in a less *personal* spirit."

"You are all, I see, very different from myself. I love personally; for instance, do you suppose I love your qualities? Why, bless you, I love the braids of your hair, and the bows on your shoes. It is the peculiar *you* that makes me happy," I said.

"And I like you for saying so, although it conflicts with much of the

transcendental philosophy. But I was telling you what a help Erasmus has been to me with my music. I never should have dared to stumble through the chords and cadences in the "Men of Prometheus" and "Fidelio," if he did not sometimes hurry down stairs, and, drawing a chair beside the piano, ask me to repeat certain passages in the wonderful story. I spell out the grand sentences most awkwardly; but he, too, gets at the meaning, he says, so I dare go on. While I execute in the execrable manner I do, I am yet drinking in life, fullest life. I tremble with emotion as I seem to be carried along in the great struggles of Humanity; and I am part and parcel of the success of the future. I hope one day to have children in whom these hesitating instincts of mine shall blossom out, freed and glorified. But look at the clouds; let them talk now."

Our German class was absorbed in Novalis's Hymns; and a discussion on the nature of Jesus was inevitable.

"Wenn ich ihn nur habe,
Wenn er mein nur ist,"

quoted Margaret. I cannot imagine any such mystical relation between me and the great Teacher. To me Jesus was a brave, good man. I can just imagine him, with his wonderful insight, looking, without intention, into the shallow depths of those he was constantly meeting: seeing their crooked and crumpled hulls, and all their selfishness, which he knew was only blindness, and their grossness, which was blindness too; and back of all that, the inmost spirit, pure as seed-wheat. And now that we have this new chapter of magnetism opened to us, we can easily understand how he could heal the sick by sending a measure of his subtle vital forces into the exhausted nerves of the receptive

and believing. If you say he was the Deity, and talk about possessing him in any other sense than that in which we possess the example and teaching of a lesser soul, then my beloved, tender hero disappears, — his example is no help to me; for the Deity, in the meanest form, would be eternally conscious that good and truth are alone valuable, and the suggestion that he could be tempted is childish."

"Then," said Sibylla, "we sweep away at a stroke all the poetry of the Christian ages, all the heroism born of a belief in a divine atoning Saviour."

"I believe it was love of love, that alone moved the world," said Portia; "and, whenever the theory of an atoning Saviour made an impression, the result was bitter feuds, brutality, Inquisitions. I do not even like to meet at every turn the cross, reminding me of the cruel (but temporary) suffering of our Elder Brother. Why should I remember my mother, as she lay slowly dying of a lingering disease? On the contrary, I love to recall her face and figure when she was in full health, and on one special occasion, when she praised our efforts at self-control, saying, —

"Remember, my dears, you have the benefit of a whole generation of progress. You must demand great things of yourselves."

"Yes: I wholly agree with you," replied Margaret. "The thought of Jesus trying to inspire with some higher hopes and aims his poor oppressed countrymen in the villages and country places of Judæa, stopping to comfort this sad or sinful woman, to awaken a soul in that debased or down-trodden man, fills my heart with perpetual admiration and love. Call him 'God,' and I feel only a perplexed awe."

"If we could only be spared for a week, and could go to Concord and consult with Mr. Emerson," said Sibylla, as she gazed dreamily out of the poor little window of the room, — her room in which we had congregated, — "we should come back with clearer vision, restful and glad. His impressions would be worth more to us than the clenched reasoning of others." Her violet eyes eagerly strained forward. In spirit she was evidently tramping over the frozen Concord road.

"If we could only go to the master," she sighed, addressing herself to Portia. "We need only be absent a week, and we could walk all the way. One day to Waltham, where we could stop at my aunt's; one thence to Concord; and one for the chance of not seeing the seer the first evening. You, dear, could wear my new check-bonnet, and I should be comfortable in the old one with a veil."

"I cannot help laughing," I said, "at the great value you put on Mr. Emerson's insight and judgment; for Mrs. Enge once spoke of him in my presence as a lunatic. She went to school to him when she was a girl, and all the scholars adored him, she said; but he had allowed himself to drift into a most deplorable state of moral and intellectual obliquity. The curious part of it was, that she held him responsible for his unfortunate condition."

Sibylla, as I said, had long ago vanished. Now we heard that Camilla would shortly arrive; and she was to remain, certainly during the winter, as a boarder. Rooms of more ample dimensions than any of the others had been assigned to her; and we hoped that the jewelled grasshopper in her hair, and the soft laces that clothed her shoulders, and fell over

her small firm hands, on the occasion of her first appearance among us as a visitor, did but foreshadow the paintings, the marbles, and antique furniture which we heard composed her present surroundings, and which we hoped would accompany her to her country exile. It is true, I saw people rather than their apparel or furniture; but entire abstinence from these concomitants of wealth had not in the least degree deadened our appreciation of external beauty and elegance. One chipper, industrious little woman at the Farms advanced, mildly, a "sackcloth" doctrine of her own, and refused to wear so much as a plain linen collar while slaves toiled unpaid; one other quoted, in a colder spirit,

"And the garment in which she shines
Was woven of many sins."

The rest of us hailed with undisguised pleasure the advent among us of a small engraving, or a more delicate and brilliant piece of apparel.

Camilla had been more than a month at the Farm before she and I had exchanged a word. Then it happened that the young woman whose duty it was to mop the stairs and entries of the building to which Camilla's presence lent its principal character was taken ill, and it fell on me to make good her place. Busy with my work, I did not notice the moment when the door of the parlor opened, nor dreamed that the penetrating eyes of its occupant were bent on me, till a voice in tones of most touching entreaty, tones that recalled wailing winds and innocent childhood, at once said, —

"Could you, my dear, do you think, drop your work, and oblige me by spending a few moments in my room?"

I consented, and soon found myself

charmed by her spontaneous, energetic speech; and her manner, which expressed deference, simplicity, and warmth, was quite peculiar and fascinating to me. This short, and to me brilliant, tête-à-tête ushered in a long series of interviews, as earnest, if less striking. I was only puzzled by the vehement ejaculations she indulged in during our first meeting, such as "God bless me!" and "extraordinary mistake," looking around into the corners of the ceiling meanwhile, as if seeking there a solution of her perplexity. I learned casually, when we had become well acquainted, that the kiss I had bestowed on Rückhalt's bride had caused much prejudice against me in the mind of her friend Camilla, and her surprise at the vanishing imp had expressed itself in interjections.

To my mind, no pictures or vases were necessary to the rooms Camilla lived in. A few hung on the walls, a few miniature copies of ancient marbles found place in corners; but for these I had lost my interest. She possessed the gift which made her a fine dramatic reader; and, when once she had assumed a character, she so lost herself in it, that if it happened to be Iago, or some other villain, and I the one he hated, I sat in dread lest she might forget mere personation, and, reaching over the table, should stab me with her imaginary poinard.

I did not wonder that "Father Taylor," the sailor-preacher, came out sometimes to hear her read the "Ancient Mariner" (did she ever read Mrs. Browning's "Mother and Poet," I wonder?) or, that the Water-Necken, who proved so susceptible to her magnetism, should like to bask in her generous shadow; or that she should prove such a pillar of strength in the weak hour that comes to all of us; or

that Oraculum Basilius, the large, angular, able advocate of Catholicism, never failed, after paying his regular visit to his brother convert Torquemada, to spend an hour in argument with Camilla.

Oraculum, who had dealt blows with a smith's hammer in the debate between capital and labor, standing foremost in demanding better conditions for labor and skill, in the second year of Brook Farm surrendered his arms, and rushed into the Church. This done, he acknowledged but one object in life; viz., to prove the Catholic Church the centre of the Cosmos; and he out-Heroded Herod, in his fierce devotion to the cause he had espoused. I happened to be with Camilla on an evening when this unpolished, positive man made his usual call; and the passage-at-arms I was then permitted to witness stands out clear before my mind to-day. After a little sparring, Oraculum suddenly rose, and, planting himself with vehement gesture in a chair that faced his opponent, said, —

"You do not place yourself on my stand-point. I say, you Protestants are a mere handful of restless, disunited vagabonds, while our Church is still a unit, and still a refuge for the greatest minds."

"My dear friend," replied Camilla, smiling, "you must not forget, that it is through the talent, through the greater individuality generated in free Protestantism, and which is transferred to the Church in the converts she makes now and then, that she keeps her tyrannical head above water to-day. I am as intimate with Romanism as with dissent; and I do not hesitate to say that the former is in deadly opposition to liberty. In fact, she takes freedom by the throat on every possible occasion, carefully mak-

ing the sign of the cross meanwhile. What is such a unit worth?"

"Every thing. Without it chaos would come again in more appalling shape than ever. I have in my pocket a book I selected from the bishop's library, because it just suits your case. I refuse to argue with you more, since you are in so irreligious a frame of mind."

"I want to ask you just one question," urged Camilla. "Do you approve of the priests of the Inquisition roasting off the feet of the children?"

"Certainly I do," he replied. "It was much better they should have their feet roasted off in this world, than that their souls should roast eternally in the next."

"What have you done with Torquemada? Three years ago he had a most ingenuous, transparent, human expression in his eyes. I don't know what you are doing with him that transforms this into a cunning, unscrupulous expression, which makes me afraid we may one day find ourselves blown up by a second Guy Fawkes."

"Prejudice, most wicked prejudice," said Oraculum, bringing his fist heavily down on the table. "That young man is destined to become a bright light in our holy Church; and I expect to see you, with many others, on your knees before him, claiming his prayers, as well as the intercession of the Mother of God. I bid you good-night," and he left in disgust.

"Nothing ever gave me more pleasure," said Camilla to me, when we were alone together, "than the other day the sight of Torquemada's mother rising in her simple dignity from the midst of a crowd of praying priests whom her son had sent to convert her. 'I love my son John,' she said ' (I

know no one by the name of Torquemada); but I was at peace with God before he was born, and I am certain that giving myself up to the influences and ceremonies of his new religion would only put a thick veil between me and my Maker, and take away that peace. You are welcome to pray for my conversion, my friends, provided you do it away from my premises. I not only pray to God my Father every day, but I look around among men, my brothers, to see if I can help them; and in this last prayer I don't believe you can get ahead of me.' And the manner in which that upright old lady sailed out of the back-parlor into the kitchen gave permanent tone to my nervous system."

I remember that one morning, after an interview the night before with Oraculum, the Professor appeared at breakfast fatigued instead of refreshed by his night's sleep; and inquiry after his health elicited the following facts. Catholic converts of such marked ability as Oraculum were at once put through a course of Latin and Greek, the better to fit them for the service of the Church. But the not plastic vocal organs of the mature, self-made men were apt to make sad havoc with spondees and dactyls. The vigorous champion of the rights of labor was no exception to the rule; yet, pleased no doubt with the flexibility and expansiveness of a language which gave the verb *amare* a hundred and twenty inflections to the English five, he could not help occasionally displaying his new acquisition. The Professor, with his finely-disciplined ear, shuddered at the linguistic immorality, and the false vowels haunted his dreams of the night. It seems he had followed a crowd into the church, and Oraculum had been appointed his

confessor. He made no objection to this; and, at a signal being given, proceeded to the confessional, where his old friend and newly-made Father lent attentive ear to the recital of his manifold transgressions. The affair of the calf, among others, had assumed gigantic proportions. Having finished, the Father said sternly, —

“Kneel, my son, and for-penance repeat after me the 58th Psalm in the Latin Vulgate;” upon which the Professor, in mortal agony, cried out, —

“O Lord, my punishment is greater than I am able to bear!” and woke up, trembling from head to foot.

A RESPONSE.

A MESSAGE came to me upon the wind, —
 Upon the sweet south-west, — a whisper low,
 Unto my ready ear and waiting heart, —
 Unto mine only.

It came to me, this welcome zephyr kind,
 Telling of him of whom I fain would know;
 Telling me how my true knight sits apart
 In silence lonely.

Oh, turn not back again, thou gentle breeze!
 But tell me, o'er and o'er, he thinks of me.
 Thy voice is sweeter so than human tone,
 Or music's pleading.

But some sweet bird, who from these fading trees
 Doth southward fly, my messenger shall be
 To tell him that I also sit alone,
 His presence needing.

Oh, safely speed, dear bird! through sun and shower,
 And tell not my sweet secret on the way.
 Comfort his loneliness with cheerful song,
 Early and late.

Perch near his window high at sunset hour;
 Tell him for him I hope and watch and pray;
 Though happy, yet for him I daily long,
 And trustful wait.

The Examiner.

As poor Paris resumes her accustomed occupation, and as the men of Germany doff their uniforms and weapons, the first signs appear of a return to the regular courses of publication in the great literary centres of Europe.

The "Revue des Deux Mondes" offended the *Commune* by the severity of its articles of the 15th of May, and the *Commune* suspended it. But before the "*quinzaine*" was out, the *Commune* itself was no more; and thus, on the 1st of June, this fearless phoenix, which outlives all fires and furies of the France from which it is born, came cheerfully to light again, with its bitter analysis of the cruelties of Prussia and the follies of the false Republic. Cut off one head of such Hydras, and you find in the next month you have two.

Our loyal and intelligent friend M. Laboulaye, in a very important article on the necessity of two Houses of Legislature in the government of a Republic, teaches a lesson which it is to be hoped France may learn. Our American experience furnishes text and illustration for this lesson, as indeed for most of the political articles of France at this hour. To this subject, so little understood by the popular publicists, it will be our duty, in an early issue, to return.

The annihilation of a nation is a phenomenon which occurs so seldom, that the fate of poor Paraguay has an interest all its own. We have been urged once and again to discuss her fortunes; but have preferred to wait till a competent hand could abridge for us the whole story. Every reader of history sees its importance.

PARAGUAY.

UNTIL the death of the dictator, Francia, in 1840, Paraguay remained literally a sealed book. In 1854, during the rule of the first Lopez, an expedition, under the command of Lieut. Page, then of our navy, as-

cended to the head-waters of the Paraguay; but his report, which was largely confined to meteorological and geographical observations, gave no satisfactory information of the society, government, or character of the people, as no effort was made to

pierce the gloom in which, for centuries, the nation had been shrouded.

The particular work which now suggests this subject as one of practical interest at this time is Mr. Washburn's history.¹ It gives the first authentic account of the life of a people which, until now, has been enveloped in mystery, and which, for utter hopelessness and wide-spread misery, has hardly a parallel in the range of history.

Of the writer's opportunities for the study, whose results have been so handsomely printed by his publishers, it is probably not too much to say, that no foreigner leaving Paraguay has enjoyed such freedom of personal relations with the people, or such advantages of official connection with the government. And although a participant in the diplomatic history of the country of which he writes, and feeling the rigors of the despotism he describes, we fail to see that he is any the less fitted for his task as the historian of a political system which has resulted in the practical destruction of an entire people; nor do we need to say more than this of the sustained and terrible interest of the book.

It must be remembered, as we think of the isolation of Paraguay, so successfully maintained, and of

the general ignorance which prevailed concerning this people, that, during the dark and bloody dictatorship of Francia, their character had so deteriorated from fear, that there was no motive, even if there had been literary intelligence enough, to write a history. In his time, indeed, to have been seen *writing* would have been proof sufficient of a conspiracy; and the scribe would have been hurried to his death. Thus, only after Dr. Francia's death, was it possible that these or any historical records could be made.

Unlike other nations that had closed their doors against foreign intercourse, there was no system of internal industry which could give them, as in the case of China and Japan, entire independence of the outside world. Paraguay was indeed independent; but it was the independence of the Digger Indian, whose wants are few. The civilization of the country was so low, and the ambition of the people had so long been under the trip-hammer of a despot, that they had no dreams beyond the long siesta of indolence, with which their own natural indisposition to labor, no less than the climate, had much to do. The soil, being naturally fertile, produced all the sugarcane, mandioca, and corn that the people required for their own use; and, as nothing was exported, there was no inducement to strive for any thing more, while the vast herds of cattle furnished all the meat needed by the population. There was no improvement, therefore, in agriculture; and the system and implements remained as rude as that of Spain four hundred years before. In manufacturing industry, there had been no development beyond the working of the precious metals for

¹The History of Paraguay, with Notes of Personal Observations, and Reminiscences of Diplomacy under Difficulties. By Charles A. Washburn, Commissioner and Minister-Resident of the United States at Asuncion, from 1861 to 1868. In two volumes. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard, & Dillingham.

The War in Paraguay, with an Historical Sketch of the Country and its People, and Notes upon the Military Engineering of the War. By George Thompson, C.E., Lieut.-Colonel of Engineers in the Paraguayan Army, Aide-de-Camp to President Lopez. Published in England. 1870.

Paraguayan Investigation. Report No. 65. Forty-first Congress, second session.

Congressional Debates upon the Paraguay Question. Congressional Globe, Jan. 6 and 7, 1871.

personal adornment, or the enriching of the shrines of devotion, and the spinning and weaving of coarse fabrics by a process as primitive as that in the days of Penelope. The labor required for decent clothing was so great, that the people soon learned to go half naked, and to think nothing of it. A single bullock's hide in those days would buy, in Buenos Ayres, more cloth than a woman could make in a year. But the hides were worthless where they lay; because it was Francia's will that there should be no exchange.

From Francia's accession to power until the second Lopez was hunted to death 18 months ago in the Cordilleras, the history of the Paraguayan people is one prolonged tragedy. History makes no such record. Philip II. was mild and humane in any comparison that could be made between him and Francia; and the horrors of the French Revolution are in no way comparable to the tortures and executions ordered by Lopez, who determined, and frankly admitted his determination, that in his death his nation should die.

Before he assumed the absolute rule of the country, Francia was known as a silent, reserved man, — a recluse in his habits; who maintained an air of mystery in his surroundings, making at the same time great pretensions to learning. Entirely unsympathetic in his relations with others, a man of stupid self-conceit, and without claims to greatness, but with a consuming ambition to rule, he advanced to the front at the close of a revolution, and seized the power which was waiting to be seized. His mode of life was simple and regular. He found no satisfaction in the pleasures of the table; although, before he aspired to power, he was a grossly

immoral man. He never favored his relations at the expense of the State; for that would have been at his own expense, since the whole income of the country was neither more nor less than his salary. And should any person have had the temerity to inquire how the revenue was spent, he would soon have found himself where his complaints would not have reached beyond four prison-walls. He seemed to be absolutely destitute of natural affection. He recognized no such thing as the ties of kindred. His nearest relatives were put to death for no reason that could be assigned, other than that the people were to be impressed with his *absolute* power. For twenty-nine years he lived in the constant fear of assassination. In the early days of his power, he ordered that every person who happened to be in the street as he passed, should stand motionless, with his arms by his side and his head bowed, until he had gone by. Later, his guards were frequently instructed to cut down with the sabre all who chanced to be in the route he happened to take through the city; until at last, when it was known that he was abroad, the streets would be suddenly deserted, as if a wild beast were loose, and raging at his will. For sixteen years he never conversed with any human being, further than to give answer to some unhappy subject who entered his dark and narrow room as a suppliant; even to his servants he maintained a gloomy taciturnity. They never dared to tell him of the household necessities, but would contrive to be near him, and, as if speaking to each other, would say that there was no money or *milk* or *yerba*, naming the particular want of the hour; and he would supply their need.

A government like that of Francia could only be supported by force and by the pressure of fear. The espionage was so searching and thorough, that people at last believed that even their thoughts were known to the dictator; and the belief was prevalent, that it was obtained only by supernatural means. There was, in consequence, universal distrust. Neither laughter nor social converse, except in subdued tones and on the most commonplace topics, was known in Paraguay. Suspicion at once fastened upon any group of men who by accident came together. There was no freedom of conversation anywhere. Restraint was upon the lips of all; and woe to him, who, hearing a word even unwittingly dropped that might be construed into a criticism of the ruling power, did not instantly reveal it. The possession of such knowledge suspected by the dictator or his spies, would subject both the unfortunate speaker and listener to imprisonment or death as conspirators. Even the spies were watched, and were compelled by the constant fear of arrest to a redoubled vigilance. This espionage extended through every department of the social life of Paraguay. The confidences of the confessional were invaded, the security of the home was destroyed, and the trust and sweetness of the family life, as we know it in our own country, was at this time a thing unknown. Husband and wife, children and parents, servants and masters, were all under this nightmare of apprehension, lest some chance word of discontent should fall; which, being overheard, must be reported, or the whole family be subjected to imprisonment.

For nearly a generation, this black pall of despair rested upon Paraguay, which suffered a moral deterioration,

with which the physical sufferings, the crowded prisons, the executions of the *banquillo*, were not to be named in comparison. Heroic virtue seemed to have died out of the people. They felt themselves incapable of resistance against a compact machinery of despotism, which for nearly half a century had had its way.

In the last twenty years of this reign, there was little that could be called history. It was only a dark level of crime,—an era of national distress. The authorities all agree in this; and in the streets of Montevideo and Buenos Ayres as well as of Assuncion are those, who, having survived this unfortunate nation, are ever ready with their pitiful tales of sorrow to confirm it.

El Supremo was the title of this despot. His name was rarely spoken in Paraguay; and for years after his death, when reference was made to him, the words "*El Defunto*" were uttered with bated breath, in whispered tones, and with furtive glances, such was the superstitious fear of the people concerning him.

He was succeeded by Carlos Antonio Lopez, a man of disreputable origin, the reputed, and only the reputed, father of the second Lopez. He was probably without a gross, sanguinary disposition, but was avaricious of wealth, and as absolute in his rule as ever Francia had been. At first he desired to cultivate friendly relations with foreign governments, and opened his ports to a free commerce; but this policy was soon changed. The restraints of international law were more than his arbitrary will could endure; and he found himself in constant trouble with other nations. His reputed son, Francisco Solano Lopez, was sent as minister to various European Courts. He plunged recklessly

into the dissipations of the French capital, and there met the woman Lynch, whose influence afterwards was so terrible in Paraguay. While on this mission, the young Lopez made arrangements for the manufacture and shipment of arms and munitions of war, and for the necessary machinery for the establishment of an arsenal in Paraguay; and, of this dictatorship of twenty-one years, no incident had so important a bearing upon the future history of that country as this embassy abroad. Its result was the accumulation of the material and enginery of war, with a purpose of making that peaceful nation a nation of soldiers, who should obey the behests of her ruler in any schemes of ambition or of glory which might fire his imagination. The last years of this rule were employed not only in drawing tighter the ligaments of despotism, but in developing to the utmost the military spirit and resources of the nation. In failing health, although retaining the power in his own hands, the father intrusted the details of administration to his son; and, upon his death, Francisco Solano Lopez became the marshal-president of Paraguay. This was in September, 1862.

We have seen in this brief review how little claim the government of Paraguay has to be called a republic; and we shall see, as we proceed, how the tyranny enacted there finds its only parallel in the darkest days of the Inquisition, and the worst hours of the Council of Three in the dungeons of Venice.

The only ideas of government then existing in Paraguay were derived from Francia. His system was the model. Espionage was the great engine of power; and this art the younger Lopez learned to perfection. He was

a man of quick perceptions, conversing fluently; and, when in good humor, his manners were courteous and agreeable. His face was broad and flat, and had more of the negro than Indian in its character. He was grossly animal in his habits; giving way to excesses both in eating and drinking, and growing at last so corpulent as to make any photograph of his figure seem to be but a caricature.

His first public acts were to cause the arrest of those persons who had enjoyed most the confidence of the late president; among whom were the chief justice of Paraguay and two of the executive council. These prisoners, after years of abuse and torture, either died or were executed.

The two years which elapsed between the accession of the younger Lopez to power, and the Paraguayan war, were employed by him in preparation for the conflict. At the time of these preparations, he probably had not determined with whom the war was to be waged; that was with him a secondary matter. His purpose was to make Paraguay a military nation, to enlarge her borders, and to gain a commanding influence on that continent; and war was to be her education and her means of glory. An enemy could be easily found when he was ready. A standing army of forty thousand men was raised and drilled, a fleet of twenty steamers was secured, arsenals and foundries were built, vast stores of war-material were imported; and with the perfection of preparation came the opportunity.

The causes of the Paraguayan war have already had a full and able exposition in a recent number of this journal, by a most competent historian of that struggle; and we will only recapitulate in a dozen lines the information there given. In a time of pro-

found peace on the La Plata, Lopez seized a Brazilian merchant-steamer proceeding to Matto Grosso, having on board the new president of that Brazilian colony, recently appointed by the emperor. This act of war was followed by the occupation of the Argentine Province of Corrientes, and the capture by surprise of two Argentine men-of-war, which were quietly anchored in the river. A combination of two governments was thus made against Paraguay, which resulted in a triple alliance; which, by its terms, was to continue until the government of Lopez was overthrown.

The policy of Lopez after the first year of the war was a defensive one; but, with the masterly inactivity of the allies who formed a blockade in the river, and practically themselves remained on the defensive, little progress was made, until in 1869 the young Count d'Eu (son-in-law of the emperor of Brazil, and grandson of King Louis Philippe of France), with the vigorous culture of the European schools, assumed the command. Up to this time, the Brazilian conduct of the war had been timid and spiritless, and entirely characteristic of the weak, unambitious temperament of the nation. For four years its resources had been severely taxed. Its currency had depreciated; and discontent and murmurings were freely heard in Rio Janeiro. The nation had come to that point where success was vital to its own stability; and with the change of commanders came also the determination, that no longer should the fruit of victories be relinquished to the enemy, as had so often been done in the past.

The rank and file of the Paraguayan army fought with desperation, knowing that Lopez never tolerated defeat either in officers or men, and that to

fail was to have the consequences inflicted not only upon themselves, but upon their families. Yet their courage and desperation were of but little avail, with the knowledge that the marshal-president himself was ready to yield at any point when the superior artillery and resources of the enemy were brought resolutely to bear; and, in consequence, no important success on their part was ever achieved.

Before the close of the second year of the war, there was not a single able-bodied man in the country, between the ages of eighteen and sixty, who was not, in some way, in the government service; and it was not long before even the women, between the ages of sixteen and sixty, were conscripted. The weapon which they were instructed in the use of was the lance. In the interior, no exemptions were allowed. The daughters of the most wealthy and respectable citizens were required, equally with the slaves and peons, to don the uniform, take the lance, and learn the drill. None of the companies thus organized were ever sent as soldiers to the army; but thousands were sent as laborers to keep the camps in order, to cut wood, and even to work in the trenches. The mortality in consequence was frightful. This was one step in the depopulation of the country.

Count d'Eu promptly entered upon his campaign, inspiring the army and fleet with his own tireless energy and resolution; and Lopez soon found that he had no trifle to deal with.

As far as it could be gathered together, the whole Paraguayan population, numbering, as has been estimated, some three hundred thousand, was withdrawn with the army on its steady retreat. Of this number, according to the best estimate, about two hundred and seventy-five thou-

sand were women and children. The conscription was so unsparring, that even boys of nine or ten years were taken for soldiers; which is the ground for the belief, that, of the vast numbers of non-combatants embraced in this retreat, nearly all were females. It was the will of Lopez that no Paraguayans should fall into the hands of the allies; and parties were sent in all directions to drive in, and keep in the front, the women and children who were scattered through the country. To do this, (we quote from Mr. Washburn,) "More troops were required than could be spared by Lopez; and the scouting-parties, where they found a crowd of women and children too numerous to be driven into the interior before being overtaken by the allies, indiscriminately slaughtered them." With scarcely any thing to eat, except what they could pick up in the woods of a deserted country, wild oranges, and the nuts of the palm-tree, which were produced in great abundance, these poor creatures were sacrificed by tens of thousands. Driven at the point of the lance through weary marches, exhausted for want of food, their cup of sorrow full, children and mothers lingering in agony, witnessing atrocities without a name, they died where they fell, when they could walk no longer, or survived only to be cut down by the orders of the president.

Were any evidence needed to confirm this wholesale butchery besides the known fact of the depopulation of the country, it would have been found in the mutilated bodies and the whitened bones of multitudes scattered through the woods on this long retreat, which tells the story of suffering, crime, and blood, as no language can utter it.

But there must be a digression here,

to consider briefly a matter which has been the subject of Congressional investigation, concerning the conduct of Admiral Godon, in command of our squadron in the South-American waters during the years 1865 to 1867, — a digression entirely justified by the national sensitiveness that officers stationed abroad to guard the interests of the Republic should so deport themselves as to bring no discredit upon the nation whose interests and good name they represent.

For two years previous to the death of the first Lopez, our Minister Resident at Assuncion, was Charles A. Washburn. Before the commencement of hostilities, he had received leave of absence from the State Department, and returned to the United States. During his absence of eight months, the war had made progress, and Paraguay was blockaded; and when, on his return to Assuncion, he reached Rio Janeiro, he found that all communication between the mouth of the river and Paraguay had ceased. But, as we had a squadron in those waters, no delay was anticipated in reaching his destination. Application was made to Admiral Godon, who advised the minister that he should soon go to Buenos Ayres, and would then detach a vessel to take him to Paraguay. Six weeks after, he did arrive at the river; but, to the mortification of Americans there, declined to place him at the destination to which he was accredited by his government. Determined to reach his post, however, he set forth in a river-packet for the camp of the allied army; but permission to pass was refused. Eight thousand miles from home, with an unwilling admiral to second his claims, and with no power to force the blockade, he was kept in a position of humiliating dependence

for thirteen months, interrupted in his great public business, and compelled to wait until his government could come to his relief. Here was an accredited minister of the United States, appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, impertuning for over a year our own officers, the allied commanders, and the allied governments; at one time at Corrientes, at another at Buenos Ayres; exhausting every means to secure a passage to his destination; and only forwarded upon the peremptory orders of our government, and after every excuse for further delay had been exhausted; and, as was proved in the Congressional examination, forwarded only after suggestions had been made on the part of the admiral to Commander Crosby, of "The Shamrokin," to take advantage of such impediments as circumstances might offer, with the evident determination, that, if he could prevent it, the minister never should reach his post. Thus, in direct violation of international law, the allies were encouraged in their course by the conduct of the admiral, who had the right, and in this instance the power, to force a passage at his will. And, at the last, it was only when Mr. Seward instructed our minister at Rio Janeiro to demand his passports in case of a refusal to accede to our demand, and after it was apparent to the Brazilian admiral that Capt. Crosby was prepared to fight his way through the blockading fleet, that permission was given for Mr. Washburn to pass on to his destination.

The reasons assigned by Admiral Godon, as given in his testimony before the investigating committee of Congress, are puerile. He was not placed on that station to judge of the fitness of a minister appointed by the

President, nor to decide for the government on the importance of the mission, but to execute in good faith the spirit, as well as the letter, of his instructions; and Congress was right when, by so large a vote, it passed its resolutions of censure.

On his arrival in Paraguay, Mr. Washburn found the entire country under a reign of terror. The laws and usages of civilized nations were ignored; foreign residents were incarcerated, tortured, killed, and no reasons were ever given. The dungeons were filled with helpless people, loaded with fetters or with iron bars riveted to their ankles; and once to enter under the shadow of these charnel-houses was to leave hope behind.

We give here the testimony before the Congressional committee of Dr. Stewart, an English surgeon, long a resident of Paraguay, and chief of the medical staff of Lopez during the war:—

"For months innocent individuals were dragged before the tribunals by order of the Paraguayan Domitian. Hundreds were brought from the provinces heavily ironed. Torture was all but indiscriminately applied; and those who survived its barbarities were put to death, as well those who denied, as those who confessed themselves guilty of the crimes falsely laid to their charge. This scene of butchery went on almost daily until December last. The shrieks of personal acquaintances writhing under the lash are still ringing in my ears, and the spectacle of their disfigured, lacerated, and rag-covered bodies, stretched on the ground, unsheltered from the weather day and night, in the most rigorous season of the year, still haunts my sight. No fewer than eight hundred persons, comprising natives of nearly every country in the

civilized world, were massacred during those terrible months from June to December. I name two or three of the victims most to be pitied, perhaps, where all were to be pitied, — name them in proof that I can substantiate every word I relate. Mr. William Stark, an English merchant, who had carried on business for fourteen years in Paraguay, and had amassed a considerable fortune, was dragged out of a sick bed, sent in irons to Lopez's camp; and subjected as he was to every indignity, as well as suffering from dysentery, was soon released from his miseries by death. His wife and six children were turned out of their home, and if yet alive, and not having fallen into the friendly hands of the allies, are probably wandering in the forests, half naked and starving, with the surviving population of weak and tender outcasts like themselves. Mr. Newman, after many months' imprisonment, and laboring under severe illness, was similarly sent to the camp, and ultimately expired under the lash. Mr. John Watts, engineer, experienced like treatment, but was shot; his crime, the having sought refuge at the United-States legation."

From the testimony of another witness, we quote as follows: —

"The gloom of my cell was so deep, that, to any one entering from without, it would have seemed total darkness. The mud floor was beneath the level of the court-yard; and the walls, beams, and even my mattress on its under side, were covered with fungoid growths, green and slimy from mouldiness. Next to my cell was an open corridor, where a great number were confined in chains. Through a chink in the thick boards, I could sometimes see these prisoners as they passed in front of my door.

They were of all ages, — some old men, others but boys; but all reduced to the last stage of emaciation, — mere brown skin and bone. Each had one pair of heavy fetters riveted to his ankles (rough with callosities and cicatrices of old wounds); some had two; and one man bore on his skeleton-like legs three heavy bars, which swung backwards and forwards as he slowly shuffled along. I think the fact of hearing, without being able to see, the infliction of the punishments made them more terrible. To hear the dull, heavy thud of the stick, wielded by those stalwart, pitiless corporals, and to know that it was descending on living flesh, quivering in agony, made me fairly faint and sick with horror.

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 "One afternoon a poor fellow was *estacado*, horizontally crucified, just beneath my window.

.
 "After hours of such torments I would often see them carried back again, pale and bleeding, — a piteous spectacle."

With an improvement even on Francia's system of espionage, every utterance of dissatisfaction, and every doubt expressed of the final success of Lopez, was visited with a terrible retribution. The rigorous conscription of young and old, the confiscation of property, the sufferings untold of the prisons, from which a victim rarely escaped, — all these accumulating distresses of the people must have caused at least sensations of despair, even if there were no secret imprecations of vengeance upon the head of the destroyer. Even those nearest to the Dictator in counsel and apparent sympathy were watched. No service, or proofs of fidelity, could disarm

him of the impression that all around him were secretly his enemies, until at last the conviction of conspiracies so inflamed his imagination, that his ferocity of character seemed to increase by the victims it fed itself upon. The favorites of to-day were under arrest to-morrow. No position was too high, no services too faithful or commanding in their character, to cause exceptions to his sweeping condemnations.

The representatives of other foreign governments had all been withdrawn from Paraguay; and at this time the treatment of our own minister was so wanting in courtesy, so ominous of evil in its character, that his request for his recall was forwarded to the State department. Mr. Washburn had received under his roof some forty persons of various nationalities, who had appealed to him for protection. He was guided in this course, not only by a common humanity, but by the clearly-defined policy and precedents of his government and of international law; but it was a mortal offence to Lopez. Porter C. Bliss, an American, who had been some time in Paraguay, had fallen into trouble while devoting himself to a study of the aboriginal Indian languages of the country, collecting his materials for a history; and, among others, he took refuge under his flag, and was made a member of the legation. An Englishman, by the name of Masterman, who had been under arrest and torture, was, at the request of the minister, released, taken as a physician into his family, and made a member of the legation. It suited the purpose of Lopez, however, to institute charges of conspiracy against these two men, and a little later to involve the minister in the same conspiracy, which,

in fact, never existed at all except in his own imagination. The entire legation were made prisoners in their own house, which was surrounded by guards of soldiers and spies, whose presence was ominous of trouble in the near future.

Demands were soon made for one after another of those who had found shelter under the minister's roof, on specific charges of high treason; and as the legation could not shelter criminals under indictment, whether true or false, there was no alternative but to send them away; and at last only those who composed the legation were left.

Confessions involving the minister in a plot to overthrow the government were forced from those who had but now shared his protection. This evidence manufactured for the purpose, prepared by the inquisitors, and then subscribed to by the victims under torture which flesh and blood could not endure, was to be the means by which Lopez intended to justify himself to our government and before the civilized world, when called to account for his crimes, and his violation of the laws of nations.

The net-work was skilfully woven. But Benitez, Lopez's minister of foreign affairs, who was charged with the effort to involve Mr. Washburn in the toils of this pretended conspiracy, was himself caught in his own net. The correspondence was conducted on the part of Benitez with Jesuitical cunning, and an ability worthy of a better cause; but an expression, *sabemos todos* (we know all) carelessly made to Minister Washburn in conversation, and overheard, caused his arrest; and, because he did not reveal "all" his pretended knowledge, was subjected to the most terrible torture. He was flogged un-

til the flesh was nearly cut from his back, was subjected to the *cepo uruguayana*, to the rack and starvation, and finally, when nearly dead, was shot.

But the purpose to destroy the American minister did not die with this poor tool of despotism. All those about the headquarters of Lopez understood that *El Ministro Americano* was a doomed man; and the plans of torture would have been executed by those who would themselves have been put to death immediately afterwards. Lopez never allowed tales to be told. But the arrival of the American gunboat "Wasp," at the moment when the letter was already written announcing the determination to take the final and fatal step with the minister, disarranged the plan. The stars and stripes were seen above the blockading squadron; and the minister was saved. He was permitted to depart with his family. But no passports were sent for Bliss and Masterman; and, while embarking, they were forcibly separated from the legation by the police and soldiers, who surrounded them, and hurried them away to prison. This was an act of war; but a protest only could be made, as the minister sought protection for his family on the gunboat, which was sent to receive him.

Admiral C. H. Davis, then in command of the squadron, was at Rio Janeiro. He was promptly advised of this outrage, as was also Gen. James Watson Webb, then our minister to Brazil. The latter gentleman, appreciating the gravity of the situation, urged the immediate movement of the squadron to release the prisoners, and to demand redress; but the admiral saw no necessity for prompt action, discredited the statements of Mr. Washburn, and proceeded in his

own way to adjust the "difficulties of the diplomacy."

For the position assumed by the admiral, and for his action in the difficult and delicate duty which devolved upon him, he has received a Congressional vote of censure. This was after the presentation of a careful report by a committee, entirely free from prejudice, it seems to us; who painfully gathered testimony wherever it could be found which would throw light upon the subject, and one which had only the honor and good name of the government at heart in their decision.

Let us state the case briefly. Bliss and Masterman, as we have seen, had been imprisoned by Lopez, — an act of war against the United States. The admiral had been promptly informed of it, but delayed sixty days before starting for their relief. The reasons given for this inactivity were not deemed by the committee a sufficient justification, in view of the honor of the government already imperilled; but he finally proceeded with a new American minister (whose appointment was made before the knowledge of this outrage to the legation) to Paraguay, for the purpose, first, of obtaining possession of the prisoners, and on their release to place at his destination Gen. McMahon, who would then be prepared to present his credentials. The admiral promptly demanded the liberation of these persons; but, on an interview with Lopez, he withdrew his letter, substituting one which has been characterized as a virtual surrender of the rights and position of his government, and pusillanimous in its tone. It is certainly a matter of regret, that circumstances were such in the opinion of the admiral as to leave no other course for him to pursue; for the

first letter was as noble in its firmness and dignity as the second was humiliating in its tone. In the second letter, the admiral wrote, that it was no part of his duty to consider the status of the individuals released, and consented to place them under surveillance for safe conduct to the United States, with the charges which Lopez had instituted against them. But the most humiliating circumstance in the transaction was the conduct of two officers of the expedition, who went, at the request of Lopez, and by the orders of Admiral Davis, to witness the reading of confessions (which had been made under torture) and the signatures thereto, before an inquisitorial commission, which had been charged with the duty of making this verification. And these officers suffered the occasion to pass without making themselves known to these prisoners, without offering any hint of protection, or giving any assurance that they were under the folds of a flag that could and would protect them; and in rags as they were, with all the evidences of neglect and suffering upon their persons, they were remanded back to their keepers, to make the humiliation even more complete.

It is a matter of congratulation, that the Congress of the United States was willing to sift the evidence of the recreancy of these two officers to the bottom, and then to award its fitting rebuke.

In this connection, it is to be freely and generously admitted, that, after forty-six years of loyal and faithful service to his country, Admiral Davis could have only its good name and the interest of his government at heart. And, from his point of view, we can see that it may be fairly said, that he accomplished peacefully the

release of the men he went to save; that, had he declared and maintained his purpose to secure the prisoners at all hazards, after the refusal of Lopez to deliver them according to the terms of his first letter, with only his little gun-boat "Wasp" to enforce his demand, he would have entered upon a contest in which he would have inevitably been driven to the wall, losing his prisoners in the bargain.

Yet, in stating his view of the case, it must not be forgotten, that he had at that time a fleet in those waters, larger than that of any foreign government, and that he made use of only a small gun-boat, which could have rendered no effective service in an emergency. His strong point clearly was, by weight of metal and the moral power of an entire squadron, to have enforced his demand, and compelled Lopez to recede from a position which would have involved a contest which he was at that time ill-prepared to provoke. And finally, we regret to say it, the admiral does not seem to have freed himself from the personal prejudices against the men he went to rescue; which gave color to his official action, and encouraged (unconsciously of course) his officers throughout the passage to Rio in the manifestation of petty spite upon those who were powerless to protect themselves, and which was discreditable to the service. The character of Bliss and Masterman, whether good or bad, does not enter into the merits of the case at all. If they were adventurers, or if for any cause they had forfeited the respect of their superiors, they were still members of a United-States legation, and as much entitled to the protection of our government as the minister himself, and should have received at least the official courtesy which their relations

with the government gave them the reason to expect and the right to claim.

After the rendition of these persons into the custody of the admiral, Gen. McMahon presented his credentials, and was received as minister of the United States, acting in that capacity until our government could send its letter of recall for the outrage perpetrated upon the rights of legation in the arrest of two of its members. But Lopez had entered upon the last act of the tragedy. A few months later, he was in flight with his children and Madam Lynch and a guard only sufficient to guard the mountain-pass where his headquarters were. But the Brazilian General Camarra forced his way through this last position, giving Lopez hardly time to mount his horse to escape. The ground over which he made his way was so soft and treacherous that his horse floundered, and stuck fast in the mire. Dismounting (we quote from Washburn's history), "the hunted chieftain made his way to the bank of the river, when Gen. Camarra came upon him. Seeing that it was Lopez, Camarra ordered his soldiers, who were rushing forward to finish him, to disarm, and not to kill him. A soldier sprang forward to obey the order; when, seeing that Lopez had drawn his revolver to shoot the man who had ordered his life to be spared, he made a thrust at him with a lance, at which the tyrant fell headforemost into the muddy stream. But instantly scrambling up, while yet upon his knees, he was hit by a shot from an unknown hand, and fell into the mud, and there expired."

Madam Lynch was captured after a short pursuit, and was taken with her children to Asuncion; where she

was placed under surveillance until order was restored by the new provisional government, which was promptly done at the close of the war. She afterwards went to Europe, where she is enjoying her ill-gotten wealth.

The population of Paraguay before the war has been estimated at eight hundred thousand. At its close, less than a tenth of the people survived. The threat made by Lopez, that, if he could not triumph in the war, he would leave his country an uninhabited waste, has been fulfilled; and he leaves a name to be execrated and abhorred by all who may ever hear the story of his crimes.

The allied forces were promptly withdrawn, a provisional government established, and civil order restored; but the Paraguayan people no longer exist in sufficient numbers to control the destinies of the country. Of the native population remaining, there are probably seven women to one man. The tide of emigration flowing from the south of Europe to Buenos Ayres and Montevideo may reach Paraguay; and if a stable government can be formed, and has the wisdom to encourage the occupancy of its deserted homesteads, and a new population can be protected in legitimate productive industries, there is no reason why this land, so favored by nature, should not become the garden of the earth.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S POEMS.

THE reader who has been prejudiced by a foreign imprint against Mr. Miller's book of poems ranges himself presently, almost perforce, on the singer's side. For, as he turns leaf after leaf, he seems to have encountered the poet proper of his own country; and he is tempted to say

that it is Joaquin Miller who has, in literature, discovered America.

The very best of our so-called American poems are as much European as they are American; and of those poets who have associated their names with their nation, we should find it hard to name any one who has done this on the Continental scale, if we may so speak, of the themes sung by Mr. Miller.

"Songs of the Sierras"¹ may not owe any superiority to their purely American type; but it lends them a novel interest for most readers between the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts. They wonder that the wild mountain and tropical life has found no laureate before; and there is to them something as fascinating to contemplate in this singer's issuing through the Golden Gate upon the world as in the unveiling and uplifting of the great Californian land itself.

The greater part of the scenery and incident of "Songs of the Sierras" belong in fact to that most brilliant episode in all the epic of our history, whose details comprise the war with Mexico, the discovery of gold, the rush of emigration, the growth of shining cities on the Pacific shores, the building of a State, — an episode in which every passion and every race has had its part, but which we have been accustomed to consider as prosaic matter-of-fact until the enchantment came, and transmuted it into the realms of poetry. To ourselves this magical power is strikingly illustrated also in the poem immortalizing the Walker expedition; for we remember the return of an acquaintance from that ill-starred adventure whose conversation was occupied by the possi-

bilities of wealth in a certain guano island upon which the scattered force had retreated, and which remained merely that sordid thing to us till we met with it again, lifted against the sky in the shining mirage of the poet's dream. This splendid Nicaraguan drama of the filibusteros from our ports is quite as national, too, as the "Californian" and "Arizonian" are; and so is the legend of the "Last Taschastas," an individual, be it said, who, having stalked through our literature since the days of Fenimore Cooper, here fires a poisoned arrow, and sails away into the Western sea, so that we may reasonably indulge the hope that we have really had the last of him.

We are sorry to say, though, that the "Last Taschastas" is not the only old acquaintance in the volume; but Lara and the Corsair, in war paint and feathers, occasionally look out upon us, not perhaps improved by their transmigration; though it must be confessed as to these, that in their vividness and humanity they are somewhat nearer to us than "the grand, gloomy, and peculiar" heroes of the earlier poet are.

Indeed, the poet himself is as typical of our country as are his poems; for from his preface we learn to identify him with the "rough edges of the frontier," and a region "walled from the world by seas on one hand and the Sierra Nevada Mountains in savage grandeur on the other," where, as he says, the city of Mexico was his Mecca; while there is something peculiarly characteristic in the audacity that took him to the world's capital to confront the world's criticism with his book.

We cannot deny that these poems exhibit some crudities. There are repetitions of the same thought and phrase,

¹ *Songs of the Sierras*; by Joaquin Miller. London: Longman & Co.; Boston: Roberts Bros.

and those blemishes which proceed from ignorance of the established canons of verse; but less could hardly be expected from a man not yet thirty, whose whole life has been spent among the rude scenes of which he writes, while even these blemishes are gilded by his genius. Here and there we find palpable evidence of the poets whom he has read and admired,—unconscious imitation of Poe, a sleepy trace of Morris, or such a ring of Swinburne as in the song beginning with the following stanza:—

“O tempest-tossed sea of white bosoms!
O breasts with demands and desires!
O hearts filled of fevers, of fires,
Reaching forth from the tangible blossoms,
Reaching far for impossible things!”

But the writer is plainly not the person long to draw inspiration from his contemporaries, remaining the mere meadow of their overflow rather than seeking the “wells of English undefiled” from which they draw their own strength; for in the main, and with exception of the few instances to which we have adverted, the book is the most original of the generation.

There are indications of dramatic force in “Ina;” but it is far less apparent there than in the Arizonian poem, which, in spite of its narrative form and lyric loveliness, gives a projection and an action to its characters as lively as that of a bas-relief. On this superb piece of work and the “Nicaraguan,” together with the matchless and magnificent “Kit Carson’s ride,” not included in the English edition, the poet might have been well content to rest his fame. Although their versification is so uniform as to suggest metrical poverty, yet its ease is almost unparalleled, the thought flowing into the measure with as little effort as a brook seems

to make in flowing between its banks, while its simplicity is charming. All the personages too,—the Arrozit in the desert of New Mexico, who shoot gold bullets at the buffalo; the black muchacho; the daughter of the Montezumas; the Spanish rider with his red silk serape, his tapidaros, and catenas; and all the rest,—are the most picturesque possible. It is to be admitted that we weary a little of the brown Montezuma maiden, and the mighty riders on thundering black coursers; and that we do not acquiesce in the plots of all the tales, believing that the man who would not sell Paché at any price would surely have gone down in the sea of fire with his dark bride, and thinking that the miner might better have corresponded with his sweetheart than have expected her to remain faithful to him through twenty years of silence and neglect. But we are fain to forget such trivial objection, in view of the novelty of these brief dramas, the strength with which they sweep forward, and the beauties in which they abound; and we here beg to protest against any association of the poet’s individuality with the heroes of the stories, which he expressly tells us were “taken from the lips of mountain men as they sat and told them around their camp and cabin fires.”

The wealth of imagery pictured on these pages is certainly marvellous; while it is always the natural outgrowth of the subject, all of it being evidently taken from among the familiar objects of the poet’s daily life,—

“The proud mustangs with bannered mane,
And necks that never know a rein,
And nostrils lifted high.”

or the hilltop whiter the wild beasts
had fled from the flood, and

"In perfectest peace expectant stood,
With their heads held high and their limbs
a-quiver ;"

the rushing buffalo herd, that "come
like a surge of the sea ;" the "rock-
lipped cañon," with its twin black
bears ; the horizon where

"Afar the bright Sierras lie,
A swaying line of snowy white,
A fringe of heaven hung in sight,
Against the blue base of the sky ;"

the flood, the burning prairie, and the
sights of more tropical regions,

"Hard by, a long green bamboo swung
And bent like some great bow unstrung,
And quivered like a willow wand.
Beneath a broad banana's leaf,
Perched on its fruits that crooked hang,
A bird in rainbow splendor sang
A low, sad song of tempered grief ;"

the "wild lilies tall as maidens are ;"
the monstrous snake that

"Writhed and curved, and raised and lowered
His folds like liftings of the tide ;"

the

"Kakea, singing in a dream
The wildest, sweetest song a soul can drink ;"

the cockatoo

"That slid his beak along the bough,
And walked and talked, and hung and
swung,
In crown of gold, and coat of blue,
The wisest fool that ever sung ;"

or the ancient quinine wood where
they

"Found a city old, — so old
Its very walls were turned to mould,
And stately trees upon them stood.
No history has mentioned it,
No map has given it a place, —
The last dim trace of tribe and race ;"

and in fact it would be impossible to
instance any more gorgeous description
than that whole account of the advance
of an army through the depths of the
forests of Central America.

Sometimes, as we proceed, we find
the deep feeling and passion of the
verse, always very powerful, becom-
ing something tremendous, becoming,
indeed, the burden of the "Nicara-
guan." This poem, by the way, is
like a revelation to the world ; for few
but those who have encountered his
companions in that wild, romantic
career, know any thing of Walker but
his ambitious failure. But it seems to
us that failure crowned with such an
epitaph as this is worth more than
most successes. We know of hardly
any thing more sweet and tender than
the single passage at Walker's grave,
framed as it is by rugged rhyme, yet
as full of music as the shell itself, —

"In my left hand I held a shell,
All rosy lipped and pearly red :
I laid it by his lowly bed ;
For he did love so passing well
The grand songs of the solemn sea.
O shell ! sing well, wild, with a will,
When storms blow loud and birds be still,
The wildest sea-song known to thee."

All through the book such minor
touches abound ; and among the most
picturesque and pathetic of them all,
full of far-reaching suggestion, is the
close of the "Last Taschastas," the
story of the old Indian chief "gray,
bronzed, and naked to the waist," exil-
ed into the "hollows of the sea," — a
story told in as strange and impersonal
a way as if read from the writing on a
stone, —

"And when the sun had left the sea,
And slid behind his hollow graves,
The only thing that I could see
Was, ever as the light boat lay
High-lifted on the white-backed waves,
A head as gray and tossed as they."

There are single brilliant lines, too,
scattered on every page, and such ex-
amples of boldness and felicity, a law
to themselves, as, in allusion to the
blending of ideal and real, —

"Limned like the phantom ship-shadow,
Crowding up under the keel,"

are too frequent for reproduction. Indeed, there is so much which we should like to lay before our readers, or at least call their attention to, that we content ourselves with mere indication rather than enlarged quotation.

Perhaps the greatest charm of the book, however, outside of its dramatic fervor and fire, lies in its descriptive passages. There is a satisfying strength, together with a subtle conveyance of all the noble sadness which such scenes inspire, in this passage: —

"Afar at sea some white shapes flee,
With arms stretched like a ghost's to me;
And cloud-like sails, far-blown and curled,
Then slide down to the under world.
As if blown bare in winter blasts
Of leaf and limb, tall, naked masts
Are rising from the restless sea,
So still and desolate and tall
I seem to see them gleam and shine
With clinging drops of dripping brine.
Broad still brown wings slide here and there;
Thin sea-blue wings wheel everywhere;
And white wings whistle through the air.
I hear a thousand sea-gulls call."

Here, in the immolation of the Aztec sun-worshipper, the very height of fancy seems to be reached, —

"The red flames stoop a moment down,
As if to raise her from the ground;
They whirl, they swirl, they sweep around,
With lightning feet and fiery crown;
Then stand up, tall, tiptoed, as one
Would hand a soul up to the sun."

But the best instance of purely poetical description, and one in which there is a real Homeric vigor, occurs, we think, in the unequal but lofty stanzas on "Burns and Byron," —

"Like some high-lifted sea-girt stone,
That could not stoop, but all the days,
With proud brow turning to the breeze,
Felt seas blown from the south, and seas
Blown from the north, and many ways,
Then fell, but stirred the seas as far
As winds and waves and waters are."

It is only too apparent that the writer of these wonderful things has written all his poems in a heedless and ardent haste, disregarding rules of rhetoric and grammar in a manner which invites the envious critic to the attack. But he makes a great mistake who dismisses Joaquin Miller with a sneer: the puerility of the book will prove to be the result of inexperience, easily corrected by time and care; but the sublimity is genius. Such sneers he answers best himself, —

"I heard the truants call,
And cast a storm of earth and stone.
He flew, and perched him far and lone
Above a rushing cataract,
Where never living thing had tracked,
Where mate nor man nor living thing
Could ever heed or hear him sing;
And there he sang his song of spring
As if a world were listening:
He sang because he could but sing, —
Sweet bird; for he was born to sing."

After all, as we close the covers, we are conscious that the topmost reach of appreciative welcome and acclaim cannot meet the demand of what is best in this book and this man; and out of the fulness of the heart we feel sure that there can be but one triumphant answer to the question asked in the exquisite and touching proem addressed to Maud, —

"Because the skies were blue, because
The sun in fringes of the sea
Was tangled, and delightfully
Kept dancing on as in a waltz,
And tropic trees bowed to the seas,
And bloomed and bore years through and
through,
And birds in blended gold and blue
Were thick and sweet as swarming bees,
And sang as if in Paradise,
And all that Paradise was spring,
Did I, too, sing with lifted eyes,
Because I could not choose but sing."
"With garments full of sea-winds, blown
From isles beyond of spice and balm,
Beside the sea, beneath her palm,
She waits as true as chiselled stone."

My childhood's child, my June in May!
 So wiser than thy father is,
 These lines, these leaves, and all of this,
 Are thine, — a loose, uncouth bouquet.
 So wait and watch for sail and sign;
 A ship shall mount the hollow seas,
 Blown to thy place of blossomed trees
 And birds and song and summer-shine.
 I throw a kiss across the sea;
 I drink the winds as drinking wine,
 And dream they all are blown from thee;
 I catch the whispered kiss of thine.
 Shall I return with lifted face,
 Or head held down as in disgrace,
 To hold thy two brown hands in mine?"

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

TREITSHKE'S ESSAYS.

AMONG the late German publications is a collection of political and other essays, by Heinrich von Treitshke.¹ The literary papers treating of late German authors are in a spirited, agreeable style. The political essays discuss the relations of France and Germany during the last year, "Bonapartism," and the constitutional monarchy in Germany. The closing passage of the second volume is highly significant to a nation like our own, which has grown so old to the privilege of the study of government and of voting, that it is treated with neglect,

¹ *Historische und Politische Aufsätze*, von Heinrich von Treitshke, two volumes. Leipzig, 1870. Boston: Schoenhof and Mueller.

and passed over contemptuously into the hands of what are termed mere politicians. A nation younger than we are in this privilege gives us a lesson of its significance, as does the appeal for suffrage by women; and it teaches us that it is a prize to be held with enthusiasm, instead of being passed by with indolent indifference.

Our author says, "A lofty political enthusiasm is a priceless boon. The dull heart of the greater part of humanity leaves little space for such a passion. Happy is that race upon whom strong necessity forces the sublime idea of politics,—an idea, which, grand and simple at once, can yet be comprehended by every man, and forces into its service every other idea in the world."

HEBREW MEN AND TIMES.

H. B. FULLER has in preparation, and will soon publish, a second edition of Rev. J. H. Allen's valuable study of "Hebrew Men and Times," which has long been out of print. The new edition will contain an introduction with an account of the respective theories of Ewald, Colenso, and Bunsen; and a select list of recent authorities, in the most accessible editions, prepared by Mr. Allen, with the valuable aid of Mr. Ezra Abbot.

NOTE.—No well-informed reader could have been deceived as to the authorship of "The Devil-Puzzlers" in our August issue. It was, of course, by MR. FREDERIC B. PERKINS of New-York. Doubles and Dromios are not so frequent, that there should really be a Frederic W. Perkins, also a master of all recondite literature and philosophy.

Record of Progress.

WE have not even yet completed the sketches of the peculiarities of our more important colleges on which we began in our "Commemoration Number." But those which we have already published give some idea of the method of the five leading universities, to which that name fairly belongs, and of several of those colleges, which, from their position or some other distinction, attract attention or deserve respect. These sketches have been, in every instance, prepared by gentlemen closely connected with the government of the institution described. The collection, incomplete though it still is, presents some of the most striking results of the existing system of the higher education of the country.

That system evidently is still experimental, as is almost every other institution in the country. Almost every one of these sketches states, either that the plans described are new, or that they are not to be considered as permanent. The old sneer at colleges, that they are fixed-buoys, anchored in the current to show how fast it runs, must be abandoned in face of a willingness, probably only too eager to try this, that, and another experiment which promises to adapt the "institution of learning" to the exigencies of the times.

We learn also from the sketches which we have published, and from those which we are yet to add to this collection, that the passion for extending wider and wider the freedom of election, so called, even in the smallest colleges, has run its full course; and that the institutions which are best conducted are more and more careful in their promises in regard to the range of the possible curriculum. What they can teach is, in fact, limited and severely limited, by the number of their staff of professors, and by the ability of its individual members. Any college works its professors very hardly if it keeps them in the recitation or lecture room more than three hours daily, or, at the outside, four. It is easy, then, to calculate how great are the mere physical restrictions in teaching all the sciences and all the humanities in separate sections

to as many applicants as may turn up among four classes of fanciful and wayward young men and women. The larger the staff the more "election" it can fairly offer. But no college among us can as yet afford to offer elective studies which will not bring together classes as large, at the least, as six or eight fellow-students. Some of the larger universities can begin to make such offers.

1. We are disposed to believe that it will follow from this fact, that the colleges and universities will, by a natural law, divide themselves into two classes, — no matter by what names these two classes may be called. The well-furnished college, with funds, buildings, staff, and other resources sufficient for one or two hundred students, will, as we believe, best meet the requisitions of our social system if it devote itself to doing thoroughly and well a specific work in liberal culture, including the learned and modern languages, the basis of inquiry into physical science, and a fair and manly view of that range of inquiry in metaphysical and moral science without which all physics and all accomplishment in expression are chaff indeed. We believe that this course might be arranged, and had best be arranged, so as to be substantially nearly the same for every student. A change of one language for another, and a reduction of the study of the mathematics, in cases where elementary education in the mathematics has been so poor that the student cannot go on, seem to be the only variations really required, by the differences in the future lives of the students. The young men at least, whatever their calling, are all to be American gentlemen, — needing a knowledge of history, and the power of expressing their own convictions; and their college education must be such that they may know how to learn whatever they may be called to learn in an American gentleman's career. These three requisitions must be met in every college curriculum.

Such colleges as these, whatever they may be called, will provide substantially for the great body of men of liberal culture. If they do their work well, the field will be the simpler for the universities of the country. In that case, those universities will the more readily cut off the lower range of the studies now pursued in their courses; and devote themselves to the higher range of studies, whether in philosophy, in the mathematics, in literature and comparative philology, rather than in the details of language and grammar, and they will probably attempt more in the specialties of physical science. There would be no harm if the studies of the real universities precisely supplemented those of the smaller colleges, whatever names were assumed by either institution, — just as the studies of the colleges used to

supplement those of the old academies. We do not look forward to such a result, however; and certainly we do not urge any effort to cut and shape our elastic system into one of paper uniformity. But we do believe that what we may call the local colleges are wisest when they aim at thoroughness in a fixed course, shy of the temptations of "elections;" and we believe that the universities, which can and do draw students from the whole country, are wisest when they look to the enlargement of their ranges of elective studies, which may be called supplementary, even if they leave to the local colleges some of the work that would else belong to their freshman and sophomore years.

In proportion as the smaller and larger colleges help each other thus, will a deficiency in administration be relieved, which now meets us everywhere. This is the mistake which everywhere gives the youngest classes to the charge of the youngest tutors. Now, really, the youngest classes require the best care. And the young men who go from good preparatory schools have had in their last year the training of thoroughly accomplished and superior teachers. It is a real reverse and misfortune to give them over to tutors who were but yesterday graduating seniors. So long as such a system holds, the neophyte, going to either of the universities, will be tempted to spend his freshman year outside, and to enter for a course of three years only. The universities, as we believe, will be wise if they encourage such a determination.

2. We observe in many of the programmes submitted to us, as well those which we have not published as those which we have, a disposition to argue, and even to decide the question, mooted in all callings now, between the advantages gained by "specialists" in any vocation, and those who, in acquiring it, have attempted a wide knowledge of other related affairs. The question, as an abstract question, has all the absurdity of any debating club's most foolish inquiry. There is no such "specialist," and there is no such "liberalist," as the abstract discussions choose to suppose. We venture the suggestion, however, that a college, because it is a college, is a place which professes to teach many things in their relations to each other; that its business is so to train the botanist that he shall be more than a botanist, and a chemist, that he shall be more than a chemist. Whenever, in pride of new apparatus or other elegance of method, a college fancies that it can teach any special function of life better than that function can be learned in its own peculiar workshop, that college deceives itself. It will not deceive students or the public.

The manufacture of steam-engines, as a specialty, will be best learned in the Novelty Works, or other establishments as well fitted for their duty, though the sciences essential to the manufacture, and the related processes of outside crafts, will doubtless be best acquired in a scientific school. The practice of law is best learned in a lawyer's office. The practice of medicine requires clinical instruction. And a like remark may be made of every other specialty. The college, then, which, in its programme before the public, even affects to limit the liberal or comprehensive range of its studies, by any pretence of making specialists as thorough as can be made elsewhere, only abdicates the position which it might with honor claim, and gains nothing, either from intelligent or unintelligent judges, by the abdication. A college, as a college, is intended for the advantages which can be gained by the pursuit of various studies in one place. In the nature of things, therefore, it abandons the special advantages of the pursuit of separate studies alone.

3. We should be sorry to have outside observers, who are ignorant of the real work of our colleges and universities, judge of it merely by the claims which even their friends put forward now. For at this period all of them are eager to show that they are meeting a real demand for more inculcation of the facts observed by physicists than has been usual heretofore; and they lay, therefore, more stress than a full view of college work would suggest on the efforts made in the matters of physics. The truth remains, that, on the whole, the studies which command most attention are, as they always have been, the "humane studies;" the study of philosophy, of language, of the methods of thought and expression, of the relations of men to each other in society, and of the relations of man to God. To these studies the great body of students look with most interest; these studies color and give life to the study of facts and the relations of things. It may seem useless to say this of college systems which have been created, and are still illustrated, by such men as Dr. Peabody, Dr. Wayland, Presidents Woolsey, White, and Tappan. But in the not unnatural eagerness with which these different institutions now proclaim their new arrangements for physical science, it seems worth while to put on record the truth, that the central interest of each of them is still that Divine Philosophy for whose culture they were created.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, the fourth of the New-England colleges in chronological order, — next to Harvard and Yale, and but little behind Brown, — sprung from a noteworthy germ of Christian philanthropy. It was an offshoot of Moor's charity-school, an institution for the education of Indian youth, established in Lebanon, Conn., in the year 1754. The school was subsequently removed to Hanover, N.H., a charter for a college, to be connected with it and yet a distinct institution, having been previously obtained. This charter was issued Dec. 13, 1769, by the Hon. John Wentworth, the last of the royal governors of the Province of New Hampshire. The founder of the charity-school was named in it as the first president of the college; and, in view of the interest taken in the school by Lord Dartmouth, an excellent English nobleman, and of his benefactions to it, his name was appropriately given to the college. We smile at the enthusiasm with which the location finally selected was spoken of by its friends. "The other colleges," said one of them, "are all situated along the seashore, on the verge of the country; this, in the very heart of it: they, as to their location, are like the sun in the horizon; this, like that bright luminary flaming in the meridian." Yet we may safely say, that the site of the institution, though a wilderness at first, and sorely trying to the faith and patience of Pres. Wheelock and his coadjutors, has since proved itself, in the quietness favorable to study, in the comparative absence of temptation, in the salubrity of the climate, and the picturesque scenery, admirably adapted to its purpose.

One of the most signal events in the history of the institution is the controversy, out of which arose the famous Dartmouth-College case. The legislature of New Hampshire, influenced by considerations which need not here be detailed, claimed the right to "amend" the royal charter. They passed an act to that effect, in 1816, changing the name of the institution to "Dartmouth University," and embracing other important modifications. To this act the trustees were opposed; and, with the design of testing its constitutionality, they brought an action before the supreme court of the State. By this tribunal the legislature was sustained; and an appeal was taken by the trustees to the Supreme Court of the United States, John Marshall being then chief justice. The cause of the college was there argued, by Daniel Webster and other able counsel, and fully sustained by the court. The university organization was dissolved, and the old college board went on their way rejoicing. This great battle was fought by them not for themselves only: the principles concerned were vital to many other institutions of education. It is certainly to the praise of Dartmouth, that, in comparative poverty and alone, she was thus instrumental in vindicating and establishing the sacredness of private eleemosynary trusts. To this category, in the judgment of the court, the institution belonged. A contract, they held, was involved; and no State might pass a law "impairing the obligation of contracts."

With such occasional ebbs and eddies as pertain to all like institutions, but with remarkable steadiness on the whole, the college has gone onward from its small beginnings to its

present condition of enlargement and prosperity. The whole number of its alumni, as given in the last "Triennial," is three thousand six hundred and seventy-three. These have come from all parts of the land; and, as graduates, have been scattered as widely. While a considerable number have entered from the cities and large towns, the great majority have come from rural places. The average age of admission has been somewhat above that at many other colleges; and to the maturity thus secured has been added, in many cases, the stimulus of self-dependence. From these and other causes, Dartmouth students, as a class, have been characterized by a spirit of earnestness, energy, and general manliness, of the happiest omen as to their life-work. Most of them have gone, not into the more lucrative lines of business, but into what may be called the working professions. To the ministry, the college has given more than nine hundred of her sons. Dr. Chapman says, in his "Sketches of the Alumni:" "There have been thirty-one judges of the United States State Supreme Courts; fifteen senators in Congress, and sixty-one representatives; two United States cabinet ministers; four ambassadors to foreign courts; one postmaster-general; fourteen governors of States, and one of a Territory; twenty-five presidents of colleges; one hundred and four professors of academical, medical, or theological colleges." Perhaps the two professions that have drawn most largely upon the institution have been those of teaching and the law. We recall a single class, that of 1828, one-fourth of whose members have been either college presidents or professors. Dr. Chapman states, that at one time there were residing in Boston, Mass., no less than seven sons of the college,

"who were justly regarded as ranking among the brightest luminaries of the law. They were Samuel Sumner Wilde, 1789; Daniel Webster, 1801; Richard Fletcher, 1806; Joseph Bell, 1807; Joel Parker, 1811; Rufus Choate, 1819; and Charles Bishop Goodrich, 1822."

As might have been expected from the origin of the institution, it has aimed, from the beginning, at a high religious tone. Neither its trustees nor its faculty believe in divorcing the moral nature from the intellectual, in the process of education. But a partial and perilous culture is that, they judge, which leaves untouched the chief spring and crowning glory of our being. Yet the institution is not sectarian, but truly catholic, in its spirit. What is commonly called the evangelical faith has, indeed, chief influence in its halls; yet students of all denominations are not only welcomed there, but have the utmost freedom of opinion and of worship, and their views are treated with all proper delicacy and respect. Most of the trustees and instructors are of the Orthodox-Congregational connection; but there is in the charter no restriction in this respect, and at least three other denominations are at present represented in the faculty. There is a weekly biblical exercise of all the classes; in which, while the fundamentals of Christianity are inculcated, minor denominational points are avoided.

While Dartmouth has no pet system of metaphysics, its teachings lean, in general, to what may be called the spiritual line of thinking. The college has, in time past, through some of its gifted sons, rendered a service to sound philosophy, which is not, perhaps,

generally known. Half a century ago, it will be remembered, the system of Locke and his school, as well in this country as in Europe, was in the ascendent. It was so, to some extent, at Dartmouth. There was in college, however, about that time, a number of earnest, thoughtful men, fond of metaphysical inquiries, and not altogether content with the cast of opinion most in favor. Among them—not to name others—were Dr. James Marsh, Prof. Joseph Torrey, Dr. Joseph Tracy, and Dr. John Wheeler. Dr. Marsh, while an undergraduate, had fallen upon the very course of thought which was so fully carried out in his subsequent teachings and writings. The discussions begun at Dartmouth were transferred to Andover, and thence to other quarters. In 1829, Dr. Marsh gave to the American public Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection," with an able preliminary essay by himself. An admirable series of articles on "Christian Philosophy," advocating the same general views, was subsequently published by Dr. Joseph Tracy. And the other men named above were variously co-workers in the movement,—a movement which contributed largely to the bringing in of that higher style of philosophy which has since been so prevalent in our country.

Dartmouth has aimed, in all her history, at that true conservatism which blends felicitously the "old and new." Bound by no inept foreign methods,—good enough, it may be, abroad, but out of place here—she holds fast the old idea of the American college. Its end, she judges, is that general and symmetrical training which should precede the particular and professional; which makes the man, to be moulded, in due

time, into the clergyman, the lawyer, the physician, or whatever else may be preferred. Yet she welcomes whatever real improvements increasing light has suggested. She believes in a curriculum, carefully devised, suited to develop, by a common discipline, our common humanity; not deeming it wise or safe to leave the selection of studies, wholly or mainly, to youthful inexperience or caprice. Yet she holds such a curriculum subject to all possible emendations, and does not hesitate to incorporate with it to a limited extent, especially in the more advanced stages, the elective principle, being careful, however, not to interfere with the substantial integrity and wise balance of the programme. She has already a number of options, both as to courses and particular studies. She believes in the ancient classics, but she favors science also. For the last seven years, much more has been expended on the scientific appointments of the institution than on the classical; and other improvements are contemplated in the same direction. Though she adheres to the old college, as has been said, yet around that she has already grouped—though with no ambitious fancy for the name of a university—a number of collateral or post-graduate institutions, offering diversified opportunities of general and special culture. These various departments, as they now exist, are as follows:—

1. The old *Academic Department*, with its four years' curriculum, including the privilege of a partial course, and a number of particular options.

2. The *Chandler Scientific Department*, with a regular course, chronologically parallel to that of the academic, and having, with the option of a partial course through all the years,

several elective lines of study in the last year. Latin and Greek are omitted, French and German included, and scientific branches are made most prominent.

3. The *Agricultural Department*, so called, or the New-Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts. This is based on the Congressional land-grant. It has a regular three years' course, with the choice, after the first year, of an agricultural or mechanical line of study.

4. The *Engineering Department*, or the Thayer School of Civil Engineering. This is substantially, though not formally, a post-graduate or professional department, with a two-years' course. The requisites for admission are, in some important branches, even more than a college curriculum commonly embraces; and it is designed to carry the study of civil engineering to the highest point.

5. The *Medical Department*, or the old New-Hampshire Medical College. This was established in 1797, has had a long and prosperous career, and ranks now with the best medical institutions in the country. There is connected with it, in addition to the lectures, a good course of private medical instruction.

6. *Moor's Charity-School*. This has now no distinct organic existence; but there is a small fund which is appropriated, under the direction of the president of Dartmouth College, to the education of Indian youths, in any

department for which they are prepared.

During the late war, the college, in common with most others in our country, was somewhat depressed; but it has since been resuming, and even surpassing, its former *status*. The last catalogue embraces a faculty of instruction, thirty in number, and, in all the different courses of study, four hundred and thirty-eight students, the largest number ever connected with the institution. As an indication of the national relations of the college, it may be remarked that these students come from twenty-three different States and Territories, at home and abroad; and that, of the undergraduates, nearly one-fourth are from places out of New England. Within the last seven years, more than four hundred thousand dollars have been secured for the various departments. But with the restrictions imposed on some of the gifts, with the remaining wants of existing foundations, with the plans of enlargement and improvement in the minds of the trustees and faculty, and with the increased number of students, there is a present need of as much more. Nor is it likely that here, any more than at the other leading institutions of our country, there will cease to be a call for additional funds, so long as

"The thoughts of men are widened by the process
of the suns."

A. D. S.

OLD AND NEW.

VOL. IV.—OCTOBER, 1871.—No. 4.

EZRA STILES GANNETT, the most distinguished victim of the terrible disaster on the Eastern Railroad, had devoted a long life to the service of the community in which he lived, and to that of mankind. He was seventy years old, when he died so suddenly. He came upon the stage at the time when the supremacy of the ecclesiastical system which had ruled New England for nearly two centuries, was broken by the Liberal protest led by Buckminster, Norton, Bancroft, Worcester, Ware, Channing, and their companions; and he loyally attached himself to the party of reform, and bore loyally his share of all the odium which attached to freedom and inquiry. He chose the pulpit for his profession, in his entry upon life, and undoubtedly chose rightly. So soon as he entered upon its duties he was appointed to be the colleague of the celebrated Dr. Channing, the first preacher of his time in America. He filled the place to which he was thus assigned, at once so delicate and so honorable, with such fidelity and assiduity, he spoke with an eloquence so hearty, from convictions so profound, that he at once earned for himself a reputation all his own. He did not need to be spoken of as Dr. Channing's colleague. He gave support, energetic, wise, and hearty, to such measures as the friends of Liberal religion concerted for using most effectively their forces. Indeed, of many of these measures, he was himself the first deviser as he was the ablest advocate. He shrank from no hardship, and was ready to undertake manfully any duty which might be assigned to him in discussion or in organization, with his pen or on the platform.

Nor was the work which thus devolved upon him, and the men around him, any trifle. It is easy enough for the men and women of to-day, in an atmosphere wholly different from that of half a century ago, to say that freedom of religious inquiry is a thing of course, and

to reckon it as one of the postulates in any calculation. But they ought not forget that the organized ecclesiasticism of the country did not mean to have it a thing of course, and that, if it is universal now, we owe the breadth of our position to men who have fought for it, and fought manfully. Of these men the Unitarian leaders of that day were among the most efficient; and of these leaders Dr. Gannett was among the most energetic, hearty, and laborious. The work he loved best, and therefore, probably, which he did best, was his work in the pulpit. But as president of the Unitarian Association, as founder or leader in a large number of charitable institutions, as editor, at one or another time, of different periodicals founded in the interests of religious literature, he rendered ready and manly service, which it is difficult fully to estimate, now that the success of such exertions has completely changed the field in which they were made necessary.

Among others of such labors was the critical work which Dr. Gannett did as editor of "THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER" between the years 1844 and 1849. His acquaintance, by correspondence and in personal intimacy, with the leaders of the Liberal religious bodies in England and on the continent of Europe, was large; his habits of reading made him acquainted with the best theological works of those men and those bodies; the critical bent of his mind fitted him in many regards for editorial duty; and his readiness and alacrity, joined with the historical learning of his distinguished colleague, Dr. Lamson, gave great vigor to their editorial conduct of the journal. When "The Examiner" was united with this journal, Dr. Gannett honored us with his cordial advice and assistance. His last considerable published paper is the tender and sympathetic memoir of the friend of his life, GEORGE TICKNOR, which appeared in our magazine for May.

Few men understood so well as he what is required in that theological or religious appeal, which, for want of a better name, is generally called a "Tract." Some of the most valuable permanent documents of the Unitarian Association were prepared for circulation by him.

The time has fully come for some competent person to prepare a comprehensive history of the several charitable organizations founded in Boston on deliberate system, by the men of Dr. Gannett's generation, largely with his advice and assistance, under the immediate influence of that new theology which taught every man to "Honor all men," which a flippant criticism has just now called "The Boston Theology." The set of men, ministers and laymen, who first gave themselves here to the establishment of the ecclesiastical methods of this "new theology," meant that its theories should be treated under

their own eyes in practice ; and, with diligent study of the best lights in social science, they set on foot a series of institutions, to the endowment of which they contributed liberally, and to the management of which they consecrated their lives. Thus they established a general Christian "Ministry-at-Large," responsible for all the town, whether church-goers or non-church-goers, a Congregational-Episcopate, pledged to meet, by religious influences, any evil it should find at work in the town. Side by side with this Ministry-at-Large, they established a central society "to prevent Pauperism," of which the function has been — by placing unemployed labor, by correspondence with all parts of the country, by the regulation of pawn-broking, by the supervision of emigration — to nip in the bud, on a comprehensive system, the evils from which pauperism grows. Yet the method on which these men worked recognized the distinction between pauperism and poverty. They did not mean, in the rigor with which they suppressed pauperism, to be guilty of any want of tenderness to the poor. Following close, therefore, on the admirable system first elaborated in New York, they created a "Provident Association," for the wise and systematic relief of the physical wants of any person in want in the town. These three agencies make a complete system of internal organization, by which they meant, when Boston was a town of forty-five thousand people, to see if, in her increase, they could meet the problems which have overwhelmed the larger cities of the world, in what is falsely called their prosperity.

Their plans have been counteracted by an experience which in 1825 was scarcely expected. A wave of Irish emigration has transformed the Boston for which they studied. More than half of the population of Boston to-day is of foreign birth, or children of foreigners. And of this majority of the people, the greater part are controlled by the Roman Church, an institution founded on principles diametrically opposed to those on which these men were planning. For all this, it is to be observed, that if the Boston of to-day, a city of three hundred thousand people, is in any sort free from the dangers they considered ; if in Boston there is no pauper class ; if there is no festering mass of poverty, crime, and sedition ; if there is no hireling body to be marched to vote as one or another paymaster orders ; if there were, in the War, no Commune from which an army of rioters could be enlisted ; if, on the whole, there is no wide-spread hatred of prosperity and wealth among the people who work with their hands for daily wages, — the reason is that the men of whom we speak, deliberately, and with their eyes open, studied in

time the social order of the world, and founded those central institutions, which from time to time, through half a century, have been picking away at bits of the great iceberg, and have melted those bits in the atmosphere of Christian life and love. Of these men Dr. Gannett was one of the most eager and active. He and his immediate friends consorted in the plans we have described, and are to be credited with the issue.

But he himself, looking back on his life, would have asked with most eagerness, what had been his success as the minister to his own congregation, and as a preacher of the Christian religion. Of the first duty, it is enough to say, that no man could be more sedulous or conscientious than he in its discharge. Of the other, — the duty of a preacher, — we have said already, that he undoubtedly judged rightly of his power, when he chose it for the profession of his life. He had extraordinary gifts for extempore speech; and, in the midst of a prevailing distrust in New England of this method of address, — the only perfect oratory, — he early emancipated himself and his congregation from the bondage of manuscript, on every occasion where he thought he could better advance his purpose in the freedom of speech unshackled. Not one of the celebrated platform orators of our time had more ease or precision, more brilliancy or intensity of address, — pressed with more heart his point, or secured conviction more absolutely by the fire of his own conviction, than did he, when, under whatever inspiration, he decided to throw himself upon his audience, and, in the ardor of his own intense purpose, control the purposes of those before him. But an innate self-distrust, or unwillingness to work in a way which was not the way of the community in which he lived, made him, for the general, write out his discourses, even at length with most careful method. There will be found preserved, therefore, in those papers, a body of earnest appeal, of clear statement, of careful argument, which will give younger men a clew to the power which he exerted in the community in which he spent his life, — and in which it was so wretchedly sacrificed. It will be a most impressive exhibition of the varied gifts, and the unflinching self-devotion, of a determined, intense, untiring Christian preacher.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER;

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

I THINK that is the way my father would begin. My name is Ethelwyn Percivale, and used to be Ethelwyn Walton. I always put the Walton in between when I write to my father; for I think it is quite enough to have to leave father and mother behind for a husband, without leaving their name behind you also. I am fond of lumber-rooms, and in some houses consider them far the most interesting spots; but I don't choose that my old name should lie about in the one at home.

I am much afraid of writing nonsense; but my father tells me that to see things in print is a great help to recognizing whether they are nonsense or not. And he tells me, too, that his friend the publisher, who, — but I will speak of him presently, — his friend the publisher is not like any other publisher he ever met with before; for he never grumbles at any alterations writers choose to make, — at least he never says any thing, although it costs a great deal to shift the types again after they are once set up. The other part of my excuse for attempting to write lies simply in telling how it came about.

Ten days ago, my father came up from Marshmallows to pay us a visit. He is with us now, but we don't see much of him all day; for he is generally out with a friend of his in the east end, the parson of one of the

poorest parishes in London, — who thanks God that he wasn't the nephew of any bishop to be put into a good living, for he learns more about the ways of God from having to do with plain, yes, vulgar human nature, than the thickness of the varnish would ever have permitted him to discover in what are called the higher orders of society. Yet I must say, that, amongst those I have recognized as nearest the sacred communion of the early church — a phrase of my father's — are two or three people of rank and wealth, whose names are written in heaven, and need not be set down in my poor story.

A few days ago, then, my father, coming home to dinner, brought with him the publisher of the two books called, "The Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," and "The Seaboard Parish." The first of these had lain by him for some years before my father could publish it; and then he remodelled it a little for the magazine in which it came out, a portion at a time. The second was written at the request of Mr. S., who wanted something more of the same sort; and now, after some years, he had begun again to represent to my father, at intervals, the necessity for another story to complete the *trilogy*, as he called it: insisting, when my father objected the difficulties of growing years and failing judgment, that indeed he owed it to him; for he had left him in the lurch, as it were, with an incomplete story, not to say an uncompleted series. My father still objected, and Mr. S.

still urged, until, at length, my father said — this I learned afterwards, of course — “What would you say if I found you a substitute?” “That depends on who the substitute might be, Mr. Walton,” said Mr. S. The result of their talk was that my father brought him home to dinner that day; and hence it comes, that, with some real fear and much metaphorical trembling, I am now writing this. I wonder if anybody will ever read it. This my first chapter shall be composed of a little of the talk that passed at our dinner-table that day. Mr. Blackstone was the only other stranger present; and he certainly was not much of a stranger.

“Do you keep a diary, Mrs. Percivale?” asked Mr. S., with a twinkle in his eye, as if he expected an indignant repudiation.

“I would rather keep a rag and bottle shop,” I answered: at which Mr. Blackstone burst into one of his splendid roars of laughter; for if ever a man could laugh like a Christian who believed the world was in a fair way after all, that man was Mr. Blackstone; and even my husband, who seldom laughs at any thing I say with more than his eyes, was infected by it, and laughed heartily.

“That’s rather a strong assertion, my love,” said my father. “Pray, what do you mean by it?”

“I mean, papa,” I answered, “that it would be a more profitable employment to keep the one than the other.”

“I suppose you think,” said Mr. Blackstone, “that the lady who keeps a diary is in the same danger as the old woman who prided herself in keeping a strict account of her personal expenses. And it always was correct; for when she could not get it to balance at the end of the week,

she brought it right by putting down the deficit as *charity*.”

“That’s just what I mean,” I said.

“But,” resumed Mr. S., “I did not mean a diary of your feelings, but of the events of the day and hour.”

“Which are never in themselves worth putting down,” I said. “All that is worth remembering will find for itself some convenient cranny to go to sleep in till it is wanted, without being made a poor mummy of in a diary.”

“If you have such a memory, I grant that is better, even for my purpose, much better,” said Mr. S.

“For your purpose!” I repeated, in surprise. “I beg your pardon; but what designs can you have upon my memory?”

“Well, I suppose I had better be as straightforward as I know you would like me to be, Mrs. Percivale. I want you to make up the sum your father owes me. He owed me three books; he has paid me two. I want the third from you.”

I laughed; for the very notion of writing a book seemed preposterous.

“I want you, under feigned names of course,” he went on, “as are all the names in your father’s two books, to give me the further history of the family, and in particular your own experiences in London. I am confident the history of your married life must contain a number of incidents which, without the least danger of indiscretion, might be communicated to the public to the great advantage of all who read them.”

“You forget,” I said, hardly believing him to be in earnest, “that I should be exposing my story to you and Mr. Blackstone at least. If I were to make the absurd attempt, — I mean absurd as regards my ability, — I should be always thinking of you

two as my public, and whether it would be right for me to say this and say that; which you may see at once, would render it impossible for me to write at all."

"I think I can suggest a way out of that difficulty, Wynnie," said my father. "You must write freely, all you feel inclined to write, and then let your husband see it. You may be content to let all pass that he passes."

"You don't say you really mean it, papa! The thing is perfectly impossible. I never wrote a book in my life, and" —

"No more did I, my dear, before I began my first."

"But you grew up to it by degrees, papa!"

"I have no doubt that will make it the easier for you, when you try. I am so far, at least, a Darwinian as to believe that."

"But, really, Mr. S. ought to have more sense — I beg your pardon, Mr. S.; but it is perfectly absurd to suppose me capable of finishing any thing my father has begun. I assure you I don't feel flattered by your proposal. I have got a man of more consequence for a father than that would imply."

All this time my tall husband sat silent at the foot of the table, as if he had nothing on earth to do with the affair, instead of coming to my assistance, when, as I thought, I really needed it, especially seeing my own father was of the combination against me; for what can be more miserable than to be taken for wiser or better or cleverer than you know perfectly well you are. I looked down the table, straight and sharp at him, thinking to rouse him by the most powerful of silent appeals; and when he opened his mouth very solemnly,

staring at me in return down all the length of the table, I thought I had succeeded. But I was not a little surprised, when I heard him say, —

"I think, Wynnie, as your father and Mr. S. appear to wish it, you might at least try."

This almost overcame me, and I was very near, — never mind what. I bit my lips, and tried to smile, but felt as if all my friends had forsaken me, and were about to turn me out to beg my bread. How on earth could I write a book without making a fool of myself?

"You know, Mrs. Percivale," said Mr. S., "you needn't be afraid about the composition, and the spelling, and all that. We can easily set those to rights at the office."

He couldn't have done any thing better to send the lump out of my throat; for this made me angry.

"I am not in the least anxious about the spelling," I answered; "and for the rest, pray what is to become of me, if what you print should happen to be praised by somebody who likes my husband or my father, and therefore wants to say a good word for me? That's what a good deal of reviewing comes to, I understand. Am I to receive in silence what doesn't belong to me, or am I to send a letter to the papers to say that the whole thing was patched and polished at the printing-office, and that I have no right to more than perhaps a fourth part of the commendation? How would that do?"

"But you forget it is not to have your name to it," he said; "and so it won't matter a bit. There will be nothing dishonest about it."

"You forget, that, although nobody knows my real name, everybody will know that I am the daughter of that Mr. Walton who would have thrown

his pen in the fire if you had meddled with any thing he wrote. They would be praising *me*, if they praised at all. The name is nothing. Of all things, to have praise you don't deserve, and not to be able to reject it, is the most miserable! It is as bad as painting one's face."

"Hardly a case in point," said Mr. Blackstone. "For the artificial complexion would be your own work, and the other would not."

"If you come to discuss that question," said my father, "we must all confess we have had in our day to pocket a good many more praises than we had a right to. I agree with you, however, my child, that we must not connive at any thing of the sort. So I will propose this clause in the bargain between you and Mr. S.; namely, that, if he finds any fault with your work, he shall send it back to yourself to be set right, and, if you cannot do so to his mind, you shall be off the bargain."

"But papa, — Percivale, — both of you know well enough that nothing ever happened to me worth telling."

"I am sorry your life has been so very uninteresting, wife," said my husband grimly; for his fun is always so like earnest!

"You know well enough what I mean, husband. It does *not* follow that what has been interesting enough to you and me will be interesting to people who know nothing at all about us to begin with."

"It depends on how it is told," said Mr. S.

"Then, I beg leave to say, that I never had an original thought in my life; and that, if I were to attempt to tell my history, the result would be as silly a narrative as ever one old woman told another by the workhouse fire."

"And I only wish I could hear the one old woman tell her story to the other," said my father.

"Ah! but that's because you see ever so much more in it than shows. You always see through the words and the things to something lying behind them," I said.

"Well, if you told the story rightly, other people would see such things behind it too."

"Not enough of people to make it worth while for Mr. S. to print it," I said.

"He's not going to print it except he thinks it worth his while; and you may safely leave that to him," said my husband.

"And so I'm to write a book as big as 'The Annals;' and, after I've been slaving at it for half a century or so, I'm to be told it won't do, and all my labor must go for nothing? I must say the proposal is rather a cool one to make, — to the mother of a family."

"Not at all; that's not it, I mean," said Mr. S.; "if you will write a dozen pages or so, I shall be able to judge by those well enough, — at least, I will take all the responsibility on myself after that."

"There's a fair offer!" said my husband. "It seems to me, Wynn timer, that all that is wanted of you is to tell your tale so that other people can recognize the human heart in it, — the heart that is like their own, and be able to feel as if they were themselves going through the things you recount."

"You describe the work of a genius, and coolly ask me to do it. Besides, I don't want to be set thinking about my heart, and all that," I said peevishly.

"Now, don't be raising objections where none exist," he returned.

"If you mean I am pretending to object, I have only to say that I feel all one great objection to the whole affair, and that I won't touch it."

They were all silent; and I felt as if I had behaved ungraciously. Then first I felt as if I might *have* to do it, after all. But I couldn't see my way in the least.

"Now, what is there," I asked, "in all my life that is worth setting down, — I mean, as I should be able to set it down?"

"What do you ladies talk about now in your morning calls?" suggested Mr. Blackstone, with a humorous glance from his deep black eyes.

"Nothing worth writing about, as I am sure *you* will readily believe, Mr. Blackstone," I answered.

"How comes it to be interesting, then?"

"But it isn't. They — we — only talk about the weather and our children and servants, and that sort of thing."

"*Well!*" said Mr. S., "and I wish I could get any thing sensible about the weather and children and servants, and that sort of thing, for my magazine. I have a weakness in the direction of the sensible."

"But there never is any thing sensible said about any of them, — not that I know of."

"Now, Wynnie, I am sure you are wrong," said my father. "There is your friend, Mrs. Cromwell: I am certain she, sometimes at least, must say what is worth hearing about such matters."

"Well, but she's an exception. Besides, she hasn't any children."

"Then," said my husband, "there's Lady Bernard" —

"Ah! but she was like no one else. Besides, she is almost a public char-

acter, and any thing said about her would betray my original."

"It would be no matter. She is beyond caring for that now; and not one of her friends could object to any thing you who loved her so much would say about her."

The mention of this lady seemed to put some strength into me. I felt as if I did know something worth telling, and I was silent in my turn.

"Certainly," Mr. S. resumed, "whatever is worth talking about is worth writing about, — though not perhaps in the way it is talked about. Besides, Mrs. Percivale, my clients want to know more about your sisters, and little Theodora, or Dorothea, or — what was her name in the book?"

The end of it was, that I agreed to try to the extent of a dozen pages or so.

CHAPTER II.

I TRY.

I HOPE no one will think I try to write like my father; for that would be to go against what he always made a great point of, — that nobody whatever should imitate any other person whatever, but in modesty and humility allow the seed that God had sown in her to grow. He said all imitation tended to dwarf and distort the plant, if it even allowed the seed to germinate at all. So, if I do write like him, it will be because I cannot help it.

I will just look how "The Seaboard Parish" ends, and perhaps that will put into my head how I ought to begin. I see my father does mention that I had then been Mrs. Percivale for many years. Not so very many though, — five or six, if I remember rightly, and that is three or four years ago. Yes; I have been married nine years. I may as well say a word as to how it came about; and, if Percivale

doesn't like it, the remedy lies in his pen. I shall be far more thankful to have any thing struck out on suspicion than remain on sufferance.

After our return home from Kilkhaven, my father and mother had a good many talks about me and Percivale, and sometimes they took different sides. I will give a shadow of one of these conversations. I think ladies can write fully as natural talk as gentlemen can, though the bits between mayn't be so good.

Mother.—I am afraid, my dear husband [This was my mother's most solemn mode of addressing my father], "they are too like each other to make a suitable match."

Father.—I am sorry to learn you consider me so very unlike yourself, Ethelwyn. I had hoped there was a very strong resemblance indeed, and that the match had not proved altogether unsuitable.

Mother.—Just think, though, what would have become of me by this time, if you had been half as unbelieving a creature as I was. Indeed, I fear sometimes I am not much better now.

Father.—I think I am, then; and I know you've done me nothing but good with your unbelief. It was just because I was of the same sort precisely that I was able to understand and help you. My circumstances and education and superior years—

Mother.—Now, don't plume yourself on that, Harry; for you know everybody says you look much the younger of the two.

Father.—I had no idea that everybody was so rude. I repeat, that my more years, as well as my severer education, had, no doubt, helped me a little further on before I came to know you; but it was only in virtue of the doubt in me that I was able to

understand and appreciate the doubt in you.

Mother.—But then you had at least begun to leave it behind before I knew you, and so had grown able to help me. And Mr. Percivale does not seem, by all I can make out, a bit nearer believing in any thing than poor Wynn timer herself.

Father.—At least, he doesn't fancy he believes when he does not, as so many do, and consider themselves superior persons in consequence. I don't know that it would have done you any great harm, Miss Ethelwyn, to have made my acquaintance when I was in the worst of my doubts concerning the truth of things. Allow me to tell you that I was nearer making shipwreck of my faith at a certain period than I ever was before or have been since.

Mother.—What period was that?

Father.—Just the little while when I had lost all hope of ever marrying you,—unbeliever as you counted yourself.

Mother.—You don't mean to say you would have ceased to believe in God, if he hadn't given you your own way?

Father.—No, my dear. I firmly believe, that, had I never married you, I should have come in the end to say, "*Thy will be done,*" and to believe that it must be all right, however hard to bear. But, oh, what a terrible thing it would have been, and what a frightful valley of the shadow of death I should have had to go through first!

[I know my mother *said* nothing more just then, but let my father have it all his own way for a while.]

Father.—You see, this Percivale is an honest man. I don't exactly know how he has been brought up; and it is quite possible he may have had such evil instruction in Christian-

ity that he attributes to it doctrines which, if I supposed they actually belonged to it, would make me reject it at once as ungodlike and bad. I have found this the case sometimes. I remember once being astonished to hear a certain noble-minded lady utter some indignant words against what I considered a very weighty doctrine of Christianity; but, listening, I soon found that what she supposed the doctrine to contain was something considered vastly unchristian. This may be the case with Percivale, though I never heard him say a word of the kind. I think his difficulty comes mainly from seeing so much suffering in the world, that he cannot imagine the presence and rule of a good God, and therefore lies with religion rather than with Christianity as yet. I am all but certain, the only thing that will ever make him able to believe in a God at all is meditation on the Christian idea of God, — I mean the idea of God *in* Christ reconciling the world to himself, — not that pagan corruption of Christ in God reconciling him to the world. He will then see that suffering is not either wrath or neglect, but pure-hearted love and tenderness. But we must give him time, wife; as God has borne with us, we must believe that he bears with others, and so learn to wait in hopeful patience until they, too, see as we see.

And as to trusting our Wynn timer with Percivale, he seems to be as good as she is. I should for my part have more apprehension in giving her to one who would be called a thoroughly religious man; for not only would the unfitness be greater, but such a man would be more likely to confirm her in doubt, if the phrase be permissible. She wants what some would call homœopathic treatment. And

how should they be able to love one another, if they are not fit to be married to each other? The fitness seems inherent to the fact.

Mother. — But many a two love each other who would have loved each other a good deal more if they hadn't been married.

Father. — Then it was most desirable they should find out that what they thought a grand affection was not worthy of the name. But I don't think there is much fear of that between those two.

Mother. — I don't, however, see how that man is to do her any good, when *you* have tried to make her happy for so long, and all in vain.

Father. — I don't know that it has been all in vain. But it is quite possible she does not understand me. She fancies, I dare say, that I believe every thing without any trouble, and therefore cannot enter into her difficulties.

Mother. — But you have told her many and many a time that you do.

Father. — Yes: and I hope I was right; but the same things look so different to different people that the same words won't describe them to both; and it may seem to her that I am talking of something not at all like what she is feeling or thinking of. But when she sees the troubled face of Percivale, she knows that he is suffering; and sympathy being thus established between them, the least word of the one will do more to help the other than oceans of argument. Love is the one great instructor. And each will try to be good, and to find out for the sake of the other.

Mother. — I don't like her going from home for the help that lay at her very door.

Father. — You know, my dear, you

like the Dean's preaching much better than mine.

Mother. — Now that *is* unkind of you!

Father. — And why? [My father went on, taking no heed of my mother's expostulation.] "Because, in the first place, it *is* better; because, in the second, it comes in a newer form to you, for you have got used to all my modes; in the third place, it has more force from the fact that it is not subject to the doubt of personal preference; and lastly, because he has a large, comprehensive way of asserting things, which pleases you better than my more dubitant mode of submitting them, — all very sound and good reasons: but still, why be so vexed with Wynnie?"

[My mother was now, however, so vexed with my father for saying she preferred the Dean's preaching to his, — although I doubt very much whether it wasn't true, — that she actually walked out of the octagon room where they were, and left him to meditate on his unkindness. Vexed with herself the next moment, she returned as if nothing had happened. I am only telling what my mother told me; for to her grown daughters she is blessedly trusting.]

Mother. — Then if you will have them married, husband, will you say how on earth you expect them to live? He just makes both ends meet now: I suppose he doesn't make things out worse than they are; and that is his own account of the state of his affairs.

Father. — Ah, yes! that *is* — a secondary consideration, my dear. But I have hardly begun to think about it yet. There will be a difficulty there, I can easily imagine; for he is far too independent to let us do any thing for him.

Mother. — And you can't do much, if they would. Really, they oughtn't to marry yet.

Father. — Really, we must leave it to themselves. I don't think you and I need trouble our heads about it. When Percivale considers himself prepared to marry, and Wynnie thinks he is right, you may be sure they see their way to a livelihood without running in hopeless debt to their tradespeople.

Mother. — Oh, yes! I dare say: in some poky little lodging or other!

Father. — For my part, Ethelwyn, I think it better to build castles in the air than huts in the smoke. But seriously, a little poverty and a little struggling would be a most healthy and healing thing for Wynnie. It hasn't done Percivale much good yet, I confess; for he is far too indifferent to his own comforts to mind it: but it will be quite another thing when he has a young wife and perhaps children depending upon him. Then his poverty may begin to hurt him, and so do him some good.

It may seem odd that my father and mother should now be taking such opposite sides to those they took when the question of our engagement was first started, as represented by my father in "The Seaboard Parish." But it will seem inconsistent to none of the family; for it was no unusual thing for them to take opposite sides to those they had previously advocated, — each happening at the time, possibly enlightened by the foregone arguments of the other, to be impressed with the correlate truth, as my father calls the other side of a thing. Besides, engagement and marriage are two different things; and although my mother was the first to recognize the good of our being en-

gaged, when it came to marriage she got frightened, I think. Any how, I have her authority for saying that something like this passed between her and my father on the subject.

Discussion between them differed in this from what I have generally heard between married people, that it was always founded on a tacit understanding of certain unmentioned principles; and no doubt sometimes, if a stranger had been present, he would have been bewildered as to the very meaning of what they were saying. But we girls generally understood: and I fancy we learned more from their differences than from their agreements; for of course it was the differences that brought out their minds most, and chiefly led us to think that we might understand. In our house there were very few of those mysteries which in some houses seem so to abound; and I think the openness with which every question, for whose concealment there was no special reason, was discussed, did more than even any direct instruction we received to develop what thinking faculty might be in us. Nor was there much reason to dread that my small brothers might repeat any thing. I remember hearing Harry say to Charley once, they being then eight and nine years old, "That is mamma's opinion, Charley, not yours; and you know we must not repeat what we hear."

They soon came to be of one mind about Mr. Percivale and me: for indeed the only *real* ground for doubt that had ever existed was, whether I was good enough for him; and for my part, I knew then and know now, that I was and am dreadfully inferior to him. And notwithstanding the tremendous work women are now making about their rights (and, in

as far as they are their rights, I hope to goodness they may get them, if it were only that certain who make me feel ashamed of myself because I, too, am a woman, might perhaps then drop out of the public regard),—notwithstanding this, I venture the sweeping assertion, that every woman is not as good as every man, and that it is not necessary to the dignity of a wife that she should assert even equality with her husband. Let him assert her equality or superiority if he will; but, were it a fact, it would be a poor one for her to assert, seeing her glory is in her husband. To seek the chief place is especially unfitting the marriage-feast. Whether I be a Christian or not,—and I have good reason to doubt it every day of my life,—at least I see that in the New Jerusalem one essential of citizenship consists in knowing how to set the good in others over against the evil in ourselves.

There, now, my father might have said that! and no doubt has said so twenty times in my hearing. It is, however, only since I was married that I have come to see it for myself; and, now that I do see it, I have a right to say it.

So we were married at last. My mother believes it was my father's good advice to Percivale concerning the sort of pictures he painted, that brought it about. For certainly soon after we were engaged, he began to have what his artist friends called a run of luck: he sold one picture after another in a very extraordinary and hopeful manner. But Percivale says it was his love for me—indeed he does—which enabled him to see not only much deeper into things, but also to see much better the bloom that hangs about every thing, and so to paint much better pictures than

before. He felt, he said, that he had a hold now where before he had only a sight. However this may be, he had got on so well for a while that he wrote at last, that, if I was willing to share his poverty, it would not, he thought, be absolute starvation; and I was, of course, perfectly content. I can't put in words — indeed I dare not, for fear of writing what would be, if not unladylike, at least uncharitable — my contempt for those women who, loving a man, hesitate to run every risk with him. Of course, if they cannot trust him, it is a different thing. I am not going to say any thing about that; for I should be out of my depth, — not in the least understanding how a woman can love a man to whom she cannot look up. I believe there are who can; I see some men married whom I don't believe any woman ever did or ever could respect; all I say is, I don't understand it.

My father and mother made no objection, and were evidently at last quite agreed that it would be the best thing for both of us; and so, I say, we were married.

I ought to just mention, that, before the day arrived, my mother went up to London at Percivale's request, to help him in getting together the few things absolutely needful for the barest commencement of housekeeping. For the rest, it had been arranged that we should furnish by degrees, buying as we saw what we liked, and could afford it. The greater part of modern fashions in furniture, having both been accustomed to the stateliness of a more artistic period, we detested for their ugliness, and chiefly, therefore, we desired to look about us at our leisure.

My mother came back more satisfied with the little house he had taken

than I had expected. It was not so easy to get one to suit us; for of course he required a large room to paint in, with a good north light. He had however succeeded better than he had hoped.

"You will find things very different from what you have been used to, Wynnie," said my mother.

"Of course, mamma; I know that," I answered. "I hope I am prepared to meet it. If I don't like it, I shall have no one to blame but myself; and I don't see what right people have to expect what they have been used to."

"There is just this advantage," said my father, "in having been used to nice things, that it ought to be easier to keep from sinking into the sordid, however straitened the new circumstances may be, compared with the old."

On the evening before the wedding, my father took me into the octagon room, and there knelt down with me and my mother, and prayed for me in such a wonderful way that I was perfectly astonished and overcome. I had never known him to do any thing of the kind before. He was not favorable to extempore prayer in public, or even in the family, and indeed had often seemed willing to omit prayers for what I could not always count sufficient reason: he had a horror at their getting to be a matter of course, and a form; for then, he said, they ceased to be worship at all, and were a mere pagan rite, better far left alone. I remember also he said, that those, however good they might be, who urged attention to the forms of religion, such as going to church and saying prayers, were, however innocently, just the prophets of Pharisaism; that what men had to be stirred up to was to lay hold upon God, and then they would not fail to find out

what religious forms they ought to cherish. "The spirit first, and then the flesh," he would say. To put the latter before the former was a falsehood, and therefore a frightful danger, being at the root of all declensions in the Church, and making ever-recurring earthquakes and persecutions and repentances and reformations needful. I find what my father used to say coming back so often now that I hear so little of it — especially as he talks much less, accusing himself of having always talked too much, — and I understand it so much better now, that I shall be always in danger of interrupting my narrative to say something that he said. But when I commence the next chapter, I shall get on faster, I hope. My story is like a vessel I saw once being launched: it would stick on the stocks, instead of sliding away into the expectant waters.

CHAPTER III.

MY WEDDING.

I CONFESS the first thing I did when I knew myself the next morning was to have a good cry. To leave the place where I had been born was like forsaking the laws and order of the Nature I knew, for some other Nature it might be, but not known to me as such. How, for instance, could one who has been used to our bright white sun, and our pale modest moon, with our soft twilights, and far, mysterious skies of night, be willing to fall in with the order of things in a planet, such as I have read of somewhere, with three or four suns, one red and another green and another yellow? Only perhaps I've taken it all up wrong, and I do like looking at a landscape for a minute or so through

a colored glass; and if it be so, of course it all blends, and all we want is harmony. What I mean is, that I found it a great wrench to leave the dear old place, and of course loved it more than I had ever loved it. But I would get all my crying about that over beforehand. It would be bad enough afterwards to have to part with my father and mother and Connie, and the rest of them. Only it wasn't like leaving them. You can't leave hearts as you do rooms. You can't leave thoughts as you do books. Those you love only come nearer to you when you go away from them. The same rules don't hold with *thinks* and *things*, as my eldest boy distinguished them the other day.

But somehow I couldn't get up and dress. I seemed to have got very fond of my own bed, and the queer old crows, as I had called them from babyhood, on the chintz curtains, and the Chinese paper on the walls with the strangest birds and creeping things on it. It was a lovely spring morning, and the sun was shining gloriously. I knew that the rain of the last night must be glittering on the grass and the young leaves; and I heard the birds singing as if they knew far more than mere human beings, and believed a great deal more than they knew. Nobody will persuade me that the birds don't mean it; that they sing from any thing else than gladness of heart. And if they don't think about cats and guns, why should they? Even when they fall on the ground, it is not without our Father. How horribly dull and stupid it seems to say that "without your Father" means without *his knowing it*. The Father's mere *knowledge* of a thing — if that could be, which my father says can't — is not the Father. The Father's

tenderness and care and love of it all the time, that is the not falling without him. When the cat kills the bird, as I have seen happen so often in our poor little London garden, God yet saves his bird from his cat. There is nothing so bad as it looks to our half-sight, our blinding perceptions. My father used to say we are all walking in a spiritual twilight, and are all more or less affected with twilight blindness, as some people are physically. Percivale, for one, who is as brave as any wife could wish, is far more timid than I am in crossing a London street in the twilight; he can't see what is coming, and fancies he sees what is not coming. But then he has faith in me, and never starts when I am leading him.

Well, the birds were singing, and Dora and the boys were making a great chatter, like a whole colony of sparrows, under my window. Still I felt as if I had twenty questions to settle before I could get up comfortably, and so lay on and on till the breakfast-bell rang: and I was not more than half dressed when my mother came to see why I was late; for I had not been late for ever so long before.

She comforted me as nobody but a mother can comfort. Oh, I do hope I shall be to my children what my mother has been to me! It would be such a blessed thing to be a well of water whence they may be sure of drawing comfort. And all she said to me has come true.

Of course, my father gave me away, and Mr. Weir married us.

It had been before agreed that we should have no wedding journey. We all liked the old-fashioned plan of the bride going straight from her father's house to her husband's. The

other way seemed a poor invention, just for the sake of something different. So after the wedding, we spent the time as we should have done any other day, wandering about in groups, or sitting and reading, only that we were all more smartly dressed; until it was time for an early dinner, after which we drove to the station, accompanied only by my father and mother.

After they left us, or rather we left them, my husband did not speak to me for nearly an hour: I knew why, and was very grateful. He would not show his new face in the midst of my old loves and their sorrows, but would give me time to re-arrange the grouping so as myself to bring him in when all was ready for him. I know that was what he was thinking, or feeling rather; and I understood him perfectly. At last, when I had got things a little tidier inside me, and had got my eyes to stop, I held out my hand to him, and then—I knew that I was his wife.

This is all I have got to tell, though I have plenty more to keep, till we get to London. There, instead of my father's nice carriage, we got into a jolting, lumbering, horrid cab, with my five boxes and Percivale's little portmanteau on the top of it, and drove away to Camden Town. It was to a part of it near the Regent's Park; and so our letters were always, according to the divisions of the post-office, addressed to Regent's Park, but for all practical intents we were in Camden Town. It was indeed a change from a fine old house in the country; but the street wasn't much uglier than Belgrave Square, or any other of those heaps of uglinesses, called squares, in the West End; and, after what I had been told to expect, I was surprised at the prettiness of the little house, when I stepped out of the cab

and looked about me. It was stuck on like a swallow's nest to the end of a great row of commonplace houses, nearly a quarter of a mile in length, but itself was not the work of one of those wretched builders who care no more for beauty in what they build than a scavenger in the heap of mud he scrapes from the street. It had been built by a painter for himself, in the Tudor style; and though Percivale says the idea is not very well carried out, I like it much.

I found it a little dreary when I entered though, — from its emptiness. The only sitting-room at all prepared had just a table and two or three old-fashioned chairs in it; not even a carpet on the floor. The bedroom and dressing-room were also as scantily furnished as they well could be.

"Don't be dismayed, my darling," said my husband. "Look here," — showing me a bunch of notes, — "we shall go out to-morrow and buy all we want, — as far as this will go, — and then wait for the rest. It will be such a pleasure to buy the things with you, and see them come home, and have you appoint their places. You and Sarah will make the carpets; won't you? And I will put them down, and we shall be like birds building their nest."

"We have only to line it; the nest is built already."

"Well, neither do the birds build the tree. I wonder if they ever sit in their old summer nests in the winter nights."

"I am afraid not," I answered; "but I'm ashamed to say I can't tell."

"It is the only pretty house I know in all London," he went on, "with a studio at the back of it. I have had my eye on it for a long time, but there seemed no sign of a migratory

disposition in the bird who had occupied it for three years past. All at once he spread his wings and flew. I count myself very fortunate."

"So do I. But now you must let me see your study," I said. "I hope I may sit in it when you've got nobody there."

"As much as ever you like, my love," he answered. "Only I don't want to make all my women like you, as I've been doing for the last two years. You must get me out of that somehow."

"Easily. I shall be so cross and disagreeable that you will get tired of me, and find no more difficulty in keeping me out of your pictures."

But he got me out of his pictures without that; for when he had me always before him he didn't want to be always producing me.

He led me into the little hall, — made lovely by a cast of an unfinished Madonna of Michael Angelo's let into the wall, — and then to the back of it, where he opened a small cloth-covered door, when there yawned before me, below me, and above me, a great wide lofty room. Down into it led an almost perpendicular stair.

"So you keep a little private precipice here," I said.

"No, my dear," he returned; "you mistake. It is a Jacob's ladder, — or will be in one moment more."

He gave me his hand, and led me down.

"This is quite a banqueting-hall, Percivale!" I cried, looking round me.

"It shall be, the first time I get a thousand pounds for a picture," he returned.

"How grand you talk!" I said, looking up at him with some wonder; for big words rarely came out of his mouth.

"Well," he answered merrily, "I had two hundred and seventy-five for the last."

"That's a long way off a thousand," I returned, with a silly sigh.

"Quite right; and, therefore, this study is a long way off a banqueting-hall."

There was literally nothing inside the seventeen feet cube except one chair, one easel, a horrible thing like a huge doll, with no end of joints, called a lay figure, but Percivale called it his bishop; a number of pictures leaning their faces against the walls in attitudes of grief that their beauty was despised and no man would buy them; a few casts of legs and arms and faces, half a dozen murderous-looking weapons, and a couple of yards square of the most exquisite tapestry I ever saw.

"Do you like being read to when you are at work?" I asked him.

"Sometimes, — at certain kinds of work, but not by any means always," he answered. "Will you shut your eyes for one minute," he went on, "and, whatever I do, not open them till I tell you?"

"You musn't hurt me, then, or I may open them without being able to help it, you know," I said, closing my eyes tight.

"Hurt you!" he repeated, with a tone I would not put on paper if I could, and the same moment I found myself in his arms, carried like a baby, for Percivale is one of the strongest of men.

It was only for a few yards, however. He laid me down somewhere, and told me to open my eyes.

I could scarcely believe them when I did. I was lying on a couch in a room, — small, indeed, but beyond exception the loveliest I had ever seen. At first I was only aware of an ex-

quisite harmony of color, and could not have told of what it was composed. The place was lighted by a soft lamp that hung in the middle; and when my eyes went up to see where it was fastened, I found the ceiling marvellous in deep blue, with a suspicion of green, just like some of the shades of a peacock's feathers, with a multitude of gold and red stars upon it. What the walls were I could not for some-time tell, they were so covered with pictures and sketches; against one was a lovely little set of book-shelves filled with books, and on a little carved table stood a vase of white hot-house flowers, with one red camellia. One picture had a curtain of green silk before it, and by its side hung the wounded knight whom his friends were carrying home to die.

"O my Percivale!" I cried, and could say no more.

"Do you like it?" he asked quietly, but with shining eyes.

"Like it?" I repeated. "Shall I like Paradise when I get there? But what a lot of money it must have cost you!"

"Not much," he answered; "not more than thirty pounds or so. Every spot of paint there is from my own brush."

"O Percivale!"

I must make a conversation of it to tell it at all; but what I really did say I know no more than the man in the moon.

"The carpet was the only expensive thing. That must be as thick as I could get it; for the floor is of stone, and must not come near your pretty feet. Guess what the place was before."

"I should say, the flower of a prickly-pear cactus, full of sunlight from behind, which a fairy took the fancy to swell into a room."

"It was a shed, in which the sculptor who occupied the place before me used to keep his wet clay and blocks of marble."

"Seeing is hardly believing," I said. "Is it to be my room? I know you mean it for my room, where I can ask you to come when I please, and where I can hide when any one comes you don't want me to see."

"That is just what I meant it for, my Ethelwyn, — and to let you know what I *would* do for you if I could."

"I hate the place, Percivale," I said. "What right has it to come poking in between you and me, telling me what I know and have known — for, well, I won't say how long — far better than even you can tell me?"

He looked a little troubled.

"Ah, my dear!" I said, "let my foolish words breathe and die."

I wonder sometimes to think how seldom I am in that room now. But there it is; and somehow I seem to know it all the time I am busy elsewhere.

He made me shut my eyes again, and carried me into the study.

"Now," he said, "find your way to your own room."

I looked about me, but could see no sign of door. He took up a tall stretcher with a canvas on it, and revealed the door, at the same time showing a likeness of myself, — at the top of the Jacob's ladder, as he called it, with one foot on the first step, and the other half way to the second. The light came from the window on my left, which he had turned into a western window, in order to get certain effects from a supposed sunset. I was represented in a white dress, tinged with the rose of the west; and he had managed, attributing the phenomenon to the inequalities of the

glass in the window, to suggest one rosy wing behind me, with just the shoulder-roof of another visible.

"There!" he said. "It is not finished yet, but that is how I saw you one evening as I was sitting here all alone in the twilight."

"But you didn't really see me like that!" I said. "I hardly know," he answered. "I had been forgetting every thing else in dreaming about you, and — how it was I cannot tell, but either in the body or out of the body there I saw you, standing just so at the top of the stair, smiling to me as much as to say, 'Have patience. My foot is on the first step. I'm coming.' I turned at once to my easel, and before the twilight was gone had sketched the vision. Tomorrow, you must sit to me for an hour or so; for I will do nothing else till I have finished it, and sent it off to your father and mother."

I may just add that I hear it is considered a very fine painting. It hangs in the great dining-room at home. I wish I were as good as he has made it look.

The next morning, after I had given him the sitting he wanted, we set out on our furniture hunt; when, having keen enough eyes, I caught sight of this and of that and of twenty different things in the brokers' shops. We did not agree about the merits of every thing by which one or the other was attracted; but an objection by the one always turned the other, a little at least, and we bought nothing we were not agreed about. Yet that evening the hall was piled with things sent home to line our nest. Percivale, as I have said, had saved up some money for the purpose, and I had a hundred pounds my father had given me before we started, which, never having had more than

ten of my own at a time, I was eager enough to spend. So we found plenty to do for the fortnight during which time my mother had promised to say nothing to her friends in London of our arrival. Percivale also keeping out of the way of his friends, everybody thought we were on the Continent, or somewhere else, and left us to ourselves. And as he had sent in his pictures to the Academy, he was able to take a rest, which rest consisted in working hard at all sorts of upholstery, not to mention painters' and carpenters' work; so that we soon got the little house made into a very warm and very pretty nest. I may mention that Percivale was particularly pleased with a cabinet I bought for him on the sly, to stand in his study, and hold his paints and brushes and sketches; for there were all sorts of drawers in it, and some that it took us a good deal of trouble to find out, though he was clever enough to suspect them from the first, when I hadn't a thought of such a thing; and I have often fancied since that that cabinet was just like himself, for I have been going on finding out things in him that I had no idea were there when I married him. I had no idea that he was a poet, for instance. I wonder to this day why he never showed me any of his verses before we were married. He writes better poetry than my father, — at least my father says so. Indeed, I soon came to feel very ignorant and stupid beside him; he could tell me so many things, and especially in art (for he had thought about all kinds of it), making me understand that there is no end to it, any more than to the Nature which sets it going, and that the more we see into Nature, and try to represent it, the more ignorant and helpless we find ourselves, until at

length I began to wonder whether God might not have made the world so rich and full just to teach his children humility. For a while I felt quite stunned. He very much wanted me to draw; but I thought it was no use trying, and, indeed, had no heart for it. I spoke to my father about it. He said it was indeed of no use, if my object was to be able to think much of myself, for no one could ever succeed in that in the long run; but if my object was to reap the delight of the truth, it was worth while to spend hours and hours on trying to draw a single tree-leaf, or paint the wing of a moth.

CHAPTER IV.

THE very first morning after the expiry of the fortnight, when I was in the kitchen with Sarah, giving her instructions about a certain dish as if I had made it twenty times, whereas I had only just learned how from a shilling cookery-book, there came a double knock at the door. I guessed who it must be.

"Run, Sarah," I said, "and show Mrs. Morley into the drawing-room."

When I entered, there she was, — Mrs. Morley, *alias* Cousin Judy.

"Well, little cozzie!" she cried, as she kissed me three or four times, "I'm glad to see you gone the way of womankind, — wooed and married and a'! Fate, child! inscrutable fate!" and she kissed me again.

She always calls me little coz, though I am a head taller than herself. She is as good as ever, quite as brusque, and at the first word apparently more overbearing. But she is as ready to listen to reason as ever was woman of my acquaintance; and I think the form of her speech is but a somewhat distorted reflex of her per-

fect honesty. After a little trifling talk, which is sure to come first when people are more than ordinarily glad to meet, I asked after her children. I forget how many there were of them, but they were then pretty far into the plural number.

"Growing like ill weeds," she said; "as anxious as ever their grandfathers and mothers were to get their heads up and do mischief. For my part I wish I was Jove, — to start them full grown at once. Or why shouldn't they be made like Eve out of their father's ribs? It would be a great comfort to their mother."

My father had always been much pleased with the results of Judy's training, as contrasted with those of his sister's. The little ones of my aunt Martha's family were always wanting something, and always looking care-worn like their mother, while she was always reading them lectures on their duty, and never making them mind what she said. She would represent the self-same thing to them over and over, until not merely all force, but all sense as well, seemed to have forsaken it. Her notion of duty was to tell them yet again the duty which they had been told at least a thousand times already, without the slightest result. They were dull children, wearisome and uninteresting. On the other hand, the little Morleys were full of life and eagerness. The fault in them was that they wouldn't take petting; and what's the good of a child that won't be petted? They lacked that something which makes a woman feel motherly.

"When did you arrive, cozzie?" she asked.

"A fortnight ago yesterday."

"Ah, you sly thing! What have you been doing with yourself all the time?"

"Furnishing."

"What! you came into an empty house?"

"Not quite that, but nearly."

"It is very odd I should never have seen your husband. We have crossed each other twenty times."

"Not so *very* odd, seeing he has been my husband only a fortnight."

"What is he like?"

"Like nothing but himself."

"Is he tall?"

"Yes."

"Is he stout?"

"No."

"An Adonis?"

"No."

"A Hercules?"

"No."

"Very clever, I believe."

"Not at all."

For my father had taught me to look down on that word.

"Why did you marry him then?"

"I didn't. He married me."

"What did you marry him for then?"

"For love."

"What did you love him for?"

"Because he was a philosopher."

"That's the oddest reason I ever heard for marrying a man."

"I said for loving him, Judy."

Her bright eyes were twinkling with fun.

"Come, cozzie," she said, "give me a proper reason for falling in love with this husband of yours."

"Well, I'll tell you, then," I said; "only you musn't tell any other body; he's got such a big shaggy head, just like a lion's."

"And such a huge big foot, — just like a bear's?"

"Yes, and such great huge hands! Why, the two of them go quite round my waist! And such big eyes, that they look right through me; and such

a big heart, that if he saw me doing any thing wrong, he would kill me, and bury me in it."

"Well, I must say, it is the most extraordinary description of a husband I ever heard. It sounds to me very like an ogre."

"Yes; I admit the description is rather ogriish. But then he's poor, and that makes up for a good deal."

I was in the humor for talking nonsense, and of course expected of all people that Judy would understand my fun.

"How does that make up for any thing?"

"Because if he is a poor man, he isn't a rich man, and therefore not so likely to be a stupid."

"How do you make that out?"

"Because, first of all, the rich man doesn't know what to do with his money, whereas my ogre knows what to do without it. Then the rich man wonders in the morning which waist-coat he shall put on, while my ogre has but one, besides his Sunday one. Then supposing the rich man has slept well, and has done a fair stroke or two of business, he wants nothing but a well-dressed wife, a well-dressed dinner, a few glasses of his favorite wine, and the evening paper, well-diluted with a sleep in his easy chair, to be perfectly satisfied that this world is the best of all possible worlds. Now my ogre, on the other hand" —

I was going on to point out how frightfully different from all this my ogre was, — how he would devour a half-cooked chop, and drink a pint of ale from the public-house, &c., &c., when she interrupted me, saying with an odd expression of voice, —

"You are satirical, cozzie. He's not the worst sort of man you've just described. A woman might be very happy with him. If it weren't such

early days, I should doubt if you were as comfortable as you would have people think; for how else should you be so ill-natured?"

It flashed upon me, that, without the least intention, I had been giving a very fair portrait of Mr. Morley. I felt my face grow as red as fire.

"I had no intention of being satirical, Judy," I replied. "I was only describing a man the very opposite of my husband."

"You don't know mine yet," she said. "You may think" —

She actually broke down and cried. I had never in my life seen her cry; and I was miserable at what I had done. Here was a nice beginning of social relations in my married life!

I knelt down, put my arms round her, and looked up in her face.

"Dear Judy," I said, "you mistake me quite. I never thought of Mr. Morley when I said that. How should I have dared to say such things if I had? He is a most kind, good man, and papa and every one is glad when he comes to see us. I dare say he does like to sleep well, — I know Percivale does; and I don't doubt he likes to get on with what he's at: Percivale does, for he's ever so much better company when he has got on with his picture; and I know he likes to see me well dressed, — at least I haven't tried him with any thing else yet, for I have plenty of clothes for a while; and then for the dinner, which I believe was one of the points in the description I gave, I wish Percivale cared a little more for his, for then it would be easier to do something for him. As to the newspaper, there I fear I must give him up, for I have never yet seen him with one in his hand. He's so stupid about some things!"

"Oh, you've found that out! have

you? Men *are* stupid; there's no doubt of that. But you don't know my Walter yet."

I looked up, and, behold, Percivale was in the room! His face wore such a curious expression that I could hardly help laughing. And no wonder: for here was I on my knees, clasping my first visitor, and to all appearance pouring out the woes of my wedded life in her lap, — woes so deep that they drew tears from her as she listened. All this flashed upon me as I started to my feet, but I could give no explanation; I could only make haste to introduce my husband to my cousin Judy.

He behaved, of course, as if he had heard nothing. But I fancy Judy caught a glimpse of the awkward position, for she plunged into the affair at once.

"Here is my cousin, Mr. Percivale, has been abusing my husband to my face, calling him rich and stupid, and I don't know what all. I confess he is so stupid as to be very fond of me, but that's all I know against him."

And her handkerchief went once more to her eyes.

"Dear Judy!" I expostulated, "you know I didn't say one word about him."

"Of course I do, you silly coz!" she cried, and burst out laughing. "But I won't forgive you except you make amends by dining with us to-morrow."

Thus for the time she carried it off; but I believe, and have since had good reason for believing, that she had really mistaken me at first, and been much annoyed.

She and Percivale got on very well. He showed her the portrait he was still working at, — even accepted one or two trifling hints as to the like-

ness, and they parted the best friends in the world.

Glad as I had been to see her, how I longed to see the last of her! The moment she was gone, I threw myself into his arms, and told him how it came about. He laughed heartily.

"I *was* a little puzzled," he said, "to hear you informing a lady I had never seen that I was so very stupid."

"But I wasn't telling a story, either, for you know you are ve-e-e-ry stupid, Percivale. You don't know a leg from a shoulder of mutton, and you can't carve a bit. How ever you can draw as you do, is a marvel to me, when you know nothing about the shapes of things. It was very wrong to say it, even for the sake of covering poor Mrs. Morley's husband; but it was quite true, you know."

"Perfectly true, my love," he said, with something else where I've only put commas; "and I mean to remain so, in order that you may always have something to fall back upon when you get yourself into a scrape by forgetting that other people have husbands as well as you."

CHAPTER V.

WE had agreed, rather against the inclination of both of us, to dine the next evening with the Morleys. We should have preferred our own society, but we could not refuse.

"They will be talking to me about my pictures," said my husband, "and that is just what I hate. People that know nothing of art, that can't distinguish purple from black, will yet parade their ignorance, and expect me to be pleased."

"Mr. Morley is a well-bred man, Percivale," I said.

"That's the worst of it, — they do it for good manners; I know the

kind of people perfectly. I hate to have my pictures praised. It is as bad as talking to one's face about the nose upon it."

I wonder if all ladies keep their husbands waiting. I did that night, I know, and, I am afraid, a good many times after, — not, however, since Percivale told me very seriously that being late for dinner was the only fault of mine the blame of which he would not take on his own shoulders. The fact on this occasion was, that I could not get my hair right. It was the first time I missed what I had been used to, and longed for the deft fingers of my mother's maid to help me. When I told him the cause, he said he would do my hair for me next time, if I would teach him how. But I have managed very well since without either him or a lady's-maid.

When we reached Bolivar Square, we found the company waiting; and, as if for a rebuke to us, the butler announced dinner the moment we entered. I was seated between Mr. Morley and a friend of his who took me down, Mr. Baddeley, a portly gentleman, with an expanse of snowy shirt from which flashed three diamond studs. A huge gold chain reposed upon his front, and on his finger shone a brilliant of great size. Every thing about him seemed to say, "Look how real I am! No shoddy about me!" His hands were plump and white, and looked as if they did not know what dust was. His talk sounded very rich, and yet there was no pretence in it. His wife looked less of a lady than he of a gentleman, for she betrayed conscious importance. I found afterwards that he was the only son of a railway contractor, who had himself handled the spade, but at last died enormously

rich. He spoke blandly, but with a certain quiet authority which I disliked.

"Are you fond of the opera, Mrs. Percivale?" he asked me in order to make talk.

"I have never been to the opera," I answered.

"Never been to the opera? Ain't you fond of music?"

"Did you ever know a lady that wasn't?"

"Then you must go to the opera."

"But it is just because I fancy myself fond of music that I don't think I should like the opera."

"You can't hear such music anywhere else."

"But the antics of the singers, pretending to be in such furies of passion, yet modulating every note with the cunning of a carver in ivory, seems to me so preposterous! For surely song springs from a brooding over past feeling, — I do not mean lost feeling; never from present emotion."

"Ah! you would change your mind after having once been. I should strongly advise you to go, if only for once. You ought now, really."

"An artist's wife must do without such expensive amusements, — except her husband's pictures be very popular indeed. I might as well cry for the moon. The cost of a box at the opera for a single night would keep my little household for a fortnight."

"Ah, well! but you should see 'The Barber,'" he said.

"Perhaps if I could hear without seeing, I should like it better," I answered.

He fell silent, busying himself with his fish, and when he spoke again turned to the lady on his left. I went on with my dinner. I knew that our host had heard what I said, for I saw him turn rather hastily to his butler.

Mr. Morley is a man difficult to describe, stiff in the back, and long and loose in the neck, reminding me of those toy-birds that bob head and tail up and down alternately. When he agrees with any thing you say, down comes his head with a rectangular nod; when he does not agree with you, he is so silent and motionless that he leaves you in doubt whether he has heard a word of what you have been saying. His face is hard, and was to me then inscrutable, while what he said always seemed to have little or nothing to do with what he was thinking; and I had not then learned whether he had a heart or not. His features were well formed, but they and his head and face too small for his body. He seldom smiled except when in doubt. He had, I understood, been very successful in business, and always looked full of schemes.

"Have you been to the Academy yet?" he asked.

"No; this is only the first day of it."

"Are your husband's pictures well hung?"

"As high as Haman," I answered; "skied, in fact. That is the right word, I believe."

"I would advise you to avoid slang, my dear cousin, — *professional* slang especially; and to remember that in London there are no professions after six o'clock."

"Indeed!" I returned. "As we came along in the carriage, — cabbage, I mean, — I saw no end of shops open."

"I mean in society, — at dinner, — amongst friends, you know."

"My dear Mr. Morley, you have just done asking me about my husband's pictures; and, if you will listen a moment, you will hear that lady

next my husband talking to him about Leslie and Turner, and I don't know who more, — all in the trade."

"Hush! hush! I beg," he almost whispered, looking agonized. "That's Mrs. Baddeley. Her husband, next to you, is a great picture-buyer. That's why I asked him to meet you."

"I thought there were no professions in London after six o'clock."

"I am afraid I have not made my meaning quite clear to you."

"Not quite. Yet I think I understand you."

"We'll have a talk about it another time."

"With pleasure."

It irritated me rather that he should talk to me, a married woman, as to a little girl who did not know how to behave herself; but his patronage of my husband displeased me far more, and I was on the point of committing the terrible blunder of asking Mr. Baddeley if he had any poor relations; but I checked myself in time, and prayed to know whether he was a member of Parliament. He answered that he was not in the house at present, and asked in return why I had wished to know. I answered that I wanted a bill brought in for the punishment of fraudulent milkmen; for I couldn't get a decent pennyworth of milk in all Camden Town. He laughed, and said it would be a very desirable measure, only too great an interference with the liberty of the subject. I told him that kind of liberty was just what law in general owed its existence to, and was there on purpose to interfere with; but he did not seem to see it.

The fact is, I was very silly. Proud of being the wife of an artist, I resented the social injustice which I thought gave artists no place but

one of sufferance. Proud also of being poor for Percivale's sake, I made a show of my poverty before people whom I supposed, rightly enough in many cases, to be proud of their riches. But I knew nothing of what poverty really meant, and was as yet only playing at being poor; cherishing a foolish, though unacknowledged notion of protecting my husband's poverty with the ægis of my position as the daughter of a man of consequence in his county. I was thus wronging the dignity of my husband's position, and complimenting wealth by making so much of its absence. Poverty or wealth ought to have been in my eyes such a trifle that I never thought of publishing whether I was rich or poor. I ought to have taken my position without wasting a thought on what it might appear in the eyes of those about me, meeting them on the mere level of humanity, and leaving them to settle with themselves how they were to think of me, and where they were to place me. I suspect also, now that I think of it, that I looked down upon my cousin Judy because she had a mere man of business for her husband; forgetting that our Lord had found a collector of conquered taxes, — a man, I presume, with little enough of the artistic about him, — one of the fittest in his nation to bear the mes-

sage of his redemption to the hearts of his countrymen. It is his loves and his hopes, not his visions and intentions, by which a man is to be judged. My father had taught me all this; but I did not understand it then, nor until years after I had left him.

"Is Mrs. Percivale a lady of fortune?" asked Mr. Baddeley of my cousin Judy when we were gone, for we were the first to leave.

"Certainly not. Why do you ask?" she returned.

"Because, from her talk, I thought she must be," he answered.

Cousin Judy told me this the next day, and I could see she thought I had been bragging of my family. So I recounted all the conversation I had had with him, as nearly as I could recollect, and set down the question to an impertinent irony. But I have since changed my mind: I now judge that he could not believe any poor person would joke about poverty. I never found one of those people who go about begging for charities believe me when I told him the simple truth that I could not afford to subscribe. None but a rich person, they seem to think, would dare such an excuse, and that only in the just expectation that its very assertion must render it incredible.

A NURSERY RHYME.

BY CHRISTINE G. ROSSETTI.

FLY away, fly away, over the sea,
 Sun-loving swallow, for summer is done;
 Come again, come again, come back to me,
 Bringing the summer, and bringing the sun.

BROKEN BONES.

BY ALEXANDER WOOD.

BROKEN English was the description once applied by "Punch" to the victims of a railway accident. When sympathizers shipped to the Texan revolutionists carefully packed cannon and shell, the bills of lading described them as Hollow Ware.

So the meanings of words, however common in themselves, depend for their force upon the recipient. To one man, to you it may be, amiable but prosaic reader, "broken bones" may convey nothing; your neighbor in the country may translate it as a potential fertilizer; to a third party it may suggest much more than these pages can develop.

It has so happened, that interested persons have collected thousands of fragments of skeletons, have placed them in a special building, have decorated them with appropriate insignia, and have set them up to be worshipped.

Washington, from its foundation, has been designated, by the Opposition of the time, as a whited sepulchre; at least, it is true that one public building there is filled with dead men's bones. One spacious hall is crowded to repletion with these fragments of humanity, that to the citizen pour forth an epic of patriotism and valor, to the philanthropist chant a *miserere* of anguish, to the devotee of surgery are the expression of so many facts, adding new dogmas and confirming old ones in his special science.

Could they speak, what tales might they not tell of rebel daring and national courage, representing, as they do, every army and every battle-field,

almost every regiment that marched in the Four-years' War! Any blood not congealed by the frost of selfishness, any heart not covered with the rust of gain, must flow swifter and bound harder at the mere roll-call of actions to which they would respond. But to excite patriotism, or to inspire valor, is not the primary object of this paper.

The writer has had occasion to question these trophies of science, and he offers here a few of the curious facts that thrust themselves among the professional answers. And it is very rarely that any thing pertaining to ourselves, to the reasons why we live and the manner in which we live, is not of interest to us. The *humani nihil alienum* of the poet is only a little broader statement of the principle that we daily see, in modern life, giving success to the nostrum venders in their myriads of believers and their prodigious fortunes.

Claude Bernard, one of the foremost physiologists of the age, is reported as beginning his lectures to the medical students of Paris, with the assertion that the science of medicine does not exist; and one of the wise men of our own East has advised that physic be thrown to the fishes. Both are learned and honorable men, who teach well in their real meanings; and these paradoxical expressions diminish by nothing their pupils' and *confrères'* respect. As long as they teach of the physical man, they are honored and held in interest. We cannot, if we would, divest ourselves of this sympathy with ourselves. We must, unless we

are desiccated, feel a thrill, selfish though it is, where life and death are dissected for us. Mr. Venus, in his "human various" den, illustrates in a mild way the sentiment. But in this Golgotha, which any one may visit, the most casual observer, if his eyes are open at all, cannot but be impressed with many-angled surprise.

The first and most obvious lesson learned there is, that when war grasps its victims, and hurls them out of the world, they are frequently as fearfully and wonderfully demolished as they were fearfully and wonderfully made when they glided into it.

Of course, in a collection whose final end is to facilitate the conservation of life, there are comparatively few examples of that awful instantaneous destruction that goes to make up the list of killed in battle. The number of wounded, and only secondarily the number of slain, is the measure of the mischief inflicted upon the enemy. A man killed outright is like a round of ammunition expended, — simply gone. The wounded are as if the magazine is in danger, requiring the constant care of others, and are, thereby, a steady source of weakness, both on the field and subsequently. They are primarily more of a loss than the killed, and they continually impede the advance or retreat of an army afterward. "Aim at their legs" at the same time corrects a recruit's tendency to overshoot, and indicates the most effective if not the most vital seat for disabling the enemy. The killed are simply buried, if fortunately they may be; and few relics of how they are slain grace scientific galleries. Still, in this vast collection there are some. No. 1319 is a bony saucer, so to speak, formed of the lower portion of the skull, — all that re-

mained after the impact of some horrible missile against the head. Contact and death must have been simultaneous; and the completeness of the destruction reminds one of annihilation. In another part of the hall round shot, and the wicked-looking fragments into which shell burst, excite astonishment that any life escapes destruction where they have struck. In the midst of these fruits of legitimate warfare is one relic testifying to the cruelty of the savage that spares nothing. The skull of a child of twelve years, pierced by a bullet, reposes side by side with those of stalwart men who fell in equal battle. In an Indian (and, it is said, Mormon) massacre in Utah, one hundred and eighteen emigrant men, women, and children perished; this child was one of that party.

But the reader is not invited to a simple feast of horror. Some instruction may be gathered, or at least a little curious information gleaned, in a half-hour's walk along those shelves. Nor to acquire this instruction need one be an enthusiast, like the surgical pathologist who (very) liberally translates *nil de mortuis nisi bonum* into, "there is no good in the dead but their bones."

It is a popular belief, or superstition, that, when the brain is touched by a foreign body, death is inevitable and speedy. But those holding this have not heard of the New Englander who had a tamping-iron blown through his head, and afterwards lived many years, a part of the time stage-driving in South America. Or of the Frenchman, who, blown up in a mine and covered with *débris*, extricated himself, directed how he should be carried to a surgeon's, and there related all the details of the accident, notwithstanding his whole forehead

was laid open, the skin hung in shreds, and the anterior half of the brain was completely destroyed, in whose stead was a mixture of blood, of bony splinters, and of brain substance. Or of the Pennsylvania lad, who, losing an ounce or two of brain by accident, was thereby converted from a dull boy into a bright one. Brains are of secondary consideration with some people. The Museum upon which these remarks are founded is an outgrowth of the War; and consequently it is too young to have received specimens illustrating the fact, for it is a fact, that the brain may be injured and the patient recover. But the manuscript records attached to it recount a number of such instances. So far as skulls go, it chiefly illustrates the defeats of surgery; for however they may disregard the contents, even the most careless people have a weakness for retaining the cranial casing. But there is one fine specimen that possesses a unique interest, in having been accepted by a party of visitors as belonging to an officer, wounded at Chancellorsville, who recovered and was at that time living in New York.

But several well-attested specimens of the loss of portions of the skull, with recovery, may be seen. One consists of about twelve square inches of varying thickness, from the bones of the side of the head. A gunshot fracture, that required trepanning, was followed by disease of the bones so serious, that it involved the membranous envelope of the brain itself, and exposed that organ. It is a fact that the wound healed, and the patient was reported cured.

Two skulls near each other, with nearly all the bones of the face carried away, excite mingled horror and surprise. The wonder is not that death

followed, but that life was prolonged after the reception of injuries that must have destroyed all resemblance to humanity in the living face. In one, where the cranial cavity was freely opened, death was postponed until the eighteenth day; in the other, where the brain was not directly injured, although its secondary complication caused death, three weeks elapsed; and both, frightful and ghastly as they now appear, show that Nature, with her kindly effort, had even here attempted the hopeless task of repair. Our dear old mother, badly as we sometimes treat her, ingrates to her as we often are, never deserts her own. Mother she may well be called; for with an assiduity that never wearies, and is always tender, she soothes and protects and supports her wayward, self-mutilating children. Her own tears fill our wounds, and they heal; the torn and suffering tissues are vivified by her own blood. Mother is a sacred word, but Nature deserves the epithet.

An exceedingly curious, and, so far as it indicates the possibilities of Nature, instructive specimen, is the following. A soldier was admitted to hospital in Baltimore after one of the Virginia battles, with loss of vision in the right eye, although the external injury to the organ was not remarkable. He could give no special account of the wound, or of the course or character of the missile. It seemed to be one of the ordinary minor casualties of a battle, that occur, one cannot tell exactly how. The left eye was slightly prominent, but its functions were unimpaired. The wound healed speedily, and the man was permitted to go about the city freely on a hospital pass.

More than two months subsequently he died after an illness of a few days.

An examination then showed that an conoidal ball had entered the skull through the right eye, and was firmly lodged close to and directly behind the left eye, a part of whose bony casing was somewhat broken and displaced; and that Nature had thrown out new bone sufficient to plaster it securely in its place, and to nearly entirely close its orifice of entrance. The immediate cause of death was a small abscess in the brain, where its special covering rested upon the bullet. But this must have existed only towards the close of life; and one naturally inquires, If a bullet can lie for weeks without occasioning appreciable mischief or being suspected, why may it not do so for months? Who can prescribe the limit of its innocence? In another place may be seen a large bullet that lay more than eighty days in the very substance of the brain, and was unsuspected for more than ten weeks. Then, why not indefinitely?

The conoidal, or, as it is often called, the Minie bullet, is a terrible missile; still, strange as it may seem, more than one cranium in the collection, while succumbing to its force, has actually split it in two. One can understand how the sharp and irregular bones of other parts of the frame may batter a leaden ball; but it is difficult to conceive that the vault of the head, while being broken, should, at the same time, halve the agent of destruction. Nevertheless, that condition is fully illustrated. There is a tradition, that from the forehead of a distinguished corps commander (now deceased), when a younger man in Mexico, a bullet dropped, flattened. Those who were there report that at Val Verde (who that reads this can tell when or where the gallant action of Val Verde was fought?) a grape-

shot glanced from the head of a field-officer, and killed a mule. The nearest approach to a similar case among these is one from a soldier dying of typhoid fever, whose forehead was found depressed, much as if, when soft, the bone at one place had been pushed in by the point of the finger. The inner surface showed several small agglutinated fragments. The history of the casualty was unknown, but it must have been caused by a non-penetrating missile. There are also to be seen several buck-shot that are known to have been flattened against the forehead without injury to the soldier. But perhaps buck-shot hardly deserve to be dignified as bullets.

One may find there instances of that paradoxical fracture which involves that surface of the skull nearest the brain, while the outer side, that sustained the actual impact of the blow, received no injury. It is no wonder that doctors insist that any blow upon the head may be dangerous when* it is possible to have the inner side cracked, while the outer side, although the actual recipient of the blow, is whole. This extremely rare, but perfectly authentic injury, whose possibility has indeed been denied, is well illustrated there; and it is a very different thing from what is meant by counter-stroke, which also has its specimens.

A singular illustration of the possibilities of accident is found in a specimen with this curious history. A soldier rushed in anger upon his sergeant, who contented himself with standing erect and firmly holding his straight sword against his thigh. The assailant slipped, as he approached, and fell upon the weapon, whose point entered one nostril, inflicting what appeared to be a trivial incision. He was regarded as stupefied by the fall,

and by whiskey, but the next day he died. It was then discovered, that instead of very slightly cutting the nostril, which at first seemed to be all that had happened, the weapon had penetrated to the base of the brain, and had broken a small but important bone, whose fracture is very rare, and is usually occasioned only by the most marked violence. There were no external indications of the severity of the injury. Such an accident, though by no means unprecedented in surgical annals, indicates how possible it is for an irreparable injury to be masked under the most trivial aspect. This particular case is capped by one that occurred abroad some years ago, where a soldier fencing with a walking-stick struck his comrade on the nostril. The wound was described as no greater than a leech-bite. The man died in a few days, "but the exact nature of the case was never even suspected." At the *post-mortem* examination, the brass ferule of the cane was found lodged at the base of the brain.

But the hall is not one of death's-heads alone. The successes as well as the failures of surgery are there, — if it is not an imposition upon reason to style inevitable death a surgical failure. Surgery sometimes attempts to mitigate suffering, sometimes to prolong, and sometimes to preserve life. That life is not always saved by the surgeon, even when he hopes and specifically attempts to save it, should not be to his discredit. The mariner, whose vessel is wrecked by the tidal wave of an earthquake is not to be blamed that the forces of Nature are so completely irresistible.

It is more satisfactory, however, to examine the evidences of attempted conservation than to look at the ghastly relics just described.

We are often told that popular judgment on scientific matters is rarely correct, because it is rarely based upon adequate information. But we now approach a class of cases wherein the baldest statement of facts appears to present a sufficient indication for opinion. One part of the hall contains a curious array of cylindrical pieces of bone, all with one more or less knob-like extremity, and all more or less broken. These represent the upper part of the bone of the arm, the rounded portion being that which moves in the shoulder-joint. There was a time, and that not very long ago, when a badly broken bone, especially near a joint, if interfered with at all, was amputated. Comparatively recently a new word, or a new application of an old word, arose; and there are one hundred and seventy-odd examples of excision. "Excision," or "exsection," is the name by which "cutting out," so to speak, is distinguished from "amputation," which is held to mean "cutting off."

About six hundred operations of this character are known to have been performed at the shoulder within the Federal lines during the war; but the specimens here collected, alone, are believed to greatly exceed in number all that were in existence, due to gunshot, at the outbreak of the Rebellion.

The owner of a limb, even if it is somewhat damaged, possesses advantages over a man entirely deprived that it is unnecessary to recount. But the utility of some of even these mutilated limbs is remarkable. Take but a single case. There may be seen the upper six inches of bone from the right arm, badly shattered by a piece of shell that now lies peacefully beside it. But the man at this writing is able (and has been for

several years) to feed himself with his wounded limb, to carry a bucket of water with it, and to perform such manual labor as does not involve very strenuous exertion at the joint itself. Twenty years ago he would probably have lost his entire arm.

It would be tedious to enumerate details of other cases; but there are many, where, after the removal of comparatively large portions, the patients have been able to attend to their ordinary daily business without material hinderance.

The elbow has contributed a large share of such specimens; and the hip and the knee present a few, too, although these latter may be viewed less as desirable than as occasionally possible. Strange as it might at first appear, it has been found these excisions of joints result much more favorably than similar operations in the "continuity" as it is called, in the length that is to say, of the long bones, the joint-surface not being involved.

But besides these, and other more valuable, and, so to speak, familiar statistical and operative lessons that are taught, some less noteworthy thing may be learned, or some curious fact be observed, at every shelf. For instance, one sees examples of the uniformity in the result of similar dynamical action, although the forces may be applied in apparently different ways. A man leaping from a height is apt to break his legs, and frequently in a particular manner, if he alights upon an unyielding surface, as the ground. A similar result will follow the reverse action of similar forces. Two men were standing upon the deck of a gun-boat when her magazine exploded. Their legs were broken, much in the manner that would have occurred in a leap on deck from aloft. The whole

deck violently and suddenly lifted up by the explosion, practically leaped against them.

Life is sometimes destroyed by accidents that occur in the performance of the most trivial undertakings, as we all know. A man at Holly Island attempted to dive: the water was but two feet deep, and he broke his neck. Another at Louisville, stout and athletic withal, failed in turning a somerset, and a broken neck paid the forfeit. One unfortunate fellow, who was suffering from gunshot in the face, illustrated one phase of the proverb, "What is one's food, is another's poison." A piece of corned beef, unreasonably large for the proper channel (perhaps that was the reason), started down "the wrong way." It lodged in his wind-pipe, and killed him literally at his meat,—in token whereof the impacted bolus may be seen to this day.

Some puzzling incidents occasionally happen. One man had his arm broken below, and again above his elbow, by the same bullet; which appears strange, until it is known that the limb was bent at the time it was struck. A case may be vouched for where one bullet made five openings in the skin and did not break a bone. In another a ball lodged in the upper part of the right thigh, and, several months afterwards, it was cut out from near the left knee. A man at Mine Run had two pocket-knives shattered and driven into his thigh. One hundred fragments of the knives were removed during life, and seven after death, of which there is little doubt that they, and not the bullet, were the direct cause. At Antietam, a soldier received a bullet in his open mouth. After the same battle a soldier crouched over a loaded shell, cracking nuts upon it: his careless-

ness was followed by a speedy explosion and death. Accidents of this character, due to ignorance or folly, were not infrequent. One is described thus, although the specimen that resulted does not grace the collection under discussion. A soldier attempted to solve the question whether a shell would go off, by placing it on one side of a large tree while he, from the other side, stretched his arm around and struck it with a hammer, expecting to withdraw his hand quickly enough to avoid injury. The shell and the arm both went off. The writer once saw two infantry soldiers, in front of Richmond, pick up and hurl upon the ground, a few feet from them, an unexploded shell, to decide whether it was of the "time" or the "percussion" variety. Raw soldiers are reckless almost beyond belief.

An example of the persistence with which gunshot injuries harass the sufferer is to be found in the case of a distinguished major-general who was more than once seriously incommoded, if not actually driven from the field for a time, by a wound received while a lieutenant in Mexico. A volunteer during the Rebellion was obliged to have his leg amputated for a wound received in the United-States service, in Florida, thirty years before. A less serious secondary injury occurred to a man, who, as a boy of eleven, had lost his leg by machinery. The stump grew in volume in correspondence with the rest of his body. He was a mechanic employed by government; and, as the record runs, he "entered service with an artificial leg, in the calf of which he was shot."

But to revert to our proper topic.

A lieutenant of Mosby's command was captured, wounded, near Harper's

Ferry. His right arm was broken below the shoulder; but the bullet, which had not been extracted, could not be found. When he died, several weeks afterward, the bullet was discovered lodging in the spine, one of the bones of which it had badly broken, below the level of the external wound, where its presence had not been suspected by himself, or by his attendants. It must, of course, have struck his arm when it was extended in the same line with the back, and have followed its long axis.

There are numerous examples of grave wounds of which the recipients were at first, and sometimes for a long while, unaware, at least as to their severity. In one case, several of the lower vertebræ show themselves badly broken by a ball that penetrated to the spinal cord, which it bruised. The ball lodged; but the soldier for several hours was not conscious of being wounded, and walked without difficulty. When Sedgwick advanced upon Fredericksburg, in May, 1863, one of his men fell without experiencing pain; and it was found that his thigh was broken. He was admitted to hospital in Washington five days afterward, when there was no external wound of the thigh, and it was presumed that the injury came from a spent round shot. He died in about six weeks; and the thigh-bone was found broken and splintered in the middle with a conoidal bullet, itself partly split, lodged. A small wound, that had long been closed, was found near the knee; and the course of the ball had been so tortuous that it had collapsed upon itself, and no discharge had indicated the track or entrance. From a colored soldier are two of the spinal bones badly shattered by a ball, which entered the right breast, passed through a rib,

one lung, the diaphragm, and the liver, in which latter organ its track was three inches in diameter. The gentleman who had charge of the case reported that "the only symptom noticeable was hiccough." Can it be an exaggeration?

It would tire the most patient reader to follow the description of but a single specimen of each curious kind that might be found here. And leaving a great mine of treasure untouched, these paragraphs must close with a single illustration of the quiet heroism of the War.

Early in the Rebellion, before the days of bounties and of mercenary substitutes, one Nathan F—— volunteered in a regiment raised in Western New York. Nathan was married, and

had a family. His brother Charles was single, and, insisting that he could be better spared, repaired to the rendezvous, assumed his brother's name, and took his place in the ranks. At every muster he answered to the name of Nathan, and was borne upon the rolls as such. And so, for two years he marched and fought and discharged his brother's service, in his brother's name. When Longstreet invested Suffolk, in April, 1863, he fell, mortally wounded. In this great collection there rests a bone, undistinguishable to the stranger among the multitude of others, that appears to illustrate a fracture by grape-shot. It is really the memorial of that "greater love" whereby one man gave up his life for another.

SING-SONG.

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

[Rhymes dedicated without permission to the baby who suggested them.]

I.

Oh, fair to see,
 Bloom-laden cherry-tree !
 Arranged in sunny white
 An April day's delight,
 Oh, fair to see !

Oh, fair to see,
 Fruit-laden cherry-tree !
 With balls of shining red
 Decking a leafy head,
 Oh, fair to see !

II.

There is one that has a head without an eye ;
 And there's one that has an eye without a head :
 You may find the answer if you try ;
 And, when all is said,
 Half the answer hangs upon a thread !

OUR PILGRIMAGE.

III.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

"ARE the hotels in Jerusalem comfortable?" asks the stay-at-home traveller. They are every thing else; and the traveller who needs comfort early learns he had better stay at home. He will find much to take the place of comfort in Jerusalem, especially a wonderful zest and excitement.

The hotel table is full of life and animation. Lieut. Warren is telling the last discoveries he has made in his excavations for Solomon's Temple. Two American ladies tell how they have been down to visit these discoveries, lowered in a bucket, and crawling some distance on hands and knees. They have had the privilege of picking away a bit of the original foundation. There are three layers of cities, one upon the other, within the walls of Jerusalem; and the stay-at-home traveller sniffs a little because we can none of us know which is the real Jerusalem. But we, who tread the streets of the latest Jerusalem of all, find it quite old enough to be picturesque and exciting; and its site is so irregular and uncertain, with ravines and slopes cutting in here and there, that we are quite as likely to be treading the foot-print of the original Jebusites as if we went down in a bucket. And all these questions are carefully discussed at the hotel table. One party believes faithfully in Ferguson's theory, that the Holy Sepulchre must have been within the enclosure of the Mosque of Omar; another has faith in the dream of the Empress Helena, and declares that it must indeed be in the

very spot pointed out; and everybody is reading up all that was ever written about it.

We have our artists, too, in the dining room. Gerôme, the French painter, sits at a side-table, with his party, driven in from their tents outside Jerusalem by the storm of the night before; and Church, fresh from Petra, is at our own table.

We growl a little at the coffee. Everywhere in the East, in native houses, in the most dingy of hovels, one tastes delicious coffee. Then why, since we are so much nearer Mocha, should this of Jerusalem taste like the coffee of the poorest New-England tavern? One of our party suggests that "one touch of chicory makes the whole world kin!"

We stream out from the dining-room into the court-yard on which it opens. This is an up-stairs court-yard, reached by a long flight of stone steps from the street. It is open above to a clear blue sky. Two or three light stairways lead to the chambers looking upon a gallery above, and all along the steps are pots of flowers, vines twining in the balustrades, roses in blossom. The inner walls of the house are all white with fresh whitewash like the tombs of the prophets. Along on the stone pavement are squatting groups of Arab or Jew venders of all the articles that Jerusalem produces,—boxes of olive-wood, paper-knives, rosaries, crosses of the same, mother-of-pearl crucifixes and bas-reliefs, books bound in olive-wood, photographs, pressed

flowers; and there is a jabber of every language known.

Sometimes, as I close my eyes, I can hear it all again, — the jargon of many tongues. Our landlord was a German; and through the open window to my room would come the clamor of Arabic, Italian, German, French, English, Yankee, as though the great final fight of Babel was going on. Above, the clear blue sky, and the clear air of Syria coming in, and a strange feeling that this was Jerusalem, and that we were there.

And glad was I to reach this turmoil that first night, in my palanquin with my struggling mules; for the narrow streets were filled with the usual Eastern crowd. Beggars started up on every side, fearful to look at. The worst flock of all was at a corner where the narrow street turned at a right angle. This, anyhow, would have tried the soles of the mules; and the usual yelling had begun, and the forms of preservation necessary to the forward mule, when, from a low archway, facing us, suddenly emerged the huge form of a loaded camel, so grateful at getting his head up again that we should not think of inviting him to go back, even if he could. We screamed and yelled louder; a few beggars stopped crying backsheesh and joined the chorus. My two draymans advanced to the rescue, my bandit volunteers out-did themselves, and the camel-driver was equal to six Amodios. The result was a magnificent bit of complaisance on the part of the camel. Instead of going on, and treading us to the ground, he turned to the right majestically and preceded us. We followed in procession in the midst of the plaudits of the multitude, and the camel turned off at the first side street.

The camel is considered an ill-

tempered, cross animal. His expression, to me, seems that of a haughty reserve; as if he would say, "I could be cleaner. I might refuse to bear any burden, and growl at the first ounce instead of the last, but would it pay to make a fuss? Life is but short, and my feet happily are large." He turns away to the side of the street to let you pass; and you feel it is not so much the result of the stick and yells of his driver as because he happened to choose to at that moment. Reserve often passes for sullenness; and it is so with those who keep themselves out of the way, and then growl that they are not noticed. But it is not so with a camel. Born with splay feet, and a convenient hump for baggage, he is directly made a beast of burden, with, perhaps, the instincts of a prince, betrayed by the majestic sway of his neck, and the grand air with which he *blots* himself into a porch in order to get out of your way. He has about him the true element of the picturesque. Take a camel and a date-palm, and there you have the East, — not the camel of the menagerie; for there his legs look thin, and his back is sunken, and the magnificent expression of scorn that swells his nostrils, when over his native sand, dies away into the agony of hopelessness.

But in our excursions in and about Jerusalem, our travels were mostly on foot. At this time of the rush of travellers, it is very difficult to secure horses or donkeys for any short excursion. Carts or carriages are unknown in Syria. Our Syrian friend, Miss F., born in Jerusalem, had seen Abdel Kader's *coupé* in Damascus, and the diligence that took her there from Beyroot; but she had never experienced any other wheel vehicles. A Syrian road is nothing more defined

than a New-England cow-path. It had this advantage, that one feels no timidity in straying from it. If you happen to see a pretty place on the hill-side for your lunch, you have no hesitation in turning your horse up the rocky bank to reach it, as the footing is quite as secure as that of the path you are leaving.

There is not, in Jerusalem, the charm of the Cairo donkey, with his quick, lively pace and easy seat. In Egypt, it is just a pleasure to get on a donkey, and go coursing across the sands, or through the fields freshly green with lentils in blossom. Here, in Jerusalem, it is Passion-week, and there are troops of pilgrims who have secured every kind of *monture*, horse, donkey, or camel, smooth or scraggy, mostly scraggy. In the streets you meet the long files of these processions; the Russian pilgrims often taking with them all their families, wife in a basket on one side of the camel, and children heaped into the other to make a balance.

It is not only the Christians who are on pilgrimage at this season; the Jews are holding their ceremonies, and the Mohammedans assembling for their great days. It is singular, that, in this picturesque atmosphere, it is very difficult to define the differences in all these nationalities. There is always a procession passing along the narrow defiles that answer for roads around Jerusalem. One sees a long train winding through the ravine below. It looks as if it might be a party of Crusaders, coming in sight of Jerusalem for the first time, Godfrey de Bouillon heading the party, with a turban wound around his casque. Or it may be the hostile Saracens making a tour about the city, with Isman at their head. Or perhaps it is a modern every-day Mussulman proces-

sion, starting from the city on its annual route to the tomb of Moses, by the Dead Sea. There are pennants flying, flags and gay colors, trains of loaded mules. But you suddenly discover it is your American friends setting out for Hebron,— Mr. Smith in front,—with a strip of white cotton wound about his gray felt hat, with white papers behind to keep the sun from the back of his neck and his shoulders. Stout Mrs. Smith, not far away, has a similar turbaned appearance. Adriana has picked up a gold-striped handkerchief at a bazar to tie round her hat; and the son of the family displays upon his head a gorgeous scarlet-and-gold *cufia*, bought at Cairo. No wonder you should mistake them for Saracens, with their handsome black dragoman, Ali, who looks as if he might be the attendant of Solyma himself!

It was interesting, when we left Alexandria for Brindisi, returning home, to see how gradually these picturesque head-dresses dropped away from our travelling companions. We had on board the steamer, as we left the shore of Egypt, many specimens of the full-blooded fez; odd, three-story cock-hats, worn by English officers returning from India; the common felt hat of any country, wound about with a white or gay scarf. The style looked Eastern; not one of us but had the Oriental air. In the railway from Brindisi, an occasional scarlet fez still lingered; but by the time we left Turin, the cock-hat and the turban had disappeared, and only a solitary fez remained, that marked the true *bona-fide* Egyptian official, who was to venture with it into Paris.

Gerôme has seized the characteristic feature of the surroundings of Jerusalem, its defiles with a procession

always winding through, in a picture painted at this time, that we saw afterward exhibited in the *Salon* in Paris. He represents the very atmosphere in which we saw Jerusalem some of these days, dark clouds over the city behind, and the light of the setting sun stretching across the foreground. There is a train passing through the ravine below the Mount of Olives; but the people in it are looking back, pointing jeeringly, for across the front there lie the shadows of three crosses. There was something impressively true in all the finish of this painting, — in the tone of the atmosphere, even in the geographical position of its hills, and the walls of Jerusalem: but, more than all, it was true in the sentiment it expressed; for in all these walks about Jerusalem, the shadow of the cross, a sad remembrance of all that makes Jerusalem interesting, hangs down the slope of its hills, even in the sunniest of its days.

The very first afternoon, after our arrival on Sunday, we made our first pilgrimage to the Mount of Olives. We went out from "St. Stephen's Gate;" passed "the tomb of the Virgin," and "the garden of Gethsemane." One may easily question the right either of these places has to the name given it, but one makes no question about the Mount of Olives; and here is Jerusalem, and here the valley of the Brook Kedron. We sit a little while on the bridge across the bed of the stream, now dry; yellow hyssop grows between the stones, and scarlet anemones are scattered in the grass upon the bank. We can scarcely fancy a more lovely spot, — olive-orchards on our left; the walls of Jerusalem, shutting in the mosque, at the head of the high slope on our right.

We kept on, up along a steep path to the garden of Gethsemane. This is so called because its high walls of white cement shut in some of the oldest olive-trees upon the mountain-slope. Yet it seems to have been too near, ever to have served as a retreat from Jerusalem. Its olive-trees are old and gnarled, with twisted trunks, and leafless except near the top, where are a few straggling branches. Within, the little garden is marked out into flower-beds, separated off by wooden palings; and it was gay with sweet-smelling gillyflowers and wall-flowers. The olive-trees looked indeed as if they might be nearly two thousand years old. The sweet old monk, with a cord tied about his yellow-brown frock, who tended the flowers, looked almost as old. He gave us branches of the olive, and huge bunches of his fragrant yellow flowers. A procession was waiting at the gate, in honor of Passion-week, to take the supposed path of Christ from the garden to the Holy Sepulchre. It consisted mostly of Syrian women from some convent, with handsome faces, screened partly with white cotton mantles. They were to pass into the gate, and along the *Via Dolorosa*, telling their beads at each marked spot, till they reached the sepulchre itself.

Again we kept on, and up the mountain. M. Coquerel, in his "Scenes of Travel in Syria," tells of the pleasure in reading the words of Christ in the midst of scenery in which he lived; and I help myself to his words, as I recall the afternoon we spent on the Mount of Olives, under the olive-trees, looking across Kedron to Jerusalem, reading aloud from the New Testament.

"It was pleasant to wander," he says, "away from the turreted walls

of Tiberias, and to read aloud, in this utter solitude, with the light murmur of the trembling waves, the Sermon on the Mount, those sovereign words of Christ which have already regenerated humanity, although they are yet far from being thoroughly carried out. It seemed to us that in his own country we could better understand his discourse so full of boldness, his familiar parables. Nothing smacks of the school, or of the artificial dialectics of the rabbi. Every thing is full of light and the open air; the wind of the Spirit blows as it will; every seed that germinates becomes a living symbol of the kingdom of love and truth, that extends and increases unperceived. The scarlet anemone shines there in the grass, more richly clothed, simple flower of the fields as it is, than ever, in all his pomp, the sumptuous king whose proverbial magnificence has not ceased, even today, to dazzle all the East.

“Those who have accused Jesus of being neither artist nor poet comprehend but ill the words he used, and do not permit them their full bearing. There reigns in all his discourses and parables a healthy and vigorous sentiment of the riches of Nature before his eyes. At the same time there is nothing effeminate. The mountain air has nothing enervating in it; the smell of its tall herbs is aromatic and vivifying. There is nothing petty and soft in this wide landscape. It required audacity to begin, from the heights of one these hills, with saluting and blessing all those who were to be persecuted in the future, and to declare to a fanatic population, that was wild for revolt and intoxicated with the hope of horrible reprisals, that the earth should one day be the heritage of the meek. In these thoughts lies a deep wisdom,

and also a rare energy. He who spoke thus was going, with firm step, to unmask in Jerusalem itself its hypocrites, to sweep from the temple the traffickers who bought and sold holy things, to confound the scribes, representatives of the letter, and the priests, heirs of clerical theocracy, and there he was to be crucified by them.

“We do not allow that there was any duality in the character of Jesus, —that in Galilee he was a prophet, simple and charming, but in Jerusalem a sad martyr, almost a fanatic. For in Galilee itself, from one of the mountains that surrounded its peaceful lake, in the very beginning and with the first words of his mission, he glorified the persecuted and the martyrs, and blamed the violence of spiritual despots. From the very first day, in Galilee itself, he brought out vividly the contrast of his own religion, without dogma and without priesthood, to the oppressive mechanism, the tyrannic literalism, of official theocracy. He was too free, too full of life, too closely in harmony with the God of Nature and of love, not to be armed beforehand, and at war against all the Pharisaisms.”

And looking here upon all the Pharisaisms still existing in the religion of the East, whether Mohammedan, Jewish, or calling itself Christian, one wonders the more at this “audacity” of Jesus. The same boldness would now be required of any Christian follower who would rise up to rebuke these same outside observances of Jerusalem. Here are the prayers at the corners of the streets, the outside white-washing, the squalor within. The prayers of the Mohammedans are long, “vain repetitions,” done in conspicuous places, often, of course, the expression of a true devotion, but more often obviously “to be seen of men.”

But it is not merely in the Moham-
medan worship, but in the Christian
Catholic service is seen this "vain
repetition" of words. In the Holy
Sepulchre itself, in the Greek and
Latin churches, with silver lamps
hanging and tinsel ornaments, with
shows of long processions and mut-
tered prayers, there appears an utter
forgetfulness of the simple teaching of
Jesus. There is a sad feeling in
thinking that he would again find the
same hypocrisy to rebuke, the same
merchants trafficking in the temples,
and that even Christianity had not
purified the religion of the world.

And yet again, there is something
encouraging in the reflection that all
the influence of this outward show
and pomp of religion is something
older than Christianity, an inheri-
tance that hung heavily upon it from
the beginning, a piece of Oriental show
that infested the earlier church. And
the time has not yet come that Jesus
saw afar, "when neither on this
mountain shall ye worship, nor at Je-
rusalem," "for the true worshipper
shall worship in spirit and in truth."

These words sound in one's ears in
contradiction to the worship going up
in Palestine, in mosque and synagogue
and Holy Sepulchre. A religious
feeling, we will hope, in the midst of
all this worship, but a constant prac-
tice of setting religion aside from life,
instead of making it the element of
life, which was the teaching of Christ.

The encouragement one gathers is

this, that though Christianity has not
become the religion of Christ, it may
yet be so, — that we need not sadly look
back to the earlier church for the pure
Church of Christ, because the words
of Jesus were not yet fully compre-
hended, and still wait to be fulfilled;
and we can hold to the words of the
prophecy of Jesus, — "the time will
come."

"The day when Jesus uttered this
saying," says Renan, "he was indeed
the Son of God. He uttered for the
first time the words upon which the
eternal religion will rest. He laid
the foundation of a pure worship,
without date, without country; a wor-
ship that all elevated souls to the end
of time will hold to. Not only was
his religion that day good for humani-
ty alone, it was the absolute religion.
And, if other planets have inhabit-
ants endowed with reason and mor-
ality, their religion cannot be differ-
ent from that which Jesus proclaimed
by Jacob's well. Man has not yet
attained to it; for the ideal cannot be
reached in a moment. These words
of Jesus were a flash of lightning
across a dark night; it has needed
eighteen hundred years for the eyes
of humanity (for an infinitely small
portion of humanity, let me say) to
become habituated to it. But the
flash of light will turn to full day; and,
after having passed through all the
circles of error, humanity will return
to these words as to the immortal ex-
pression of his faith and his hope."

SING-SONG.

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

SELDOM "can't,"
Seldom "don't;"
Never "sha'n't,"
Never "won't."

MORNING AND EVENING SONGS.

BY H. H.

M O R N I N G.

LIKE lover, with soft, noiseless feet,
Speechless and sweet,
She enters at my chamber-door ;
I see her, and ask nothing more,
She is so sweet, so sweet.

No promise unto me she makes,
No promise takes :
But beckons ; I rise up in haste ;
My heart leaps panting with foretaste
Of what it overtakes.

By sunlight I can see the shine
Of things divine
Within her arms ; I see her wings ;
I hear how as she soars she sings,
In words and tones divine.

E V E N I N G.

The blazing chariots of fire
Roll higher and higher.
She is translated ; she has trod
No death ; she was beloved of God
He calls her, lifts her higher.

Never for me she looketh back :
If I could lack
Courage to follow, while I hear
Her song, the right to call her dear
I should forever lack.

Low on the chilly earth I lie,
And watch the sky ;
My pillow is my little sheaf ;
I wonder that I feel no grief
To see the darkened sky.

It must be in some holy place
I, face to face,
Shall meet her, when from some long sleep
I wake. God grant that she may keep
For me a smiling face !

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF ALPHA DELTA PHI,
MAY 18, 1871.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

NEARLY twenty of the chief colleges of America assemble here to-day. The vision of a far-sighted man, who thought it possible to unite the educated men of America in a certain unseen tie of friendship, is so far accomplished. The fittest solemnities of such an occasion would be, perhaps, a generous rivalry of letters between the institutions represented. As Yale and Harvard, Amherst and Brown, meet at Lake Quinsigamond to test muscle and endurance on the water, what if *A. Δ. Φ.* should institute such games as those in which Herodotus and Pindar won victories in the days of laurels? If here, not one orator spoke alone, nor one poet sang, but if from every *alma mater* there were a lyric, or if he who had composed a history first published it to the world by reading here a chapter, and if we awarded to the fittest the first wreath of the crowns of thirty centuries? Well, if from one Sybaris or another, it prove that one Herodotus or another among you, gentlemen, have this chapter of history in his pocket, or if one Pindar or another is ready to sing his lay, my friend the poet, and I, the more prosaic spokesman, will not delay them long. It is ours to introduce the feast of learning, which, if we adopt that custom of the Alpha Deltas of the Isthmus, will continue, I think, for many days. I will be satisfied, in such preference, to speak only as one of so many representatives of the seats of learning. I will not pretend that we are all scholars. At the bottom of our

hearts we know that none of us deserve that name. But I will speak, to men of the liberal professions, as one who has had a liberal education. To education in the liberal arts, in the humanities, our colleges are pledged and our fraternity is consecrated. By education to the humanities, and in the liberal arts, our lives have been blessed, we are the men we are, and we enjoy what we enjoy. In daily life we may be hewers of wood and drawers of water; but we hew and we draw with a certain divine energy, and can make the humblest duty shine. Nay: this also is true, that from the moment when we elected liberal study for our study, the liberal arts for our arts, the liberal professions for our callings, — the whole community combined to help us on. For us it has endowed its Yale and its Cornell. For us it has founded the Astor Library and the Franklin Academy. For us it established in every new State marked out upon the map in the wilderness, such a foundation for a university as no emperor of them all ever gives to letters. We then, as men of the liberal professions or as those who look forward to them, consider, almost of course, when we meet together, what are the essential attributes of these professions, and what we owe, in every-day life, to Church and State, which have vied with each other in establishing them and maintaining them.

Noblesse Oblige! — Our privilege compels us! This was the battle-cry with which the Duke de Levis, one of

the old *régime* of France, tried to quicken the new *noblesse*, created by Napoleon, and to point them their duty in the State. The French dictionaries of to-day will tell you that it is an "old proverb." The idea is as old and as new as the word of Him who said, he "who is greatest among you shall be your servant." But this was not an idea believed in by the old *noblesse* of France. And its revival in new expression, when Napoleon tried to renew that nobility, marks well enough the period in modern history when the world was becoming so far Christian that men of great opportunities were all taught that they had great responsibilities. The Count Laborde is my authority for saying that this noble Christian axiom is in form thus modern.

The old *noblesse* of France never made public expression of the idea. But the motto illustrates fairly enough the responsibility, which, in all countries and in all times, is on the leaders of the people. In our country, in our time, it is the responsibility which rests on the men of liberal culture and of the liberal professions. Public spirit, which is the life-breath of the commonwealth; *publicus spiritus*, the breath, which if it cannot draw, it is stifled, and dies; public spirit, which colors red the lazy life-blood of the State, gives it its oxygen, gives it quickness, gives it victory, — public spirit will so quicken it, if we do our duty, speak our word, put our shoulders to the wheel. If we fail, that public spirit pants heavily and slowly. For the men of liberal culture, of the liberal arts and professions, — for the men who have had such advantage as the training of the higher humanities attempts to give; I say all these advantages demand of us special sacrifices in the public service; that we

quicken as we can the public life; that we live as we may in a public spirit. *Noblesse Oblige!* Each gift that the past has given to us is pledge for our discharge of the common duty.

I. If I had no other reason for saying this, I should be tempted to make it the subject of my address to-day; because of the habit bred among persons who do not know what liberal culture is, of reducing all art, study, philosophy, and religion to what the Germans call bread-and-butter vocations. When the Saviour of mankind entered upon his work among men, the arch-tempter of mankind tried the first of devilish wiles upon him, by trying to persuade him to debase the life divine by some selfish miracle which should make bread for his own personal hunger. The same tempter offers the same temptation to each child of God this day. And in the several voices by which the father of lies addresses men, he tries to make them believe, that according as they succeed in coining the divine gift, or in exchanging it for bread, or palace, or fine clothing, or other personal luxury, in that proportion have their lives succeeded. Thus they will tell you that Demas has made a good thing of it because he sold his article in the "Review" for two hundred and fifty dollars. Thing indeed! They will tell you that such or such a clergyman preached so many sermons in a year, and that the treasurer of his church paid him such or such a salary; that, therefore, each sermon was worth so many dollars, so many cents, so many mills, and so many infinitesimal fractions. They will tell you that the charming little bas-relief by Greenough, in whose simple composition lingers a prayer, only not spoken in words,

which, for century upon century, will lift spirits eternal nearer heaven, sold for only five hundred dollars; while the piled-up bronze of some Alexander the coppersmith, which insults high heaven in its angles, shocks low earth even in its tawdriness, and is destined to be cast into bell-metal as soon as the Right shall triumph in any happy revolution,—they will tell you that this piled-up hideousness cost half a million dollars, and is therefore a work of art of a thousand times the value of the other. By such absurd and forced analogies, all borrowed from the world of hogsheads and tierces and tons and quintals, do men degrade the aspirations and the victories of the only life that is life. Now, because this vulgar talk creeps into the journals and into general society, it seems fit to present the true purpose and motive of the liberal professions and the liberal arts, in a meeting of men who are pledged to them. We are not hirelings in our service. *Noblesse Oblige!* The very privileges which are conferred upon us compel us to do our duty. The endowments of the colleges,—every luxury of letters,—this freemasonry which makes us friends here, though we never saw each other's faces; every privilege of our lives as men of liberal training,—involves duties to the State and to mankind.

II. What, then, are the distinctions between a guild of craftsmen and a guild of men of liberal training? What account is to be given of the distinctions which we enjoy, as men of liberal culture, and which we know that we enjoy? The mock-modesty which pretends there are no such distinctions is but folly.

I do not speak first of the principle involved. Before we examine

that, we shall notice two external and visible distinctions.

First, The liberal professions admit no secrets in their methods.

Second, In these professions, the compensation rendered is not computed with any relation to the service performed.

The historical distinction first to be noticed, is, that the professor, or the master of liberal arts, by whatever name he may be called, mediæval or of our own time, has no secrets in his calling. I suppose if we cared to trace the history of language, we should find in this distinction alone, the origin of the word "liberal" as applied to the freedom of art,—of science,—or, in general, of vocation.

Thus the great distinction of the artists to whom we owe the new birth of fine art in the middle ages is in the loyalty with which they taught all they knew. To surround himself with a staff of young and brilliant pupils,—to work with them, to show them every process, to talk with them of every inspiration, nay, to intrust to their hands the execution of detail upon the canvas,—this was the method of the enthusiasm of the great Italian artists. It was thus that Raffaele studied with Perugino; that Perugino, Leonardo, and Michel Angelo, at one time or at another, studied together; that Michel Angelo learned from Ghirlandaio. Vasari says of Raffaele that he never refused to any artist, though he were wholly unknown to him, his personal assistance in design or in execution of any work; and in his studio he was sometimes surrounded by fifty students, some of them the most distinguished men of his time, to whom he was glad indeed to teach all he knew.

In every generation of such communion and inspiration, by the divine

law of selection itself, Art gains something. "Nature gives us more than all she ever takes away." The mere suggestion of the man of genius is worked out by the care and sympathy of the man of talent; or the ingenious plan and structure of the man of talent is taken in hand and made effective by the perseverance and adaptations of the man of practice. Nay, let us not forget, in such a review, the place filled by the mere drudge, who thought he could only grind the color, or rub down the surface, or hew the wood, or draw the water, for the more favored children of Art in their divine imagining; for, as he faithfully does the duty that comes next his hand, how often has it proved that he also contributed what was essential to the whole: nay, how often has it been seen that here was the completer life, because of the slower development, and that when its hour of bud and blossom and perfume came, there unfolded from our unsightly cactus, a wealth of crystalline color, spicy fragrance, and delicate grace which exceeded all the glories of precocious gardening! Such are the triumphs of Art, where the artist proves himself the true artist by taking all who come into his confidence, by keeping nothing secret which God has taught to him, but teaching freely to all who will hear all he knows he knows.

Perhaps it is easier for a clergyman to make this statement in its principle, because every one grants at once, that in those cases, rare if you please, where our services are of any value, they are invaluable and beyond all price. A sermon of Robertson's, if it be of any use at all, is of transcendent and infinite value. The advice which the country parson gave your brother when he went away to

sea, if it had any worth at all, had worth not to be measured by any human coinage. What, indeed, shall a man give in exchange for his soul, if he have a soul? St. Paul therefore, the first of preachers, puts this matter on a perfect basis in the very beginning, when he says that the man who gives his life to the preaching of the gospel, or to other ministry, is entitled somewhere and somehow to a physical livelihood at the hands of the world he serves. As to where the somewhere or somehow comes, St. Paul is indifferent. Let the world settle that for itself. So he sends the Epistle to the Philippians without entering it for copyright at the clerk's office in the library of the senate; and he sends out the Devil from the possessed girl in the streets of Philippi without asking her, as Dr. This or That, whom you or I could name, would do, how much money she is willing to pay in advance on the chances of a cure. Not because Paul said it, but because it is essential common sense, this is the necessary law of compensation for those callings which deal with life,—life being in itself infinite and priceless. Nobody pays us for this special duty or that duty. The world is bound in general to see that we live. And there is no asceticism about this, nor what people call communism. The world must see that its servants so live as to render the most efficient service.

True, the world's servant must prove to the world that he can serve it. The world must compensate him at its estimate, and not at his own. But beyond this, the particular method in which society or the world arranges for his compensation, is matter, not of principle, but of detail. It will be settled by custom, or settled by history, or settled as a natural outgrowth

of the organization of the country. The life-salary of a physician may be adjusted for him by the table of fees which the county medical society agree upon. I think very likely that may be the most convenient way. But he might be paid as a ship's surgeon is paid, by an annual salary; or he might be paid as they say the Chinese physicians are paid, a fixed income proportioned on the families in health in his district, subject to a regular deduction to be paid by the doctors in pensions to those families where there is disease. Just so in a clergyman's duty: his living may be secured to him by a tax upon the land, as in England; by a salary from the government, as in France; by alms collected by begging, as with the Dominicans; by a stated annual compensation guaranteed by a particular parish, as is sometimes the practice here; or by the varying contributions of the worshippers, as is the custom sometimes. The method is mere leather and prunella; the essential is, that the servant of the community in a liberal profession, because he deals with infinite values, is entitled to his living at the hands of the world he serves. What follows is, that the world's servant in a liberal profession renders his service without stint or stop, to the full and utmost of his capacity. Ready? aye ready! Body, mind, and soul held ready for the noblest duty. Never overstrained, never sluggish, never fevered, never torpid, never despondent, never extravagant,—all this because never bought and never sold!

The clergy and the doctors deal directly with life, in distinct issues: so that these illustrations seem most simple, perhaps, in the cases which I have cited. Life, being an infinite principle, is of infinite value. It

is invaluable. But the principle is the same in all the liberal callings; for the reason that they all deal with infinite values,—not to be weighed, counted, or measured. Such are the dealings of an artist; beauty in the finished marble, or on the glowing canvas, is of infinite value, or it is of none. When we read "*Viri Romæ*" at school, we were taught to laugh at the barbarous consul, who, when the statues of Corinth were packed for his Roman triumph, told the expressmen of that day, that if they were broken they must make him new ones. But the same absurdity shows itself at Washington, whenever Congress limits an appropriation for a work of art,—by saying it shall be made from American marble, or by an American artist, or perhaps by an artist who has never learned how, in order to give him an opportunity. I want my statue first-rate, or I do not want any! Give me a fresh egg, or give me none at all!

So in education. Let tutor or professor give himself completely to his work,—body, soul, and spirit,—and I do not care whether he teaches my boy botany or electricity. The living soul will quicken other life. But let him give only the fag-end, the drainings—what there is left in the yellow sheets of the lectures of some other generation—again, he may lecture of Sanskrit or of Pleiocene to the boy, it is all one,—the one lecture is as useless as the other. Let him give his best, or let him give nothing.

I need no better illustration than the contrast between the free sports of your own ball-grounds and the prostituted exercise, purchased and paid for, of what is miscalled "professional ball-playing." The true aspirant in the liberal callings enters on his career as freshly and as bravely as you, young gentle-

men, strike the ball, catch it, make a base, or wait your turn; but the other has, of his own free will, degraded himself to the level of the so-called "professional club-man," who must throw so far, or must strike so true, or run so fast, or he has not earned his share in the day's bets, and may lose his engagements for the next quarter!

I hope the American lawyer understands the same truth, that, unless he deals with infinite values, his profession is a handicraft, and his duty a job. Unless he deals with justice, pure as heaven, — unless he deals with truth, virgin as truth was born, — there is for him no ermine. These States, in our organization of society, have given to the men of his calling distinguished position, have shielded them by privilege else wholly unknown; they are exempt from many of the burdens of other life, and see open to them its highest honors. This is because they are pledged in their very training, and by their oaths of office are sworn, to obtain justice for all men, and for the State. The American lawyer ought not forget the traditions of his profession. The Templars of England, through whose hands come down to him the methods of the past, are the direct descendants of templars bound to the service of chivalry. The only fee which he receives is in form an "*honorarium*," not the pay for service. The service is the unbought service of the King of truth and of right. He goes forth on his circuit, such is the theory of his profession, with the same determination to protect the right and to crush the wrong, which sent out Lancelot or Arthur. Who needs his help? Is it this poor boy, arraigned for murder by a mad mob, because he is of another color than theirs, and they

will wreak on him the wrath of centuries? Or is it some child of luxury, born in the purple, who has smiles and honors and gold for her minions? He does his best, be it for the one or for the other: ferrets out conspiracy; seizes truth, though truth be hiding her face in tears; and compels the tribunal to decide rightly! The moment that the American lawyer abandons this position, the moment that he sells justice, or the share of justice that his services can command, to the highest bidder; the moment he says that the ring which can spend millions shall have millions' worth, while the beggar with a penny shall have a penny's worth, — in such words of blasphemy, he shows he has no knowledge of what justice is. He abandons the position of one who deals with infinite realities. He has left, as one unfit, the ranks of a liberal calling. He makes himself a mere craftsman, dealing with things alone, and to be recompensed with things alone. Leave him, gentlemen; leave him to the company he deserves!

III. The visible distinctions, then, between the liberal professions and the crafts, or trades, are these two: —

First, That the liberal professions have, and can have, no secrets in their methods.

Second, That men engaged in them are not paid, and cannot be paid, piece-meal, for their endeavors.

Woe to the doctor who does not his best for the poorest beggar as for the richest prince!

Woe to the clergyman who has fewer ministries of comfort for Lazarus than for Dives!

Woe to the lawyer who is other than the defender of ignorance against cunning!

Woe to the artist who carves less than his best in the marble, or paints

other than his truest on the canvas!

Woe to the teacher who teaches by rote and catechism, and does not make the classic burn again with Virgil's fire, or the hard equation speak with the eloquence of truth divine!

And these two distinctions are enough to show that the essential principle which lifts the liberal professions to their place above all other callings is that they deal directly with infinite values. They deal with infinite life, or life in one of its infinite relations. The callings of the teacher, the artist, the lawyer, the doctor, the clergyman, all assert their dignity, because of this infinite element appearing directly in their endeavors. Can any other calling make the same claim? That moment, there is another liberal profession, so long as that claim is true.

This, gentlemen of the Alpha Delta Phi, is the life for which your training in these universities is fitting you. In one ministry or another to which you are to devote yourselves, you are to be engaged in these highest of relations. Justice, Beauty, Truth, Life: it is to these that you consecrate your being. To a chivalry, to a nobility no less than is involved in such consecration.

That privilege, I said, brings with it its duties. *Noblesse Oblige!* When the government trains your young friends at West Point, they know they are bound in honor for its flag to live, and for its flag to die. Nor have many of them proved false to that requisition. When these colleges which you represent were established by pious men, or by far-seeing governments, or by an aggressive church, — when they gave to you the training and the companionship which make you what you are and

will be, — you were bound in just the same responsibility. *Noblesse Oblige!* You could not, if you would, escape the obligation. And the Republic lives or dies, according as we, and others like us, give to her or refuse to her this unpurchased service. There are enough who will go into her councils bribed by her gold. There are enough who will affiliate themselves in intrigues to sway her policy, in the hope of petty places for themselves or their friends.

Unless there are more who are driven into the service which public spirit demands by the nobility of men who would bear their brothers' burdens, the Republic dies. Enter upon life, and you will find with every day some new call made for your unselfish service. You are to improve the schools, or you are to mend the roads, or you are to give strength to the Church. Here must be a free library, and no one but you to see to it; there must be a hospital, and but for you the sick will die unattended, and the blind in darkness. Do not let us, who are your seniors, hear any such excuse from you as, that, "every man has his price," that "every hour must be coined," that "another man may do it as well as you." No man can do the work to which God calls you but you yourself. And we, as we pass off the stage, expect and demand of you who come after us, that you stand by the State and Church which have stood by you. Let us hear this resolution from the young men who follow us: Our privilege compels us, — *Noblesse Oblige!*

Men of my calling, trained to the one universal profession in the study of theology, — who may study all life, because our study is to draw men nearer to the God of life, — in the

fascination of our own calling, never fully understand why men engage themselves willingly in other walks of duty. To us all studies are open, and there is no science where we may not inquire. None the less do we see, however, that all men, of whatever calling, so far as they deal with these divine and infinite relations of man,—truth, beauty, justice, or life,—are all Knights of one Round Table; linked together in one great fraternity of duty, blessed by one privilege, and called by one call. That call is, to quicken and enlarge the life of the State,—the public spirit,—in which the State endures. We stand by each other shoulder to shoulder in such endeavors; or we encourage each

other by distant signals, each from his lonely beacon. That these drudges in the crowded city may truly live; that these heathen in the polluted islands may truly live; that this miser, heaping up rusty gold, may truly live; that these debauched profligates, wasted in lust, may truly live; that the nation, not hampered by her useless acres, nor bound to earth by her mines of wealth, may truly live,—this is our office, an office which is our privilege. This is the service in which we are united as servants of the liberal professions. It is the service to which we are called by Him who lived and died that men might have life more abundantly!

SOME PROS AND CONS OF TRAVEL ABROAD.

BY ALICE A. BARTLETT.

It was at Cologne that the idea of saying my say on some of the effects of European travel came into my head. Almost simultaneously came the thought, can any one want to know what a young and foolish American woman thinks about that or any other thing? No; I suppose not. And so, for a moment I gave it up. Then, as I remembered that I was on my way home for the third time, and that, after all, I was neither so young nor so foolish as I once was, I took courage, and said, "Well, let it go as mere veal; and why should not subjects be treated once in a while from the calf point of view? In fact, considering the vast number of American calves who come abroad, why is it not the view which will address itself to the greatest number, and, possibly, do them the greatest good? And then I decided to do it, and to keep before me

as imaginary listeners that wonderful, ever-increasing, unaccountable, and uncounted army, the women travellers from the other side of the Atlantic.

Whence do they come, and why, these innumerable women? There is not a *table-d'hôte* in Europe at which they do not sit in rows. There is not a picture-gallery in which they do not herd together in gay, fashionably-dressed groups; nor a public promenade or ball at which they are not the prettiest and the most numerous of young people. They travel with or without matrons; they have good or bad manners, as the case may be; but they are there, unmistakable, national, irrepressible. Some are invalids; some mere pleasure-seekers; some intent on art, and others not; some make you ill with horror, others make you proud to call them fel-

low country-women. There is no possible kind of woman which can not be found among them; and yet they are in a certain way alike, at least in not resembling the women of any other nation in such a way as to deceive an intelligent foreigner. In Switzerland, last summer, a very clever Polish lady, who had been asking many questions about America, finally posed me by saying, "There is one thing I cannot understand; perhaps you will have the goodness to explain it to me. It is *la demoiselle Américaine*. Where are the men of America and the married women?"

Not long after, a French lady, almost the most intelligent woman I ever met, asked me the same thing, and added some not unjust criticism upon the ways and manners of the majority of the *demoiselles Américaines* she had seen.

Again, I happened to go for a few moments to the house of a friend in Italy, on the same evening with three other American girls, and this is what a *grande dame* who had seen much of many societies said of us, her German husband agreeing with her. She said, "I cannot believe that those were unmarried women. It is not possible. You are fooling me. But they come into the room with perfect composure, they walk up to you calmly to say good evening, they converse fluently on any subject that arises, their manners prove them to be married women."

"And yet," said my friend, "I assure you that they are, one and all, unmarried."

The countess shrugged her shoulders. "Of course, since you say so, I must believe," she said; "but I do not understand your *demoiselle Américaine*."

I could tell a dozen similar sto-

ries out of my own experience, all leading to the same general result; namely, that the young women of America have made a certain impression in Europe, that they are regarded as a class apart, and that even when they are accepted as all right, they are not thoroughly understood. Even those who behave much like other women, whether their lives be gay or quiet ones, can be distinguished from both the English and Continental *jeune fille*. It is perhaps somewhat in the favor of the Americans that the difference is noted, and they are of course received everywhere with respect and pleasure. No women, it is conceded, are more truly charming and dignified, and they do much to remove the bad impression caused by another class of their country-women.

For it is impossible to deny that the idea of the *demoiselle Américaine* most prevalent among Europeans, as a whole, from servants up to the very pope himself, is derived from a class of young girls who have made our name almost a social reproach and by-word. Being the most numerous, the most evident, and by far the most startlingly un-European of our travellers, they are naturally regarded as the true type; and the mild wonder expressed by the persons I have quoted above is changed into positive disgust and terrible misunderstanding when they become the subject of remark. The impression they and theirs have made is so deep that one is not ashamed — no, never that — of being an American, but one is at any rate conscious of it, and has, in meeting new people of other nations, a feeling that one is at somewhat of a disadvantage, and will create a favorable impression, if at all, against great odds. This is a hard subject to

treat of without getting accused of snobbishness; but I speak not as a critical outsider, looking down from a seat of scorn, but as myself a *demoiselle Américaine*, standing in the crowd with the others, loving them well enough, and caring enough for what is thought of them by nice people all over the world, to run the risk of saying unpalatable things.

And these girls to whom I now refer, how shall I describe them to stay-at-home Americans? For there is no need of further description to those who have lived, even a short time, in European cities and watering-places. I should say of them, in the first place, that they belong in a social division, the members of which, in other countries, do not travel, or, if they travel, do not make themselves conspicuous; and I can imagine a party of them starting forth somewhat in this wise. Papa, as a rule, stays at home. He has his newly-made money to look after, and mamma and the girls must get through the unknown regions as they best may without him. Mamma is a well-meaning woman, of vulgar features and vulgar mind. She has had no education to speak of, either intellectual or social, and she is as unfamiliar with the queen's English as she is with her own gorgeous newclothes. She knows this, and so do her daughters; and the result is, that the poor woman is sadly set upon by those young persons, who conceive themselves to be quite up in the ways of the world, and make her accept their *dicta* as to what is right and proper, however much her own homely sense of the fitness of things may revolt. So, at the very start, they are as good as without a matron; for I opine a matron to be, a lady who not only accompanies, but also guides and controls, her charges, and who, in the words of the French advertisements,

sait conduire une jeune personne dans le monde.

But these young women mean to be controlled by no one. They are a social law unto themselves, and have come abroad to have a good time in their own loud, silly way. They have an idea that Europe is bristling with lovers and adventurers; and they intend to have at least a fair share of both. They also suppose that their own personal appearance, their clothes and the other evidences of their wealth, are matters of interest and admiration to all beholders. They are utterly ignorant of what is really worthy of admiration in women, and I presume have no idea whatever that they are not behaving themselves with the most distinguished propriety and grace. I can only liken them, in the other sex, to some wretched boy, who thinks he is seeing life like a gentleman, because he smokes and drinks and gambles, and is familiar with low amusements.

Is it a wonder, that, with this fearful lack of education, they do strange and untoward things? I think the wonder is that they get along as well as they do; and my only feeling in regard to them is one of sorrow and despair. Yes, despair; for I see no way in which their numbers will ever be thinned, or their manners mended. America will continue to produce them indefinitely, I suppose, at least in our day; and out of the same mould the same cast will always come. Nor can you make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. They must be left to themselves; and in time, let us hope, all persons on the other Continent will know, what some have already found out, that they are not fair representatives of American women, and have no place in polite society at home.

Dismissing them from consideration, and without entering upon the question of the fast girl, who is the same all over the world, I want to say a few words of, and to, much nicer girls. For I am afraid that some of them come to Europe without understanding that customs differ, and that if they go into foreign or Anglo-foreign society they will be judged according to the laws of the place in which they are. What a girl can do without notice, or at least with impunity, in her own land, at once condemns her in another. Whether the one nation or the other has the most sense and right on its side is not the question. The question is, whether the girl wishes to keep her reputation, or lose it, in the eyes of a certain number of people.

For it sometimes comes to this. In ignorance, or in an uncontrolled pursuit of pleasure, American girls accept invitations which the men giving them would not dare suggest to any respectable country-woman of their own, and do things which in foreign eyes admit of but the worst interpretation.

And, because this fact has been forced upon my notice, I would say to any girl going abroad for the first time, find out how your American freedom may be misunderstood, — find out in how different a relation women stand to men in foreign society, and in what a different light they are regarded by them in many instances, and under many circumstances; and when you have found these things out, which you must do from some one who really knows, govern yourself accordingly. Give up any pleasure, no matter how tempting, which you cannot have without sacrificing your dignity; remember that going to Europe does not mean one long picnic; and do not deceive yourself into thinking that it

makes no matter if you go a little far in having a good time, as long as you are on your travels. It makes more matter than ever then; and moreover, to add a lower motive, whatever you do of an extraordinary nature will be eagerly seized upon to make piquant items in home letters, which, as we all know, are well read and handed round among many people.

I would beg American girls, for their own sakes, for the sakes of their families and friends, and for the sake of the country they ought to care for, whether they do or not, to pay some heed to what I say, and, whether they accept it as true or not, to look upon it at least as one side of an important question. I am myself so convinced that I am not mistaken, that I would not allow any young girl who might be under my control to go abroad without a matron who would keep her well in hand, and I should insist upon her having such a matron irrespective of my own confidence in her education and intentions; for I believe that a girl is exposed to influences in Europe which are almost unknown to her at home, and that she may be much hurt by them, perhaps without knowing it herself.

And there comes a question of widest range. Is it, on the whole, good for us to go abroad?

This is a point upon which I do not pretend to have a definite opinion; but I disagree with the majority in so far that I think it an open question.

To continue with my imaginary young girl, what would it do for her, this tour in Europe?

It would cultivate her taste in matters of art. She would see the originals of the casts and engravings which had been familiar to her from childhood; and, if she knew the beautiful when she saw it, she would derive

keen delight from them. Nor could she help getting more or less historical and general information rammed into her little head. She would see with her own eyes that there are other great nations besides her own, and she would in a measure learn how they live in public. This she would necessarily do, whether she saw any thing of their more private life or not. She might also, perhaps, improve her school-acquired knowledge of modern languages; and I hope she would have "a jolly good time" climbing mountains and sailing seas.

Well, and what then? What does the other side of the account show? I much fear that it shows that there is more than a possibility of her returning to America with two changes wrought in her mind and soul. One is, that her religious ideas would be more or less disturbed, of which more hereafter. And the other is, that she might have become possessed with a notion which seizes upon the best of people, old and young, and which it is very hard to combat, because it is founded, according to those who hold it, upon high and beautiful principles. They say, and undoubtedly believe, that persons of feeling and cultivation, of delicate tastes and artistic sensitiveness, persons who know how to enjoy the beautiful and free in full sympathy with it, can live happily, or as they put it in their miserable cant, can do justice to their souls, only out of America. And having this idea, my young girl would, when she came home, turn up her pretty nose at her own country, and long for Germany or Italy or France; and, if she could, she would in the end, whether married in the mean time or not, swell the disgracefully long list of American residents abroad. I say disgracefully long, and I mean disgracefully

long. For is it not a disgrace to us that so many of our best people desert the land which gave them birth, and to which they owe the fruit of the knowledge and cultivation they may have acquired, and, of their own choice, live in countries which are more "agreeable" to their æsthetic or lazy or pleasure-loving theories of life? Is it not a disgrace that any American can look at his great, pathetic country, struggling and fermenting and boiling over with contending elements, needing, if ever country needed, the influence of a class of educated, moderate, truly liberal, patriotic, and cultivated men and women, and then go and spend the best years of his life in idling at some European capital?

Something is radically wrong when such a thing is common; and rather than have even my one young girl swell that list I would have her give up seeing Europe. Laugh at me if you will, call me old-fashioned and absurd, but I confess I think it is a national calamity that we should expatriate ourselves so easily and so complacently.

These things might happen to any girl who went through Europe merely as a tourist, speaking no tongue but her own, and mixing in no foreign society. But let us suppose her to speak French with facility, to enter into conversation with the men and women of all nations whom she may meet in such ways as render conversation possible, to be invited to houses where she will make the acquaintance of others, and, in short, to see people as well as things. I think that in this case there will be another danger, and that the one last mentioned will be much increased. The Anglo-Saxon theory of life, which is in all human probability the one she has

imbibed, may, I think, be shaken to its very foundations, if she comes into familiar contact with that other theory which we are accustomed to express by the one word "French." I do not mean by this that she will become an unprincipled and immoral woman of her century, or that she will see impostors or fast people. On the contrary, I think that one reason why she may be influenced by her foreign acquaintances is, that they will probably be such charming, affectionate, graceful, and gracious persons, that she will say to herself that they, rather than her old friends, have found out how to live and think. She may have begun to suspect this from her acquaintance with modern literature, and will only go on in a way already entered upon, when she sees in real life what she has long known to exist. The result may be, after all, only that she will look at things in a more cosmopolitan way, and become tolerant where she was once condemnatory. Whether this is a change for the better or for the worse, whether the less fine natures will stop at a certain point or go beyond it, is a question which I should ponder deeply before I sent my young woman forth. Most parents and guardians do not trouble themselves much about it; and they may be justified in their serene ignoring of such abstract possibilities, especially in view of the difficulty of protecting any one from any thing in these days. I do not pretend to judge. I merely state my own unsettled state of mind with perfect frankness; and any one who can make any thing out of it is welcome to do so, though he laugh at me all the while. There is something in it, probably, or why should I, who am by birth and education a Yankee of Yankees, rushing

in too often where angels fear to tread, have been brought round, by what I have seen and heard, to such an antiquated stand-point? Perhaps some one will answer, because you have seen Europe and care no more about it, or because you have seen it under sad or disagreeable circumstances and take a bilious view of the whole thing. Not so, kind friend. No one ever travelled more comfortably and pleasantly than I have; and I like Europe very much, and am well while there. I never even lost a piece of luggage to sour my mind; and as to the people I have met, they have been only too good to me. It cannot be accounted for in that way: so let's give it up, and proceed to the consideration of that change in religious ideas of which I have spoken. A difficult subject, truly, because there is no particular starting-point to it.

What I mean is, that, out of ten Americans coming to Europe, not more than two would have the same belief, probably, and that consequently it is hard to describe a change which must effect the people experiencing it so very differently. A Unitarian would take it one way, an Episcopalian another, a Congregationalist another; but they would all feel it more or less in the same direction, namely, in their mental altitude in church. I do not believe it is possible for the generality of mankind to go, day after day, to *look on* at church ceremonies, without coming to regard them as entertainments of a more or less pleasing nature, according to their degree of gorgeousness or strangeness, or the beauty of their musical rendering. The idea that they are offered to God gets very dim or entirely disappears. People rush for places where they can best hear the singing,

or fight with more vigor than politeness for good positions whence to see the show that is going on at the altar; they discuss the quality of this or that voice, or wonder aloud what on earth the meaning of such and such a ceremony is, and then, perhaps, vote the whole thing a bore, and go out into the piazza to look at Punch and Judy, and criticise their performance in the same spirit. Do this almost every day, and the fine edge of one's courtesy and reverence — the idea that, the church-door entered, one is peculiarly in the presence of God, and must think of him and of the inward and outward service due him — soon wears off; and from a worshipper one turns into a critic, and, even in one's own church, cannot shake off wholly the frame of mind into which one has fallen. Some people undoubtedly regard their Roman Catholic brethren as poor fools, so out of the pale that their worship can be looked at only as a curiosity, and think that it is quite right to gad about from one of their churches to another, as to so many concert-rooms or menageries; but let us hope that this favorite form of Protestant narrow-mindedness is on the wane, and that, by and by, we shall all recognize the fact that the great ceremonies of the Church are not solely for the amusement of foreign Pharisees. In the mean time, may we be duly thankful if we are preserved from becoming connoisseurs in ritual, and if we keep a bit of our Yankee sabbatarianism even, as we run the gauntlet of years of wandering far from our own safe parishes! For it is a sad thing, I think, for the Northern mind to become infected with the Southern carelessness, cheerfulness, childlikeness, lightness, whatever you choose to call it,

in regard to religious matters, without the Southern fervor and piety. Either may be good in its way; but if you lose the sturdiness of the one, and fail to get the sentiment of the other, where are you? You are in the state in which many European loungers are, — a state which some people would, and others would not, deplore, and which my pen is neither sufficiently strong nor delicate to describe.

These are mere suggestions of pros and cons which would come into my mind, in considering whether my young girl should go forth on her travels in the height of impressionability, or not. I do not pretend that they have a more serious claim to either interest or attention.

And now how about the women in failing strength, the women with aching backs and delicate lungs and depressed nervous systems, who flock to Europe in search of health? I have seen that sad procession drag itself slowly along, from England to France, from France to Switzerland, to Germany, to Italy; and though I have seen some of its number return well women, at least for the time being, I have, I think, seen more who seemed falling in the very streets with fatigue and hope deferred, and were stuck fast in some hole far from the sought-for climate, unable to go farther, and unable to return. It almost seems as if the doctors at home, when they are at their wit's end, said, "Well, suppose you try travelling in Europe," and so slipped their desperate cases comfortably out of the way. Travelling in Europe! All very well for those who have a certain amount of strength, though I have remarks to make even for them; but for those who have not, it makes me ache to think of them.

Do they know what distances are in Europe? Do they know that when they see in books of travel sentences like these, "On Tuesday we were in Munich, and Wednesday saw us gliding in glorious moonlight down the Grand Canal," or, "We ran down from Rome to Naples for a week, and saw Pæstum, Pompeii, Baiæ, &c., &c.," such sentences are a delusion and a snare? Not that the writers did not do it; but they have forgotten that it took them nearly twenty hours of hard travel to get from Munich to Venice, and that, strong as horses though they were, the week at Naples almost killed them, and was one continued rush from beginning to end. No one thinks of mentioning such small matters in the enthusiasm of remembering how enchanting the places were; and so we get an impression that in some delicious way we can be wafted from spot to spot, and that when we have once landed at Liverpool, Italy is only round the corner, as it were. Not so, not so! Let me give one instance, the route I have just been over myself, — the present direct mail-route from Florence to London, — not much longer than the old one. We travelled harder than one wanted to, twelve, fifteen, twenty hours at a time, stopping only three times to rest the whole way, and we were eight days doing it. It would have been an impossible journey for a real invalid, and we were not well rested for days. And yet no one thinks much of going from England to Italy. If you travel slowly, you have to keep at it indefinitely, or else you never get anywhere; and there are not always pleasant stopping-places *en route*, either. Moreover, you may have twenty maids and twenty couriers; but they cannot make the distance one mile less, or persuade the trains not to start

at four o'clock in the morning, or take your fair share of dust and glare and jolting for you. I have no doubt that they would make the journey easier in some ways; but your own body you will carry with you wherever you go, and they cannot make it ache any less by getting tickets and lugging shawl-straps. I think the amount of suffering gone through by sick people on their travels is something dreadful to contemplate. Every doctor should be obliged by law to keep for his patients' use a Railway Guide of Europe, and to tell them how many hours and how many changes of trains there are in getting to his favorite climate. Then I think fewer sick people would leave their comfortable American homes in search of three months of good weather.

For that is about what it amounts to, after all. I would like to see any one get much more of really good weather at once; at any rate, unless they sacrifice every thing else to it, and chase it furiously wherever they think they can see it flying before them. Three months out of doors instead of three months in a furnace-house is worth a great deal, however.

Do not, therefore, understand me as saying that it is not worth while to go to Europe for change of climate. For all but the very ill I think it is the one thing to do; for though better climates can be found in islands of the sea, and in our own distant States, perhaps, one cannot exist on mere climate, and in Europe there is a great deal thrown in besides. Beautiful architecture and beautiful pictures and statues do pay. This is a short way to put a great subject, but it conveys my meaning. Indeed, I have sometimes thought, also, that I could be a better woman if I lived in the same town

with a Gothic cathedral or Fra Angelico's pictures.

Some people think, or say they think, that it is not necessary to know even one foreign tongue in order to travel in Europe. Now, I do not wish to deny that many parties of Americans, and more of English, do go from one end of the Continent to the other, and, for aught I know, to the East also, without making themselves intelligible to any one human being in any language but their own; but I maintain, that, in order to travel comfortably and profitably in any land, one should know the language of that land.

A courier in some measure supplies the want: but couriers are only for the rich, and even with the relief they afford in the mere business of going about, a traveller must lose much of what really constitutes the charm of seeing new places unless he speaks at least French; for without it he is cut off from communication with the greater part of the civilized world. He loses much interesting information from guides and such people, who are often very intelligent and characteristic; and he loses entirely the pleasure of conversation with most of the foreigners he may meet. I confess that I am very fond of foreigners, and have had such pleasant times talking with them, that my Europe would seem very blank if the hours so spent were blotted out, even the casual half-hours on steamboats and diligences and in railway carriages. So to me that would be sufficient motive to learn a tongue.

But if one has to buy one's own tickets, and pay one's own bills, and do one's own daily chaffering? Ah, then it is that the tongues come in! I have never observed, some people's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding,

that speaking the English language very loudly and slowly made Frenchmen or Italians understand it. This may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true. Neither have I ever observed that the greater number of persons one comes into business relations with have been taught that language in their youth. These are facts; and taking my stand upon them, I boldly declare that you will have much extra trouble and expense, and innumerable petty annoyances and embarrassments, if you attempt to travel alone without knowing tongues. I have seen them that have done it, and I know. Do not believe any one who tells you the contrary; no, not even though he tell you he has done it himself. I will not say he lies; but I will say he forgets, or imagines that every one suffers as he did.

I must tell one instance of minor inconvenience. Said a friend to me, "I was at one end of the town, and suddenly remembered that I had an important engagement two miles on the other side. I hailed a small carriage, and told the man where to go. He started, but he went so slowly that I was in a perfect fever lest I should lose my appointment. Then I remembered having heard people who knew Italian say, '*Piano, piano*, coachman!' So I said it, with much energy and expression. But he only went more slowly. '*Piano, piano*!' I cried again. 'But yes, *piano, ecco!*' the man replied, pointing smilingly to his horse, who was just not walking. This kept on for some time; and then I saw that things were getting desperate, and that, moreover, every time the horse attempted to go faster the driver pulled him in. '*Piano, piano*, coachman; you *must piano!*' I said once more. The result of this last appeal was a dead walk. Of course

I was too late; for, though I waved my arms frantically and imitated the motion of a whip, it had no effect, — we walked the entire two miles. This seemed really so strange, that I inquired when I got home what could have been the matter with the man, — whether he was drunk, or what. I then found out that '*Piano, cochiere, piano,*' means, 'Gently, O coachman! gently.'" Now, this might have happened in a case of life and death.

And here, in closing, let me lay a tribute at the feet of the French and Italian nations. I would I could make them to know that at least one woman appreciates the politeness, the courage, the wonderful self-control, with which they listen to us. When I think how I can listen to a person who speaks English badly only for a little while, and then have to mumble my words so that he cannot understand me and has to give it up; that I do this deliberately, though I know he is dying to practise his Eng-

lish on me; and that I am not ashamed of myself for doing it, — I have no words in which to express my respect and admiration for the victims of my own and my countrymen's linguistical acquirements. Moreover, I think there can be no just measuring of their sufferings by our own, because bad English cannot grate on the ear half so painfully as bad French or Italian or Spanish, — its very nature, especially its having no genders, making mistakes in euphony less marked.

Truly, there should be some great Anglo-Saxon monument of contrition erected at a central point on the Continent, anywhere but in Switzerland, where every one speaks so badly that it makes no difference, — some column of remorse, or arch of gratitude, to commemorate the sweet heroism of the Latin race as exhibited in centuries of listening to our rendering of their beautiful mother tongues.

May, 1871.

EVENING SADNESS.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS.)

AMONG the pines the lamp of Hesper twinkles,
Gently the glow of the sunset dies away;
The aspens tremulous by silent rivers
Rustle so softly.

Heavenly faces rise from out the twilight
Into my memory; round me dimly waver
Unforgotten forms of far-off loved ones
And the departed.

Thrice blessed shadows! ah! no earthly even
Can e'er us all unite. Lonely I sorrow;
Hesper has vanished; the aspens by the river
Rustle so sadly.

R. R. BOWKER.

AN IDYL OF MID-SUMMER AND MIDDLE AGE.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

II.

THE suspense of the public mind with regard to Pacifica has been, as we presume, painful and intense. The office of "OLD AND NEW" has been besieged for bulletins of her welfare. The editor has received no end, nor beginning either, of letters, privately asking for the earliest intelligence of her. A heroine of fifty, how remarkable! Far away from home, with only counterfeit money,—how peculiar! She always was eccentric. We foresaw a great many things about her, which will probably come to pass about this time. Why didn't she mind her cook-book, and pay up her visits, and cure one unpaid bill with another, *ut licet!*

Painful as is this suspense, the writer feels obliged to prolong it for a few minutes, while she demonstrates the moral advantages that real life possesses over fictitious existence. For, you see, on the despotic ground of the novel, our simple story would here present only a choice of rascalities. The innkeeper may have been a brigand, or the Cambridge youths, with all their other accomplishments, were accomplished passers of counterfeit. They had certainly exchanged a twinkle of satisfaction when P. accepted the troublesome note, in place of her own safe cash. How dangerous, too, the mask of piety assumed by one, and indorsed by the other! P. was swindled out of two guineas in London once, by a beggar who rolled up his eyes, and said he wanted clothes to go to church. She clothed him from head to foot, and lo! on the

Monday a friend espied him, as ragged and dirty as before. She remembered this. In fact, she remembered a good deal, in the short interval between the loss of her satchel and the attainment of her freedom. As people rescued from drowning attest that in the moment of suffocation they rapidly reviewed their whole lives, so P. in that moment thought of all the foolish things she had ever done, and concluded that the action which caused the present dilemma deserved to stand at the head of the list. The Cambridge youths she rather commiserated than condemned. They had probably not suspected the character of the note. They had seemed every thing that was genuine and estimable. But there had certainly been a twinkle between them,—of that P. was sure. One of them, by his own statement, should still have been in the city; but to hunt an unknown man in an unknown city was like seeking the needle in the haystack without a magnet. Yet she did think of it.

So much for romance,—now for reality. The dépôt was near at hand, and there P., half crying, met with the baggage-master, who had, very good-naturedly, checked her larger luggage for Hornellsville three hours before. She came to him, and told him her sad story, not forgetting the "most respectable young man," nor the deacon who met him at the dépôt.

"That has nothing to do with it," said the baggage-master, examining the note: "this money is good money. Who says it isn't?"

"The landlord of the H. House. I asked him to change it, wishing to

pay fifty cents for my supper. And he said it was bad money, and locked up my travelling-bag."

"I will go with you," said the baggage-master. And promptly the two, the one in conscious innocence, the other in virtuous indignation, confronted the hitherto victorious landlord.

"The money I offered you is good money," said the first. "Here's the baggage-master, and he says so."

"What made you think it wasn't?" asked that important authority. "There's nothing wrong about it."

"I took it somewhere to have it changed," said the former libellant, now the respondent, "and they said it wasn't good."

"That was because they didn't want the trouble of changing it," said the other. "I'll bring you money for it." So saying, the kind champion ran off, and soon returned, bringing a pile of dollar-bills. Unhappily, they were but seventeen in number. With one of them, however, he quickly released the imprisoned satchel; and, the ticket-office of the railroad now being open, the contested note was speedily converted into a more convenient shape, and the whole matter readily settled.

"I ought not to have gone to that hotel," said P. to her new friend; "but it seemed a quiet place, and I was very warm and tired."

"Good enough house," said the baggage-master, "but those people don't always know how to classify travellers."

P. thought she had learned how to classify hotels, and that nothing should ever tempt her inside of one of which the landlord could not tell a government note, when he was so fortunate as to see one. She began

to realize as desirable the Western combination, so familiar to the quoters of dialect, "A gentleman and a scholar, an antiquarian and a tavern-keeper." She fervently thanked the baggage-master, and takes the present opportunity of doing so again. And now the train for Hornellsville began to pipe and to snort; and P. got into it, nineteen dollars and fifty cents richer than she had hoped to have been an hour before. And the experience you see, even at her age, was worth something.

III.

So far we have had reality, with a little tinge of romance in it. But our simple story now comes to ground on which we shall find facts and fancies difficult to reconcile.

We will suppose our friend P. arrived at Hornellsville, which at first sight presents the appearance of a steam-and-iron nursery, whose large and formidable babes are constantly being taken out for a walk, and brought in again, with howling and shrieking as of Beelzebub himself.

At its friendly *dépôt* one gets a comfortable meal, — yes, even a good beefsteak and laudable cup of tea. And P., starving since the Albany muncheon, thankfully availed herself of the present privilege. But she was to meet her committee at the hotel, and, having conferred with them, was to go on to Alfred, in which place her lecture had been appointed.

That is, as far as she knew. But, on meeting her committee, she found that she was not to go to Alfred, and that what had been appointed there had been also disappointed. The committee was composed of two bright-eyed young ladies, who extended to their guest the most cordial welcome possible. But the lecture,

like Beauty's rose in the fairy tale, had cost them dear. It seems that a certain doctrine which "OLD AND NEW" presents in its Tea-table Talks had found in the village of Alfred passionate friends, and, as a natural consequence of this, passionate enemies also. And certain personal irritations and party oppositions had taken the shape of a decided quarrel, which forbade P. to occupy the debated ground with any topic whatever. Now Alfred, everybody may not know, is a village formed around a college. And in the village were certain moneyed people, who were wrought upon to declare that if P. should come to deliver her lecture in the college hall, they would refrain from devising for the benefit of the college any portion of their worldly goods. There was no other hall in the little town, and P.'s committee were supposed to be fairly checkmated. But lo! Hornellsville is within easy reach of Alfred by rail; and the committee, four in all, were stout of heart and resolute. A hall was therefore engaged in Hornellsville. Pacifica was invited to spend the day at the hotel, and was promised that in the evening the cream of Alfred would unite with the upper crust of Hornellsville in doing honor to her prelectoral officiation.

A good square house, with a shaded piazza running round it, and a pleasant view of the mountains; a good square meal from time to time, served by tidy and cheerful young women; a near prospect of the nursery already mentioned, with a resonant acoustic of its harsh music, — such were the circumstances of the day for Pacifica. The dear girls, into whom the committee resolved itself, told their story of difficulties resolutely met and happily overcome. They had worked hard to get lecture and

audience at Hornellsville, and had made many sacrifices of personal ease and comfort to maintain what they considered the right of the case. For that a quiet elderly woman might not come to speak to such men and women as desired to hear her in this region was an assumption not to be acquiesced in. And P. was very sorry for the misunderstanding and disagreement. She would very gladly have taken the hands of the contending parties to unite them in one grasp of renewed amity. But time usually has to use his great soporific in such cases, and the stranger best intermeddled not. A male committee did, however, visit Pacifica in the course of the day, with explanations and resolutions at full length, with assurances of personal respect and esteem, but with a "darned if we'll give in" significance. P. dismissed the young men with assurances of the distinguished consideration with which, &c., &c., but would also stand by those who had stood by her. And so the day wore on. P. fluttered over her MSS. and went to walk. But she was made aware of her own presence in Hornellsville at every step. Huge yellow posters, with name in full, postulating a new departure and free platform, adorned every eligible fence and corner. "And I am P.," she said to herself, and stole as quietly as might be, back to her room.

The evening came, and with it the audience and the lecture. The latter was a quiet essay, written far from the excitements of the platform, and contemplating those laborious processes by which the most fervent pleading for reform must be supplemented, if such pleading shall result in any thing more solid than the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. The audience, quite numerous and of

good aspect, listened and applauded with all the proprieties. The girls had certainly the sympathy of the Hornellsville public, and everybody was glad that their occasion had resulted happily. The president of Alfred University, with his family, attended the lecture. These good friends warmly invited Pacifica to visit them on the following day. She received many kind words and greetings. Among others, two dear little girls, the eldest perhaps thirteen years old, came to speak to her, bringing an exquisite bouquet of wild roses. "I have never been to such things," said the little friend, "but I sympathize." P. wishes she had them this minute, to hug them.

This is all about the lecture, and all about the quarrel. And P. would now like, if "Old and New" pleases, to tell about Alfred University. The editor of "The Canister Valley Times" drove her thither, in his buggy. She knows he won't mind her mentioning him, since he has given a full report of the Alfred excitement; for which, with resolutions and all, see "The Times" issue for July 5, of the current year.

IV.

ALFRED.

"Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain!"

So sang Goldsmith. But Alfred is not a village of the plain, but of the mountain-side. We are now in the Alleghanies, and have some fifteen miles of winding and descending road between Hornellsville and the bumptious and defiant little village. When the reader learns who settled the place, he will not be surprised at any circumstances which may justify these epithets.

For the village is an outgrowth from a bumptious and defiant little State. Rhode Island is its mother country. Colonies are sometimes more conservative than the parent society from which they come. Cuba, twelve years ago, was older in its fashions than Spain. And Alfred cherishes some traditions which Rhode Island has nearly forgotten.

We become aware of this as we approach the picturesque settlement. The day is Sunday, and here is a cheese factory in full operation. We enter, visit the huge troughs, taste the curd, for whose coagulation the calves of Newport bleed, and admire the great store of cheeses, the product only of one or two days' labor, handsomely pressed, and ready for exportation. And the elderly man with a Rhode-Island name, who works at the troughs in his shirt sleeves, seems to have no sense of violating the sabbath.

Sabbath! That is it; they are sabbatarians, the Alfredites. They keep the Jewish sabbath, beginning on Friday evening and leaving off on Saturday evening. And they are very sharp controversialists, says the editor. "You'd better not have any discussion with them, unless you are well up in such matters. They have chapter and verse for every thing." The editor himself is not of that way of thinking, though his wife is. He doesn't feel at all sure that the sabbatarians have got hold of the real seventh day, and is content to observe the Christian Sunday, which he and P. were now observing in a one-horse vehicle, driving about at their pleasure. *Item.* There is no Unitarian church at Hornellsville. And to people of this exalted type, no other need apply.

P. is now near enough to the vil-

lage to see that the shops are open, and that all their wonted business is going on. The wash is hanging on the lines; the larger gowns and their families of little ones. And the village nestles, as we have said, on the mountain-side, and is principally grouped around the college grounds and buildings. The latter consist of a substantial brick structure, square in form, and containing rooms of residence for students, with recitation rooms, and an extensive refectory; of a hall or chapel, built of wood, with recitation rooms underneath; and of a very good-looking house, adorned with wooden columns, in which resides the President, Rev. Dr. Allen.

P. did not visit Alfred without asking some anxious questions as to its distinguishing characteristics. One of the most important of these is, that it admits, and has always admitted, young women to the same educational opportunities as are enjoyed by the young men. For thirty years past it has lived, and upon this footing. The neighboring region owes it a large debt for the liberal education of generations of young men and women, who have in turn imparted the benefits received to communities still more remote from the Eastern heart of our civilization. Many an acceptable preacher, many a successful school master and mistress, has gone forth from this unpretending little centre to widen the circumference of good will and good thought in this Western world.

This was the time of the annual commencement, at which some of the old graduates come back to salute their *alma mater*. The exercises take place in the chapel, for whose adornment the neighboring forests are laid under requisition. A choir

is busily rehearsing anthems and four-part songs. Pacifica listens, and looks out of the window to match the lovely landscape with the music of the fresh young voices. She cannot stay for the commencement exercises, but she wishes them and all concerned in them God-speed. When she thus listens, however, it is already sunset, and her happy day at Alfred is over.

It was happy, for the good president and his wife made her much at home. She found their dwelling adorned with sketches in oils, and its best parlor given up to a valuable cabinet of Natural History, for which they desire larger accommodation. Prof. Larkin, a vivacious and accomplished votary of physical science, was one of the guests at the presidency, and told of extensive travels in North America, while, with busy hands, he unpacked some boxes of valuable shells, newly arrived from that region. And Pacifica heard with glad heart of the moderate expenses of the college course, and how young men could pay their way by working for the farmers in the neighborhood, and come out of college with all honors achieved, and with money in their pockets. Young women too, though with greater difficulty, could combine remunerative occupation with competent culture. The assistant who had helped to prepare the excellent dinner of the day sat at table with the rest of the family, and was commencing this term of household service in the intention of devoting her wages to the later completion of her education at the college. P. sits writing of this, and her heart dilates, and her eyes fill. For she writes in fashionable Newport, where women sicken with the want of something to do,

and where the idle and luxurious, seeking their inferiors, will not find them in any class of useful people. But at Alfred she seemed to have found a practical embodiment of the Christian theory of work and education.

At this table, where such as had prepared the meal tasted of it, a useful precaution surely in these days, manners were neat and careful as in any well-bred company. The luxury of politeness, cheap and supreme, was not lost sight of for a moment. Conversation was easy and high-toned. In the afternoon the ladies of the college and of the village came up, in considerable force, to greet the new arrival. P. was permitted to unfold to them her plans for a certain World's Congress of Women, which still lies, though not dimly, in the future. They were attentive and responsive, but P. was more eager to learn of them than to teach them; and so the little talk ended with much familiar and friendly reciprocity. At tea, she was the guest of the friendly committee, whose sweet and earnest faces flitted in and out, through all the visions of the day. And she found, among the undergraduates, a young woman who had earned her own support since the age of twelve, and whose principal treasure seemed to be a shelf of Greek classics, of which the contents were familiar to her. Herodotus, Homer, Thucydides, Plato, — the young girl lived upon such diet as this, while earning her own bread, and assisting a young brother at the college. Of the pedantry usually ascribed to studious women by shallow people of both sexes, these friends showed no trace. Their training had assisted, not overwhelmed, nature.

Poor King Charles Second, of England, excused himself on his death-bed for having been, as he said, an unconscionable length of time dying; and Pacifica feels that she has been as long in bringing this plain narration to a close. But she would here like to remark that a story sometimes lingers near its close, like an awkward visitor, who has no excuse for staying other than this, that he knows not how to go. The marriages are made out, and the people who must die are put in their coffins, with every approved device for making them lie quiet. And yet the tiresome romancer cannot break off his thread. The truth is, he never does break it off. It is always the same thread, and he is always spinning it. But he sometimes consents to spin it out of sight.

Pacifica has a few more facts which she must give. The first of these is, that Alfred University possesses four lyceums, or literary societies, — two composed of the young women, and other two of the young men. And the whole romance of sending for the lecturer, and not allowing her to speak, grew out of a disagreement in the region of these lyceums.

And her remaining statements are to the effect, that the Sabbatarians, better known as the Seventh-day Baptists, were, at one time, a "leading and influential" sect in Rhode Island. In the town of Newport their ancient meeting-house is still standing, albeit unused. The numerical strength of the sect resides at present in the town of Westerly, R.I. Alfred is the seminary of the denomination. The Sabbatarian confession of faith, though always recognized and maintained at the college, is not made a *sine qua non* with the pupils, many

of whom are, like the rest of us, first-day people. The spirit of the place is said to be entirely liberal. The endowments, privately received, in great part from the Northern States, do not suffice to make the institution all that its energetic president would have it. But colleges are always grumbling, and asking for money. As this one does its best to educate women, Pacifica could beg for it with

a good conscience, and hopes to do so when some of her numerous irons shall leave a little room in the fire. She hopes that peace has been made long ere this between the youths and maidens. And to the college itself, disturbed and biassed by the threats of promissory testators, she will say, "Keep all the good-will that thou canst, but see that thou lose not thy crown."

UPS AND DOWNS.

A NOVEL IN THIRTY CHAPTERS.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

CHAPTER VIII.

JASPER RISING had certainly never before dragged a Norwegian boy, faint from over-effort, from under the wheels of a gasping and throbbing fire-engine. He was therefore sufficiently excited by the adventure, when at last, perhaps an hour before daybreak, he put off his wet clothes, and tumbled into bed for that hour's rest before his day's work began. He had, in the mean while, interested the "boarding-mistress" in his poor waif, and had received her promise to watch by him till morning, and make sure that he should not escape. But Jasper himself, as he thought the thing over, while in the sound of the final noises of the expiring fire, did not foresee the weeks, not to say months, of curious care, and insight into life all strange to him, which this accident opened before him. Jasper was yet too young to know, that we are all of us always sitting before the curtain which screens a tragedy, a comedy, or a farce, and that any whistle or any bell may be the signal for that cur-

tain to rise, that a new drama, which may be a life-long drama, may begin.

What followed in this case was simple enough, — such things are happening all the time. The boy was more clear-headed in the morning; and an interpreter was found at the breakfast-table, by whose help it appeared that the poor creature's agony had come from his fear that his father, who was sick somewhere in the city, would need him. The whole sympathy of the house was enlisted, and the father was found. The story, which is acted out before our eyes whenever we choose to open them, was that of the worn-out emigrant, who has not found his place in the New Continent more than he found it in the Old. He was not really an old man; but even Jasper, inexperienced as he was, saw that he had played his game through, and that his eager joy, when they brought him his lost boy again, was only a flicker of the light in the socket. Physically he was comfortable enough, in much such a house as Jasper was living in

himself. But, excepting for his boy, he was hopelessly lonely. The poor old fellow showed, too, all the signs of wearing homesickness and and of heart-broken disappointment. Every thing had gone wrong. He had been cheated by his countrymen, he had been cheated by strangers. He had tried trade in New York, and had failed. He had taken up new land in Illinois, and had seen his daughter wilt away and die, and then had seen his wife wilt away and die. At last, in a moment which he chose to call deluded, he had sent out to Norway for the boy he left behind when he came over. This was Jasper's waif. The boy had found his father just as his father was giving up the battle. And it was at that moment, that the accident of the fire brought Jasper into the little tragedy.

It was almost ended. The doctors can do little when life itself has so long been made to do ten times the duty it should do. Every thing was the matter with the poor man, — or nothing was the matter with him, as you chose to say. All was, he was dying. The earthly hull was done with, and the old engine was to work a new one. All there was for Jasper and his friendly boarding-mistress to do, was to make the poor fellow believe that his boy was not left to sharpers, and to see that the closing hours of earth were not painful for him to remember.

So he died and was buried by strangers' hands. And Jasper found that he had now the gratitude and passionate allegiance of this orphaned Oscar, — found that, with all his inexperience, he was to advise as to the boy's future, — found that he had the duty, not difficult, of administering on the poor old father's estate. To

think that he, himself just starting on manhood, should be the only child of Vinland who had succeeded in rendering any kindness, or giving any welcome, to this stranded Viking!

Administration was easy enough. The emigrant chest contained all the property, and a hopeless mess it was: some old account-books of the miserable shop he kept for Danes and Swedes and Norwegians in New York; some files of the processes by which he there went into bankruptcy; the land-office documents by which he acquired his title to his farm in Illinois; a lithographic plan of a city, most likely in a swamp, where he had been cajoled into buying lots, and even the deeds of them, — alternate numbers from eleven to thirty-one. Tied with a blue ribbon, carefully wrapped in parchment, were the letters which Christine sent him before they were married, — tied in with the ribbon was a gold ring. Then a memorandum book, carefully kept, showed that he had sold his farm for less than the improvements cost him, after Christine had died. It showed, had one chosen to untangle it, how every thing had gone wrong. Mixed in with these more essential things were a few Norwegian books, which had survived the wreck, because, perhaps, no one would buy them, some magazines and newspapers; and this was all the inventory.

Jasper wrote twice to an attorney in Michigan City about the swamp-lots, and got no answer. It was clear enough that Oscar, like Jasper, was to begin life without a fortune.

But not without a friend; and I have been the more willing to tell the story of the beginning of this friendship in this detail, because the boy Oscar and his poor dying father really

rendered to Jasper, as it proved, the service that no Mr. Fordhammer or no Miss Mary Chandler of them all, from the very nature of the case, could render. They saved my poor hero from himself. Jasper was proud, quite too proud to put himself on the society of people who did not seem to want to see him very much, or whom he suspected of that indifference. He had been compelled, for a time quite too long indeed, to think solely of himself and his own affairs. A note once a week to his aunt, and another from her, the purchase perhaps of a yard of blue barège that she could not find at Dexter, or some little present of a pound of better tea than he thought she would have there, was but a little counter-check in the current of a week's lonely life. His correspondence with "the fellows," his old classmates, was running dry. He had not much to tell them, and they had not much to tell him. The college pleasantries became a little tame when they were put on paper; when put on paper a second time they seemed to reader and writer like stale tobacco-smoke, and so they never appeared a third time. With the other workmen and clerks at the station Jasper had a pleasant daily acquaintance, but it had not anywhere ripened into intimacy. And it may well have been that pride, dress, poverty, and strangerhood may have kept poor Jasper wholly and even fatally to himself, had not one stroke too many on the brakes of the Hero engine literally thrown Oscar into his arms.

So soon as he found how completely dependent Oscar was upon him, Jasper was not the man to let him go. No! They saw the grave filled above the old Norseman. Jasper with his own hand smoothed the gravel and ad-

justed the sod, and for this act of sympathy the boy thanked him his life long. When they came home, Jasper explained to him that they were to sleep in the same room: he had driven Mistress Margaret up to that arrangement. And when, that evening, the grateful fellow forgot himself for half an hour, in working with Jasper on a Danish or Norwegian exercise which Jasper insisted on writing, Jasper felt his victory indeed. They used a French "Ollendorff" for the phrases' sake. And Oscar was fairly amused to see the number of conditions in which they could place the "gardener," and the "wife of the gardener," and the "friend of the gardener's son." He, too, forgot exile, forgot tears, forgot every thing for the moment, when Jasper had the wit to show him that he, too, was good for something.

And Jasper, of course, had to teach him English too. Not so hard, for these Norsemen are, after all, our cousins. Into one great kettle was plunged a dipperful of Keltic roots, a dipperful of German, a smattering of Latin, and a flavor of Norman-French; and, when we sip the soup from that kettle, we call the delicious compound English. Into another kettle, not quite so large, were poured smaller cupfuls of German roots and Keltic, with a smattering of Latin, and a flavor of French. The flavor of the soup is delicious, only we call it Swedish. These two soups are not very unlike each other: though one is a little dashed when he reads his Swedish Testament to find that a "disciple" is a "lärjunge."¹ Oscar's language was yet a third of these mixtures of the eternal elements of European speech. It was Danish, as Danish is modified in Norwegian con-

¹ Which is to say, "Learn younger."

versation; Teutonic roots more plenty than with us, perhaps; Latin roots, French intermixtures even; and an occasional racy *tang* of the good old Icelandic itself. Oscar knew something of the Swedish also; and while he taught these dialects he learned as well, and while he learned he taught, — only eager to do what would please Jasper, and delighted if, at the same moment, he could serve him. So they both got something which is a million times better than that questionable good, “self-culture.”

And now it was Jasper’s turn to play Mr. Fordhammer and Mr. Keyl, — to find “a place” for Oscar. “A place!” how much satire there is in the word! He had this time his own experience to profit by. He took care that the boy should begin at the bottom, and poor Oscar made no difficulty about that. Bottom indeed! He would have begun at the bottom of a well, or of a lead-shaft at Galena, had Jasper bidden. Jasper had no thought that Oscar was his servant, scarcely thought that he was his pupil. But from morning to night, and from Sunday to Saturday, Oscar’s feeling, deeper than thought, was simple gratitude that Jasper was his master. Every day when Jasper went to his work, Oscar went with him, until Jasper could make some excuse to send him away. It was astonishing to see how soon he learned the names of streets, the names of people, and by what a divine instinct he learned how to do an errand, when he could not understand one word in twenty of those that gave the order. It was not long therefore, before Jasper, growing himself in authority now, found a vacant laborer’s “place” that he could push Oscar into as a “substitute.” The “substitute,” in this finite world of ours, soon finds himself a “regu-

lar,” if he does not drink, if he tells the truth, and is punctual to his duty; so little, indeed, does a hard-pressed world demand of its servants. And so, as the summer passed on, the day that Jasper noted as the Commencement at Cambridge, twelve months after his own triumph there, he was himself regularly installed in a post of some little authority in the freight-station, and Oscar was that day on duty cleaning cars from mud, in the vocation in which his master began.

CHAPTER IX.

OSCAR was paid his wages week by week, and regularly brought the money to Jasper. Neither of these gentlemen had attained the dignity and the inconvenience of salaries and quarter-days. Jasper had thought over, with some anxiety, the business of Oscar’s money, as a part of the guardianship, which seemed, without any authority from surrogate or chancery or probate court, to have alighted upon him. So long as the poor boy was an expense to him, the problem was simple enough. But when Oscar’s father died, after all charges were paid, there was a hundred dollars or more left of what had been the poor fellow’s all; and now Oscar was earning twice what his living cost, and all Jasper’s little advances on his account were repaid. All this brought before Jasper the pros and cons of the case. Was he this boy’s guardian, or not? If the boy wanted to make ducks and drakes of his little patrimony, could he hinder him, and, if so, how? And was there somewhere in Norway some uncle or aunt who had a better claim to the rights and responsibilities of guardianship than Jasper had? Poor fellow! it brought up curiously enough all the memories of his own orphanhood; and he drew a

long breath as he remembered how unconscious and indifferent he then was to all such thought or care.

But now he was the care-taker, not the cared-for, — guardian, not guarded. And so, after breakfast one Sunday morning, he bade Oscar walk down with him to one of the more secluded lumber-yards by the side of the lake, found a shady place on a pile of boards, where they had a back as they sat, and, as soon as he saw Oscar was well engaged with a lath which he was cutting, began pumping him about relatives and home.

“Were you happy at your uncle’s, at Molna, Oscar?”

“What is happy?” said the unconscious ward.

“Did you like it? Were they kind? Did you like them? Did you have a good time?” said Jasper, finally falling back on the dialect of the Yengeese.

“Did I like it? I did not like it. Were they kind? They not kind. Did I love them? I hate them. A good time? I had a dam bad time.”

The answer was at least definite, and its resemblance to Ollendorff’s exercises on the tenses of verbs amused Jasper, even while he was struggling to maintain the gravity of a self-appointed judge of probate. He told Oscar for the hundredth time that he must not say “dam,” that fragment of an English syllable seeming to be the part of the language which he had first acquired, and, in consequence, to be the last which, with his dying breath, he would lay down. The poor child was pure as purity, and had, as yet, no real idea of the profanity of the expression.

The judge of probate tried again. “But your uncle had a good house. You had enough to eat. You had clothes to wear.”

“No good house,” persisted the ward in chancery. Then came a volley of Danish. Then he explained, “I say house no good, where uncle fight and swear, she-uncle fight and swear, big Michael swear and drink, big Christine swear and drink; all swear, all drink; all tell Oscar go carry fetch, go fetch carry; you come here Oscar, you go there Oscar, up stairs Oscar, down stairs Oscar, in-door Oscar, out-door Oscar. I say no good house; I say dam bad house. No, no, no! not dam bad; I say bad, bad, bad house. What for I care good clothes to wear, if Christine drink, if big Michael lie, if mine uncle swear, if mine she-uncle scold? No good house; no good uncle.”

This was by far the longest speech Oscar had ever made in the English language, and it reflected immense credit on his teacher and the Ollendorff.

It did not appear to Jasper that his case in chancery was getting on particularly well. He tried on another tack.

“Let us see: how many weeks since you wrote to your uncle to tell him your father died?”

The boy started up at the words, walked sharply to the end of the pier, threw into the water the stick which he had been cutting, and looked as if he would be glad to go in after it. Then, in his impulsive way, he rushed back to Jasper, his eyes streaming with tears; he fell on his own knees in the chips before him, and hid his head between Jasper’s knees. He sobbed there passionately, and looked up to say, —

“I no tell you lie, my master!” The poor boy, having chosen from the beginning to call Jasper master, could not be prevented when he was in the least excited. To say “Jasper”

seemed to be a forced piece of etiquette or decorum; and Jasper never heard him say "Mr. Rising," though behind Jasper's back no one ever heard him say any thing else. "I no tell you lie, my master; you say to me, 'Write letter to your uncle; I write him. You write him name and place. You give me money, and show me, tell me carry him to office, post-office. I no say yes; I no say nothing. I take that dam letter, and I no go to that dam post-office. I go down to ferry. I wait till boat just fore being come in, — all water boil, bubble, boil; I throw that dam letter in water; I throw in that quarter dollar you give me. Boat come in: all boil water, no letter there; I go home, I no say I take letter to that post-office."

And having relieved his conscience thus, he fell to sobbing again on Jasper's knees.

"So," said the judge of probate to himself, "we have not so much as given notice of the death of the intestate." He let the poor boy sob on a minute; and Oscar first broke silence.

"O my master, I bad boy, I bad boy! but certain true, my master, I no say dam again."

The feeling that he had displeased Jasper, in any thing he had asked or bidden, was much stronger than any feeling that he had wronged his uncle.

"No matter, no matter, dear Oscar. But what for you do this? Why not tell your uncle that his brother is dead?"

"Not he brother; not he brother!" Here another volley of Danish, ending by an explanation, in very broken English, that this beer-guzzling, gin-drinking Viking of fire-water was brother of Oscar's mother and not of

his father, — as if that had made any difference. And then to Jasper's persistent "why," the boy at last looked him square in the face, with his great black eyes: —

"Letter go Norway, go to mine uncle. Mine uncle read him. Uncle say, 'Catch Oscar again! Oscar big boy now; Oscar cut wood, row boat, catch fish, go fetch carry. Oscar come home.' Mine uncle send what you call sheriff, president, governor, some little sort of king, catch poor Oscar, put those iron things on him hands, tumble him down, carry him home." Oscar had been terribly impressed by seeing a Cleveland house-breaker arrested and carried off one day by an Ohio officer with a warrant. "Poor Oscar leave him master; go to him uncle. No, no, no!"

Jasper meanwhile had been going over the natural notions of probate law, and trying to adjust the 'eternal rights and wrongs. What reason, divine or human, was there, why he should undertake to send this boy home? All that God or man wanted was, that the boy should be cared for, should be kept from temptation, as far as might be, should be kept from swindlers and thieves. Any decent probate court in the world would bid a young man of this age choose his own guardian; and Jasper saw no reason why he should attempt to press the matter of a return to Norway farther. He had sounded Oscar pretty thoroughly, and had found out his wishes. So he tried to turn the talk to some indifferent subject, a passing steamboat, a flight of ducks on the lake, and then on one or another occurrence in the street as they walked home. But Oscar was silent; not sulky nor moody, but thoughtful, and would scarcely reply. When they had come up into their own room together, and Jasper

had sat down to some writing, Oscar crossed the room, opened the drawer of the bureau, drew from it a pistol which Jasper kept there, and, with the simplicity of a child, carried it to him.

"Kill me, my master; kill your boy."

"My poor Oscar, what do you mean?"

"I mean, kill Oscar; no send him away."

"But my poor child," said Jasper, in tears himself this time, "who wants to send you away? What are you afraid of? I will never send you away."

"O my master! what for you ask about letter? What for you ask about mine uncle? and what for you tell me to write letter? What for you tired teach poor Oscar, take care poor Oscar, make poor Oscar home?"

Jasper was fairly upset: he promised the boy, by all that was holy, that he should never be parted from him but with his own consent. He tried to explain that all the uncles in Norway could not take him against his will. He soothed his wounded love as best he knew how. He fondled him and caressed him. He told him that he loved him too well to do any thing which would not be for his best good. In all of which Oscar caught the spirit, if he did not make out the words. Once and again he made Jasper repeat those which said they should not be parted; and then his handsome face cleared almost as suddenly as it had clouded, and he seemed perfectly happy.

Jasper took him to church with him; and the boy, who did not understand ten words of sermon, prayer, or hymn, regarded the whole service as a sacrament binding him and "his master" together for weal or for woe.

Jasper tried as he came home to explain to him about the disposition of his wages. But the boy did not care, and could not be made to care. Once assured that he would be no burden on Jasper's purse, that was enough. For the rest: "You take my dollar. My dollar you dollar, all one; I your Oscar, you my master. That's all."

It was not long before this contract of wages brought out a result for both of them which neither had imagined. The winter which followed these events was one still remembered through the North-west, and indeed through the Atlantic States, for the sudden contraction in all credits, — which resulted, rightly or not, from the New-York panic which sprung from the London panic, when the great houses of Westerholm, and of Alters & Alters, went under so suddenly. With a sudden jerk all loosened credits were twitched up. Many a rein broke with the twitch. Many a horse balked, shied, or started and ran. For months upon months chaos reigned among men who borrow, and among men who lend. And in the midst of this chaos, Jasper Rising found, to his amazement, that he was a capitalist.

He went in one day to a little carriage-factory, where he knew the people, to inquire about the best way to purchase some varnish, which the station-master needed in some miserable car-repairs. He saw at once that the place was in confusion; and, as he looked round, satisfied himself that some "smart man of business" had got in there by way of setting to rights some matter of which he knew nothing. He got his information, however, from Buffum, the principal, and left the shop, to find that this gentleman followed him into the street.

"You know we are all broken up here," Mr. Rising. No: Jasper had not known any thing of the kind. Such things happen very quickly; and he was in no circle where they talked of them. So poor Mr. Buffum had to explain: an every-day story. The little carriage-factory had always been run very much on credit. Buffum's partner, a showy, unreliable fellow, of the satin waistcoat and heavy gold-chain type, who always cared more about horses than he did about carriages, had taken occasion, a month before, to run away with somebody's else wife, and all the ready money of the concern which he could lay hands upon. This had been an ugly thing enough: then the panic had come; no bank in Detroit would renew a penny of their paper, and so the modest little establishment was knocked higher than a kite, as Mr. Buffum put in, before he could turn round. Every carriage they had, finished or unfinished, was attached, "grabbed," in the elegant phrase of the streets, by one creditor or another. All the material that could be removed was seized in the same way. And the creditors who had not succeeded in "grabbing" what they thought sufficient had got some sort of proceedings in bankruptcy a-going, by which such rights as there were in the shop itself and any other property there, were to be sold at auction for whom it might concern. The workmen were hanging round to secure, as they might, their back pay. The foreman, an honest fellow, was there, keeping an eye on the wreck. But the snug little factory of Buffum & Woods, which a month ago was as promising an establishment for its size as there was in the street, would very soon be nowhere.

Jasper was interested in all this story of ruin, but he did wonder why Mr. Buffum told it to him. How should Mr. Buffum know that he had seen like ruin on a much larger scale, only a year ago, at Duquesne? He was entirely surprised, when Mr. Buffum closed his story by saying, "Really, Mr. Rising, we owe very little. I have got orders in my pocket now from Ann Arbor, from Marshall, from Dexter, why, even from Cleveland, Mr. Rising, on which we would make profit enough to clear every cent of this debt, if they would only give us time. And is it not a shame for an honest man to see the work of ten years swept away and his family left begging, to see as good men as my workmen there sent out on the streets in the middle of winter, for want of a miserable discount of five hundred dollars?"

Jasper was disgusted. This was exactly like Duquesne. He showed his sympathy by some kind question; and Buffum explained, that the men to whom he owed money were, with scarcely an exception, his friends, even his companions, — that there was hardly one of them who wanted to be hard on him. But the squeeze in the money-market affected them all alike; no one of them alone could afford to lose his claim, even though it seemed a trifle. There were one or two strangers, and of course the workmen, who must have cash; and, if anybody was to have cash, all must have it. Buffum supposed that it was too late to save the old firm from bankruptcy. But here was the shop, here were the men; in especial, here was the foreman, on whom Buffum could not help passing an eulogy, finding to his joy that he had in Jasper a listener. Up till this moment, Jasper had felt that Buffum knew of his

own misfortunes, and was telling his story for mere weariness of spirit, because he must tell it, or die. But now Jasper found, that all this narrative was an introduction before Mr. Buffum asked him, if he, Jasper Rising, did not want to step into the breach, poor Mr. Buffum being only eager to show him what resources and what securities were still left to him, though now rendered unavailable.

Jasper was on the point of laughing in his face. His one feeling was that of pure fun, that he should have been mistaken for a capitalist. But to laugh would have been unkind. And Jasper walked on, gulping down that temptation; and still showing so much of a fellow-sufferer's sympathy that Buffum in his turn went on with what he had hoped, and what he wished, and what he could propose.

The upshot of it all was, that at this projected auction-sale, which would scatter the whole concern to the winds, nobody expected to realize a thousand dollars cash from every thing there was, not "grabbed" or "grabbable." With that result nobody would get any dividend of any value, the shop would be destroyed, Buffum ruined, the workmen scattered. "But if, Mr. Rising, anybody liked to take an interest in the concern to the amount of a thousand dollars; if, — I thought it possible some friend of yours would, — or perhaps you yourself might think of it; why, I do assure you, sir, if you will only look at our contracts any man would be wholly safe; and if, twelve months hence, he wanted to withdraw, he could take out twice the money he put in."

Drowning men catch at straws, or Mr. Buffum would never have made this proposal to a man he knew so little as young Rising. But he made

it; and, seeing that he said nothing, he went on, "There need not be a thousand dollars in cash, Mr. Rising. Five hundred dollars in cash would pay the workmen, and pay these New-York bills for iron and for fringes; and I can make every other creditor give us three months' time, till we can deliver these dearborns in Peoria, if I only have your name in the firm, or the name of any other man who has people's confidence. If Woods had not run away, though he did nothing but drink and swagger, I would not have been here."

Jasper did not permit himself to be melted by the poor man's eagerness; but as he talked, he thought perhaps he did see the chance for the boy Oscar which he should not have dared to look for. He had no wish to start Oscar in life without a handicraft. "Either a handicraft, or a liberal profession," John Hughitt used to say; "though you never work a day in either." It had only been as a temporary thing that he let Oscar scrub the sides of cars; and, for himself, it was only as a temporary thing that he was keeping books in the freight-house. He had found out, from the beginning, that Oscar had the divine tact with tools, — that he was deft and successful in handling them; and it had been to him merely a question of time and opportunity how and when he should place Oscar in some form of apprenticeship which might make him master of a craft, and so, to all intents, master of the world. Perhaps that time had come. Jasper would not encourage Mr. Buffum; but asked him if he could bring round all the papers to the freight-dépôt after business was closed, — "and, Mr. Buffum, ask your foreman to come too."

For Jasper Rising had read history

enough, and seen business enough, and watched enough failure and success, to believe in men, more than he did in plans or compacts, or any thing else on paper. And yet further, he guessed, and he guessed rightly, that the crisis of the Buffum carriage-factory, depended not on Mr. Buffum, so sensitive and nervous, nor on the ideal capitalist yet to be discovered, but that it depended on this Dundas, the foreman, who had or had not given a reputation to their work, and who would or would not give reputation to it in the future. So he asked for Mr. Dundas, as well as the Peoria orders, and the Cleveland contracts, and the other pieces of paper.

Dundas came. Jasper liked him, and he liked Jasper. Piece by piece, they all went over every bit of the tangled history of the firm. Piece by piece, they went over the work still possible. The hours went by in the dark freight-station, and Jasper sent Oscar out for some biscuit and a jug of water for their supper. Eating as they worked, they unravelled the tangle. Then Dundas and Jasper went down into the dark by themselves, and he gave to Jasper his version of the successes and failures of the shop; and Jasper, with perfect frankness, told both of them why he dealt with them at all. He saw with pleasure that Dundas took in his motive and plan for Oscar; and, at the least, they understood each other, when, at midnight, he took such papers as he needed, and said he would be prepared before the week was up to make them a proposition.

He spent the week in inquiry and consultation with different parties concerned. And all this talk and counter talk ended in the establishment of a new carriage-building firm, of
BUFFUM, RISING, & DUNDAS.

Not that they had any sign painted. They had no money for signs. But they drew up the papers. They agreed with the creditors of the old firm; they turned the old books bottom up, and began at the end of them; they had the old bill-heads altered in red ink by Oscar. The agreement, in brief, was this:—

1. Dundas pledged himself personally that Oscar should learn all of the wheelwright's and coach-builder's craft that a man could learn between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one.

2. On this understanding, Jasper lent two hundred and eleven dollars and seventeen cents of Oscar's property to the new firm, — securing it in such ways as he could, but considering that he had a right to invest it thus as the premium for the boy's apprenticeship.

3. On the same understanding, he paid himself into the new firm three hundred and fifty dollars, being very much the major part of his own earnings during the year.

4. All three principals bound themselves not to draw a penny for personal expenses from the new firm for six months. They would live by their wits, or on their relations, rather than on the business.

5. The new firm was thus able to buy the good will of the old firm and its stock in trade, with the right of redemption of the heavily mortgaged store, and to redeem some of the most essential articles seized by creditors. It paid four or five hundred dollars in money, and it gave its new notes at four, five, six, and seven months. Dundas was sure, and Rising satisfied himself, that these notes could be met, and more than met, by the contracts they now had on hand.

I suppose the transaction was one which no probate court in the world would have authorized. But Jasper had to be his own probate court. He explained it to Oscar as well as he could, who simply said, "No my money; all your money." And when he found that he was to smooth spokes with a draw-shave, instead of washing mud off cars, Oscar was delighted. Jasper kept at his desk in the freight-dépôt. Only he spent the three hours of the evening at the counting-room of the new firm, writing up the books, acquainting himself with the correspondents, making out the men's accounts, and, in general, learning and supervising the new business. Oscar always sat, with some book or some whittling, at his side.

Six months run by fast when every one is so busy. At the end of six months the new firm was on its feet. It had money at its bank; it had credit; it was in favor with the best people in Eastern Michigan for its thorough work and neat and new devices. The banking and business world had forgotten the existence of the defunct houses of Alters & Alters, and of Westerholm. Buffum, Rising, & Dundas had paid the notes with which they bought their establishment; had even taken up some of them before they were due. Credit is a plant which grows rankly and fast, by the same tokens and by the same laws as those under which it is so easily withered and destroyed.

What pleased Jasper most in the success was the daily development of Oscar. Oscar was in the right place at last. He was not in the least above filing iron, or drilling rivet-

holes, — not he. But he punched and filed not as a slave, but as a man of genius compelling metal to obey his higher purpose. Did you never notice the difference between the way in which a sculptor chisels marble in his studio, and the way in which a stone-cutter, with tools precisely like the other's, cuts a grave-stone in a stone-yard? There is that difference between the way in which a child of God, born to invention and the control of matter, handles his wood and his iron, and the drudgery in which another child of God, who was never made for this service, lets the iron and the word master him.

And after some months' trial, Jasper left his friendly railroad-station to give his whole time to the correspondence, accounts, travelling, and other business of the new firm. Queer enough, his last service in the station, after he had bidden them all good-by, was to a person he had seen in old days, if he had remembered her. The afternoon train was leaving, and an Eastern party, a little late, hurried into it. The youngest of the party, a girl encumbered with her hand-baggage, dropped a parasol as she stepped up, and did not observe it. Jasper saw it fall, sprang forward, tapped at the window, and handed it to her. She opened the window, took it, and shyly said, "Danke, danke!" But Jasper saw so many German travellers, that even this did not help him. "Where in the world have I seen her?" he said, as he turned away.

But she remembered him. This was Bertha, on her way with some German friends of her uncle to make a visit in Milwaukie.

[To be continued.]

THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND THE APPROACHING GENERAL CONVENTION.

NOT a long while since, pending the discussion of an education bill in the House of Commons, an amendment was introduced to the effect that nothing should be taught in the schools contrary to the doctrines of the Church of England. An objection, alike exceptional and unusual, was instantly made. An "honorable member" declared the amendment to be useless and impracticable, because it is impossible to tell what the doctrines of the Church of England are.

"I go," said the honorable member, himself a churchman, "I go to a parish church in the metropolis, and I listen to a sermon by a Calvinist. I am told that the Church of England is a Calvinistic Church, and that all doctrinal teaching of a different sort is not only false in itself, but is false to the standards of the church. I go to another church, and I behold a decorated altar, with its cross and lighted candles; and the priest is in many-colored vestments, and acolytes swing their censers, and the bread and wine in the communion are adored; and the preacher tells me that the Church of England is not even a Protestant church at all. I go to the grand abbey, or to the cathedral, and there I learn from a philosophical preacher that these diversities and antagonisms of belief are merely phases of the religious life of man, but that they do not affect the question of human salvation, nor the profounder interests of the soul. How, then, can this house vote for the proposed amendment? What are the doctrines of the Church of England?" The impression produced by the speaker was so strong, that the

amendment was withdrawn. And it is emphatically true, that the pulpit of the Church of England, and of all Protestant Episcopal churches, discloses and brings to the surface the widest diversities and the profoundest antagonisms of religious and theological belief. Here there is a flavor of rationalism, there of Romanism; here of Calvinism, there of Arminianism: here there is a handling of scripture in a secular spirit, there the treatment of it is as if it were one vast apocalypse. Nor is this a new phase in the life of the Episcopal Church, growing out of the present upheaving of the world and of the impending revolution in matters theological. The Church has never been a unit *in its theology*. What is true of it to-day has, *mutatis mutandis*, always been true of it, — always, that is, since the Reformation.

This fact, not understood by those who do not belong to the Episcopal Church, and by many even who do belong to it, has something in it to perplex and baffle. It is a phenomenon of great significance, and it is rooted in the constitution of the Church itself. What is it which is thus rooted in the constitution of the Church? How can a "constitutional" fact, an organic peculiarity, account for these chronic and inevitable antagonisms of theological beliefs? The answer is simple enough, though perhaps it can be given more satisfactorily in a negative than in a positive form. *Dogmatic theology is a subordinate interest in the constitution of the Episcopal Church, whilst among all other churches it is the controlling interest.*

At the time of the Reformation, the English theologians made common cause with the Protestants of the Continent against the pope, and the mass and all the superstitions connected with it, against purgatory, and the innovations of saints and angels, against the entire system which the middle ages had constructed. But while the Europeans sought or were compelled to build anew, clearing away the ground for the purpose, the English aimed at the purification of the existing body, under the form of a national church. They went to work to cleanse the house of God, stripping it of its meretricious ornaments, and reducing it to the simplicity of an early age. Their task was difficult, because a large proportion of the gentlemen and the common people of England were attached to the mediæval system. The utmost circumspection and caution were used in the preparation of "The Book of Common Prayer," and as much as possible of those offices was retained which had been in use previously, so as to give "no offence" to the disaffected. And yet the change in the communion office was radical and thorough; it was too radical for the German Lutherans, but it pleased well the Calvinists. In fact, the communion service in the prayer-book is the key to an intelligent judgment of the English Church; and more care was taken in the preparation of it than in any other portion of the book. In like manner the English preserved the episcopate, though with curtailed powers and prerogatives; and the Thirty-nine Articles were adopted as the expression of their theological belief. The dominant idea, next to the purpose of religious reform, was institutional and historical, and not dogmatic. It was to purify the

Church, to remove abuses, to simplify worship, to sweep away the refuge of lies in the form of human merit, and to impress upon the minds and conscience of the people the fact of justification by faith.

They sought reform in their own way. They gave to England a liturgy in the vernacular, and the open Bible; and they abolished every thing which they thought inconsistent with the Scripture. They retained the old institutions which could be adapted to the altered conditions; notably the episcopate, old fasts and feasts, and familiar forms of prayer and song and the rest,—and this they did wisely.

But England was divided, and England has always been divided. The dogmatic pressure being slight, there was neither a Calvin nor a Knox to mould the national mind; and so men followed their bias,—some regretting the lost splendors and ways of the Church; some trying to give a *soi-disant* Catholic tone to the new service-book; and others, inflamed by the fury of Scotch and Swiss reformers, doing their utmost to make the English Church one in every respect with the Presbyterians, whom they loved, and whose ideas they adopted.

In one respect, the reform in England was most conservative, and in another it was most radical. What it sought to conserve we have already pointed out; but wherein was it most radical? It was most radical in that it insisted only upon a belief in the Apostles' Creed, coupled with a professed determination to keep God's holy will and commandments, as the condition of communion upon the part of the laity; and it required a subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles upon the part of the clergy. Nothing shows more completely the

emancipation of the English mind from the fetters of scholasticism. The attitude of the Church was, in this respect, as revolutionary as that of Lord Bacon, two generations later, in the sphere of natural science. The *communies loci*, the common-places or topics of the reformed Christian theology, were gathered together in the Thirty-nine Articles, and they were presented nakedly for subscription by candidates for orders. No one underlying form of philosophy, no theory of the *rationale*, was added or required. The facts were the main thing: the Church knew nothing of any philosophy of the facts. The result has been diversity, antagonism, freedom in the sphere of theological belief, breaking out under shapes of all kinds, and catching and reflecting the issues of the days as they have come and gone. There has been an unconscious feeling that "systems" of theology are foreign to the genius of the Church. England has had no Calvin, not even a Turretin; but the Church of England is in the possession of a noble theological literature, and our common tongue has been enriched by a long line of preachers, of poets, of ecclesiastical statesmen, of scholars and critics. But the absence of system-makers means, once more, the absence of a received system of theology moulding the mind of the Church at large. And thus it is evident, how it comes to pass that the Episcopal Church is forever subject to the noise and turmoil of conflicting ideas.

We cannot here write a history. We seek to explain facts. The antagonisms developed in the sixteenth century live in the nineteenth. Then, on the one side, there was a party which sought not affiliation, not sympathy merely, with the Presbyte-

rianism of Geneva and of Scotland, but identification with it; and there was another party which hoped, that, sooner or later, mass would again be celebrated in Westminster Abbey; while the men who controlled and governed were content with a due observance of the new forms and order of things. While the authorities have been insisting upon obedience to the letter of the law, the opposing parties have been endeavoring to make the Church the exponent of their own beliefs, prejudices, and passions. The former, sometimes unconsciously and sometimes unwillingly, have been the upholders of a broad policy: the latter have sought to narrow the Church by committing it to their own way of thinking. The Low Churchmen have been offended at all pomp in worship; at the display of episcopal prerogative, as if there could be no valid ministry without ordination by a bishop; at the prominence given to the idea of sacramental grace, especially in infant baptism. The High Churchmen have regarded their Low-church brethren as a nuisance, as Presbyterians, only "with a prayer-book under their arms," and have wished the Church rid of them. The Low Churchmen have relied upon the Bible, and upon the obvious meaning of the articles; the High Churchmen have planted themselves upon the traditions of the first three centuries, upon the preface to the ordinal, and upon the obvious meaning of the baptismal office. Each party has done its utmost to make the Church the exponent and embodiment of its own beliefs, — to make it its own; and each, thus far, has signally failed. Nor is there any help for this failure; because the attempt is contrary to the genius of the Church, which is institutional, and not dogmatic.

And the proof of this is found in the fact, that, to-day, the Episcopal Church is more divided than at any one period in its history. No less than seven distinct types of doctrine or tendencies are observable within it. The old Low-church party is divided into two wings, — the one accepts the Church as it is, believes in the prayer-book without wishing any alteration, regarding, in the mean while, the High Churchman as ignorant of its true meaning and aim; the other regards the prayer-book with suspicion, believing that there are “germs of popery” in the baptismal and communion offices and in the ordinal, and clamors for the expunging of all phrases with a meaning which can, by any possibility, be tortured into an *ex opere operato* sense. This, the left wing of the Low-church party, is ready for a secession.

Again, the High-church party has a threefold division. Certain old-fashioned men regard the Church as a Protestant body which has preserved the episcopate, without which there can be no valid ministry. They regard the prayer-book somewhat as they do the Bible. They do not, indeed, declare it to be inspired; but they treat it as if they believed in its inspiration. It is a sort of idol with them. They are indignant at the suggestion of any alteration, — to the dotting of an *i*, or to the crossing of a *t*. They are not very much alive to the time in which they live: they love quiet, order, decorum; and, if the world will not think as they think, then so much the worse for the world.

Another set of men, on the other hand, consider the Anglican Church as a *branch* of the Catholic Church of Christ, authenticated by the episcopate, which represents and perpetuates the apostolic authority, and by the

creeds it re-organized. They look down upon all non-episcopal bodies, as outside of the pale of the Church of Christ, *quoad* bodies, though they will not exclude the individuals who compose those bodies from the Church, by virtue of their baptism. In a special sense, the Episcopal Church is the guardian and repository of the pure faith; the Roman Church and the Greek having, by their superstitions and corruption, fallen away from their original purity. In fact, the High Anglican, though excellent in many ways, is a singular human being; and Christianity, if his view of it be correct, is still more singular, being a conspicuous failure, a patent failure as embodied in the Latin and Greek Churches, and in all Protestant Churches, all of them either fossils or shams, the Anglican Church alone conserving, and expressing, and being, in fact, a church pure and undefiled. Nothing more strange is ever offered to human acceptance than the High Anglican theory of Christianity. It is as if Christianity meant simply and only the Episcopal Church, and not this merely, but the Episcopal Church as represented by the High Anglican party. Nothing can be more preposterous than High Anglicanism. An American theologian has said of it, with as much truth as force, “It falls to pieces at the first touch of the critic’s hammer.”

The ritualists constitute the third division, the extreme right wing, of the High-church party. Upon the High-church theory they are neither so absurd nor contemptible as they may appear to the unsophisticated Protestant mind. They are not guilty of the folly of their more moderate High-church brethren, of appealing only to the Church of the

first three centuries, or even of the six general councils. They find no warrant for supposing that the Holy Ghost was withdrawn peremptorily from the Church on the adjournment of the Council of Nice. They believe that always the Holy Ghost has dwelt in the body of Christ, and that, although East and West have been divided, nevertheless each side has retained the marks of the true Church, just as, later, the English Church was not cut off from its share in the life of the body mystical of Christ. So the ritualists long for the re-union of Christendom; meaning, by the word Christendom, the Anglican, Greek, and Roman Churches. They despise and repudiate Protestantism. They do not know the Protestant Churches. Rome is to them the model and mistress of all churches. Their books of devotion are either Romish, or are framed upon Romish models; the communion has become the mass; they practise confession, they pray for the dead, and they do what and as much as they can to convert the Protestant Episcopal Church into a copy, done in little, of the great imperial hierarchy of Rome. We have only to say, that, if they are right, the Episcopal Church is self-convicted of schism, and its *raison d'être* is utterly taken away. It is only fair to add, however, that, although their position is grotesque, and untenable critically, — although they would bring back again a lost belief, and a fetich worship, — they have a certain human way with them, they labor with great charity to relieve the poor and distressed, to destroy vice, and they are alive, in a measure, to the problems of the day which are loudly demanding solution.

Into this condition, as we have just sketched it, "High Church," and "Low Church" have fallen. But there

is somewhat more. A new school has arisen, a new type of church-life is distinctly seen and felt; and it bears the significant name of Broad Church. The Broad Churchmen have had indeed predecessors; but they are, after all, the product of this present century. They are the fruit of the beginnings, the first fruits in fact, of critical study in England and in America. Without entering upon the strange history of the Church in the sphere of thought since the day of Bentley and of Butler, we seek to emphasize the fact that the Broad Churchmen have been and are endeavoring to apply admitted principles of criticism to the existing systems and traditions current wheresoever episcopacy holds sway. The impulse to the Broad-church movement came, no doubt, originally from Coleridge, and was further stimulated by the increasing knowledge of German philological criticism. It is an error to suppose that "Broad-churchism" is, or means, a system of doctrine wrought out carefully and completely from beginning to end. It is nothing of the sort. It is a *critical spirit* applied to the commonplaces of theology, to certain doctrines; as, for example, the atonement, the inspiration of the Scriptures, the Church, the papacy, the episcopate, the sacraments, and the like. Broad Churchmen are seeking to follow history and critical veracity; and as many beliefs are entertained, both by High Church and Low Church in unison, which will not abide the test of investigation, so those beliefs are rejected, just as wise men in ages past have rejected traditions which had been sacred to their fathers.

Within the Episcopal Church an undeniable prejudice exists against the Broad-church movement, even

though the Archbishop of Canterbury inclines "that way," and the Bishop of St. Davids, perhaps the clearest-headed man in the whole Anglican episcopate, is quite pronounced, and though the diocese of Exeter, since the consecration of Dr. Frederic Temple, is bursting forth with new life. Broad Churchmen are suspected, and they are feared. But the suspicions and fears will vanish away before long: for it will be made clear to the Church that they are not undermining, not tampering with, the faith, but that they are ready for every good, humane, charitable work; and that the spirit they evoke will prove a deadly foe to all hierarchical assumptions resting upon a supposed divine authority, and to all narrow dogmatic conceptions of Christianity which rest upon probable and proved misconceptions of the meanings of Sacred Scripture, and which are repugnant to the reason and moral sense of mankind.

The majority of Broad Churchmen are firm in their Christian faith, and loyal in their canonical obedience. There are some, however, who go by this name, who are simply negative and destructive; who, with much culture, have fallen into an intellectual atrophy, and question all things only, or deny all faiths. Wholesale denial can be but provisional, temporary; or else the mind settles down into feebleness, under the darkness of night, "in which no man can work." Still, that men in this estate, be they few or several, are in the Church is a phenomenon worthy of note. If the Episcopal Church has had a Voysey, who utterly rejects the idea of a mediatorial religion, it has also a Bennet, who adores Christ under the form of bread and wine on the altar.

This completes our enumeration

of the seven types of doctrine, or of tendency, which we have already named.

Here, then, within the Episcopal Church we behold multiform and manifold types of life, — some seeking toleration only, and others clamorous for ascendancy. Hitherto the drift has been now in one direction, and then in another. In this country the present venerable Bishop of Ohio, Dr. McIlvaine, has seen the rise, growth, and decline of the type of church doctrine of which he is the eminent exponent. Celerity marks all new movements. The Low-church school or party is losing ground perceptibly, and the High Churchmen are everywhere advancing. They outnumber the Low and Broad Church interests combined. They plant churches, they found schools, they disseminate doctrinal tracts, pamphlets, and books. They are dominant in three-quarters of the dioceses of the land. We refer to the clergy; for the laity, as yet, are not, in large numbers (certainly the men), impregnated with the church principles of their pastors. Still, the number of laymen, who, if they have any definite conceptions of the matter at all, sympathize with the High-church theory, is on the increase. And so the current runs that way; and it bears upon its bosom men and women who love a beautiful form of worship, who love order, peace, repose, who fear the incoming of unbelief, who hate hard questions, and who look with forebodings upon the restless temper of the times. All social and political re-actionists, all who know not "whereunto these things" which mark our generation will grow, all who look to the past while they hate the present and dread the future, find themselves attracted towards the High-church idea,

while many of them find their refuge in the absolutism of Rome. But there are many, of course, who believe thoroughly both in the present and in the future, to whom the High-church theory suggests not only pure, primitive Christianity, but the form of Christian life and belief now urgently needed. There are many reasons to account for the growth of High-church principles which it is impossible even to recount at present. And there are many reasons also to account for the decline of the influence of the evangelical party, foremost amongst which has been its narrow dogmatism, its dislike of philosophical culture, and its suspicions of all scholarship as applied especially to the interpretation of Scripture.

In the mean while, with the High Churchmen only not dominant, the General Convention of the Episcopal Church is about to assemble in the city of Baltimore. General conventions meet triennially. The bishops of the Church constitute a house by themselves. Their sessions, though private, are not strictly secret. The clerical and lay deputies form what is frequently called the lower house. These deputies are elected by the conventions of the several dioceses, — each diocese sending, as its representatives, four clergymen and four laymen. The immense majority of the deputies to the approaching convention are High Churchmen, a resolute minority is composed of evangelicals, while no one deputation, as such, can be claimed by Broad Churchmen, or can, with propriety, be supposed to represent their position and purposes. In the transaction of its business, the convention follows the usages of our deliberative bodies generally. It elects its president and secretary; and the standing committees

are appointed, who prepare "business" for the house. Both "houses" of the convention, i.e., the bishops, and the clerical and lay deputies, originate measures; but every proposed measure must have the consent of both before it becomes, or can become, an *act* of the convention. In this way, one house acts as a check upon the other. The scope of the business is not very large. Diocesan statistics are presented, missionary operations are reviewed, and canons, which refer almost exclusively to the clergy, are made and passed. Discussion sometimes takes a wide range, because individual members introduce resolutions for the purpose of committing the convention, and by inference the church, to some measure or scheme or opinion which is explicitly either High or Low Church. But after long and sometimes wearisome discussion, though sometimes interesting and eloquent, the proposed measure is abandoned, and the resolution is either "voted down" or withdrawn.

The convention does not consider itself competent to make doctrinal decisions — and for very just reasons. The faith, the creed, of the Church, is, as such, the property of the Church catholic. It cannot, therefore, be touched. No one wishes to touch it. In matters more special, the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States is under a pledge not to differ from the doctrine of the Church of England. This was a *sine qua non*, insisted upon by the Archbishop of Canterbury and other bishops of England, in the preliminary transactions which secured for the American church the transmission of the episcopate. If the Church of England should vacate its traditional doctrinal position, the Americans would no longer be bound by their contract;

but as long as it remains what it has been hitherto, the Episcopal Church in this country remains fixed and unchanged. Yet, notwithstanding this, the Church has reached a stage of development where it stands facing questions of discipline which may be said to involve doctrine, or at least principle. Matters of grave moment will assuredly, then, be presented to the notice, and will require the action, of the convention. The first of these will come in the form of memorials and petitions.

These may be few, or they may be many, but they will certainly have a common aim or end: they will pray for larger liberty, chiefly in the use of the "Book of Common Prayer." Permission to omit the use of phrases or of words which may be oppressive to the conscience of individual clergymen, perhaps even to abridge services under certain conditions, will be solicited, based upon the argument that the rights of conscience are supreme, and that this supremacy is guaranteed by an article of the Church. The discussion will involve the whole theory of the use of the prayer-book, and the nature of a clergyman's obligations in professing conformity to the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

From what we know of the prevailing temper of general conventions, these memorials and prayers will not be granted. The majority will insist upon maintaining the *status in quo*. But it is useless to make predictions.

Another matter of great moment will be the report of the *ritual commission*. At the last General Convention, a commission or committee was appointed, we believe by the House of Bishops alone, to consider

the whole subject of ritual, especially in its relation to the mode of the celebration of the communion. Plain people will not be slow to make conclusions from the mere fact of the existence of this commission. Something serious must have happened, some dangers real or apprehended, some exigency must have arisen, to have required this action. Wise men perhaps are not disturbed by the cry, "The Church is in danger!" nor are they influenced much by platform speakers, yet they, too, will ask what is the matter. Is the prayer-book becoming unsuitable for this new age? Does it teach superstitions? Does it abound with obsolete phrases, and the rest? Not this! The commission has not been in travail over the prayer-book itself, but over the style in which sundry "priests" minister the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. There is a current towards Rome: violent re-actionists, mediævalists, copyists of the Latin way, minions of the pope's priests, are springing up here; and they wish to wear colored vestments when they "offer the sacrifice of the altar," and to light candles, and to set up crucifixes, and to burn incense, and to mix water with the wine, and to genuflect, and to cross themselves, and to bow down and adore the Christ present under the form of bread and wine. Upon these and like matters the ritual commission will report, and then the General Convention will be called to decide whether it be lawful for clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church to set up within it a sort of emasculated Romanism.

A decision, one way or the other, is inevitable; and there will be great noise. If the ritualists be suppressed, vehement screeching will be heard, chiefly through their organ, "The

Church Weekly;" if they are not suppressed, or at least condemned, there will be angry tumult upon the other side: so that disgust in some quarters will be sure to follow, no matter what may be done. It is idle to indulge in guesses: yet, from our knowledge of the Episcopal Church, we are assured that the Romanizing ways of the ritualists will be condemned; and we are equally certain that the extreme Low Churchmen will be pleased neither with the tone, nor the doings, of the convention in general.

In its legislation, the Episcopal Church is strong in the line of *nolimus mutare*. It displays, too, a singular genius for isolation. It keeps every thing and everybody foreign to it at arm's length. It will admit neither a Romanizing mass, nor the temper of a fanatical conventicle; its boast being that it stands upon ancient ways. We refer of course, here, to the Church in its legislation, in conventions assembled, and not to the phenomena of its life; for the two are in such antithesis, that it is impossible to judge of one by the other. The legislation of the Church always disappoints the pronounced men.

The public interested in Church matters will doubtless expect that something will be done in the now celebrated "Cheney case;" but without due consideration, for it is adjudicated, done. When we say that it is done, we do not refer to its effects upon the Church at large, but to the legal view of the matter in so far as the Rev. Mr. Cheney himself is concerned. The Bishop of Illinois, sheltered, it would seem, by the letter of the law, has visited the recusant presbyter with the severest sentence known to the Episcopal Church. He has degraded him from the ministry.

It is a cruel and severe sentence; for Mr. Cheney has not been accused even of denying the faith, or of any immorality of conduct. The offence for which he was tried, at first, was his omission of the words, "It hath pleased Thee to regenerate this infant by thy Holy Spirit," in the baptismal office. He was found guilty; and the punishment pronounced was suspension from the exercise of the ministry, until he would promise amendment and obedience for the future, and repentance for the past. The punishment was felt to be disproportionate to the offence; and Mr. Cheney utterly disregarded it, and went on with his ministrations, as if nothing had happened. He was summoned consequently in due time, and tried again, for contumacy, and the punishment affixed was degradation; so that he is no longer a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It is a bad business, engendered and consummated in bad blood. We have neither time nor space to discuss the question properly; and we mention it to show merely, that, as by the letter of the law Mr. Cheney is no longer an Episcopal clergyman, his case can hardly be supposed to be within the province of the General Convention. It is barely possible, however, that a canon may be introduced having a force both retrospective and prospective, which, under given conditions, will bring about his restoration to the ministry.

The minds of the deputies of the convention will be, in advance of all business, charged with the topics which we have here noticed; and every effort will be made to quiet the excitement upon the issues which are to-day agitating the church. The utmost, however, that the convention can do, will be to secure, perhaps,

“greater uniformity in worship,” and to pass certain canons to restrict the clergy who may wish to affiliate more closely with non-episcopal ministers. Should it wear, in this direction, a hard, iron visage, it is difficult to foretell the consequences. Angry, vehement men are ready to break away; and the Episcopal Church cannot afford a schism. It cannot afford a serious falling off, either on the one side towards Romanism, or on the other side towards the various denominations of Christians; and hence the convention is charged with grave responsibilities. We think it will satisfy no one, and so will avert a danger.

We can scarcely hope to see it rise to a full sense of the true law of the being of the Episcopal Church. It never has hitherto. The Church is broader and better than the men who control it. It cannot, without the destruction of its fundamental law, be made the expression or embodiment of a party. It covers essential Christianity. It knows no theories of Christianity. It seeks to give utterance to the needs of the universal heart, to be the *communion* and fellowship of all faithful men, allowing all freedom, within the limits of the faith, for the existence, the culture,

the development, of Christian thinking and feeling and living. It numbers among its great men not simply its Hookers and its Fields, but its Cudworths, its Mores, its Smiths, its Taylors, its Andrews, its Bentleys, and its Butlers, not to name others to illustrate the fact that all types of mind, all forms of culture, have had their rightful place, — that all varieties of speculative thought have found expression in its pulpits, in its chairs of theology, and through its press. And, to-day, there is no subject interesting to thoughtful men which has not a home within the hearts and heads of men who belong to the Episcopal Church. Bold discussion is heard, earnest inquiry is directed, towards the things and problems which are weighing heavily upon the world.

A convention cannot stop this, cannot even modify it. A convention may fear the restless spirit which liberty of thinking and of prophesying has begotten, but it cannot hold it back. In its diversity and multitudinousness, the Episcopal Church is better and greater than it has been; and the hope of good men is, that this fact will be recognized before long by the authorities as the law of the being and working of a living church.

SING-SONG.

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

WHAT does the bee do?
 Bring home honey.
 And what does father do?
 Bring home money.
 And what does mother do?
 Lay out the money.
 And what does baby do?
 Eat up the honey.

SPRING SONG.

BEHOLD the winter is past !
 He hurries over the hills ;
 His snowy garments dissolving fast
 In a fringe of shining rills.
 The waters, glad and free,
 Clap their white hands for glee ;
 They leap up into the light at last,
 For lo ! the winter is past.

The rain is over and gone ;
 The blue sky bends above ;
 And gloriously the sun looks down
 On garden, field, and grove.
 Heavily fell the showers
 Through the long-clouded hours ;
 But every drop was a good seed sown :
 The rain is over and gone.

The flowers appear on the earth,
 Springing on every side :
 After the winter creeping north,
 With summer's rising tide.
 Each lovely shape and hue
 A miracle ever new ;
 Each bud a separate, wondrous birth,
 The flowers appear on the earth.

The time for the singing of birds
 Is come. Each flutters and sings,
 As if a joy that can find no words
 Were under those restless wings.
 Through many a land and clime
 Each tree they find a home,
 Each field a table spread. The time
 For the singing of birds is come.

The Examiner.

THE activity of the publishing houses of America and of England has been less interrupted than ever by the summer months; and, as the records in the proper place will show, we have a large number of important books waiting review.

In early issues we shall be able to speak of the new volume of Masson's "Milton," and of the curiously interesting "Memoir of Bishop Berkeley."

Mr. Bryant's "Odyssey" will be before our readers as soon as our next number.

Mr. James Freeman Clarke's comprehensive analysis and comparison of "Ten Great Religions" challenges everywhere the attention it deserves. In such a review as is possible in these pages of a work so vast in its range, we trust we shall call to it the attention of readers all over this country, to whom it will afford help, guidance, and satisfaction hard to measure.

In the midst of this system of "Ten Great Religions," it is to be observed that Mr. Weiss has discovered an asteriod which he calls "American Religion."

In biography we have the concluding volumes of Greene's "Life of Greene."

In poetry, every one is enjoying the new American poet to whom last month we called attention.

FAUST.

THE "Faust"¹ of Goethe, at least in its first part, possesses this mark of

¹ FAUST: a tragedy. By Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. The first part; translated, in the original metres, by Bayard Taylor. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co., 1871.

The same, second part.

genius, that while a child might read it for amusement, while the most ignorant woman might weep over it, the philosopher may find his deepest thought stirred by it. It deals indeed with the most profound problems of life. The nature of sin, the part which it plays in human existence,

its relation to the eternal order, the goal and the true happiness of the individual and the race, these are the questions which the great work of Goethe faces fairly and persistently. These questions are started in the "Prologue in Heaven." They are soon lost sight of by the superficial reader in the progress of the story, but they are not lost sight of by the poet. At the end of the first part the superficial reader stops satisfied. The story seems to him completed; but the question has only been stated in its sharpest and most terrible form. Only a hint of its solution has been given. The limits of a single life do not allow space enough for the development of the great theme; and thus the second part must follow with its carnival of beauty and of symbolism.

Goethe has been called a splendid anachronism. If he were an anachronism, however splendid, he would lose his claim to the highest genius; for true genius is always the child of its age. It is genius, because its age utters itself most thoroughly through it. But the saying is not true. However much some of the works of Goethe may bear the marks of Greek thought and culture, there is no work of modern times more thoroughly modern than the "Faust." We might say even that it is more modern than the moderns themselves; for its thought stretches beyond the point which the average thought of the age has reached.

There is nothing more characteristic of any work of genius, nothing by which it represents more perfectly the epoch out of which it is born, than its treatment of the great question of sin. The Greeks did not recognize it. The Greek tragedy is not darkened by its presence. The tragedy of Greece recognizes indeed many

of the dark facts which we consider to be the expressions of sin; but for sin itself it has no place. It sees the great power of fate leading men blindfold they know not whither, and then of a sudden uncovering their eyes, and exposing to them the fearful complication of suffering and terror into which they have been led. It sees the conflict which arises between the different forces of society, — one force encroached upon by another, and demanding stern retribution; but for sin itself, as we understand it, it has no recognition. But in our modern literature sin holds everywhere a prominent position. The contrast between the good and the evil is needed to give zest to any work of fiction. In all the great works of modern times, sin, in some aspect or other, occupies the central place. In the "Paradise Lost" of Milton, for instance, we have the ordinary theological view of sin presented. It may help to make clear the position of the "Faust" to compare the view of sin given in that with the view presented in the "Paradise Lost," or more specially the Mephistopheles of Goethe with the Satan of Milton. Milton regards sin as an outbreak to be repressed, as a disease to be removed. He seeks to account for the introduction of evil into the world, and to point to the remedy that has been established for it. On the existence of evil in general, little light is thrown. The question is moved a step backward only. Man fell because he was tempted; but why the angels fell does not appear. In accordance with this treatment, the Satan of Milton is an evil spirit, but not the spirit of evil: he is only "archangel fallen." His great sin is pride; and we are so full of the classic spirit, that we are half ready to reckon pride as not the least among

the virtues. He has a knowledge of a higher life than his own, and sometimes even aspirations towards it. Indeed, he retains some traces of this higher life. He undertakes alone the dangers of the chaotic voyage. He ventures, for all, the dangerous mission of a spy upon the new-made earth; and, when he sees the happiness which he is about to destroy, he half repents from his purpose, and pity almost softens his heart. In all this, Mephistopheles is his opposite. In the delineation of him, Goethe would present not the idea of an evil spirit, but that of evil itself. Of evil he presents the philosophical instead of the more common theological view. He looks upon evil as the negative of good, as darkness is the negative of light. There is but one perfect life. So far as one does not attain to this, he does not live, or, in the language of Scripture, is "dead while he liveth." Mephistopheles is, then, the spirit of negation. While the Satan of Milton fought his way slowly and with difficulty through the realm of Chaos and Old Night, Mephistopheles is the child of Chaos and Night. He can have no conception of any true life. He sees only the outside of things,—forms pressing into the realm of the formless; and against these he strives. Could he for a moment have, like the Satan of Milton, the idea of any thing higher, of any real existence underlying these forms; above all, could he for a moment have any aspiration towards this higher reality, he would cease to exist, for the very fundamental condition of his being would be violated.

There are two ways in which one, thus looking upon the world as a mere mass of shapes without any inward life and pervading spirit, may be affected. If he feels the need of

any such principle, and has at any time cherished any desire for it, his highest aspirations will have been checked. He will look upon the world as a miserable failure, and will be filled with bitterness which is only the mask of a deeper sorrow. But if he has never felt such a need, has never sought for any key to the mystery of life and of history; if he sees only what appears upon the surface, and at the same time sees the emptiness of this,—the whole will appear a ludicrous farce, a subject for laughter and mockery. This last position represents that of Mephistopheles. He sees in the loftiest aspirations of humanity only the leaps of the summer grasshopper, which falls ever into his old grass again; he sees in the longings of the soul only folly and madness, in virtue only an appearance, an emptiness. Thus he mocks at all, and does not understand why all does not fall an easy prey to him. He is always destroying, and cannot comprehend how all renews itself afresh beneath his fingers.

But this work of Mephistopheles is not so vain as it may appear. It accomplishes something; but it accomplishes the opposite of that which he intended. Human life, whether in the individual or the race, is continually tending to rest in the imperfect. The work of this negative spirit is to clear away the encumbrances of life, to cut away the dead limbs from the great tree, to stimulate the life that was growing sluggish, to call forth evermore fresh energies that shall lead to a result more complete than any that had been before attained. In a word, Mephistopheles represents the negative element which is the fundamental condition of all progress. Evil is regarded in the "Faust" as forming the transition between a

lower and a higher state. Any thing is better than rest in any condition lower than the highest. The Devil stimulates the soul's discontent, believing that he can satisfy it with the pleasures that he may select. But this hunger once excited can be satisfied only with the bread of life; and the soul will not finally rest till this has been attained. Thus we read in the prologue of the "Faust," —

"Man's active nature, flagging, seeks too soon the level;
Unqualified repose he learns to crave:
Whence, willingly, the comrade him I gave,
Who works, incites, and must create, as devil."

Thus the Germans speak of the "dumme Teufel," which is equivalent to saying the Devil is a fool. It was doubtless from a more or less indistinct perception of this relation, that, in the old miracle plays, the Devil was made to play the part of a buffoon. In a more lofty and serious manner the Scriptures utter the same fact, when they tell us that God maketh the wrath of man to praise him.

It was stated above, that one who in the varying forms of things has not detected any true life, and is conscious that he has not, must be filled either with mockery or despair. As we have in Mephistopheles the representative of the first form, so we have in Faust the representative of the second. His soul longs for the infinite and the eternal. Through all the fields of human science he has wandered, seeking for the fountains of life, and comes back still languishing with his great thirst. Weary and disheartened, he turns to the tempting realms of magic. He calls up before himself the vision of the universe. He sees how all are parts of one great whole, and work together to a living unity. He is refreshed by the vision; but, alas! it is

only a vision, a mirage of the desert, making him more conscious of his needs. He next by his spells evokes the spirit of the whole, the world-soul, the representative of the universal life, which, working through all, weaves the living garment of the deity. Now at last he sees gleaming before him the waters for which he pants; but he is rudely and terribly repulsed. What had he to do with this universal life? Did he form a part of this chain of workers, giving up his own being for the whole, he who had lived shut up within himself and for himself? Only he can drink of the living waters that has them springing in his own breast. Only he can understand the life of things who lives in them; only he their harmony who is himself attuned. Such we may imagine to have been the cause of his repulse. With it his last hope perished. In proud despair he resolves to turn his back upon the world which is for him so full of emptiness. He raises the poisoned cup to his lips; but the glad songs of Easter morning break upon his ear. His youthful days flow back upon his soul, — those days when he in simple faith formed a part of the glad universe of things, — and he cannot leave the world in which he has known such joy.

Faust and Mephistopheles are thus complements of one another, and, as such, are drawn irresistibly together. Mephistopheles, utterly unable as he is to have any conception of that for which Faust is longing, readily promises to satisfy his wants. The fact is this: if Mephistopheles can for a moment still the inquietude of Faust, if he can fill his yearning heart so that he will say to a single moment, "Stay, thou art so fair!" Faust will for the future serve him in return. It is a safe and necessary bargain.

What speaks in Faust is the universal spirit of humanity, which roams through the earth seeking the joys and the brightness of the heaven for which it feels itself created. Could this longing be satisfied with the pleasures of the earth, — and such are all that Mephistopheles has to give, — it would show that the imperial spirit had become dead, and Mephistopheles could claim its lifeless remains for his own. But we know that the spirit once conscious of its true life cannot die.

“The Lethe of Nature
Can't trance him again,
Whose soul sees the perfect
His eyes seek in vain.”

But what if, among the husks, Mephistopheles should, without meaning it, give him of the true grain? What if, in scraping together the dust for him, he should chance to open a living fountain which should quench his thirst? Who would win the wager then? So much would be seen at once: if Faust attains to perfect satisfaction, it can only be by entering upon that higher and truer existence for which he longs. But, if he does this, he will be at once raised above the sphere and the power of Mephistopheles, who, though he may seem to himself to have won the wager, will really have lost it. But without this satisfaction the bargain amounts to nothing. We have here the flaw in the instrument which will render it in any event powerless. But of this, Mephistopheles has no conception.

Over against the faithlessness of mockery and that of despair, the only power that visibly opposes this pact of evil, stands the simple faith of Margaret. She seems simple and weak; yet over her Mephistopheles feels that he has no power. She and Faust approach each other, — she the

pale planet, mingling with her pure brightness in the spherical dance; he the hot and fiery orb, broken from his bounds, and hurrying away to gloom and nothingness. Each, attracted by the other, delays a moment in its course. Whose power will be the stronger? Will she draw him back into the sacred circles through which she is moving with saintly beauty? No: the power of evil is triumphant; the wild flaming orb, with its paling satellite, are whirled away together out into the chaotic realms.

With the downfall of Margaret, and the dark and complicated sins of Faust, the triumph of Mephistopheles would seem to be complete. But out of these very elements spring influences, which, from the first, begin to emancipate Faust from his power. Out of his relation with Margaret sprang a pure love; and out of this sprang an aspiration towards something better than he had yet attained. The spirit is mightier than the senses; and the spirit of Margaret had made itself felt by that of Faust. Out of his sin sprang remorse. Mephistopheles suspected nothing of all this. Secure of his triumph, he led Faust through all the mazy allurements of the world over which he reigns. The “Walpurgis Night” represents, in a condensed and symbolic form, the emptiness, the sensuality, the falsehood, and the crime of life. Through this world Faust was led by Mephistopheles. But something preserves him from its influence. He moves through this world a stranger, repelled at the moment when its fascinations seem at their culmination. At last that something takes form: —

FAUST.
Then saw I —
MEPHISTOPHELES.
What?

FAUST.

Mephisto, seest thou there,
 Alone and far, a girl most pale and fair ?
 She falters on, her way scarce knowing,
 As if with fettered feet that stay her going.
 I must confess, it seems to me
 As if my kindly Margaret were she.

The spell was now thoroughly broken. Faust hurries to place himself by the side of his beloved, if possible, to save her. He finds her imprisoned, crazed, dying. When her last breath was drawn, Mephistopheles drags him away ; but the "voice from within, dying away," calling him by name, symbolizes the power which her spirit and her love would still exercise over him, and foreshadows her final victory.

The treatment of the theme in the second part is entirely different from that adopted in the first. One who turns to the second part in the hope of finding a continuation of the personal interest which made the charm of the first part will be disappointed. Faust appears indeed. The first scene gives him to us repose from the restlessness and fatigue of his past career. By the tender ministry of fairies, and the yet tenderer ministry of nature, he is born into a new life. This beautiful scene forms the transition to a world entirely different from that in which we had moved before. Henceforth, till the last few pages of the poem, the interest will be ideal rather than personal, the representation symbolic rather than actual. The poet seeks no longer to present the problem of life, in its most intense form, in the case of a single individual. He seeks now to present it as it is manifested in the mighty sweep of history. Faust stands no longer as a single individual, but as a representative of humanity, or, more particularly, of man as he exists

in the long and stormy period of transition through which the world is now passing. The epoch represented in the second part of the "Faust"—that epoch which we may call the present—stretches back into the closing years of the middle ages, and forward to a period of which we now see only the beginning. It is a period long in years, as we count them in our human lives ; but a single point of transition when looked down upon from a position that could take in the whole history of the race. It is a period of artificialness, of which paper money is made the symbol. It is a period of restlessness, of strife, of revolution ; but it is ushering in a period of solid peace, of real content.

This period does not stand alone : it was born out of the past. This past out of which the present is born is represented by a series of masques. These portray, by hint and symbol, certain grand phases in the history of the world in its relation to the present. One great charm of the work lies in the mingling of certainty and uncertainty, of clearness and indistinctness. Looking into the symbolism of the "Faust," all is clear enough, so far as the grand outlines are concerned ; but one is led on to follow the thought into greater and greater minuteness, until one hardly knows whether it is the fancy of the writer, or that of the reader, that is the guide. It is like gazing into the depths of pellucid water, where one cannot say just at what point the clearness of vision ceases.

The first series of masquerades has been recognized as representing the various elements and epochs of society and the state. It is singular that the definite portrayal of the Roman State, which comes out more and more strongly as the representation continues, should have been overlooked,

as it would appear to have been; for on this special portrayal of the phases and fate of the Roman empire, in its relation to our modern society, it is that this series of masques, as it appears to us, depends for its vital relation with the play. That magnificent representation of a perfect State — the elephant guided by Prudence, bearing Victory enthroned upon it, with Hope and Fear walking, chained, on either side — finds its best fulfilment in the perfection of the Roman empire. Yet more clearly does the following scene — the chariot of Plutus and the boy charioteer — represent the Augustan age. It has been recognized that these figures represent the union of Wealth and Genius. Such a union has fortunately been witnessed at many periods; but, so long as the name of Mæcenas is proverbial, the Augustan age will stand as the type of this relationship. The figure of lustful Avarice that follows would seem to be drawn from the life to represent the later periods of the empire, while the irruption of Pan, surrounded by the fauns, satyrs and gnomes, pictures, as clearly as could be done, the entrance upon the scene of the rude barbarian hordes. It is not denied that a deeper relation is here symbolized; but the history of Rome itself has a certain grand and typical character, which is more marked the more clearly we reduce it to its elements. In the conflagration that follows, we have the greed, the ambition, and all the destructive forces and wild scenes out of which modern society was born; and this birth of the modern is signified by the emergence of the emperor from beneath the burning mask of Pan.

After this representation of the development of the modern State out of the Roman empire, we have, in the

“Classic Walpurgis Night” and the “Helena,” the development of the ideal of beauty in Greece and the transference of this ideal to the modern world, and the birth of the modern romantic literature, typified by the boy, Euphorion which springs from the union of Faust and Helen, representing that of the modern or mediæval spirit with the classic ideal. We cannot stay to wander as we would through this wilderness of beauty. The notes appended to Mr. Taylor’s translation will, in most cases, furnish to the reader the clew that he needs to guide him through it. There is one character, however, in regard to which we wish to make one or two suggestions. We refer to the “Homunculus.” This strange figure we conceive to be one of the most difficult elements of the magnificent riddle which Goethe has given us. Mr. Taylor suggests that the “boy charioteer,” the “Homunculus,” and “Euphorion” are really, at heart, the same. This is probably true, if we understand aright what is meant by this identity. In regard to this, Mr. Taylor does not express himself so clearly as we could wish. If he means, as would appear to be the case from some of his statements, that they represent the genius of Goethe himself, and that the “Homunculus” especially represents this, we believe that he is wholly at fault. Doubtless, more or less of the experience of the poet will be found reflected in these characters as well as elsewhere in the poem; but to go farther than this is, we believe, to mistake entirely the scope and meaning of the play. In order to understand the “Homunculus,” we are to take into view the circumstances of his birth as well as his character and history. We are also to consider him in relation to the

“boy charioteer” and “Euphorion.” The last is unquestionably admitted by all to be the genius of modern literature. The “boy charioteer” we have conjectured to be that of the literature of the Augustan age. We believe that in the “Homunculus” is symbolized the genius of the romance literature, which preceded and prepared the way for that of more modern times. It is represented as artificial and confined; as the creation of the mediæval spirit alone; as having, thus, paternity alone, without having, like “Euphorion,” the maternity of the Grecian ideal. It is represented as longing and striving after a more complete line, but as able to reach this only by being blended with the elements of nature, by being developed through the genius of beauty as it may be found in the history of the Grecian spirit, and in being born again under happier auspices; as, perhaps, we may conceive it to have been in the person of “Euphorion.”

After having thus presented to us the manner in which, politically and intellectually, the modern world stands related to the past, we are placed again in the heart of this modern world. We find it pictured, as it has been, in fact, a scene of strife. Faust and Mephistopheles take part with the emperor. Mephistopheles secures to him the victory. As a reward, it is permitted to Faust to create new territory by driving back and damming out the waters of the sea. Upon this land, thus conquered from the wild forces of the ocean, he lays the foundation for new activity and for happy homes. We have thus represented the conquering of the rude forces of nature by modern skill and labor.

As Faust, in extreme old age, surveys the progress of his work, he hears the bell of the little chapel of

Baucis or Philemon, which from an eminence overlooks this busy scene where once rolled the sea. The sound troubles him. He bitterly complains to Mephistopheles of the annoyance. Mephistopheles heartily sympathizes with his difficulty, and promises to remove it. He sets the chapel on fire in the night, and its ancient wardens are consumed with it. Here is a symbol which we hardly know just how far to interpret. The activity of Faust represents the positive, unselfish element of modern life. Does the chapel signify superstition, or religion? Looked upon from the so-called positive standpoint the two would be one; and the world would be represented as thrown open at last to the wide, free, beneficent results of human activity, without the complications of other relationships. This is, perhaps, too strict an interpretation; but, however this may be, the chapel is removed by violence. This act of Mephistopheles fills Faust with disgust, even while he enjoys its fruition. He feels remorse. Want, guilt, care, necessity, haunt his portal. The first three his wealth excludes; care enters through the key-hole, and death is seen drawing near. Care harrows the spirit of Faust, and breathes upon him, leaving him blind. Faust goes forth to the scene of his new life. Green and beautiful stretch about him the fields which he has rescued from the barren sea. Fairer still are the happy homes which have followed hard after the retreating billows. He begins to feel something of the joy of humanity. He wished before to experience all the joys and sorrows of life. He would enclose the world in himself, would make himself the centre of all. He has given over those wild dreams. He shares the happiness of all, not by narrowing it

to himself, but by expanding his heart by a glad sympathy with all men. He represents the world, not by enclosing it within himself, but by being a living member of the great whole. He looks forward, and sees generations of happy men rejoicing in the blessings he has prepared. Child, man, and the grey-haired rise before him, free people upon a free land; and he feels that in their joy he should live on for æons. He feels that in the contemplation of this happiness he could say to the moment, "Stay, thou art so fair!"

"In proud fore-feeling of such lofty bliss,
I now enjoy the highest moment — this."

With these words he sinks back. The clock stops; the index falls; and Mephistopheles, with the bond in his hand, awaits his triumph. But he is doomed to disappointment. He had been the instrument in bringing about this moment of highest bliss; he had all along been the moving power in this epitome of the world's history. By fraud, by violence, or by more abstract forms of that negation of which he was the embodiment, he had brought about the consummation which had satisfied the heart of Faust. But the joy was none of his giving; and the angels bear away the soul of Faust with songs of ecstasy and praise.

The "Chorus Mysticus," which closes the play, presents the positive side of the events of which Mephistopheles represents the negative side. This chorus is thus given in Mr. Taylor's translation: —

"All things transitory
But as symbols are sent;
Earth's insufficiency
Here grows to event;
The indescribable,
Here it is done:
The woman-soul leadeth us
Upward and on."

The "woman-soul" is, more literally translated, the "ever-feminine." The "ever-feminine," — that which we, striving to name it, call truth, goodness, and beauty, towards which the soul is drawn by a longing that never utterly dies out of it, of which earthly love is the truest image and germ, — this is shown here to be that which has been drawing Faust ever onward and upward, by ever fuller and more perfect revelations of itself. First the earthly Margaret; then the Grecian Helena representing the ideal of artistic beauty; then the glorified Margaret; and, over all, drawing all towards still loftier heights, the Mater Gloriosa, that purest symbol of the ever-feminine, — these were the rounds of the Jacob's ladder by which Faust climbed to heaven. Thus the power that saved him, the only power that could have saved him, is that of love.

The question is often raised as to the relative rank of the first and second parts of the "Faust," considered as works of art. There is no comparison possible between them. They belong to different classes, and there is no common measure that can be applied to both. Many will always be repelled from the second part by its symbolism and its vagueness; but those who approach it sympathetically are rewarded by a wealth of beauty and suggestive thought, such as can hardly be found, at least thus united, elsewhere. We could, for instance, hardly exaggerate the beauty of the closing scenes, in which breathes, in glorified form, the very spirit of mediæval mystery and mysticism, prayer and aspiration.

We have left ourselves little space to speak of the translation of Mr. Taylor. It would be easy to criticise both its plan and execution. The style of the original is so perfect as

almost to defy translation under the best conditions; while the close copying of the form of the original, undertaken by Mr. Taylor, adds immensely to the difficulty. The work of Mr. Taylor unavoidably bears the marks of this limitation. The great success of the translation of the first part by Mr. Brooks would seem to render another translation on the same plan a useless expenditure of labor. Yet we cannot wonder that Mr. Taylor could not easily give up his cherished plan in its completeness. We think the greater perfection of the translation of the second part shows that he did wisely in undertaking the whole: and we have only congratulations to the translator for the success of the grand project, and to the English reader that the greatest work of Goethe is placed in his hands in a shape, if not perfect,—which would be impossible,—at least so near perfection; while the suggestions and illustrations contained in the notes will make the work of value to the student most at home with the pages of the original.

TALLEYRAND.

THE rising generation cannot recall the delight with which our fathers and uncles cited the witticisms of Talleyrand. For such the little sketch of Talleyrand by St. Beuve is of exceeding value.¹ A small volume contains the several papers that were written by St. Beuve, occasioned by an essay by Sir Henry Bulwer upon Talleyrand.

St. Beuve ventures to treat the character of Talleyrand with severe justice.

¹ M. de Talleyrand, par Sainte Beuve. Paris: 1870.

“Ah! it must be acknowledged,” he says, —

“What a power in French society is *l'esprit*, especially when it is set off by birth, and — must we confess it? — when it is adorned by all the vices!”

Speaking of the proposed publication of Talleyrand's memoirs, St. Beuve says, —

“What will these long-expected, long-desired memoirs be? Will he have lied out and out? No; he will have told a part of the truth. Like the best of panegyrists, and the most skilful, he will have shown the decent, respectable, presentable side of every thing. He will have done, in these narrations, what he did always in his talk. He will tell only one half of things. If he has known how to be agreeable in his memoirs, and if, in writing as in talking, he has succeeded in pleasing, he will have many chances for regaining in part his cause, and taking even a place in the eyes of posterity. The success will depend, too, upon the prevailing opinion and verdict with regard to the all-powerful master whom he served and abandoned. If the memoirs fall into a somewhat Napoleonic vein, and current of re-action, they may, perhaps, be lifted up to the skies. It is for the testamentary executors, the editors named by him, — if they are free to do it, — to secure the timely moment, and imitate their author by seizing ‘*l'àpropos.*’”

Talleyrand often received visits before rising, when his appearance was peculiar, his head crowned with fourteen nightcaps, which he had the habit of wearing.

“A study of M. Talleyrand would not be complete,” says St. Beuve, “if we did not indicate in some measure the physiology of the man, if we said nothing of his hygiene and *régime*. Every thing about him was peculiar, and different from common humanity. He had a singular faculty of sleeping very little; he passed the night at play or in conversation, and usually did not go to bed till four o'clock

in the morning, and was awake again at an early hour. He had a full pulse, which had the peculiarity of omitting a stroke at the sixth pulsation. He carried his love of theory even to this subject; he considered this lack of the sixth pulsation as a time of rest, a repose of nature; and he appeared to believe that so many pulsations less, that were due to him, would be found at the end of the account, to be added to the sum total of those of his whole life, and that this promised him longevity. He thus explained his little need of sleep, as though Nature had helped herself to this sleep, in detail and in advance, in small doses. He ate but once a day, at his dinner; but he made it a large and copious one, as well as delicate. He was wont to say that he found in the United States 'thirty-one religions and one dish,—one course.' His cook was a celebrity, and formed a great part of the basis of his régime, and the composition of his life."

We might quote a number of anecdotes given of Talleyrand, but will close with a *mot* with regard to M. Thiers:—

"Some one in his presence used the word *parvenu* in connection with Thiers. 'You are mistaken,' he said: "*il n'est point parvenu, il est arrivé.*"

HAHNHAHN.

MADAM HAHNHAIHN'S CATHOLIC NOVELS.

THE novels of Madam Hahnahn have passed through a decided change in the last ten years, since she has become a fervent Catholic. This change wears externally much the same theatrical air as all the other events of her life. She was brought up by a father who had a passion for the stage. The Count de Hahn resembled the characters Goethe has depicted in *Wilhelm Meister*. He was ambitious, and liked to be con-

sidered a nobleman, a prince; at the same time, his greatest pleasure was in going about with a strolling company of actors. A French writer calls him "A Bohemian of *la haute volée*." In her youth, Madam Hahnahn thus acquired a fondness for display and outward show; while she possessed an artistic temperament and a restless ambition." The world was to her a stage, illuminated by the false glare of footlights, on which she loved to make herself the heroine. She was born in 1805, and at the age of twenty-one was married to a cousin. It was an ill-assorted union; and in three years she was divorced. After that, she led a restless life. She met with a chivalric friend, the Baron Frederic de Bystram, who devoted to her the sort of worship that all the heroines in her novels claim. But this devotion did not satisfy all the phases of her nature, as she would have expressed it; and the appearance of Henri Simon, a true hero of romance, brought a new event into her circle. Simon had the privilege of touching the hearts of two of the most celebrated women of his country. He played a prominent part in the life of Fanny Lewald, as well as in that of the Countess Hahnahn. An unhappy duel, in which he had killed his adversary, flung over him a veil of melancholy, and gave him a fascinating, Byronic air. He was under the shadow of exile; and finally his romantic career was cut off by a premature death.

Between him and Madam Hahnahn arose an intercourse of mutual admiration and enthusiasm. But it must be doubted whether there was much real love in the affair; for the countess refused his hand out of aristocratic pride, because Simon was too much of a democrat. The struggle

must have been a severe one; for she did not for a long time recover from the shock of separation. She had still her faithful friend de Bystram to return to, whom she found ever the same, and ready to console her.

After seeking the relief of travel, she turned finally to the distractions of authorship to heal the wounds of her heart.

"After she had once begun to publish her books," says a French writer, "she never stopped. She described herself in every variety of form, and went over and over again with her own life. She is the centre of all her romances; and we find in every one of her heroines some trait of her own character developed to the utmost and magnified beyond measure. She was aristocratic in her feeling, but had suffered much from the prejudices of caste. One can easily imagine that she uttered the saying attributed to her — 'There is no author I love to read so much as myself!'"

The death of de Bystram was a real sorrow, too great to put into a romance. She began to find that the compensations of the world were not sufficient for her.

"The robust and simple Christianity of Luther did not speak to her imagination, ambitious even in its grief. She needed something glowing in her consolation, something to nourish the new exaltation that possessed her. The ancient hierarchy of the Roman Church flattered her feudal instincts. She set herself to study Latin, and began by reading the confessions of St. Augustine with ardor, and launched upon a new career. She has disavowed all her old books, and has embarked in a new series, where theology is to take the place of love, and a desire for converting that of her old ardor for emancipation."

Madame de Hahn has founded a convent near Mayence, to which she has retired. She contents herself with a cell, in which she lives in true monastic simplicity, but not in isolation

or silence. She still makes some noise in the world, and welcomes its echo, and, with a few friends, dreams, it is said, of exciting a great Catholic movement in the universities.

The history of the career of such a woman certainly damps the enthusiasm with which we might receive her writings; and we do not wonder that her contemporaries deal with them severely, and are suspicious of the sincerity of her conversion.

Still there is something marked in the change of tone in the books she has written since she became a Catholic and those that preceded her conversion. One might say, in the New-England phrase, that she has "got religion." In the eagerness of her conversion, she overlooks the fact, that this new leaven she would now put into life is not merely Catholicism; it is religion, — a rendering of the soul to God, which may as well (we should say better) take place under other forms of religion than the Catholic.

In all her books, Madam Hahn certainly shows a great power of language and a happy use of words. Her characters are overdrawn and always placed in false, unnatural positions; but she knows how to fling a picturesque, attractive light on her situations, and writes very charming, natural conversations. She has the German way of trying to get at the bottom of things; which prevents the light talk of her characters from being trivial and commonplace, and brings in a little vein of philosophy.

This same charm we find in her Catholic works, with the added attraction of something that seems like religion; and the greater earnestness in "Sylvia," for example, one of her latest stories, gives more life to her books and reality to her characters.

Madam Hahnhahn's change of views is nowhere more striking than in the opinions she expresses upon marriage. The slight sketch we have given of her life shows how lightly, before her conversion, she considered the marriage-tie. In her later novels, the principal point she dwells upon is, that Catholicism alone enforces the sacredness of marriage, because, with Catholics, it is a Sacrament. It is not wonderful that her own experience should have led her to think that the putting a capital *S* to the word *Sacramentum* makes the oath more inviolable. She overlooks the fact that a consistent Protestant finds it as difficult to break his vow in this respect as in every other.

*Doralice*¹ is well written to carry out her opinions. She calls it "a family-picture of the present day;" and there is considerable humor in the manner in which she represents the manœuvres of a worldly, ambitious mother, a Catholic, to marry her four daughters. To her four sons-in-law, in turn, Frau von Derthal had said, as she gave her consent to her daughter's marriage, while she wished to make some allusion to differences in religion, "At least, we all believe in one God." The first daughter married an Englishman, with the rites of the Church of England; and Lord Henry Enisdale had replied, "I hope so." The next daughter married a Wallachian prince, in the Greek chapel of Wiesbaden. He was immensely rich; could cover his bride with diamonds, and take her to live in Paris. His reply to his mother-in-law's stereotype remark is, with a shrug "*Mon dieu, oui, madame.*" The fourth daughter marries a young lieutenant, the younger son of a good

family, whose older brother is not expected to live; so that there is hope of his coming into the succession. He is Lutheran by birth and education; and his answer to Frau von Derthal's religious requisition, "We all believe in one God," is, "We do indeed, 'pon honor!" and he turns upon his heel, smoothing his blonde beard. The settlement of Doralice, the oldest daughter, has been delayed by her ill health; but Frau von Derthal finally brings about her marriage with an Hungarian count of a Calvinistic descent, whose property will pass into Catholic hands if he has no heirs.

There is certainly some truth in the sarcasm in which these worldly marriages are represented, and the small consideration which a worldly woman pays to the religious influences that are to involve the destinies of her children. We find, in "*Sylvia*,"² one of Madame de Hahnhahn's latest novels, as in *Doralice*, the claim, that the Catholic faith is the "only" religion. It is the story of a young girl of family, who is left an orphan, dependent upon her relations. She makes herself acceptable in the family of her uncle and aunt, who are worldly people, and think of nothing but the advantages of position and riches. Her uncle becomes so attached to *Sylvia*, that he does nothing to further her marriage; while her cousins, far less talented, and endowed with fewer charms, make brilliant matrimonial connections. In such an existence, *Sylvia's* religious faith gradually dies out.

And now, too, her beauty fades. More than once her heart has been touched; but who would marry a girl without a dowry? By the time that at last she really loves a man willing

¹ *Doralice*, von Ida Gräfin Hahn-Hahn. Mainz: 1863.

² *Sylvia*. Geschichte eines Frauleins, von Ida Gräfin Hahn-Hahn.

to marry her without money, but who is too poor to give her a luxurious home, she finds that she has lived too long in the midst of luxury to venture to sacrifice it for love; and she ends by marrying the divorced husband of her cousin, who is rich, and can give her an establishment and position. The story is well told; and we see that the point where Sylvia failed was in a want of the higher religious faith, that would set her above the claims of a worldly life, and show her how unsatisfactory are the pleasures it offers. This latter story is more entertaining than "Doralice," as it is not so given up to arguments for Roman Catholicism. These arguments are flimsy and unconvincing. They rest much upon the arrogance of the Roman-Catholic claim to be the first original church founded upon Peter. A Protestant woman is made to allow what no Protestant does concede. "We," says a Protestant sister-in-law of Doralice, — "we (Protestants) are emigrants into the original Christian Church of Christ, of which the Catholics are native-born. They tolerate as aliens those of whom Christendom knew nothing five centuries ago. They have always existed: we are of yesterday; yet we prattle of our tolerance because we do not persecute those who were born in the Church." This is said, as may be imagined, by one just ready to become a Catholic under the influence of Doralice, who by her force of character, rather than her arguments, succeeds in converting almost all the personages in the book. Julian Schmidt, the author of "The History of German literature from the Death of Lessing to the Present Day," is very severe upon this conversion of Madam Hahnhahn's.

"This newly-made Catholic is still the same woman of the world: there is no higher development of her being; it is only represented on another side. The want of moderation in the subjectivity of an arrogant woman, who claims for herself the centre of the world, around which all the stars shall revolve, leads to two results. Shall she yield to a meaningless materialism, or a meaningless spiritualism? to an infinite satisfaction in pleasure, or an infinite satisfaction in pain? The "fair soul" stays, hovering between the two extremes, in a vague life of dreams. She longs for the joys of Faust, the woes of Faust; and her own existence is yet too shadowy for her to be able to bear either."

The judgment with which we close is more charitable, perhaps as just. It is that of a friend of Madam Hahnhahn, a Protestant woman, who writes, after reading Doralice, —

"This book is to me impressive in its lesson; not teaching me to become a Catholic, but to remain a woman; that is, to prefer the shade. All that the Countess has said affects me as a bouquet of artificial flowers, that lacks perfume. She is sincere, while she deceives herself: she still remains the Countess Hahn, the woman with whom self performs the prominent rôle, even as she kneels at the feet of her Lord."

Madam Hahnhahn has travelled in the East, and written some enthusiastic books from there. We wonder that the more "ancient hierarchy" of the Greek Church did not make the final impression upon her, rather than the younger Latin Church.

We Protestants date the origin of our church still further back, — to the words of Christ himself: "God is a Spirit; and they who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

L. P. H.

Fine Arts.

THE last exhibition of the New-York Academy was, in many regards, one of peculiar interest. The picture which, most of all, aroused criticism and demanded attention was Page's Head of Christ. As we were not able to speak of it while it was on exhibition in New York, we intentionally deferred criticism till it should be exhibited in Boston.

"A HEAD OF CHRIST."

THE PAINTING BY WILLIAM PAGE,
AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF
DESIGN.

IN the East Room of the National Academy, and without a title, there hung, last spring, a picture which has been the fruitful source of debate, there and elsewhere. It is a "Head of Christ," and was painted by the veteran portrait painter, William Page. Since first seen here, it has given occasion for much eloquence on paper, and that of the abusive or paying kind. For it is well understood by makers of newspapers how fond the general public is of peppery dishes; and they do not fail to season highly when the opportunity presents itself. There has not been much criticism of the work. That is to say, there has been but little effort made to understand the artist's aim, or, understanding it, to explain to us the why and wherefore of his failure. With few exceptions, the critics have preferred to ventilate their own opin-

ions as to what an ideal head of Christ should look like, and, by abuse of this one in most uncharitable language, to convince us of their ability to interpret the Saviour rightly. They have not hesitated to characterize this veteran artist, hitherto held to be a man of genius and a philosopher amongst us, as a fool, and this "Christ" of his an offspring of his folly. One of them has gone so far, indeed, in proof of *his* ability to comprehend the God in man, and to appreciate a likeness of him, as to make the painting the subject of an epigram. But for wit he gives us blasphemy. It is charity to assume that he did not know the difference. Let his ignorance plead for him. Other criticism which this work has called forth is of the more judicious kind; wherein the writers assume a knowledge of Mr. Page's motive, but dispute the successful realization. And there are others, but few of these, who accept the work as it stands, and defend it ably. It must be confessed, however, that the ad-

mirers of the painting are in the minority. Nor is it surprising that this should be so; for the work naturally repels all whose preconceived idea of Jesus Christ rests on what is spiritual mainly; who are best content, in pictures of the Saviour, with womanly delicacy of form and feature. And these are many. Whilst repelling these, it must also be confessed that it fails to attract those who, whilst they recognize and respect the artist's motive, dislike, and justly, a result which technically falls short of the idea in it.

The artist accounts for the pose of what is seen of the figure, — the head and left shoulder, — and in some measure for the expression of the face, by quoting these verses, written on the frame: —

“The next day John stood, and two of his disciples.

“And beholding Jesus walking, he saith, Behold the Lamb of God!”

The pose is such as to convey, with satisfactory clearness, that the Saviour has stayed his steps for a moment, turning in response to the salutation. The full face, almost, is presented to the spectator. The head is in size heroic, and the hair falls in wavy masses to the shoulders. The features of the face are large, all of them. The eyes are not directed towards us, but seem as if about to be. They have that look in them which suggests that he who has been thus interrupted still communes with himself, and, thus communing, turns unconsciously, as it were, to him who follows and addresses him.

Thus it will be seen, by this outline sketch, that the composition is simplicity itself; that there is no trickery of pose, and hence that that which excites such differences of opinion is within narrow limits, —

the form of the features, the expression, the color, — one or all of these. It is here that we have the departure from the conventional, for good or bad.

A few minutes before the painting must satisfy the spectator that this is no ordinary work, but that of one well skilled in the subtleties of his art, and, as such, deserving thoughtful consideration before judgment. There is enough of good in it, to be seen at a glance, to command respectful criticism, — the criticism which aims to serve a better purpose than to astonish with affluence of speech, to wrap up ignorance in a wealth of words.

To the thoughtful student of this face, the motive of the artist soon makes itself apparent. It is evident that the Christ, which he here seeks to portray, is neither the meek and lowly Jesus, — the type of patient suffering and forbearance, — nor the Saviour, in his moments of exaltation, suggested to us on other canvases by faces of superhuman beauty. This is to suggest Christ the philosopher, the hero, and the martyr. Him who by the magnetism of his presence drew the people towards and after him. Him who said to the fishers by the Sea of Galilee, “Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men; and they straightway left their nets and followed him.” Him who called to James, and John his brother, “and they immediately left the ship and followed him.” Him who rose and rebuked the winds and the sea, who cast out devils, who confounded the sages with his wisdom. Him who was a wanderer in the free air, who loved the fields and the sunshine, who deigned to sit at the feast and to partake of it, — the perfect man as well as the perfect God.

To suggest this Christ, — so differ-

ent in character to the devotee's embodied thought, who dwells upon the Passion and the tragic ending, or that of him, even, whose thought is of the Teacher and Consoler, — to suggest this Prophet and Son of God, the painter gives us the heroic head with its flowing wealth of hair, the imperial nose, the sensuous, almost sensual, mouth, and eyes with a weird magnetism of expression in them which recalls us, again and again, before the canvas.

Assuming, therefore, that the artist's motive was to suggest to us the Christ as he understands him, — a type of perfect manhood, a fit tabernacle for the Holy Spirit, — we dare not dispute the worthiness of that motive. Nor, if he has failed in his effort to realize his idea, should we condemn him hastily. He who stumbles on the street may excite our ridicule; but he who clammers to the steeple-top, to plant a cross thereon, awakes our sympathy and has our sorrow if he fall.

That Mr. Page has failed in what he set out to do cannot be gainsaid; but his failure is a noble one, and to our mind is to be attributed to his overdoing that which he set out to do. The faults of his work lie in its exaggeration. In drawing, this is most noticeable in the eyes; in color, in the mouth and hair. When, less than a year ago, the painting was upon the artist's easel, this exaggeration of form in the eyes was less apparent; that of color did not exist at all: and the impression made by the picture then was such, that its progress was watched with intense interest by many who were eloquent in its praise, and took for granted the fulfilment of its promise. Then it was admirably suggestive. Less a thing of color than it now is, it ap-

pealed more strongly to the imagination. This suggestiveness it has lost in the later processes of painting, — a not uncommon result with the work of Mr. Page, whose over-conscientiousness in modelling, and in the realization of texture, not unfrequently leads to results which are disappointing.

Of this over-work this "Head of Christ" is a unique example; for it is the startling realism of the picture which most offends the multitude. It is a face of flesh, "sensible to feeling as to sight." The look is one which inspires awe rather than love from its very intensity. The color, too, is exaggerated; for it is higher even than that which would suggest the ruddy glow of health: there is hot blood and latent passion in it, a fault especially noticeable in the color of the lips. And so, too, with the hair, the hue of which is violent. To us it is the face of the "Lion of the tribe of Judah" rather than of the "Lamb of God," the type of power and majesty rather than of gentleness and love; but a Christ-face still.

For even with its faults of exaggeration, and despite the sneers, the fluent ignorance, and the epigram, it is a work which bears the stamp of genius; and as such, neither the weak wit of the writer, nor envy of the painter, can despoil it of an iota of its worth.

D. O'C. TOWNLEY.

DANCE-MUSIC.

AMONG different kinds of music, the lowest place must be assigned to that of the dance, even though we class with it, as we must, the more solemn but kindred martial music which also serves an external purpose only rather than an artistic one, — that

of reducing the motions of a crowd to rhythmical proportion.

The prominent feature of both is a strongly accentuated rhythm; for melody here has no higher mission than to heighten the pleasure of the moment by concealing the uniform monotony of the strain by its variations, while harmony, the mightiest of all musical elements, is absent, or subordinate to rhythm. A strongly-sustained chord, in a piece of dance-music, would chain to itself the liveliest rhythmical movement like a granite pillar, and rob it of all its motion. Only the dignified minuet, thinker and scholar among the dances, may by right of its strength venture far into harmony, and be classed among the higher forms of music.

Dance-music is the servant of the bright, fleeting pleasures of the world, and more ephemeral than the solemn music of the church. One is a perennial; the other an annual, blossoming at the carnival, dying, and depositing its seed for the next Easter; and herein may lie the reason that to many a thoughtful mind dance-music is full of sadness. The fancy of the Middle Ages employed the form of a dance as their expression for the transitoriness of all things earthly, in pictures where the skeleton of Death invites all ages and stations of life to the dance with burlesque or scornful gestures.

Though dance-music is treated like a Cinderella by her proud sisters, yet she rules over a wide empire of faithful vassals of her own. The unceasing demand of the public gives more than enough occupation to the manufacturer of polkas and waltzes, and to his publishers. In certain cities, especially in Austria, where the musical trade is most flourishing, there is no time nor thought for any thing

else; the better pieces in the publishers' catalogue must be sought for with a Diogenes' lantern. It is even hinted that the house of Haslinger has gained in Strauss what it lost in Beethoven.

This wide-spread mania has had an influence upon the taste and feeling for operatic music. There is a demand, even in opera, for full, lively movements, only marked by the predominance of dance-rhythm. This tendency has done unspeakable harm. At one time the best attraction of a new opera was the presentation of motives which could easily be combined into a dance; and the "Zampa Waltzes," "Robert Dances" and "Haimons Kinder Quadrilles," were the chosen favorites. The zeal for "arrangement" reached such a height, that a set of well-known dances, "The Stabat Quadrilles," was fashioned out of Rossini's "Stabat Mater." A public that had accustomed itself to enjoy music through their legs rather than through their heads and hearts was in danger of losing the power of understanding Gluck, Spontini, and Cherubini. After this dangerous period, dance-music entered upon its flowering epoch, the days of Strauss and Lanner, when it was, in its way, really perfect.

On the ceiling of the Incoronata at Naples, Giotto has represented a marriage-scene, in which the knights and ladies are treading a measure with such courtly dignity, that, had it been painted two hundred years later, we might have fancied it the stately Romaneska of the sixteenth century, the music of which is marked by a similar thoughtful, tender sadness. How differently does the modern "polka" dancing appear, each performer flying about on the arm of a

partner. In 1835 this St. Vitus dance was at its height; a little later the quieter French waltz, and the revival of the minuet, produced a healthful re-action, both in dance and accompaniment; for music has naturally followed all these changes, if it has not aided in producing them.

The ballets of Gluck, or of the earlier Rameau and Lully, give no idea of the popular dance-music of their day. Two waltz melodies of the pre-Mozart period have been preserved in the form of popular songs. One is the well known "*Lieber Augustin*," the other

" 'S ist mir alles eins,
Hab' ich Geld, oder hab' ich Keins."

This simple form of harmony has been successfully imitated by Von Weber in the peasants' dance in "*Der Freischütz*" while the waltzes of Mozart improve upon it but slightly. Mozart composed various contra dances, one through the influence of a fine gentleman of Prague, who asked him to dinner an hour in advance, and by this lively *tour de force* obtained from the master the desired music.

In simplicity of melody and harmony, these early contra dances are richer than the round dances, and have a somewhat aristocratic appearance. Beethoven wrote several of them, and, in adding a catalogue of his works to the Sonata Op. 106, considered them worth mentioning. The appendix gives six; some of them monotonous and tedious, as, for example, the various parts of the "*Ländler*."

In the first decade of the present century, the contra dances gradually disappeared before the livelier Scotch dances; the minuet being occasionally trodden as an exhibition of personal skill. Its music, generally pretty, was sometimes pompous and pa-

thetic; its memory has been handed down to us by the minuet in "*Don Juan*," and by Beethoven's "*Septuor*."

With Mozart, waltzes began to be arranged in four or five connected parts, instead of two. Soon came garlands of waltzes, one waltz following another, and a brilliant *coda* closing the circle. Strauss arranged his waltzes in five parts; afterwards twelve became the chosen number. A solid, difficult, almost pedantic character belongs to the waltzes of this period. Hummel executed a master-piece for the opening of the Apollo Hall in Vienna, 1808. The heroic pomp of his *coda* is almost laughable, full of the sound of post-horns, and imitations of the babble of a crowd. The style of such composers was denominated *galant*. Schumann characterizes it as "written by an organist for the marriage of collegians." Weber's "*Invitation to the Dance*," amidst all these tasteless and dull schoolmasters' ballets, is a sound of clear jubilee, an embodiment of the poetic, knightly, and tender in German dance, full of innocent, coquettish play, increasing into a rush of pleasurable, but never immoderate excitement. It is well known that the "*Invitation*" was first written for the piano, and afterwards arranged by Berlioz as an instrumental piece, and transformed into a brilliant orchestral movement.

A true reform was begun in the composition of waltzes by Franz Schubert. He, the son of the people, found characteristic and noble tones to express the enjoyment of their favorite pastime; in the midst of which, strangely enough, melodies intervene expressing the saddest melancholy and the most fervent longing, as in the *Sehnsuchtswalzer*; yet, in his gay and hearty strains, he is a true child

of the Viennese, the precursor of Strauss, whose waltzes surpass his in their sensuous charm, but fall short of them in poetic and musical import.

With John Strauss the elder began the golden age of the Viennese waltz. One might fancy that he had possibly discovered Oberon's magic horn, and used it secretly for the first cornet in his orchestra. All other dances vanished before the Viennese waltz and galop. But a mighty rival to Strauss arose in the person of Lanner; and Vienna was immersed in discord. The rivalry of the Straussians and the Lannerists threatened the city with endless confusion. Fortunately, the Viennese showed sufficient philosophy in the end to accept two heroes of the waltz at once, as they had borne with composure the honor of possessing Beethoven and Schubert.

Lanner hardly attains to the jubilant manner of Strauss. Perhaps he expresses better the true-hearted, natural feelings of the people, while Strauss excels as a composer for the upper class. His *Hofballtänze*, Op. 51, and *Haute Volée Quadrillen*, Op. 142, are glittering with stars and jewels, and the eyes of fine ladies. His reputation rose to the stars; he travelled with all his orchestra, and gave concerts at which the devotees of dancing experienced the tortures of Tantalus. After his death, the great door of St. Stephen's was opened for his funeral procession, while Mozart was buried unhonored, in the common cemetery of the poor. The resources of Strauss in regard to melody seem to have been inexhaustible. The joyful and sad, comic and tender, gentle and vehement, were in bright interchange. He had wonderful facility in varying the mo-

notonous waltz-rhythm by skilful arrangement of the melody; but, although so inventive in melody and genial in rhythm, he cared little for harmony. He handled roundly and well whatever furthered the animation of the dance or the light shadow of melody; but all beyond was unknown ground. The introductory parts of his waltzes are poor and tedious, and often betray an awkward lack of skill.

In 1839 the polka began the round of the fashionable world; and here Strauss was not at home. Labitzky, Spohr, and others were his rivals; and the world continued to dance, and desire novelties. John Strauss the younger took his father's place.

Among compositions that should not rank as dance-music are to be considered the mazurkas, polonaises, and waltzes of Chopin; in which the form of the dance is used for highly poetical delineations of character, and in which the dance-rhythm is translated into the romantic and fantastic, as Bach translated the sarabands and gavottes of his time into counterpoint. An inexhaustible source of poetry gushes forth in Chopin's mazurkas, varying from the deepest melancholy to the most extravagant impatience.

Thus we see that in dance-music, which we have ranked as the lowest form of the art, as well as in every higher grade, there is the same wide range between excellence and the reverse; between ennobling and elevating strains, full of the inspiration of high-toned composers, and sensual, flat, and uninspired combinations of sound, which degrade even those who only dance to their accompaniment.

[From the German of Ambros.]

Record of Progress.

WE need scarcely say, that, so soon as "OLD AND NEW" was established, and the idea of the Record of Progress was understood, essays were submitted to us, on many sides, on the much discussed question of domestic service in America. We have hitherto refrained from printing any of these papers, merely that we might secure space to publish them in a series, throwing light, as they largely do, upon each other. We propose to continue the series, which will illustrate various, and often dissimilar points of view, in successive numbers of this journal. The reader will find here two papers, one from the heart of the most lovely experience of rural life, and the other illustrated from the severer habits of the city of New York.

"WANTED: A DOMESTIC."

WELL, classically speaking, the heading of my advertisement is indefinite enough. Johnson does not recognize the word as we use it in our American households; and perhaps no lexicographer of a later day can be called strictly classical, though their new words may be good enough. "Wanted: a domestic." Why don't you say "servant"? Because I never used the word servant in domestic relations, and never will; and never hear it used by another, without either indignation for the spirit it betrays,—the arrogance, the forgetfulness of human equalities, of the respect to be paid to the humble (highest often in God's view),—or else without some compassion for the ignorance

displayed in it of the blessed relationships of man with man. No: if "servant" were a word of honor, I would use it; but marking a class, and branding them, and being meant to mark a class, I can have nothing to do with it.

So I never had a servant, nor ever will have one. Except—yes, I forget myself—except Dr. Channing, and Dr. Bushnell, and Charles Lamb and Tennyson and Milton, and Lincoln and—the list swells too long. These were "ministers:" yes, write reverend before their names,—before all the names of the good, of beloved companions, and sweet and holy little children, if you will. And write it before the names of your girls in the kitchen, if they are good girls; for

then they are ministers, and they are reverend, — to be revered, at any rate.

Of course, there are the worthless among them, — the comparatively worthless: there are in the parlor, also. But society must not expect all the virtues under heaven from the most uneducated and the most endangered classes. The great problem of the modern household, how to get its drudgery done, has not been very learnedly or shrewdly attempted. American institutions have brought us into trouble in regard to it. When John Adams set the bells a-ringing and the cannon firing to celebrate the Fourth of July, he set all humble people in the country to inquiring if they could not get out of other people's kitchens and garret chambers, into independent positions of their own. And when Herod the Great set to work to kill all the boy babes of Bethlehem, perhaps it was because he thought there was one to be found among them whose example and teaching would make it necessary for him to cook his own breakfast, and clean his own sandals, or to respect in some way as his equal the girl or the boy who should do these kinds of work for him.

As to this problem, first found most difficult when cotton-factories were established in this country, and Yankee girls preferred the spindle to the spider; and with difficulties increasing, when Ireland sent over her Bridgets to escape the oppressions in which her country was involved; and now with difficulties not yet at all abated, when people are looking over to pig-tailed Chinamen, with hopes that China and porcelain will be as helpful in the kitchen as they are beautiful on the tea-table, — as to this problem, what prospects are there of its settlement?

So have I been talking with my wife, because our Mary or Ellen, or whatsoever be her name, beautiful Barbara, or pleasant Margaret, left us, whom we thought we should have for years upon years, till she should be married to a home of her own, but whose mother removed from our neighborhood and took the daughter with her; and this experience keeps renewing itself every few months, or years. And I said, at last, “I’ll tell you what I shall do. Thanks to Alexander the Great, who could cut a knot nobody could untie! I’ll cut the knot; I won’t have any more domestics; I won’t look for any, ever more.” Of course, my wife opened her great blue eyes with surprise; of course, not supposing that I meant that she should do the work of the household, beyond that portion to which she has always accustomed herself. No: she is not to wash dishes, nor mop floors, nor scour pots and kettles, any more than as she chooses to vary her work, of the wife’s and house-keeper’s peculiar sphere, by doing so. And, of course, I don’t mean to do this work myself. “Well, what will you do?” “I mean to advertise for a companion, or a friend, or, what say you, suppose I advertise for a daughter? I don’t want anybody in the house that don’t belong to me. I don’t want anybody that has interests separate from ours. I want nobody who shall serve me for pay of money alone, and whose services I can pay with money; somebody who will be more interested out of the house than she is in it; who has a history of her own, and doings of her own, that we know nothing of; that keeps company we are unacquainted with; that comes in at night, ten o’clock, or at whatever hour we think best to close the door for the night,

and never says “Good-evening;” that, in all her real and intimate life, is as much unknown to us as Bismarck or Queen Victoria. It may be very well for people who live next door to be strangers, without intercourse; but I can’t any more have a young girl to fry cakes for me, and hand me the bread at the table, and be met by me as she sweeps the entry, and this day after day, and I only know what her Christian name is, and have that no Christian name to me, but only the remotest kind of a heathen one. No: I don’t want a domestic any more. We want more folks in the house, more hands to do the work; but we want the hearts as well as the hands.”

“Well,” said my wife, “where will you find the person you want? Do you think the intelligence office will furnish you with one? And worst of all possible things in the house, and you won’t like it any better than I shall, do you mean to have your girl sit at the table with us?”

“Sit at the table? Of course, I do, and must.”

“This is dreadful: eating her dinner with her knife; talking bad grammar; blushing up to her eyes when spoken to; her apron spotted with grease; unacquainted with all the subjects we talk about. And then, what will you do when we have company, friends from other places, that we want to have all to ourselves? Do you mean to introduce her, as — as Miss Blodgett, say, or Miss Whopple, or Miss Somebody?”

“Certainly: she must be introduced, and by her surname, as much as any young lady visiting us. Grease on the apron, is that necessary? why, I don’t think I see any on yours, when, by chance, you get

the dinner. As to the knife in her mouth, perhaps she won’t be so much out of fashion; and, if she is, she will soon learn differently from example, and perhaps we may tell her to follow the fashions of knives and forks as well as of chignons. As to conversation, I don’t mean to have a girl that talks bad grammar, — that says, ‘I done it,’ nor that uses any other uncouthness of expression. And I want some one that has mental ability enough to learn what we learn, to read the books we read, or at least books that a young girl of eighteen or twenty years of age, brought up in the best families, might have learned to read. I want a girl of taste and refinement and mental ability. I want somebody our equal, yours or mine; or at least, humbly speaking, with some such approach to equality, that there shall be no great gap, no hiatus very-much to-be-cried-over between us. What do you say to all that?”

“I say, it would be very fine, in our modest circumstances, to have another person in the family, full of thought, agreeable in manners and conversation, — another friend, or daughter, I think you said. But such birds are not to be caught on every bush. And I think the sense of dependence will grate very harshly on the mind of any person you propose such a place to; and exclusion from society, as Mrs. H.’s domestic, will absolutely prevent your plan.”

“But I won’t have any exclusion from society. For I mean that Mary — for let us call her Mary for the time — shall go out into company with us, to evening parties when we attend them, and to tea when we go out to tea; and I shall get me a three-seated buggy, so that we can take her out to ride, or she shall

learn to drive Dolly herself, and take you out sometimes."

"But do you think other families will allow all this, and invite her and receive her? They don't want domestics in the parlor; and it will make all the girls in the neighborhood uneasy."

"But I tell you, I am not going to have a domestic. If we invite some young woman—yes, some young lady, that's the word of society—to come and stay with us, and she is met in our parlor, and plays on the piano, and is a Sunday-school teacher, and takes music-lessons, and reads loud to us in the evening, or sits beside you when I am reading loud, and in every way whatever is received and held by us as one of us,—companion, equal, friend, and, I say still more, daughter,—who will be troubled? It will be such a beautiful thing, it will make our household so sweet to have a fresh young heart with us. I think everybody will be pleased. Other households will be glad to solve the kitchen difficulty in the same way. And we shall begin to have young company again; I think you will like that, as well as I."

"Yes, and flirting going on too; and much work I shall get out of Arabella Araminta Jane,—I am afraid that will be her name."

"But don't you suppose I can find somebody with moral principle, to do her work faithfully, conscientiously, for the pay *and* the love we shall give her?"

"I am afraid such moral principle it will be hard to find among the uneducated,—as difficult as the refinement you want."

"But I won't look among the uneducated: I will try among the educated and refined. I tell you what I

will do. I will go among the young school-ma'ams,—young girls looking for better places in life, wanting to help themselves. There are plenty of them, thoughtful, energetic, ambitious. Do you think it will cost too much? I can, without paying wages any higher than we do now, make it, peculiarly at least, an object for some young girl to come and be adopted by us."

"Adopted?"

"Well, come and live with us, then, for a long time. What do you think these school-teachers get? Not so much in a year as our domestics do. Not so much as to be able to lay up so much money at the end of the year. Our domestics wear out as much calico, and wear as much silk. They dress with as much show and elegance often. You can't tell one class from the other by their dress in the street, unless you think the domestics dress the best; and I rather think that, as a class, they do."

"Now, as to a comparison of pay. A teacher gets perhaps seven dollars a week,—that is as common a price as any other,—and pays three and a half a week for board, or four; and I have known them required to pay as much as five in a small country village. It is true some get more than seven dollars a week, but that is, I think, the most common price; and she works at teaching twenty-four to thirty weeks in the year. The rest of the year, she must live dependent on her parents or some brother or sister, or pay what she can. Thirty weeks' teaching,—and few teach so many weeks in the year,—at seven dollars, is \$210.00. Thirty weeks' board at \$3.50 is \$105.00; leaving her \$105.00 for all her other expenses for the fifty-two weeks of the year, and for her board through the twenty-two

weeks she is not engaged in teaching. Suppose she boards at home, she has her \$105.00 for her clothing, travel, and all other requisitions; suppose, not boarding at home, she can find board for her twenty-two weeks at even \$3.00, she spends \$66.00 for board, and has \$39.00 left for her clothing, travel, and other requisitions through the year. Now, the situation of a common domestic is a great deal better than this. She has her board; and at \$2.50 wages per week, she has \$130.00 cash; and in the house, necessarily, she has, or ought to have, many perquisites, that will save her something of that.”

“But think of the long confinement of the year.”

“I have thought of that. Won’t she have her vacations, as we have ours? and, sometimes, sha’n’t we take her travelling to the places we want to visit ourselves, — say to the White Mountains, if we could ever get there? I’d like to have our pretty Mary with us. I wouldn’t like so much to have Arabella Araminta Jane, I admit.”

“But I am afraid you will not find anybody to be attracted by your advertisement: the very idea is repulsive to those who have been born to refinement, and you want no others.”

“Why should it be repulsive? I don’t see. We live better than Mary’s father does. We have a better house: if nothing to boast of, still it is more tasteful and more comfortable. We have books, English literature, new books, magazines, “The Old and New,” daily papers, weekly papers, and I will subscribe to some one on purpose for Mary’s pleasure; and if you have not time to teach her music I will furnish her with music-lessons by a teacher, if only she has sense enough not to play so sillily as some young ladies do, — *that* I could not bear; and

you can teach her all the art of nicest cooking, and of making her own dresses; and I will give her lessons now and then myself, once or twice a week in the evenings, say in Latin, or French, or rhetoric, or composition, or perhaps she would like a little Hebrew. I don’t call all this repulsive: you and I are not repulsive.

“And if you don’t think that the larger pay for the work we want, faithful work, and dirty drudgery, — I see all that, — will make a temptation, I think pay, adequate pay, appropriate pay, can be found that will constitute an attraction. I know something of the force of money. It will not be enough to say, ‘Mary, you shall have books, knowledge, music, company, friends, sympathy, love,’ — the last is important, we must pay that; it will not be enough to say, ‘You shall have a home, — a home in sickness as well as in health; you shall never be turned off by us, — we guarantee you all that:’ but we must give her some lasting tie; we cannot succeed by any thing short of some lasting, some perpetual tie. We have no son to marry her. She won’t want to take our name; her parents wouldn’t allow Mary to do that. But I’ll tell you what we can do: when she marries, if marry she will; we can give her some handsome setting out (supposing she remains some good length of time with us), — a wedding-dress; the silver she may want, though I should be just as glad of plated ware, or two or three hundred dollars towards the furnishing of her house. Yet I think one thing more is wanted, without which the needful tie cannot be formed.”

“And what is that, pray?”

“Well, — don’t be startled, — she must share in our little estate after we are gone. I know we have those

who may want it, who have claims of kindred and attachment upon us."

"Yes, our nieces; I want they should have our little property."

"True, I love them: but here is to be a new niece come to us, in this way; and the tie of home and common work and daily intercourse,—that is strong and not to be overlooked. I'll have Mary, that has taught school in District No.—, homeless Mary; and if she has other plans in view, for I know not what young hand may have been stretched out to gather this moral blossom, I'll advertise in this way: do you consent to it?"

"Wanted:—

"A gentleman and his wife"—

"Say 'man.'"

"A man and his wife, living in a country village, in the midst of beautiful scenery and refined society, weary of the common relationship of employer and domestic, wish to secure a young woman"—

"Say young lady at once."

"Well, perhaps that will be best, so as not to be misunderstood,— 'wish to secure, as member of their family, a young lady' (I think young woman would be better) 'to do the work usually done by a domestic, with all its various hardship and its drudgery; to live otherwise on terms of perfect equality with the family; to share their studies and their recreations; to sit at the table at meals,'"—

"Except on washing-days."

"Except on washing-days? perhaps she won't want to then; 'to use the parlor, the piano, and the library; to be introduced to visitors and friends as a friend and an equal. Any person of refinement'"—

"Had you not better sign it Don Quixote?"

"Please don't interrupt me. 'Any person of refinement'"—

"I am afraid you'll be in love with her yourself."

"She wouldn't be the first young woman I have been in love with, would she? 'Any person of refinement, desirous of such a situation, may address'"—

"I wouldn't put in my own name: you'll fail, and people will laugh at you."

"Well: 'desirous of such a situation, may be brought into communication with the advertiser through Rev. E. E. Hale, editor of 'The Old and New.'"

"You have left out about being set up in marriage, and sharing in your will."

"Yes; I have done that on purpose: I don't want to excite too great anticipations. Perhaps she won't get married; I can't promise her a husband: and we are not millionnaires; and too much said about the last will, and a share in it, may bring us to be overrun with applications; and Arabella Arajane will come and ask us how long we propose to live. Do you think the advertisement will do?"

"But what do you think 'The Revolution,' will say to you? Have you thought of the sharp vials of wrath to be poured on you, for degrading 'woman's sphere' to household drudgery?"

"I don't degrade woman's sphere. When Mary comes to us, I don't propose to limit in any way her mental development, or her opportunities. We give her the best education we can. If, after that, she chooses to go to the legislature, we sha'n't forbid her. You and I will go and vote for her, if she is the best man for the place. She may be a sea-captain if she likes. Will she be any more limited with us than she would be teaching school for twenty-four weeks in the year,

and suffering poverty twenty-eight weeks more?"

"But your plan is only a private one, after all: it does not give a universal solution of the problem of household work."

"Perhaps not exactly universal, except in so far as I propose 'no two ranks of society in the same house, no divided or opposing interests in the same house.' It is not likely that everybody will adopt my plan: some people like very well the idea of having 'servants,' — they want slaves in reality, if not in name. I am not thinking for such un-Americanized people. But don't I point out the direction of the new order of things? Home equality; and — what I have not enlarged upon — work shared in by all the members of the household; the man to do the harder work, as men do now everywhere in the country, — which often is but a little exercise very much needed by many men, — can't any man bring in wood and make fires before breakfast? and the women to do that which they can best perform. What do you think of my advertisement now? Will it do?"

"If you would only sign it Don Quixote, or Theodore Hook, or Mark Twain, I think it would do. But people will think you are sincere if you put Mr. Hale's name on to it."

"Well, I am sincere."

"REV. ELI HARTNESS, A.M.,
"Pastor of the First Congregational Church,
Huddersfield.'"

IN RE BRIDGET. — THE DEFENCE.

MY DEAR MADAM, — I might agree with you entirely, that servant-girls are a decided nuisance, — that they will have followers, that they will spend all their money in show, and gad about the streets just as often

as they can steal away; that they will have forbidden shindies in your kitchen, and filch your tea and sugar by the pound. You cannot possibly prevail upon them to tidy up their own room; they inevitably stay out till midnight when you positively limit them to ten o'clock; you may be sure of impudence unlimited to your very face, and gossip in abundance behind your back; and truth is as foreign to their tongues as tatters or tawdriness is essential to their dress. And then, when, as you truly say, you have given them a home for years and years, and treated them as kindly as you know how, off they go, at three days' notice, make fools of themselves by getting married, and take in washing — and yourself. And in short, to quote your admirable summing-up, you really cannot trust them out of sight.

But, my dear madam, but — who is to blame? If Amanda, up stairs, with pale, spirituelle face and delicate, do-nothing hands, is to spend all her time and educated brilliancy in catching a husband, and spending for him her annual ten thousand, why is down-stairs Bridget, with ruddy, healthful face, and stalwart, working arms, to be debarred from joining her honest heart and helpful hands to some piece of masculinity more useful, after all, than many an Amundus of the parlor? If Dulcinea and Floribel and Lilian are to do thus and so in their way, why not Mary and Ann and Margaret in theirs? Your astonished eyes open very wide, — "Why, they're only servants!"

Yes, dear madam, only servants, — only human beings. For we have heard it faintly hinted, — don't whisper it to Mrs. Grundy, it wasn't from her, — that servant-girls are actually constituted much as we ourlives.

“You have given them a home?”—Has it been such a home as, poor though you might be, you would for a moment think of for yourself? “You have treated them as kindly as you know how?”—Don’t you know how in a much better way for “better” people? Kindness and a comfortable home cost little pains and less money,—have you spent either? Ah, madam! if conscience doth make cowards of us all, how ought you to quake before that “only a servant” responsibility of yours!

That there are good servants and good mistresses there is no doubt; but that the most of our housekeepers either have poor servants or manage to spoil good ones is, pitifully, no less a fact. Really good-hearted and good-intentioned women are kept in continual worry by their help, without ever thinking that it is at all their fault, or at all in their power to prevent. There is no call to treat servants, socially, as any thing but inferiors; but physically and morally their demands and ours are alike. That they are now, as an almost universal rule, ill-treated, and that better treatment would insure better servants, are equally capable of proof.

You have, perhaps, three servants, whom you have selected, as best you could, with reference to your wants, but without considering whether or no they are at all adapted to living with each other. If your household be regulated like the most, these three live in the kitchen and the small hall bedroom or windowless garret which is their combined sleeping place. They are to have no “followers” or visitors. Each has one evening out a week, and possibly you allow them, rather grudgingly, to attend one religious service Sunday. You make

no provision for recreation of any kind, you give neither time nor material for reading. You think merely of the work, and, so long as that is done, utterly ignore the worker.

I must beg pardon, my dear madam mistress, in asking you to place yourself in thought in this position. I have no idea, and, most of all, no wish, that you may ever be so placed; but there is no better way of arguing the case than by becoming personally interested. So, *ad interim*, remember you are Bridget, hired at fourteen dollars a month for housework. At five o’clock in the morning,—not the sentimental, but the real article,—perhaps earlier, you have to get up in the cold to begin work,—cross words and a discharge if you don’t; no thanks if you do. The day’s toil is every day the same routine, with no hope of any end or of any recreation. Your mistress insults you, and lets you understand that you are expected to steal, by locking all her closet-doors; if callers come, you must, perchance, give them the lie with “not at home;” you are treated worse than the cat, and dare not give back “impudence.” You are allowed to visit no one, and to see no one within doors, except, perhaps, despicable and distasteful fellow-servants; and, after the long day’s toil, you are straightway ordered up stairs to bed, where, in a small, unventilated, cluttered-up room, with perhaps odious companions, you snatch unhealthy and insufficient sleep! But, after all, you, my lady, cannot associate yourself with such a picture, cannot at all appreciate its miseries. Can you wonder that you have poor servants? Can you wonder that such thankless, unending toil, such utter weariness of body and heart, makes brutes of human beings? Can you wonder at stolidity,

at carelessness, stupidity even, after years and years of such a life? I count you too logical for that.

But this is not the worst of this sad picture. We have shown a "comfortable home;" we must go farther and into smaller details. While, perhaps, you are tossing sleepless, in your large, well-ventilated, first-floor front, the windows all open for a breath of air, up stairs are your three servants, packed together, without room or air, to spend the night as best they can. A narrow bed for two of them, and a trundle for the third; a drawer for each in a used-up bureau; three trunks; dresses and skirts hung about the room; three human, air-breathing creatures,—all this in a room containing, when empty, probably no more than six hundred feet of air. Such is the usual "home" vouchsafed to servants! You ruin them physiologically, you stunt them mentally, you doom them morally.

For it requires a very slight arithmetical calculation to show, and one hot night in a small room will thoroughly assure you in the belief, that a certain quantity of air and space is necessary to the healthy life of every human animal,—notably for hard-worked animals. No lady will dare to venture in the morning into the horrid effluvia of her servants' room. The fault is not theirs. Nor have they better opportunity to breathe the fresh open air: most of them "work, work, work," confines to the house the livelong, ay, the life-long day. This must tell on them, and it does; our American servants sicken, give out, and disappear early in life. The physiological must re-act upon the mental and the moral; but this effect is thrown into the shade by those more direct and terrible.

For, mentally, they have no more

of a chance. Without books, perhaps unable to read; without amusement of any sort; without time for either,—this is their predicament. If they "steal time," and borrow books, you may imagine of what sort they will be. Certainly this is not a pleasant prospect to contemplate.

But morally,—ay, there's the rub! It is scarcely too much to say, that, as a rule, our American house-keepers practically have not the least thought as to the moral welfare of their servants. You are, madam mistress, to get a new servant. You go to Mrs. O'Grady's intelligence—metaphors are delightful—office, and take a look at the house-cleaning or cooking stupidities exhibited on the long, hard bench, the "Home for Servants." One is ordered out, and trotted up to you. You have at home two good, average girls, inclined to be tidy, and possibly even Bible-readers; but you must have a third. "Here's a one, mum," says Mrs. O'Grady, "jist about the thing,—good French cook, first-rate washer and ironer," &c. She looks hard, undeniably and unmistakably so; but then she is recommended as a first-rate cook, and you think you'll try her. So you take her home, put her into the common family vault up stairs, with the two, and, Sunday morning, say, are off to your sabbath-school class. Your good girls are shamed out of their prayer and Bible-reading; the hitherto neat room soon becomes a general chaos; by and by a bottle appears; the "new lady," introduces her friends (by stealth, of course); your two girls become thoroughly spoiled, and you are forced to send them off with number three, homeless, friendless often, upon the streets perhaps, and finally to ruin. Who is to blame? My kind madam, my good

Christian woman, my sabbath-school enthusiast, — you!

Why should they stay in such a home, or in the stifling kitchen into which you dare not venture? There is nothing to endear them, no pleasant associations, no kind words or looks, no friends, — these you banish! "You will have no followers after your girls!" So you drive them to seek the needful amusement, by stealth, at "balls" and "wakes," at whose dangers you would shudder, associating them for one instant with your kith and kin. What call have they to spend money otherwise than on dress? If they should attempt to use it for their rooms, "It is nonsense!" and, besides, the next new servant would be quite sure to spoil it all. If they lay it by, it is too often only to be swindled out of it at the next intelligence office. You ridicule "courting," and consider marriage among such creatures "utter foolishness." Nevertheless they are men and women. You begrudge them the pittance of one half-day a week; and it puts you out of temper often that they must attend one service Sunday. It is fortunate that most of them have a religion so material and pictorial; and while you "abhor Romanism," you do your best, unwittingly, to expose Protestant servants to proselytism thither. Ordering them from your very parlor window to say to Mrs. So-and-so that you are "not at home," and not long afterwards scolding them for lying; charging them with impudence, after you have been treating them worse than your dog; locking up all your pantries, while telling them that they are expected to be honest, — what a jewel art thou, consistency! And some reach even a lower depth of meanness. I could name one man of the metropo-

lis, living in one of its gardened palaces, with a superfluous income, looked up to as authority in music, poetry, art, whom men envy, with a soul small enough to save two cents a pound by buying inferior victuals for his servants. And they must respect their master!

So "you cannot trust them out of sight;" you bear with them some time, and then dismiss them, laying the same trap into which you have fallen for your friend and neighbor, Mrs. B. You give them their "character:" they get drunk, they are impudent, they lie, they steal, but of all this you say nothing. You don't wish to have trouble or ill-feeling between them and yourself; everybody always gives a "recommend;" and so you write to innocent and confiding Mrs. B. nothing about their faults, and every thing about their virtues. I think this is true of more than half our housekeepers. So you tell some truth, ladies, you are content; the "whole truth" isn't the definition in your Christian vocabulary.

Is there not sufficient reason for their being "nuisances"? The picture may be strongly drawn; but, while I am thankful that some are better, there are too many of whom it is no exaggeration. That many attempt to do better and fail is quite true. They find their servants ready spoiled, become discouraged, and give up the task as hopeless. Reform needs always persevering outposts, who will fight the fight until there comes an army, co-operation, success. Those who are to help in this good cause will be no exceptions to the hard but universal rule. They must expect and be prepared to conquer obstacles the most annoying and the most long-continued.

Would I have you treat servants as your social equals? Would I have them eat at your own table, using your piano, occupying your parlor and your front chamber? Nothing of the kind. But I would have you remember: first, that they are animals, requiring certain space and air; secondly, that they are human animals, with feelings, powers of development, and need of recreation; thirdly, that they are reasoning beings, whose mind as well as body needs healthy food; lastly, that they are immortal souls, whose destiny it may be yours largely to decide.

Therefore, practically and in detail, I would have you give them room enough to sleep in, separate from distasteful and often ruinous companionship; I would have you give them opportunity and encouragement to be cleanly and tidy in room and dress; I would have you give them kind words, kind looks and sympathy; I would have you arrange to give them time for religion and for recreation, allow them to receive friends in a proper manner, and furnish them with suitable, improving, and interesting reading other than cook-books; I would have you, if they cannot read, take measures to have them taught; I would have you trust them, and set them an example of truth and honesty; I would have you careful when you take them, and truthful when you send them away.

All this costs nothing, but it purchases much. It will give them a home; not a lodging and working place merely, but a home. What home is, its influences, its bonds, need be told no one of our English tongue. If utter selfishness control you, if there be no spark of humanity in your bosom, if number one be the

practical limit of your existence, so much the more should you treat your servants better. It will *pay* you,—in time, in money, in comfort. Selfishness and charity join hands in the petition.

Quite true is it that charity begins, or should begin, at home. And in your missionary enthusiasm, ladies, first of all make a missionary visit to your own kitchen, and give your attention to your own heathen. If they can't read, start a class for them in your Sunday school, and induce your neighbors to do likewise. If they need to be talked to about religious matters, don't try to get the Rev. Patchouli Kidglove to condescend to them, but talk to them yourself. Make a society for the prevention of cruelty to servants of yourself, and then establish branches.

The servant-girl question is one of the great evils of the day. It is so not only in itself, but because of the many other evils to which, as at present constituted, it leads. Our health, our enjoyment, the welfare of our children, are all dependent largely upon the conduct of our servants. In the present crusade for woman's elevation, it is most certainly a detail which should not be passed over. The reformation, when it does come, will be twice blessed,—a vast benefit equally to mistresses and servants.

It can only come, however, through the former, by the patient effort of the best of them, in the face of discouragement, to do as they would be done by. Earnestness, perseverance, and co-operation will finally attain the desired end,—an end to be desired for all that makes home happy and enjoyment possible.

R. R. BOWKER.

MR. BOST'S WORK IN FRANCE.

THE extraordinary results of Mr. Bost's treatment of idiots and epileptics in France, and the present necessities of his establishments, are presented in the private letter which follows so precisely that we have no hesitation in printing it, and asking for it careful study.

BROAD TOP, Aug. 8, 1871.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I hope it will not trouble you to read a long letter from me; for I want to tell you something about a friend of ours, for whom my husband and I are trying to get a little assistance. His devoted work of Christian love (the particulars of which I gather from a small printed pamphlet that he prepared last spring for friends in England) will interest you, I am sure, even if you do not happen to know of any generous persons who will contribute towards the fund we are trying to raise for him.

Nearly thirty years ago Mr. Lesley went abroad to study in Germany. Wishing to see France first, he put on a peasant's blouse, took a knapsack on his back, and walked through the country, avoiding public routes and first-class hotels, that he might see the life of the common people. One Sunday morning, entering the little city of Bourges, the bells attracted him to the Protestant church. The sermon he listened to, full of profound earnestness and pathos, and the spiritual face of the good pastor, impressed him to stop after service and speak with him. With the utmost sweetness and cordiality, the good man (after he had spoken kindly to some aged and poor persons who were also waiting) urged him to take a seat beside him as he drove to his little parsonage at Asnières, about four miles distant, and there enter-

tained him most hospitably for two days. This acquaintance was the beginning of a life-long and most interesting friendship. Pastor Bost was the author of the "Life of Felix Neff," the "History of the Moravian Brethren," and many other religious works. He had nine sons, five of whom were pastors in different sections of France, and all of them devoted to the restoration of the Protestant faith. Of these sons, our friend John is the one of whom I want to tell you most. He was a young man of wonderful character and promise, indomitable energy and perseverance, and inspired with a most Christ-like zeal to serve his fellow-men. He received his theological education under Adolphe Monod and De Félice, and soon after received a call to the little church of Laforce in Dordogne, about eight miles from Bergerac. It was a most disheartening place. Formerly the home of the most devout Huguenot traditions, it was now surrounded by Roman Catholic influences; and the church itself was dead to all appearance, the pulpit having been long occupied by a rationalist. Mr. Bost commenced a Sunday school with but two scholars. But "God does not despise the day of small things," he wrote touchingly. In five years he had so large a Sunday school, such an overflowing congregation, that they had to build a new church, the people paying every farthing.

John Bost had a heart that could never rest in success. He began to receive at the parsonage the young daughters of scattered Protestants, of Bible colporteurs, or evangelists; also young girls exposed to the dangers of vice or corruption. These all came to him to escape Roman Catholic influences. His house would not

hold them. So he built a house to hold fifty girls, went long, hard journeys to beg for funds, paid every cent; and on the 24th of May, 1848, the "Famille Evangélique," his first asylum, was opened; and since that time more than four hundred young girls have been received there.

All this time his friends, Adolphe and Frédéric Monod, had laid it on his conscience that he should do nothing more till he had built a new parsonage; as the old one, a small, damp, unwholesome place, had several times imperilled his life. But he had never felt willing, till after he had cared for the poor girls. Now he built a parsonage, and friends in Paris contributed the funds. That parsonage would itself form one of the most touching parts of John Bost's history. It is now occupied by his old father, whose work is done (he is eighty-eight), and by his dear aged mother, ten years younger.

One day, by some chance, the "Famille Evangélique" received a poor girl, who, they were told, was wanting in intelligence. Her guardians had deceived Mr. Bost, fearing she would not be received. When he discovered the truth, that she was an idiot, he said, "What was I to do with this poor creature? Could I send her back to her wicked parents? I kept her, but in my own house. From this circumstance it occurred, that I had continual applications for the admission of the sick, orphan, idiot, and blind children from all parts. But it was impossible to make a school and a hospital of the 'Famille' at the same time. However, the lot of these poor children, far sadder than that of those whom we received into the 'Famille,' weighed heavily on my heart. I saw clearly that it would be necessary to open another asylum,

but my courage failed me. I was not wanting in faith, but I dreaded the *prudential* difficulties of Christians. 'You are undertaking too much; you will not be able to continue all this; you will weary your friends; you will sink under your labors.' These and many similar speeches would be uttered, which, however, could never destroy those sublime words, 'And they went forth and preached *everywhere*, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following.' My decision was made. The parsonage had been given me by friends in England and Scotland. A large meadow lay in front of the garden, and overlooked the charming plain of the Dordogne, so greatly admired by all our visitors. This parsonage was also a model of cleanliness. My friends told me I had found in my good servant the successor to Oberlin's Louise Schepler. To turn my parsonage into an asylum for idiots, and for incurable and blind orphans, would be tarnishing the lustre of this charming habitation. Was I to undergo so severe a trial?

"I had foreseen another difficulty. Who would undertake to care for these poor children? Would my servant consent to watch over these frightful and deformed creatures, I myself would undertake their education.

"One morning the post brought me a letter. After family prayer, I begged my servant to remain in my study. The following was our conversation:—

"'Ton!'

"'Sir.'

"My heart beat violently; there was a long silence. 'Ton, you know Louison, the idiot?'

"'Yes; and I like her very much.'

"Ton, I have just received this letter:—

"Dear Friend:—A little monster of five years has just been picked up on a dunghill. She is a frightful idiot, her mother is in prison. Pray find her an asylum."

"I looked at my poor servant; but her countenance fell, and she was already beginning to understand that her master was about to open his little paradise to idiots, while she, for her part, felt she would be foolish enough to become the friend of these imbeciles.

"Well sir!"

"Well, Ton, between us we will save these creatures. Jesus will enable us to do so."

"Who can tell the value of a really faithful servant?" adds John Bost. "In such a case the master or mistress of a house may be much admired; but, after all, it is the *servants* who do the work. Ton was a *disciple* of the Lord. Every thing is contained in that. After a moment's silence, my good servant replied, 'With the help of God's grace, I will do what I can.'"

Mr. Bost and his good servant had such success with the idiots, in developing their dormant faculties and rousing their affections, that the parsonage became crowded; and he was again obliged to leave home, beg for more money, and on the 1st of January, 1855, "Béthesda" was dedicated to the Lord. For years he worked on unremittingly, preaching to his large congregation, watching over his asylums, and one would surely have said that his hands were full to overflowing. But, in his case, it seemed as if every asylum he founded necessitated another. Hitherto the "Famille" and "Béthesda" only contained girls. They had become dear

to the churches of France; and so it happened that Mr. Bost was continually receiving applications for boys. Poor, lame, imbecile boys were always turning to Laforce, hoping for entrance there, but going away sad at heart, after the invariable answer, "'Béthesda' only receives girls." Mr. Bost writes, "I placed all the letters of application on my desk, with the earnest desire that they should be always before my eyes, as calls from God 'to comfort those who mourn.'"

After many months one case was presented, of which the details are too painful to relate. No hospital or asylum in France or Switzerland would receive the boy. Mr. Bost could not receive him, without compromising the existence of "Béthesda." When the unfortunate child heard the inevitable decision, he squatted on the floor of the unhealthy hole where he met only blows and cruelty in addition to his other sufferings, and exclaimed, in accents of despair, "Are not boys worth as much as girls?" This reply was sent to Mr. Bost in a letter. He was on a circuit of duty through his large parish, when he received it. He tore a leaf from his note-book, and wrote these words, "Come, my poor friend: boys *are* worth as much as girls." Returning to post his letter, his servant, the good Ton, surprised to see him, ran out to meet him. "Has any thing happened to you, sir?" she said. "Yes," he replied; "'Siloam' is founded." "Ah!" she answered, "I thought you would end by doing so, sir." "Tears mingled with our laughter," he adds; "the parsonage received a new baptism; we invited thither the lame, the maimed, the disabled, and the blind."

Of course, the parsonage would soon not hold its inmates. Mr. Bost

bought two hovels on a rising ground not far from "Béthesda," and, after cleaning and refitting, dedicated "Siloam" to the new service. Since then "Siloam" has become a large family, and he has removed it to a large property having meadows and gardens.

For a few years only could he permit himself to rest easy in his already overcrowded life. Epilepsy, that worst form of evil save sin, now appealed to him; and, as before, he could not receive the poor sufferers. The medical men were very decided on this point. To live with epileptics would be most dangerous to the other inmates. He writes, "On my desk lay a packet of letters bearing this inscription, 'Epileptics.' It was right that I should spread before me all those letters which accused me of indifference, and of lack of love, towards these sufferers. But no! I was not indifferent to their fate. The church and the three asylums absorbed my whole time. Resources often failed us, which drove me well nigh to despair. 'I told you so; you are doing too much,' exultingly exclaimed those Christians who are always ready to repulse the blind who cry, 'Son of David, have mercy upon me,' and to forbid little children who would go to Jesus. 'You are doing too much:' alas! I had done nothing for the epileptics. The suffering children who cry out in their pain for their departed parents belong to the great human family. It is not *I* who have formed this family. Sin has withered our existence, it has destroyed every thing; but Jesus, the Son of God, has been manifested, that he might destroy the works of the Devil. Can we say that *he* did too much?"

Soon after this time, a young girl was placed in "Béthesda," subject to fearful attacks of epilepsy; her

guardians having concealed the fact, lest Mr. Bost should refuse her admission. He was sent for one day in much haste, and found the poor idiots, the lame, and the sick, in a state of fearful agitation, the poor young girl in the midst, in violent convulsions. The superintendent stood by, speechless with terror. "At last," says Mr. Bost, "they said to me, 'Oh, sir, what a misfortune!' The language of my heart was, 'Oh, what a good thing! This illness will be for the glory of God. Wilt thou not help me, O my God! if Christians forsake me?' This was my prayer beside this young girl, who lay as one dead, after her fit. 'Ebenezer, Ebenezer!' I cried, full of hope; and I founded 'Ebenezer.' When I returned home, I took the packet of letters written by the epileptics: I read them over, with a feeling of peace and joy which I cannot describe. I resolved to write to these unhappy ones, and to say, 'Come!'"

At this period John Bost went to Paris, to plead the cause of his asylums in the "Eglise de la Rédemption," Francois Delessert presiding. When he approached the subject of proposing a *new* asylum, he felt his heart fail. At last he exclaimed, in a trembling voice, "A new asylum is about to be founded in your midst, O friends of the afflicted!" Murmurs of disapprobation were heard in all parts of the house. "I leaned upon the desk," wrote Mr. Bost, "and looked to Jesus for help. Then I uttered these words, 'It is for the epileptics, for the epileptics, for the epileptics!' I could say no more, but sank down, my eyes overflowing with tears. The venerable president drew near me, and, taking both my hands, said with feeling, 'I will give you a thousand francs, and, if necessary, I

will give you more.' Order being restored, for the audience had been talking aloud, I related the scene with the young girl, and read the letters of the applicants. My cause was gained. At the close of the meeting, a widow, without children, offered herself as superintendent of 'Ebenezer.' She was recommended to me as worthy of all confidence. As I was leaving the church, a friend clapped me on the shoulder, saying, 'Wretch that you are, you know how to get over us. When I heard you announce the foundation of a fourth asylum, I said to myself, "This time I really *will* withdraw my subscription;" but, when you uttered the dreadful word *epileptic*, you quite upset me. I will continue my subscription, and here are five hundred francs for "Ebenezer."'"

After this, Mr. Bost was forced to found "Bethel" for epileptic boys. Some years later, "Siloam" and "Bethel" were removed to a larger and finer property, a mile and a half from Laforce.

Twenty years after the consecration of his church, Mr. Bost found it quite impossible to make it hold his congregation. But he hesitated to build another, saying to his friends, "Though a well-filled church elevates the soul, an empty one has a chilling effect." At last, one motive overcame his reluctance. Many of the inmates of his asylums were excluded from church, because their infirmities rendered them repulsive. He often said to himself, "Was not Jesus in the synagogue surrounded by the sick, and by demoniacs?" At last he built a new church, which combines so much beauty with its various requirements that I wish I could send you the drawing we have of the interior. The sittings for the epileptics

are really little chapels, separated from the body of the church, and with lattice veils before them. The invalids can see, hear, and unite in all the services, without being seen; and, if any one is seized with a fit, a rolled-up mattress is immediately unfolded, and the patient silently conveyed to the open air, through a door communicating with a garden. The delight of these poor creatures in their church is unspeakable. Mr. Bost says he can never forget their exclamations of pleasure. "Oh, we shall now form a part of the church, we are no longer poor despised ones!" In their walks they stop to admire it; and he has heard them say, "How pretty our church is, and heaven will be much more beautiful!" At the consecration of the church, in April, 1868, the preacher Bersier, from Paris, delivered a magnificent sermon. At the close, he alluded to the changes in Laforce in three hundred years; the former splendor of the *château*, the abode of one of the noblest Huguenot families, the home of God-fearing men; he told how, in their perilous journeys, Coligny, the King of Navarre, Sully, and Duplessiz Mornay often halted. Then came the altered times, when their faith was forbidden, and desolation followed on desolation. And then he brought the sad history down to to-day, when Christian love has gained a victory, and, on the ruins of strongly-fortified castles, asylums are raised, where to the poor the gospel is preached, and the spirit of Christ prompts every day to fresh wonders of self-sacrifice.

A few years ago, Mr. Lesley went to Laforce, spent a day and night with John Bost, and saw with his own eyes the work accomplished by this devoted man, in the whole region around. Thirty years ago there were

no houses, only miserable sheds; no roads that deserved the name. "Even a horse demurred before plunging into the miry sloughs of Périgord." There were *no* footpaths. Roman Catholic influence prevailed everywhere; now the whole face of things is changed, and even Romanists show marks of sympathy with Bost's work. "We do not know what you preach," said the prefect of the Dordogne one day, "but your asylums^a preach the love of God." Mr. Lesley was greatly impressed with Mr. Bost's power of organization and administration, causing the work of his asylums to go on with the closest economy, and yet with the most liberal care. The lame are employed to read to and teach the blind; the idiots are extremely expert in manual labor. As for the epileptics, John Bost says, "They are peculiarly near to God; there is no cure for them; but to employ them in works of love and mercy interests and occupies them, without wearying their brains. It is the only alleviation." And the sad eyes of all these unfortunates light up with joy whenever their friend and father appears.

Last year, how peaceful looked the future to our friend! In middle life, still strong and in his prime, his asylums all working well and free from debt, his church built and paid for, his only labor to care for his dear flock incessantly. But the war came. "Alas!" he writes, "our unhappy France declared, through her emperor, war against Prussia. We had reckoned on Alsace for our principal subscriptions. Alsace was closed to us, and all the resources of charity were bestowed on ambulances. The year that opens before us is full of fears and anxieties. To the disasters occasioned by war with a

nation that should be our ally, have succeeded the horrors of civil war. In our southern provinces the vines have been frostbitten, and the damage is great. The corn and potatoes promise badly. In a human point of view, our position is very sad; but our eyes are upon Him who' is the Father of the fatherless."

Mr. Lesley and I are trying to collect some money to send to our friend this autumn. I send this little narrative to every friend whom I think it may interest. I know that there are plenty of urgent calls and claims on all benevolent persons in this country. And it is only by writing to a great many persons that I hope to gather here and there something. We do not expect others to feel the strong personal interest in this admirable man (whose whole life-history is an open and shining page in our experience) that we do; but if here and there some kind friends will help us to carry out our cherished purpose, we shall feel more grateful than words can express. It will truly be money lent to the Lord.

Always your sincere and affectionate friend,

SUSAN I. LESLEY.

1008 CLINTON ST., PHIL.

THE COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY,
AT PRINCETON, N.J.

BY H. R. TIMLOW.

1. THAT which is distinctive of the College of New Jersey may be traced back to the circumstances under which it had its origin. What it is to-day in spirit and purpose, it has always been. There have been no organic changes, and no departure from the principles of the founders. In whatever enlargement of facili-

ties for a thorough education, or modification of method, the original interest has been faithfully consulted.

The founders proposed to themselves a Christian college in the truest, fullest sense of the term. Secular learning was to be made tributary to the grand verities of Christianity, and to the quickening of obedience to the will of God. A complete system of morals was held to be impossible, separable from the religion of Jesus Christ. Learning was fostered solely as an ally in educating and disciplining the whole nature of man. The Bible was thrown into the foreground as the only sure foundation upon which to rear the young for the Church, and the service of humanity.

Thus "the promotion of a true piety and a sound literature" was the great aim of the men who laid the stones of this institution. And it is claimed that no college of the land can exhibit a more consistent history. There is a perfect harmony between the subsequent character and influence and the original design. Emphasis has not been laid on religion alone, nor yet upon learning, but upon religion *and* learning.

2. But there is another aspect of its history in which the alumni justly take great pride. The men who founded, and who in succession have presided over, or instructed in the institution, furnish a catalogue as brilliant in names as can be gathered from the annals of the American Protestant Church. Certainly they have no superiors as to renown or influence.

Among those who conceived and encouraged the enterprise were men who had received degrees from the universities of Great Britain, or the colleges of New England. The first three presidents were natives of New England and graduates of Yale,—

Jonathan Dickinson, Aaron Burr, and Jonathan Edwards. The repute and influence of these great men can hardly be overestimated. Then followed Samuel Davies, whose eloquence was only surpassed by Whitefield's, and is supposed to have "kindled the fire and afforded the model for Patrick Henry's elocution." After him, were Finley, Witherspoon, Stanhope, Smith, Green, Carnahan, and last, but by no means least of the ex-presidents, Dr. John Maclean,—all honored for piety and erudition. The present executive of the college is Dr. McCosh, celebrated, on both sides of the ocean, as the foremost of Christian philosophers.

Hardly less distinguished have been many of the professors in the several departments of instruction. With such an illustrious line of presidents and teachers, the impress of their influences must be made upon those who have gone out from the college.

3. And this leads to the fact, that the excellency of the institution is certified by the character, scholarship, and influence of its alumni. Vainly would we boast of such "fathers," as did the Jews when they said, "We have Abraham to our father," if something of the likeness of the "fathers" was not secured to the children. Like Harvard and Yale, Nassau Hall offers her catalogue of graduates to testify of what she has done in supplying the Church and country with good and great men.

4. The college of New Jersey is to be distinguished from a university, in the foreign sense of the word. It claims to be an American *college*, with special adaptedness to meet the wants of the American mind. It has no "assemblage of colleges," nor distinct professional faculties. The

time may soon come when changes will be made in the direction of our university; that is, that which is good in foreign institutions, and which is adapted to the particular genius of the American people, will probably be imported and adopted at Princeton. The custodians of the college are conservative, and yet safely progressive; slow to try experiments, but quick to adopt attested improvements.

5. In the matter and method of instruction, the original idea of education is strictly adhered to. The curriculum of study is ordained not simply to enlarge information, but to develop and strengthen the faculties bestowed by God. The studies are arranged so as to become the instruments of the highest and most substantial culture. The result aimed at is that of a thorough solid education.

The "elective system" is adopted in a modified form. While the student enjoys a certain latitude of selection, it is not his to choose, until, under a proper discipline of mind, the choice can be intelligently made; while it is intended to concede a large liberty to the pupil, there is yet such an authority and check over him as to avoid a merely rudimentary training. The classics, mathematics, and all the sciences are adjusted in the course so as to brace the student against the effects of immature or erroneous judgment. The classics and the sciences, each, in a given sphere, exert a distinct influence in the processes of intellectual discipline. The one is not cultivated at the expense of the other, but all are combined in just proportion for the common end. There is an unmistakable tendency in some colleges to concede too much to the imperfect

judgment of youth. The standard of collegiate education can only be maintained by caution and decision in this respect. The college of New Jersey proposes to adapt the course of study so that the standard be not impaired, while the most urgent needs of the young will be met.

The methods of instruction combine the lecture with the text-book. This preserves system in acquiring knowledge, and at the same time procures the life and stimulus that flow from the living teacher. These are followed by frequent and critical examinations.

6. In order to encourage an advance beyond the ordinary course of study, the subject of "fellowships" has assumed a practical shape. It is expected that ample funds will be provided to add to fellowships already established, and thus opportunities be afforded all graduates who desire it to pursue their studies to more satisfactory results. This method of rewarding diligence, and stimulating further study, has been so successful in the Old World as to justify its adoption in the New.

7. In no college of the kind is there more favorable opportunities offered to indigent students. Any young man of good character and respectable talent will receive abundant assistance. He need but show a readiness to help himself in order to be helped.

8. It should be understood that this college is not denominational. It was established for whoever desired to avail themselves of its advantages. Governor Belcher, who generously befriended the college in its infancy, was an Episcopalian. Representatives of all denominations have appeared among the students, and at times among the trustees, and members of

the faculty. While it is under the auspices of the Presbyterians, nothing distinctive of the polity of this body has ever been taught. But a thoroughly evangelical system of Christian truth is taught.

ANTIOCH COLLEGE.

THE recent commencement at Antioch College, the fifteenth in its history, was recognized by all present as remarkable; because the large attendance of graduates and other alumni, and their eager interest in the college almost marked an era in its short history. From the institution of the college, under Horace Mann, the first president, its standard of examination and of graduation have been kept resolutely high. Of later years, no scholar has passed from grade to grade, excepting after a strict examination, oral and written, in the manner of our best colleges; and education itself, as a science, has from the first been regarded as one of the essential things for a man or a woman to study.

Such are, perhaps, some of the reasons why a very large proportion of the graduates of Antioch College and of its other alumni have been teachers by profession, and a large number of them successful teachers. Together with men and women who have found their places in other callings, so large a body of teachers assembled at commencement as to make one feel that he was in a teachers' institute. Such a feeling gives a new view of the substantial utility of the college, and the breadth of view of its founders.

It was established by two of the liberal Christian bodies, the "Christians" and the Unitarians; and its establishment stood for the resolution to have at least one college in the

West where, with distinct recognition of Christianity in education, there should still be entire freedom from sectarian decree in the appointment of professors and in the discipline of the pupils. There is many another college now which is willing to profess the same thing; but, in actual practice, there are not probably many where, in the appointment of a professor, the first question asked is not whether his appointment will or will not meet the requisitions of this or that "evangelical denomination." At all events, the trustees of Antioch College have been free from that restriction; and they have this reward at least, that their faculty is one of remarkable strength. The distinguished president, Dr. Hosmer, is apparently at what Dr. James Jackson called the prime of life. The rest of the faculty consists of young men and women, who, at the beginning, had their reputations to make, and are very fast making them.

The founders of the college also determined that it should have wide "elections" in its studies, opening very varied range for students, and that it should receive both sexes equally. It is therefore a place where any lady can go to study what she will, if she is willing to study with the thoroughness, and, so to speak, the practical aim which is usually assigned to men, and does not expect that superficiality and ease which in old times belonged to the schools of women. There have been in practice some results to this arrangement which seem too good to be true. If, for instance, the mother of a family removed to Yellow Springs, — in which village Antioch College is situated, — that the education of her daughters may go forward in the best possible way; if, in the literary and in-

telligent atmosphere of that charming place, she renew her own interest in any of the sciences or studies of our modern life; if she wish to enter into Mr. Hosmer's course on Chaucer, or Mr. Orton's on geology, or Major Clark's on astronomy, or Mr. Westar's in Greek, or President Hosmer's on the science of government, why, she may do so. And you may see in the Antioch class-rooms and chapel the mother and the daughters in the same classes. The ideal family institution, of which the school circulars have to say, is here made real.

The writer of these lines speaks as what the newspapers call an "intelligent outsider," who has had more than an ordinary opportunity to observe the thoroughness of the Antioch teaching and the simplicity of the Antioch life. The curious combination of such quiet and assiduity as Mrs. Stowe describes at the Cloudland Academy, in her "Oldtown," with the modern precision and care of detail in study which you might find at Cambridge and New Haven, is to be noticed as a peculiarity among the various college pictures which appear this summer in the gallery of "OLD AND NEW." The opportunities there for women from any part of the country to follow such course as they may choose in their education must arrest their attention.

In point of fact, as the catalogue shows, the students are gathered from the whole country, from Texas to Minnesota, from Maine to Colorado, the larger number coming naturally from Ohio. Fifty-six have in the past year pursued the studies of college course. One hundred and fifty-nine have pursued studies of a more elementary character, but have been in large proportion young persons close upon maturity. Pupils are admitted

into the preparatory school at any age; and, for the younger pupils, proper home oversight is provided.

The last year the number of young women who were students has been ninety-eight, who for the most part have lived within the institution, under the supervision of the matron. Economy perhaps, more than any other consideration, induced the founders of Antioch College to adopt the plan of co-education; but, however this may have been, nothing has occurred to induce its managers to forsake the plan. No bad effect, and decided good effect, has been remarked from the association. As regards its influence upon character, there is reason to suppose it helps both sexes to become discreet, dignified, and pure.

As to the vexed question whether woman should receive the same education as man, the college attempts no decision. Students of both sexes have large liberty of selection among the studies. Young ladies can, if they choose, pursue the more ornamental branches, as music and drawing, or take more serious work. No student, however, can receive the degree of A. B. without going through a thorough and long-continued course, of a range as extensive as that required in our best institutions. Not infrequently the brightest students are young women, even in directions where it is commonly believed they are least capable of excelling, like metaphysics, mathematics, and the physical sciences. When young persons at the most impressible age are brought together, it cannot be otherwise than that sometimes attachments are formed. The policy of the college is, to discourage every thing but a brotherly and sisterly feeling; but it sometimes happens that acquaintances begun in the college result afterwards

in marriage. Our experience leads us to believe, that it is impossible for young persons to associate under circumstances more favorable to the formation of a proper attachment. The tests they see applied to one another are more searching than those of ordinary social intercourse. The sharp trials of the recitation room, the unsparing proofs and demands of student life, soon cause that each one shall be estimated at his or her proper value. It is next to impossible that a young woman of worth should become interested in a worthless young man, or, *vice versa*, an earnest and able young man in a frivolous young woman. Mismatching under such circumstances occurs rarely; and, among the marriages that have come about as the result of association at Antioch, there are few that are not suitable and happy.

Little modification in methods of instruction in any department has come about as a consequence of the association of the sexes. The English professor, indeed, has found it possible

to introduce a variety into the public rhetorical exercises, which is unusual. As is well-known, the master-pieces of our old literature are in the form of plays, never intended to be read, but heard and seen upon the stage. It has been found possible to produce at Antioch some of the best things of the old writers in a way to constitute an exercise most agreeable and profitable. Scenes from Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, indeed entire plays of Shakspeare, like "The Merchant of Venice" and "Much ado about Nothing," changed a little, to adapt them to modern taste, have been represented in such a way as to perfect elocution, improve manners and bearing, refine the literary taste, and afford a most healthful and ennobling pleasure to performer and spectator. The effort has been made, with some success it is believed, to put to use the dramatic element so strong and so universally diffused, and, from ministering to simple amusement, to make it contribute to the highest culture.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are compelled, again, to say to correspondents who have not been engaged to write for us, that they must not expect an answer from us within two months of their own writing. No individual has any right to ask that his manuscript shall be considered out of its turn. And those persons who cannot live with their manuscripts out of their sight would be much happier if they did not send them to editors.

A curious friend wishes to know to which of ten ladies who favored the public with articles in our September number we made allusion, when we said that so many writers for the press do not know how to spell. Our friend should have understood that that lesson is needed by people whose articles we do not print, and that we have no occasion to sit in judgment on our co-laborers.

OLD AND NEW.

VOL. IV.—NOVEMBER, 1871.—No. 5.

Das Neue dringt herein mit Macht das Alte. — SCHILLER.

A LITTLE group of our friends met on a piazza in the rear of Commonwealth Avenue, on a charming September afternoon, each with an advance copy of the October "OLD AND NEW." The gentlemen were smoking, and the ladies were knitting. They had dined early, and were basking in the western sunshine.

"What is this," said Anna Haliburton, "which I read in a newspaper when I was at Bethlehem, about a new serial in 'OLD AND NEW'?" "Six of One by Half a Dozen of the Other," is that the name?"

The Editor of "OLD AND NEW" was not present; but Ingham answered for him, as, at a pinch, he does sometimes.

"What you saw was one of the unconscious prophecies which give the world a hint of its best blessings in advance."

"Would it please you, dear *padre*, to abandon the method of the pulpit for a moment, and, in somewhat clearer language, to tell us what our chief does intend, in an enterprise in which he has not enlisted our endeavors?"

"He has not enlisted you," said Ingham, "because, as it is, your own departments seem to be quite as much as you can attend to. He has enlisted our five best home story-writers, — Mr. MacDonald being, alas! too far away, to unite their forces, — it being, alas! evident that even in our seventeen hundred annual pages we cannot print a whole novel by each of them, and at the same time take care of all the world of literature, art, and religion beside."

"Once more," said Felix Carter again, "will you please to abandon the method of the bar, and state explicitly what the chief proposes?"

"He proposes this," said Ingham. "It is impossible, as I said when I was interrupted, to print a serial novel by Mrs. Stowe, and

one by Mr. Loring, and one by Mrs. Whitney, and one by Mr. Perkins, and one by Miss Hale, in the same volume which contains "The Vicar's Daughter," and "Ups and Downs." The Editor sees this impossibility, and so do the distinguished writers I have named. Yet the readers of "OLD AND NEW" are to be considered also, — considered, indeed, first of all. And what has been determined on, in a high council of these writers of fiction, is that they, adding Mr. Hale to their number, shall unite in writing one novel, which will be a serial, and in which our readers will be able to enjoy them all together."

"And what is this novel to be called?"

"It might be called 'Black and Blue Liberty;' it might be called 'The Trapper of Colorado;' it might be called 'John Scudder;' it might be called 'Pawns and Bishops.'"

"I did not ask what it might be called, — it might be called 'The Long-winded Parson.'"

"Undoubtedly," said the imperturbable Ingham; "or it might be called 'Interruption,' or 'Flippancy.' But the chief, wishing a name which should give an idea of the method of the book, consulted the Nomenclator; and the Nomenclator said the new serial should be called

'SIX OF ONE BY HALF A DOZEN OF THE OTHER.'

"And will you tell us how the plot is constructed?"

"No; nor will I tell you the plot. All I know is, that it grew, novel and plot, much as I remember to have seen Signor Blitz's plates start from the table when he was spinning them. He announced that he would spin six earthen dinner-plates at one time. He began with one, spinning it as you spin a penny for a child; when that was well going, he started number two; and then, from a side-table started the third. If he saw one faint and weary he encouraged it by a touch of his finger at the point of revolution; and when these three were happily gyrating, like so many interior planets, he let loose in succession numbers four, five, and six. I think the chief started the novel in much the same way. He spoke to Mrs. Stowe first, and consulted Mr. Loring. Then he went to Mrs. Whitney, and sent a brief of the plot to Miss Hale. The four principals had what the Friends call 'a solid sitting;' and in the equally happy phrase of those charming people they were 'baptized into each other's spirit.' They possessed themselves mutually of the best plot, the best moral, the locale and the atmosphere of the story. They selected the names, — actually changed Mary Holley into Rachel Holley, after Mary had been tried and found wanting. Meanwhile, our philosophical Devil-Puzzling friend,

Mr. Perkins, had come cordially into the combination, so that the story is to have the benefit of his universal information, and, I suppose, of his conferences with Apollo Lyon, Esq. Thus is it that we are to publish the first chapter of 'Six of One' in December."

"Whose chapter is that?" said everybody, even the sluggish gentlemen taking out their cigars for the inquiry.

"I have told you that it is everybody's chapter."

"Do you mean to say," said Haliburton, "that Mr. Hale locked all these people up, as if he were Ptolemy Philadelphus with the seventy translators, — that he shut them into five cells in the attic of 143 Washington Street, and himself retired into a sixth, and that at the end of six months they all came out, a little haggard, bearing six manuscripts, which, on examination by Rand & Avery's proof-reader, proved to be identical, even to the use of semicolons instead of comma-dashes?"

This was a very long sentence for Haliburton, or for anybody.

Ingham said that he did not mean so. But he meant that the high contracting powers had come to no dead-locks in the management of the story. "The public will undoubtedly know better than the authors themselves do who wrote what or who contributed which. All I know is, that we are to have the critical period of the life of Six of Them by Half a Dozen of the Others."

"Six of who?" asked Fausta Carter.

"To answer that question, my dear Mrs. Carter, it will be necessary for you to go to the nearest news-dealer, and purchase "OLD AND NEW" for thirty-five cents, — unless, indeed, you be a regular subscriber."

The conversation then branched off into a general literary discussion on mutual and divided authorship, illustrated by stories of Erekman-Chatrion, the new tale by Horace Scudder & Co., Beaumont and Fletcher, Miss Edgeworth and her father, and the Novel of the Nile; and Ingham was launching into an excursus on his favorite theme, the Scheherazade-Dinarzade combination, when Felix Carter, who rather dreaded that subject, recalled him to the West and to the present time, by asking, —

"How about Christmas? Do we give a Locket to the public this year, or any sort of a Christmas Box?"

"Of course we do," said Ingham. "Are you not all ready?"

"We have no chance," said Anna. "There are to be three or four Christmas stories in it, one Christmas sermon, and each of our best poets has kindly sent the chief a poem. I saw the 'make-up' in his study the other day, so I know what I tell you."

"I will tell you," said Felix, "how I would make up the Locket."

“What a pity,” said Fausta, “that Mr. Hale never asked you!”

“I wish he would ask me. I wish he were here now. I would assemble all the best contributors in Haliburton’s parlors. I would tell them Christmas was coming, and that in the Locket I wanted them to be sure to be in the genuine mood of the season. Then I would give them a brief idea of what the true lesson of Christmas is. Then I would say that there were to be five stories, one essay, and six poems to illustrate that lesson, and tell them to do it in their own way. You see what a nice thing it would be. Joaquin Miller would make a prairie poem out of it, with black horses and coyotes and pine-trees and Indians. Mrs. Whitney would make a lovely New-England sparking-scene out of it, with red apples, and a walnut fire. Mrs. Greenough would take it to Italy, and have such weird backgrounds and such terrible witches, that we should not sleep a wink the next night. H. H. would sing it at Bethlehem, in the midst of opal and amethyst and chalcedony and sardonyx and gold. Mr. Loring would send us a Colorado sketch, with a great Apache Indian scalping a herdsman’s daughter, averted at the right instant by an example of peace” —

“My dear Felix, that is quite enough. Will you never get over the manual-labor school? Do you really think that Christmas and Christmas Holidays are only so much more of the terrible ‘Educational Institutions’ of the world? And do you really think that such people as H. H. and Mrs. Greenough go meekly round, looking for what you call a ‘lesson,’ which needs what you call an ‘illustration,’ and then turn a few cranks so as to ‘illustrate’ it to order? I will tell you what a Christmas number is, and what the Christmas Locket is to be.

“All of these gentlemen and ladies have some little pet notions, visions, extravagances or discoveries, — such pets that it grieves them to set them loose in the midst of your Gradgrind lessons and illustrations. They lay these aside tenderly in jewel-boxes, to be kept from tarnish by pink cotton-wool and other bedding. And once a year, in honor of the day when all the world is happy, and when for one day all the world is love, they bring these pets of theirs to our chief, and he is able to make up the number which unites the Old Year with the New, — from the jewels which they have come on by surprise in the midst of a year’s prospecting.”

“Did I tell you what Priestley’s granddaughter’s grandson said to his mother? That is a pretty New Year’s motto for us. He said, ‘O mamma! you are getting old, and we are getting new.’”

THE MODERN ENGLISH NOVEL.

BY HENRY W. BELLOWS.

It is interesting to observe how largely the moral and religious instruction of the world is passing into the hands of novelists. Not that novelists in our own day usually have this for their end and object; but that a certain considerable class, who might have been poets or moralists, are choosing the novel as the special means of dealing with the moral and religious problems of the day, or the permanent wants of humanity. It has not been unusual, in all generations, for novelists to tinge their pages with moral and religious reflections, or to bring forward characters under the powerful influence of conscience and faith. But we have never, before our own generation, seen them taking the place of moralists and preachers, and dealing with the profounder wants of our nature as if they had discovered a better pulpit, and a finer method of ethical and spiritual influence.

Poetry has, in all ages, accompanied the didactic or formally religious instruction of the world, with its freer, deeper, sweeter, or more subtle wisdom. The ethical and religious teaching of the world has too usually been in the hands of the ungifted, the prosaic, and the conventional. Religion has been so sacred a mystery in itself, in rude states of society, that the feeblest administration of it has not lacked efficacy; and the most formal and official service at its altars has had a precious element supplied by the faith of the worshippers which has more than eked out the defects of its priesthood. But every advance in science, economy, and self-knowl-

edge has left a considerable class in every age beyond the reach of its ecclesiastical moralists and pastors. Poetry has then taken up the strain which they could not voice for nobler ears. It may even be said that it has been among the grandest functions of poetry, to occupy the chasm, or to bridge over the gulf, which from time to time separates the faith and worship, the ethical rules and feelings, of the advancing world, from its instituted creeds and ethical codes. Not to go back of any modern experience, who can fail to see the half-unconscious place occupied by Wordsworth as a moral and religious teacher, during the generation when England first awoke from her insulated self-satisfaction and religious formalism, and, under the influence of the Peninsular War and the first taste of German literature, followed by the Catholic Emancipation Act, the anti-slavery agitation, and the Corn Laws, rubbed her theological eyes, and began, in all her thinking class, to distrust or disrelish her past religious feelings? Especially to young men in the universities and young women just out of school, of the more gifted class, at the time when the ideal aspirations and the religious feelings come to their first consciousness, did Wordsworth supply a place which religious teachers had lost the power to occupy. The formal altars, which could no longer attract them, he supplied the place of by covering external nature with the altar-cloth of his own devout imagination. He redeemed a larger territory, and to higher uses, than any conqueror of

the wilderness or discoverer of a hemisphere ever added to the possessions of men; for he made universal nature the home and temple and ritual of humanity. The God whom the Church had lost out of direct vision he brought again into view from every private window from which a star, a brook, a primrose, could be seen; and he did it, not in opposition to, or correction of the religion of his time, nor with direct intention, but simply in obedience to his genius, and all the more effectually because he knew not what he was doing, and his young disciples knew as little what was done in them. We recall too gratefully the appearance of the first American edition of his poems, in four volumes, in about 1830, to feel any hesitation in saying that he, more than any writer, theological, ethical, philosophical, historical, and far more than any poet, stood as master, priest, philosopher, and friend to the aspiring minds and hearts of the generation of young men and women then springing into intellectual life. He was not the amusement of their leisure hours, nor the flatterer of their young fancies: but the very food of their souls; a revered guide in Life's perplexing pathway; their first mediator with God; their discipline, shaper, and trusted benefactor. Among the memorable privileges of life to the writer, was that of pouring into Wordsworth's own ear, the year before he died, the gratitude of the American portion of that generation for the vast service his genius had rendered it in its time of utmost need. He saved it from Byron's morbid spite and prurient passion and poisonous sentimentality; from Shelley's lurid atheism, and Coleridge's metaphysical dreams; but, what was an infinitely greater service, from the coldness of a prosaic Paleyism in its ethics, and a

passionless propriety in its religion. But for Wordsworth the finer minds of 1830-40 would have been without inspiration in morals or piety, in natural religion, or even in poetry.

It is instructive to note how Mrs. Browning, and Mr. Browning too, have supplied a later generation with something of the same food. In truth, earnest and thoughtful minds for forty years past have been feeding more from the sideboards than from the chief proper table of religious communion. The poets have been the real priests of the disjointed and questful age. Theology has temporarily stopped her great works. Nothing of first-rate character comes from her factories. Religion has passed into the realm of sentiment, and poets can use the language of religious musing and aspiration and devout speculation better than priests. Tennyson's "In Memoriam" has supplied tens of thousands with the devout wonder and awed submission and reverent sadness which are at least a decent substitute for faith, and which the professed religious teachers failed to afford them by their more positive but less satisfactory provisions. Longfellow's delightful popularity at home and abroad, easy to be accounted for by the purity, smoothness, and perfection of his verse, is yet even more due to the provisional place he has held as an ethical and religious teacher. He has held up drowned Faith by the locks, and with the sweet music of his religious sentiment—honey out of the comb of dogma or form—has held the rising generation to earnestness and self-consecration, without troubling them with any call to positive or objective worship or belief. His immense acceptance in English circles is due very largely, in our judgment, to a

service not recognized by his admirers themselves, — to his supplementing an unsatisfactory religious teaching, without even claiming a religious function or naming a religious opinion.

But why does not poetry monopolize this function of holding the place of religion and theology in its "off" seasons? We hope Mr. Carlyle is not right in his harsh verdict upon modern poets, as no longer using the natural vehicle of earnest and business-like truth. He does not propose to do away with poets or poetry, but only with verses and versification. We have no idea that the music of verse will ever lose its charm, or cease to be the natural form of many poets' communication. But certainly poets may choose unversified though not rhythmless language for their ideas and feelings; and it is probably true that some of the finest poets of our day, like Mr. Carlyle himself, find what the world calls "prose" the most natural and powerful vehicle for their genius. Indeed, Miss Evans is a real and a great dramatic poet, but she falls below herself in her verse. Bulwer Lytton is a poet and a dramatist, who never sinks below himself in either character except when he essays rhymes and plays. We have no dramatists, in the old and formal sense of the term, in this age, when Scribe in France, and Sheridan Knowles and Robertson in England, are the names to which we are compelled to assign that title, if anywhere we must realize how poor our claims are to any persons fit to join with a whole bevy of dramatic geniuses in France, England, and Germany, from Schiller back to Corneille and Shakspeare. We have a spectacular and musical stage, which amuses the present age very pleasantly; but the drama has left the

stage, and gone into the modern novel, which is the real stage of our day. The poet, in much the same way, has merged himself in the novelist. Our finest dramatic genius, our finest poetic feeling, is now employed or displayed in the novel. Walter Scott, with wonderful sense and instructive sagacity, changed his vehicle from verse to prose at the very zenith of his success, and from narrative but highly dramatic poetry to more highly dramatic and powerful novels. The change from past to present subjects was not an easy but a very inevitable one, although the poetry must be of a finer grain and a subtlersort to match with it; more in the substance and less in the manner. But that has come at last in Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, Miss Evans, and Mrs. Whitney, — not to go outside our own tongue, — all of whom are dramatists and poets, choosing the novel as their stage, and prose as their properties.

The task of the last generation of poets was to awaken, in a select audience, a sense of the moral and spiritual significance of external nature and common life, of nature and life in their common, every-day aspects. Scott, Byron, and Southey are to be excepted from this rule. They all sought their themes in what was remote, exceptional, fanciful, or extravagant in passion and circumstances. The dimness of the past, the charm of the legendary, the freedom of the half-unreal, the fascination of the weird, or the glare of morbid passions, were the conditions of their genius and the materials of their success. But Cowper had inaugurated the era of the poetry of real life. Burns had made the Scotland of his own day, the heather he trod, the lassies he knew, and the cots and ale-houses he visited, the sources of an

inspiration as deep and genuine as Parnassus or fairy-land had ever yielded. Crabbe had shown how tragic and how significant the plainest, most humble and familiar life really was, when truly seen. Wordsworth alone, with a wider grasp and a more serious genius, had set the common in life and nature above the exceptional; thrown the magic of sunlight and moonbeams over the whole domain of nature, which only curious conjunctions of the planets, or streaming comets, or rainbows and sunsets, had made interesting before. He had detected the spirit interfused in universal nature and ordinary life, until "nothing common or unclean" was left in the world in which he walked as Adam walked, with God, in the original Eden. But it was not the expectation or aim of any of those poets to make poets of the people themselves. They all regarded themselves as endowed with a more or less incommunicable vision. They were none of them very hopeful of the race, or steadfast believers in the possibilities of humanity at large. Nature was significant only for solitary students, souls set apart and consecrated to her communion. Hearts that would hear her sweet and sacred voice must fly from the world, its ambitions, and its conflicts; eyes that would see her beauty must turn away from human artifice, from cities and courts, from commerce and trade, and revert to pastoral simplicity of tastes and habits, — to lonely hills and hidden brooks and solitary walks.

Now, until poetry and religion in their deepest source are seen to be one, with a common end and common instruments, poets will not comprehend the full glory of their mission. Religion has been the only universal

poetry; for it alone, in all ages, has been able to reach the springs of ideal life in the people at large. Accepting universal man for its subject, and recognizing none so low or vulgar as not to need its power, it alone has pushed aside the distinctions of class and education and circumstances, and made its appeal to the permanent and common wants and possibilities of humanity. And of what a sublime and awful field has it not had the first harvesting? The natural fears and hopes, longings and dreads, dark fancies and bright imaginations, of humanity have followed her sickle, as the tides follow the moon. What but religion, in some of its thousand forms, has let out the panting thoughts and aspirations of men from the prison-house of a harsh and dreary realism, or illuminated with prismatic hues the narrow cell of their ignorance and toil? Who that understands even the modern function of the Catholic or the Greek Church, to feed the imagination, and furnish trellises for the climbing fancies and hopes of the masses whom neither poetry nor art nor intelligence can reach, and recognizes the half-fairy life it provides, the wings it lends over the heavy furrows of the way, the lofty company it furnishes for the unfavored and excluded, the promises and hopes with which it supplements life's deficiencies, the trenchant sword it puts into the feeblest hands wherewith to cut the knots of fate, — who does not see that not Aladdin's lamp nor Fortunatus's carpet gives the children in our nurseries a more poetical existence for the hour, than religion, in its boldest and least rational forms, affords the average disciples of these churches every moment of their lives? And this is not to say, nor to insinuate that

it does not do more. For it is to the kindled hope and faith which this poetry of religion inspires that the burdens of care and the duties of obedience become possible. Faith is the soul of religion, and faith is the imagination directed to the realization of the invisible. Whatever form of religion can stir the sleeping poetry in the soul is its master and benefactor; and when religion fails to do it, it dries up, and drops from the heart. Look at the poetic fervor and imaginative warmth that kindles in the midst of modern realism, and in spite of "this cursed æsthetical, ethical age," nay, at the very heart of it, draws tens of thousands of Methodists to the hillsides and sea-shores, to revel for weeks in the light and love of a faith as childlike and independent of modern distrust or rational criticism as if the Bible had dropped newly from heaven, and the gospel were not a month old! The tide of emotion rises so high as to cover all the rocks of doubt or even reality. Something as true and mighty, if not the same, as the utmost pretensions of the most credulous preachers is present and prevails. If it be not Jesus himself, it is the nature and the soul Jesus addressed, and the God Jesus worshipped and trusted; and if he be not there specially working miracles of grace, he is there normally, and working the wonders he ever works in souls whose deepest thoughts and feelings are stirred; for where is God's Spirit, if it be not in the nobler aspirations and longings and trusts of his children? All the more for the neglect and decay of emotion and imagination in our every-day piety, will it make new channels for itself, in these extra occasions; the more rational we are at home, the more fancy-

struck and emotional shall we prove abroad.

But what religion did for ages for the masses, and is still doing for millions whom the cultivated usually, with a careless ignorance of all beyond their own circle, count out of the population, poetry has been trying to do for those whom religion has lost hold of. But great as poetry's service has been in supplementing religious failures, she has failed, as we have seen in modern verse, to keep up with the urgency of the case. Faith has decayed faster than poetry has spread; and she has lost more kingdoms than poetry has won. The urgency of the need to clothe life, ever more and more prosaic and less suited to the deeper wants of man, at bottom a poetic and spiritual creature, more apt at feeling than seeing, more dependent on fancy than fact, infinitely more in need of religion than even of daily bread, and of food for his imagination than of meat for his belly, — the urgency of the case has compelled poetry to disencumber herself of verse, and her dainty and starry costume, and in the more popular and unscholastic dress of modern fiction, and specially in the modern novel, to attempt the work of lifting the actual life of the world, in these prosaic days, by means of prose itself, out of the rut and into the skyey pathway.

The number of people who live with books in their hands, in this generation, is prodigious, and infinitely beyond any previous experience. Indeed, a very large part of human life is spent in reading. The newspapers, the magazines, occupy hours of millions of beings, and constitute the principal recreation of their minds; the emotions, the thoughts, the fancies, the hopes and longings, that constitute or attend

these hours, are themselves a substantial, a real, and not seldom the most continuous, part of life. But nothing has eased and varied and charmed life, in the materialistic and manufacturing era through which we have been passing, so much as modern fiction. It has prevented revolutions, reconciled classes, pacified stormy passions, conducted off, with its mystic rod, the fury of lightnings ready to strike communities dead, and kept fancy and imagination alive, when faith and piety had ceased to feed or minister to, or even to use their mighty and magical powers. If we would find the missing factors of civilization or humanity, we must seek them there. The poetry which life has lost in the decay of picturesque institutions or diversified classes, or richly-costumed courts and gorgeous rituals of religion, it has reclaimed in the books which play into the vacant fancies of millions that were content not to read when life itself was an illuminated missal, or perpetual drama and spectacle. We live more in the past, now that it has receded so completely, than when its monuments were ever in light. The differing ranks, and various nationalities, and distant peoples and climes, know each other by aid of real or fictitious narratives, better than when baron and retainer, lord and serf, met in the hunting-field or the hall, or even than Raleigh's and Drake's followers knew the strange peoples and lands they saw with their unprepared eyes. The life of the commonest factory-girl is made cosmopolitan by the novelists who feed her with Russian, Swedish, Hungarian, Australian, French and German novels, of manners, scenery, superstitions, until her loom has not as many threads or colors in its warp or woof, as she has pictures and fancies

fitting and forming in her head. Without regard to the moral effect of this influence, considered only as a fact, measured only by the amount of time, thought, feeling, it employs or fills, or by the amount of pleasure it imparts, it is perhaps the one chief singularity and master fact in modern life. When one of the great masters of modern fiction dies, his urn fills a larger space in the eyes of the world than that of the greatest monarch who drops his sceptre. When Dickens suddenly fell from his throne, it shook the earth. Millions of his loyal subjects wept, and felt that he who had charmed the weariness out of their tired muscles, and made their crowded homes wide with his generous fancies, and their solitary lives populous with his humane visitants, had taken with him into his grave something of themselves and their future happiness.

We recollect to have seen in the curriculum of academic lectures, posted in the university at Zurich, a course on "The Modern Novel." Certainly the novel occupies a new place in literature and civilization, and it is by no means yet settled what that place is, nor is it unworthy of universities to study up the question; for it is not too much to say that the finest poetic and dramatic genius of the time is, in all countries, using prose fiction as its fittest instrument and form. There is hardly a first-rate historian, poet, or man of dramatic powers, since Goethe, who has not been tempted to write a novel.

But it is not of the uses of fiction in general, but of the employment of the novel as an instrument of the most serious influence, that we are specially speaking now; and we may name Miss Evans, Macdonald, Miss Muloch, and Mrs. Whitney as the

best specimens of the novelists whose functions are of this profound and sober character. We do not include in the same class with them, or as similarly characteristic, those novelists, like Miss Sewall or Miss Yonge, who are profound religious teachers, using only the form of fiction to clothe old and established opinions, or special ecclesiastical ideas, in a more captivating form. Nor are the excellent novels of Trollope, useful, entertaining, and full of ecclesiastical satire as they are, sweet and genuine too, to be named in this connection. They give up, in advance, the deepest spiritual problems, and move gracefully and pleasantly over the earth's surface, without ever attempting either to fly or to mine. They are ethical but not spiritual, and so meet none of the deepest wants which religion and poetry aim to satisfy.

We had a class of novelists in the last generation, of whom Miss Edgeworth in England and Miss Sedgwick in America were the best specimens, who did their utmost, and with excellent service, to raise morality into a religion. They had both become nauseated with the prevailing religious ideas of their time, as hard, inhumane, and practically inoperative; and they fell back upon morality as the permanent and practical part of Christianity. They were as unlike as possible in their natures, Miss Edgeworth being as sharp and clear-edged in her intellectual convictions, as Miss Sedgwick was exquisitely soft and effusive in her affections,—the one seeing with her head, the other with her heart. But they agreed in ignoring all the more profound religious questions, and in treating all their themes from the purely moral ground. Both had a rare interest in common life, and

both were more greedy of usefulness than of fame. But they filled the gap between the period when religion had lost its hold upon the braver minds of the world, and it was not yet clear that nothing else could fill its place; when the old faith, though declining and neglected, still yielded some dividends, though paid from the capital itself.

Now, the novelists of the day to whom we have referred are pioneers and discoverers, who sound their perilous way in new and stormy waters. They are fighting their own way out of darkness and difficulty. They have grappled first hand with the most serious questions of life and destiny. No theological systems, no ecclesiastical pales, hold them within their formulas and rules. They owe little or nothing to religious teachers or received opinions; nor have they any system of their own, settled and shaped, which they are prepared to make over to others. Their works are "chips from the workshops" of souls who are working out their own salvation by plying chisel and hammer at the original granite of life's dark and awful foundation. They are hard at work on their own account, laying hold of the powers of the world to come without too much regard to names and formulas; and whatever light and truth comes to them, in this earnest quest, they at once tend to throw into the form of fiction,—for which they all have strong dramatic and poetical qualification,—that it may become helpful to others. How far their works are all "studies," made in the interest of their own souls, it is not prudent to surmise. But it is certain that the undogmatic form which faith and piety take in their writings is one of the chief charms for the large class of struggling

minds who are impatient of too much definiteness or positiveness, and who must come to religious hope and conviction, if at all, through something that does not preach or dogmatize.

It may disturb or confound those accustomed to think of Miss Evans only as a free-thinker, to speak of her influence as spiritual and religious. But Miss Evans, as an artist, a poet, a dramatic genius, nay, as a great human soul, in whom intellect, heart, conscience, and will are wonderfully balanced, a woman with a man's knowledge and culture, a man's self-control and intellectual momentum, with all a passionate woman's instincts and tenderness and natural piety, has in "Adam Bede" written the first religious novel of the age,—the novel that shows the most profound and exquisite appreciation of the most diversified and opposite kinds of religious training and experience, and in which the sympathetic characterization of Quaker, High-Churchman, Methodist, Free-thinker, is in each case so delicate and genuine that the personal opinion of the author would be just as likely to be attributed to one as the other. Maurice's "Kingdom of Christ" is not as fine a treatise on the genesis, the genius, and the differentiation of Christian sects as "Adam Bede;" nor can one who is struggling with religious questions fail to find help and light and consolation in this marvellous fiction. If the solemn tragedy of diverse temperaments, which, next to sin, is the most pathetic and awful element in domestic unhappiness, wants elucidation, let the "Mill on the Floss" be the hand-book, for there is no living writer that handles the theme as Miss Evans in that tremendous fiction, of which, perhaps, the opening chapters and the child-life of the hero and heroine are the

most inspired portions. Whatever be Miss Evans's own conclusions (and nobody's conclusions are worth much in an age of appeal to elementary principles), the spiritual energy, the moral invigoration, the passionate profundity of her works, 'make them among the most helpful and influential in modern literature. And she is the novelist of the novelists,—the writer whose genius, courage, and power shape most the minds of the rest; while it may be said that her very depth and seriousness hide her from the knowledge of ordinary or superficial readers.

Miss Muloch has broken less with conventional religious ideas, and plays more into existing institutions and opinions, than Miss Evans. Her nature is not masculine even in its rigor. She has immeasurably less exploring power, and avoids the most perilous parts of human experience, and cannot thread the more tangled paths of the passions. But in the middle region she occupies, neither too high nor too low, she is a kind of spiritualized Trollope, as healthy, intelligible, and interesting, with a positive religious sentiment, and genuine spiritual inspiration ever working in her soul. If she had written nothing but the little story called "A Noble Life," she would have permanent claims on the heart of this generation. But her influence has been high, sweet, consoling, and guiding in all her works. She has been the best and most beloved guide in the life of submission, heroism under humble trials, bodily crosses, and life-long sorrows. Her "Head of the Family" is one of the finest chapters on fraternal duty ever written, and teaches more of the philosophy and religion of self-control and self-sacrifice in domestic life, than any volume

of sermons, or book on family piety. Miss Muloch has poetry and dramatic power, fervor and acuteness, wide sympathy and great tenderness. She, perhaps, somewhat lacks humor and passion.

Of Macdonald there is so much to be said, as one of the finest of all the illustrations of novelists taking up the functions of the religious teacher, that we hardly dare begin with the theme, lest it should utterly thwart the original purpose of this paper, i.e., to say something of Mrs. Whitney's genius and services in this department. Yet he cannot be wholly passed over. For he is a religious teacher by profession; and any one who chooses to compare his volume of "Unspoken Sermons," with his novels, will see how much more effective he is in narrative and dramatic dialogue, than in preaching. Besides, Macdonald is directly aiming at religious usefulness. But the beauty and the success of his novels lie in the large, untechnical, and deeply-practical feeling and presentation of religion which he makes. Life is for him a deeply spiritual sphere; its whole meaning and purport is the knowledge and love, the service and enjoyment, of God. But these words mean nothing musty, ecclesiastical, or sabbatical; nothing that belongs to priests and clergymen, or relates to rites and forms. They touch the common, every-day substance of life, and appertain to the most familiar and universal experiences and cares. The strings of David's harp, long twanged with a devout mannerism, until they sounded like the notes of a cracked spinet, to which the minuet movements of certain painted ancestors had danced, but which neither encouraged nor matched with any possible movement

of to-day, Macdonald has smitten with a free, bold hand, as being just as tuneful and just as timely an instrument as ever, full of the music we need, and only waiting to be freshly and freely evoked to become as inspiring in our daily lives, and about our actual business, as in the days of Puritan or Covenanter, of Huguenot, Waldensean, or Crusader. But Macdonald has not lowered, vulgarized, and disenchanting religion by the humbler spheres through which he has followed it, or the practical applications on which he has insisted. There is nobody so shallow, so unsafe, and so lost to spiritual insight or outcome, as the boasted practical religionist. Children picking up chips to heat the family oven, and jibing at the idler that muses in the forest, and listens to the solemn sweep of the murmuring pines, are quite as wise as the prosaic utilitarians who babble noisily and emptily about practical religion, meaning "the serving of tables," as the whole of man's faith and worship. Any view of religion which diminishes man's horizon, or dwarfs his being, or takes out of life the vast passions, desires, and aspirations that alone dignify his existence, however nicknamed practical, is really the practicality of the man who cuts down the tree, the more conveniently to gather the fruit. Better any perils of shipwreck, than no sight of the sea; better any strain and peril in the ascent, than no mountain-views and no mountains. It is the life of the soul, the vision of God, the communion of saints, the draught from immortal fountains, the lifting of great rushing winds of inspiration, the commotion of oceanic thoughts and infinite feelings, that we faint and starve and perish for the want of. Nobody that proposes

to pave and fence the path to heaven, or carry us with an engine, warranted not to smoke at three miles an hour, through a tunnel, under and across life's great metropolis, in order to escape the possible delays, contusions, and collisions of a passage through the busy streets and beneath the open sky, will find much sympathy from Macdonald. He believes in freedom, variety, conflict, and strain. Man in his eyes is no less than archangel ruined, even in his worst estate, and but a little lower than the angels in his best. His theology, if it is vague, is full of great shadows and glorious lights, that show how rich and various and complex he feels life to be. But, in truth, religion and life are one and the same thing to him. All his week-days are Sundays, and all his sabbaths working-days.

Macdonald is a full-fledged poet, of strong pinion, who can face the sun, and then descend and brood over the humblest wants and sorrows of men with a dove's bosom. He has the greatest delicacy of fancy, with the greatest vigor of imagination. He is a dramatist, too, who can give the most vivid individuality to characters conceived with the rarest originality. But all his powers of mind and heart are consecrated to the service of humanity. His soul is ever hearing the still, sad music of human sorrows and sins. The sea and the shore, and the hum and roar of the city, talk only one language, — and it is man's claim

on man, as the children of the holy, loving, all-blessed, and all-blessing God. To save man from his own ignorance, blindness, exposure, and folly, to make him enter into his rich heritage of life and peace and gladness, — this is the task all his writings seem to have proposed to him. And he carries forward this great religious purpose in such a fresh, unconventional way, so wholly without clerical pretension, priestly arrogance, or pulpit phraseology, that his readers do not suspect that they are being schooled by a solemn teacher, or visited by a sharp inquisitor, or pierced with a prophet's tongue. He is so bold and free and fearless, that the widest minds and hearts find his horizon stretching beyond them. Now simple and plain, now complex and rich with ideas and illustrations; master of the speech of the peasant and of the poet and sage; learned and painstaking, profuse and off-hand, mystic and weird, direct and transparent; his genius has but one permanent quality, — spiritual elevation and religious insight and influence. A baby-song, a fairy-tale, David Elginbrod's prayer, Robert Falconer's struggles, all varied and unlike in a thousand charms, are one in their deep piety, and sense of the divine-human in God, and the celestial-terrestrial in man's present state.

We shall offer our view of Mrs. Whitney's service as a novelist in another paper.

WHAT WAS IN HILDA HYDE'S BUNDLE?

BY G. L.

"Miss Hilda Hyde, who died at the alms-house on the 15th instant, at the age of 82 years, had been there sixty years. It was her home, and probably the only one she ever clearly remembered. She was a regular attendant upon church services, and often carried with her to the meeting-house a bundle, which she laid in the pew by her side, but never opened." — *Oldville Gazette*.

WOULD you like to know? I can tell you, and I can tell you about Hilda Hyde; for I have seen her ever since I was a boy, when we first moved to Oldville.

You know that kind of girl, with glossy yellow hair that tumbles down over her face, and blue eyes that look out at you, slanting, from under deep, shady lids, and the veil of a red blush over her cheeks. It is sunny hair that loves the sunshine, else she would not be running out so often into it, or would not so often let her hat slip down over her back, or shake her head so defiantly in the very blaze of sunlight. Not that she is often long in one place, but flashes out from the dark porch over the grass, or goes stooping among the currant-bushes, or tilts back her head with all its curls, as she reaches up into the cherry-trees. No wonder she likes to be out in the open air, hunting for violets in the spring, poking about the asparagus beds, digging in flower borders, tying up vines to the porch and by the windows, picking roses, getting the thorns out of her fingers, or holding one up to you to find the thorn in it.

Is it Hilda Hyde I am describing, or that kind of girl? I hardly know; for I never saw Hilda when she was a girl: you see, that was sixty years ago. But my grandmother

knew her; and she was telling me about her, and about the color of her hair and her eyes, one evening. And when my grandmother talked of Hilda, I thought of Annette, as she had looked that afternoon.

Reuben and I had come home with the oxen, just before sunset; and we were on our way up to the barn when Annette came flashing out of her house in this way. Reuben is not my brother, though you might think so. He is my cousin, mother's sister's son. He came to live with us when his mother died. He was half a head taller than I; and that measures the distance between us all over. And together we had all the care of the farm, worked in the fields together, and had the same books.

And Annette had only been staying at the next house this summer, and she was to go back in the autumn. She came out into the yellow of the sunset, as I tell you, up through a little garden-walk by the side of her aunt's house: there was a row of box each side of the walk, and the skirts of her dress brushed it; I can smell it now. And she came through a little break in the hedges of currant-bushes into the green patch in front of our barn, where Reuben and I stood with the oxen.

"Is there anybody who wants to drive me over to Grantly this evening?" she asked. "Aunt Mary wants me to go over with a message to Kate; and uncle says I may have the horse and wagon, if I can find a driver."

Of course Reuben and I both started to meet her, when she came to speak to us.

"One at once!" she said, laughing, "or stop a minute, I'll settle who shall go."

So she drew two bits of straw out from the barn window.

"Don't look, George," she said reprovingly; for I couldn't help looking to see the sunlight dancing on her hair, the last rays, round the barn corner.

"You are not to see which straw is the shortest, for the one that draws the longest is to go with me;" and she held out both of her hands, with the straw crushed in between them.

"You shall draw," said Reuben; so I drew the shortest, and I went back to the oxen.

It was a moonlight evening; for as the sun went down up rose the full moon opposite.

And it was that evening some of the children had asked grandmother about Hilda. We used to see her Sundays; and the next Sunday I saw her, an old, old woman, thin, with clear eyes, looking forward; and she came always into the pew in front of ours, and set her bundle down by her side. It was Deacon Gordon's pew: his was one of the old families; and, when she was a child, Hilda used to come to this pew; so she came still, even though it was from the alms-house.

For her mother's house used to be next the Gordon mansion; and, when Hilda was a young girl, she used to be in and out of the Gordon's house as though she were one of the daughters. Indeed, Madam Gordon always sent for her when she had company to help her make the jellies and cake for the evening, and always told her, when she was through, to go home and brush up her curls, and come back to the party, for it would not be a party without Hilda Hyde.

Christie Gordon thought so certainly, and his mother did not scold him for it: but Hilda was one of those who had a smile for everybody; and nobody could tell whether she preferred young Mr. Gordon or Martin Grant, the young man who was learning a carpenter's trade, and had been building himself a little house by the mill.

Christie Gordon had left suddenly the day before the fire, that terrible fire that Ordville remembers to this day, burned down the great Gordon mansion, and the little house belonging to Hilda Hyde's mother, and the doctor's house, and indeed half the village. It is a fire that is not forgotten now, because there was loss of life, as well as loss of property. If only Mrs. Gordon's son had been at home, all might have been saved; for Mrs. Gordon and the servants were all so bewildered at the very beginning, that they took no means to put the fire out, and by the time help could get to them, it was too late. It spread to the out-houses, then to Mrs. Hyde's house: she was ill at the time, and the shock of it made her worse; and they took her straight to the alms-house for the night. But Hilda staid round to see what she could do to help the Gordons. And there was Martin Grant working harder than any one. First, he had helped the Hydés, doing all he could; then he tried to make Hilda go to one of the neighbors to rest, for all this was in the middle of the night.

So when he found she would not leave the fire while he was working there, he set her down on the broad stone fence a little way opposite, in full sight, and gave her a bundle to hold, done up in a bright-colored handkerchief. This grandmother saw; and she remembers it so plainly, as one of the things that happened that

terrible night, and how Hilda's yellow hair was streaming down over her shoulders. But just then there was a crash and a scream; and some one said Mrs. Gordon had gone back into the house to save an old picture she had thought of; and her daughters were for rushing back into the flame after her. But Martin called to them not to go. He took a ladder, and mounted it to one of the windows in the room to which Madam Gordon was going. And there was a stillness for a while; and then he was seen to come to the window; and then came a burst of flame, and the roof fell, and all was in a blaze; and that was the terrible end, for these two were burned in the flames.

Nobody paid any attention to Hilda. Martin's mother was the first to be thought of, and Mrs. Gordon's poor daughters. But they went away from the town directly; they could not stay in a place so full of sadness to them; they joined their brother who was to sail, it seemed, for Europe, so they went with him.

But the next Sunday, Hilda was seen coming up to the meeting-house, walking slowly, with a bundle in her hand, looking, so grandmother says, like an old woman, changed all at once from a young girl. And just at that moment some of the loungers on the steps read on the publishing-board, that Martin Grant and Hilda Hyde proposed marriage. And Hilda looked neither one way nor the other, but went to her old seat in the Gordons' pew, and placed her bundle at her side; and that she did every Sunday afterwards that she could go out. And so everybody understood why it was that Christie Gordon had gone away so suddenly, because Hilda had settled to marry her poor lover rather than her rich one.

I asked my grandmother many questions about this Christie Gordon, whether he ever came back, and what became of him. She thought he did return, but that he did not stay. Hilda did not recognize him, or no one knew whom she did recognize, or what she was seeing through her large wide-open eyes.

And there was Hilda Hyde still sitting on Sunday in the Gordons' pew, when I returned after my three years' absence in the war; for Reuben and I, of course, joined the army. What a day that was when our little band collected to march to the station on our way to camp! We could not find Annette to say good-by to us, when we went over to her aunt's house. "She says bidding good-by is too sad," said her aunt, who had tears in her eyes.

But at the corner, just where we turned to the station, there she was, with her hands full of yellow and white crocuses.

"I thought I would bring you something," she said; and a bit of sunlight strayed over her yellow curls, and she tried to give us a sunny smile for the very last. I knew Reuben had been with her all the evening before, but there was nothing different in her parting with us two now.

We kept together, in camp and out, Reuben and I. I tried to make him let me take his place on guard and on picket duty. I begged him, for Annette's sake. He was hers; he was going to be hers; and he must take care of himself on her account. Once I did prevail with him, and I got leave to take his post as a night-picket. But I had a shot in my arm, and after that he would never let me serve for him. But, in the field, I could sometimes try to shield him. Oh, how I wished I had been made

taller! he was so much larger than I, that he was a fairer mark. I tried to expose myself to be shot at; for I thought the chances were, we should not both be killed, and I could not bear that he should be the one. I tried to be where the bullets were, and get by his side; and I did get another wound, only a slight one.

Then came those September days, and Antietam: I could not keep in front of Reuben then, but we fell together. I was by his side when the shot struck him, and then I too fell.

But I lived to come home, — not he. I have not seen her yet. They say she sits at the window looking for Reuben still.

And they told me the other day that Hilda Hyde was dead. So she has done waiting for her lover. I was sorry they opened the bundle: they might have buried it with her.

The key of the house he had been building was in it, which, after his death, his mother had always occupied; for Hilda had staid at the alms-house ever since that night her mother had been taken there. Her mother died not long after that night; and, as they said Hilda had lost her mind, it must be the best place for her. And there were one or two letters tied up in the handkerchief, and a coat that perhaps he meant to be married in.

They said Hilda had lost her mind. I think only she had kept it. She was living on always in that evening in which she parted from Martin, and all those sixty years she was waiting for him. And who knows if the time seemed long to her? She was very sure he would come back; and to her all those years were but the few moments since he left her sitting on the broad stone fence that shut in the lane.

THE SAILOR.

THE sailor looking out to sea,
 Through the bleak darkness of the night,
 Amid the throbbing of the waves
 Still hears her voice so soft and light:
 And Fancy brings the sound to him
 Of church-bells ringing through the spray;
 And in the sparkle of salt waves
 He sees green fields, and smells the hay.

Oh! well for him he has this thought,
 This moment's thought, forgetting care,
 That, as the ship flies on apace,
 He sees blue eyes and sunny hair.
 To-morrow o'er the glassy sea,
 Beneath the glowing tropic's sun,
 Shall float loose timbers, shattered spars,
 And all his dreaming shall be done.

THE LANGUAGE OF BRUTES.

BY LEONARD A. JONES.

THE fields and woods, which were silent under the winter snows, resound in spring with a multitude of glad voices. Later there comes the full summer chorus, thrilling the air with an infinite variety of sounds; birds singing, chirping, screaming; cattle lowing, squirrels twittering, frogs croaking; and the voiceless tribes now swell the chorus with the hum of bees, the song of crickets, and the drum of grasshoppers. We listen, and inquire the meaning of the varied utterances of all these multitudes of beings that cover the earth and fill the air. Are these humble creatures of the brute world talking together? Do they tell each other of their wants, their fears, their loves and hatreds? Have they thoughts to utter? and have they also the marvellous gift of speech?

In the latter half of the sixteenth century an Italian physician, Fabricius, called *de Aquapendente*, from the place of his birth, wrote a short essay upon the language of brutes; and about a century and a half later Bougeant, a French Jesuit, wrote a little treatise which he called "Philosophical Amusement upon the Language of Beasts." The former, by studying the vocal expressions of a few animals, endeavored to find out rules by which he might interpret the language of brutes in general; and he hoped finally to be able to furnish every one with a compendious method of learning the language of any animal. But after all his experiments, and his endeavors to deduce from them some practical lessons, he ends by confessing that he has not fully attained

his object. In fact, his scheme failed quite as disastrously as some of our more modern methods for acquiring a language in six easy lessons; and he has left us to our own observation to make out what our humble neighbors of the brute world are saying to each other and to ourselves. Bougeant proposed the making of a dictionary of the language of the birds, and anticipated the time when, having arrived at the point of being able to converse with them, and understand all their fine sayings, and learn their pretty domestic secrets, we should be so charmed with their society that we should pass all our leisure moments in the woods. The Jesuit father, however, instead of giving his attention to the preparation of a work so truly interesting and instructive as his proposed dictionary would be, devotes his essay, in great part, to a curious attempt to prove that there is a devil in every one of all the animals of the brute creation; a theory not to be regarded as very strange, perhaps, when it is considered that so many persons even now theoretically believe that every human being comes into the world with a devil in him. All this is amusing, but the philosophy is not very apparent. It is not now proposed to offer any short method of interpreting the language of the brute world in general, or to furnish an unabridged dictionary of the language of the birds: but the subject seems to present something both in the way of amusement and of philosophy; and so we make it our philosophical amusement as Fabricius did; and if the reader should here inquire

where the philosophy is, and there where is the amusement, let him take the matter in hand for himself, and he will assuredly find both.

In ancient thought, animals were constantly assimilated in mental endowments to man; and they were thought to be like man, too, in possessing the faculty of speech; and they were not only supposed to have a language of their own which they understood very well among themselves, and of which man in rare cases has attained some knowledge, but even sometimes to use intelligently the language of man, and to understand it when they heard it spoken. This was the belief not of the uneducated only, but of some of the writers and teachers of philosophy among the cultivated Greeks and Romans. Porphyry, especially, ought to be well spoken of by all talking brutes, for the many things he said to the advantage of the brute world. He attributed to them both reason and the faculty of making their reasonings known to each other; and he believed that there had been some men, and he particularly speaks of several, to whom had been given the wisdom of understanding their speech.

Father Bougeant quotes Saint Basil of the Greek Church as saying, in his homily concerning the earthly paradise, that it was peopled with beasts, which understood each other and spoke rationally. Doubtless, this idea is founded upon the Bible narrative of the conversation which the serpent had with Eve in the Garden of Eden, and from this it was inferred that before man sinned the animals naturally understood the speech of man, and spoke a language which he understood; and that the loss of this privilege was a punishment inflicted upon

them for their serving the devil in tempting man to sin.

Brute animals are often represented as the priests of ancient prophecy; and it has been remarked that, in the very desirable quality of clearness and directness in their utterances, they generally surpass the human oracles, as in the instance which Livy, in his history, narrates of an ox belonging to the consul Cn. Domitius, that bellowed out in the forum, "Rome, take care of thyself." But as we come within historical times, it is apparent enough that the instances in which brutes are supposed to exercise the power of intelligent speech are regarded as exceptional, and as being of the nature of prodigies. Pliny, relating in his *Natural History* how a cock, in the time of the consulship of Lædipus and Catulus, spoke like a human being at the farmhouse of Galerius, adds that it is the only occasion of a cock's speaking that he knew of. The gravity, however, with which he speaks of this, shows that the idea of animals exercising the power of speech on rare occasions was familiar enough not to astonish him very much.

Of talking birds the magpie and the parrot have long been famous, their natural aptness for imitating the human voice being such that it has apparently required no very great exaggeration of their actual powers to make them play the part of very intelligent and discreet talkers. Pliny says, that, though the parrot can converse, it cannot speak with so much distinctness as the magpie, which loves to hear words spoken, and cons them over by itself with the greatest care and attention, making no secret of the interest it feels in the task. It is a well-known fact, he declares, that a magpie has died when it has

found itself mastered by a difficult word that it could not pronounce. Plutarch narrates, on the authority of eye-witnesses, a story of the very singular conduct of a magpie that was quite a musical prodigy. This magpie was all the while repeating words and imitating the sounds of instruments; not indeed, says the narrator, from any training, but simply from an extraordinary ambition it had to leave nothing unspoken which it heard, and to perfect itself by intense study in all kinds of music; so that its tongue was always going with the greatest variety of sounds imaginable. It belonged to a barber, who kept it at his shop in Rome, just opposite the Greek forum. It happened that a rich man of the neighborhood having died, the funeral procession, accompanied by many trumpeters, halted and made a long stop before the barber's shop; and the music pleasing the people it was prolonged and repeated. The magpie listened, and from that day was altogether mute, not so much as uttering the usual notes by which it made its wants known. This was a matter of great wonder to those who had been accustomed to pass by the shop and listen to the bird; and some attributed its silence to witchcraft, though the greater number were of opinion that the noise of the trumpets had struck it deaf. No such thing, says Plutarch: the bird's unusual silence proceeded from its studying over in secret the music it had heard; for one day it suddenly came out with all the flourishes of the trumpets, observing with the greatest exactness of time all the changes and cadences of the harmony.

It would seem from the frequency, in the middle ages, of stories turning upon the talking qualities of animals,

that the idea that they might exercise these qualities upon occasion, especially if their talents were brought out by a little education, maintained a hold upon popular belief. The parrot and magpie, especially, seem to have lost hardly any thing of their ancient reputation for proficiency in language. One of the stories of the mediæval collection entitled "The Seven Sages," turns upon the habit a magpie had of remembering whatever it had seen or heard, and then of relating it all on being questioned. The burgher to whom this bird belonged had a good-for-nothing wife, whose conduct, during her husband's absence, it would tell him all about; and he could place entire reliance upon the correctness of what the bird reported.

The Chevalier de la Tour Landy, in a book of counsel to his daughter, written some time in the latter half of the fourteenth century, makes a similar use of a magpie in a tale which has a moral to it. "I will tell you a story," he says, "in regard to women who eat dainty morsels in the absence of their lords. There was a lady who had a pie in a cage, which talked of every thing which it saw done. Now it happened that the lord of the household preserved a large eel in a pond, and kept it very carefully in order to give it to some of his lords, or of his friends, in case they should visit him. So it happened that the lady said to her female attendant that it would be good to eat the great eel; and accordingly they ate it, and agreed that they would tell their lord that the otter had eaten it. And when the lord returned, the pie began to say to him, 'My lord, my lady has eaten the eel.' Then the lord went to his pond, and missed the eel; and he went into the house, and asked his wife what had become of it. She

thought to excuse herself easily; but he said that he knew all about it, and that the pie had told him. The result was that there was great quarrelling and trouble in the house; but, when the lord was gone away, the lady and her female attendant went to the pie, and plucked all its feathers from its head, saying, 'You told about the eel.' And so the poor pie was quite bald. But, from that time forward, when it saw any people who were bald, or had large foreheads, the pie said to them, 'Ah! you told about the eel.'

Of course there are, in modern literature, a great many instances where animals are represented as conversing rationally with each other or with man; and it is by no means to be supposed that these instances are any proof of a popular belief that animals have the power of intelligent speech. The fabulists have a prescriptive right to disregard the limitations of nature in animals, and to represent them as saying or doing all sorts of wise things. Writers sometimes give point to their criticism or satire of their fellow-men, by putting their words into the mouths of animals; as when Cervantes represents a dialogue between the dogs of Hahudes; in which they narrate to each other the whole history of their lives, and make many learned observations about their own faculties and powers, interspersed with moral reflections upon the conduct of their masters. The poets have full license for any thing within the region of imagination; and this license was certainly not abused by old John Skelton, when he wrote, "A proper new Boke of the Armony of Byrdes," and represented them in the freshness of the April fields, praising the Lord in words of sweet harmony, — the nightingale, the thrush, the lark,

the wren, the swallow, and the rest, — each in its own words of praise.

At the present day it would be difficult to find any one to maintain that human speech is ever used intelligibly by animals of the brute world. Yet, not more than one or two centuries ago, stories were told of the extraordinary power and faculties of animals, to which no one at the present day would give a serious thought. The philosopher Leibnitz, who had some tendency to a belief in the marvellous, gravely transmitted to the Abbé de St. Pierre, and the latter to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, an account of a dog which could speak, and in an intelligent way call for tea, coffee, and the like, and he wrote this account after having seen and heard this talking dog for himself, as appears from a passage in the History of the Academy for the year 1706. More celebrated than this story of the dog is one quoted by Locke from Sir William Temple, of the old parrot which Prince Maurice saw and conversed with in Brazil. Sir William Temple says he had a mind to have this story from Prince Maurice's own mouth, he had heard of it so often from others. The prince told him there was something true but a great deal false of what had been reported of this story; and he goes on to narrate that he had heard of this parrot when he came to Brazil, and though he believed nothing of it, and it was a great way off, yet he had so much curiosity as to send for it; that it was a very great and a very old bird, and when it first came into the room where the prince was, with a great many Dutchmen about him, it said presently, "What a company of white men are here!" They asked it what it thought that man was, pointing to the prince. It answered, "Some

general or other." The prince then entered into conversation with the parrot, which, in answer to his questions, told him where it came from, and to whom it belonged; and then to his inquiry what it did, the parrot said, "I take care of the hens." The prince laughed and said, "Do you take care of the hens?" The parrot answered, "Yes, sir, and I know how to do it well," and made the chuck four or five times, that people usually make to chickens when they call them. Sir William set down the words of this worthy dialogue in French just as Prince Maurice told them to him. The parrot spoke in the Brazilian language. Sir William Temple adds, that one of Prince Maurice's chaplains, who had witnessed the conversation of the parrot, and who lived long afterwards in Holland, could never afterwards endure a parrot, but said every one had a devil in it; a conclusion quite in keeping with the opinion expressed by Bougeant, only that the Jesuit father would lodge a devil in each particular member of all the brute world, from the flea and mite up to the ox and elephant.

This account is quoted by Locke without any expression of his opinion as to its credibility; though it may be inferred, from the cautious manner in which he expresses himself, and from his known opinions as to the faculties of brutes, that he gave very little credit to it. But that this old parrot spoke, and answered common questions like a reasonable creature, seems not to have been questioned either by Sir William Temple or Prince Maurice, incredible as it may seem that such men should gravely take it to be true.

It is obvious enough, however, that most of the animals with which we are familiar have some mode of com-

municating with their companions of the same species. The vocal expressions they use may have very little analogy to our language, and we do not now inquire whether these expressions are properly dignified with the name of language; but we see that they have a meaning which the animals themselves instinctively understand, and which we learn to comprehend in some imperfect way. The hen calls her chickens, and instantly the whole brood runs to her; or one of the little things strays away, and presently, affrighted to find itself alone, cries out for help, and is immediately answered by the anxious summons of the maternal voice. We ourselves can very easily discriminate between the different notes she utters when she leads her brood, when she gathers it beneath her wings, when she calls it out of danger, and when she gives it the signal of alarm to flee for shelter. We know when she has found some dainty morsel, and calls her chickens to it; we know when she has laid an egg, and rejoices over it; we know when one of her companions has flown down to the earth from some high fence or from a tree, and she gives utterance to her congratulation in cheers and hurrahs. So all of us who have had the advantage of good canine society have observed very often what varied and complex expressions of desire and feeling the dog is capable of. We know from the tone of his bark whether he is exchanging a friendly greeting with some one of his acquaintance, is repelling an unknown intruder, is indulging in a sentimental bark at the moon, or is exercising the inalienable right of his race to raise his voice in an abstract howl at things in general. We know, too, when he comes to the door, and asks in a respectful

tone to be let in; and we notice presently, if his request is not granted, that there is a mingling of annoyance in the deeper tones of his voice; and finally we see how his vexation breaks out in a lamentable howl.

It is hardly possible to conceive of animals living in society, without having some general mode of communication among themselves. In many societies of animals we know that each member has some particular duty to perform, and some special relation to sustain to others of the community. When a family of beavers build a house, the different individuals have so good an understanding among themselves what part of the labor each is to perform, and they work together so harmoniously to one end, that we must necessarily suppose that they have some mode of communicating with each other, else they would fall into worse confusion than did the builders of the tower of Babel.

We have some striking examples of the use of language by those of the insect tribes which live in societies. When an ant's nest is disturbed, those upon the surface transmit the alarm to those in the interior, and they all immediately set about carrying the larvæ and pupæ to the lowest apartments, which they seem instinctively to regard as the safest and most secure. If the ruins of the nest are scattered upon the floor, the ants set out in a thousand different directions to discover some place of retreat; and as soon as any one of them finds a little chink in the wall or in the floor, through which they can escape, it runs to its companions and tells them of the discovery it has made, and perhaps guides them to the spot. In a very little while the news spreads through all the tribe,

and they are soon far away in some snug place of re-union.

Every one who has studied the habits of these little animals has noticed how they stop when they meet each other, and apparently converse together. The old Epicurean philosopher Celsus declared that it was by this means that they managed never to lose their way; and he said in his philosophical way, that they possessed the knowledge of accidental things, and knew how to express them.

The naturalist Gould tried a curious experiment with a colony of ants, which furnishes us with further proof of their communicating together. He put them into a flower-pot, which he surrounded with water, so as to prevent their leaving it. After a few days he stretched several threads from the upper part of the flower-pot to a point beyond the water, when presently one of the ants detected this bridge, and communicated the discovery to the others; when in a little while the threads were covered with these little busybodies passing and repassing over them.

Dr. Franklin tells us how one day, finding some ants feasting upon some delicacy they had found in his closet, he shook them out, and suspended the article by a string from the ceiling. It chanced, however, that one ant was left; and, after eating its fill, it found its way up the string and along the wall to its nest. In less than half an hour a great company of ants sallied out of their hole, and crept along the ceiling and down the string to the sweet, which was soon consumed. The doctor inferred that the first ant had communicated to its comrades the new position of their delicacy, and directed them the only way to it.

The entomologists give us the won-

derful story of the military exploits of some species of ants, from which we see that they sometimes communicate quite complicated pieces of news to each other. Before setting out on their expedition they send out spies, who explore the enemy's country, and presently return to the camp; whereupon, as if the report had proved favorable, the army immediately takes up its march, during which messengers, or *aides-de-camp*, are constantly passing between the front and the rear, evidently bearing orders and giving information. When the battle has begun, and the assailants find that they are not strong enough to overcome the enemy, they despatch couriers to their own camp for re-enforcements, which are accordingly sent. During the engagement, although the contending parties have no distinguishing uniforms, but are of the same form and color, every one of these little soldiers seems to know his own friends, and if by any chance he assails one of them, the mistake is immediately discovered, and caresses succeed to blows.

The language of the ants is the deaf and dumb language of signs or gestures, which they make, for the most part, with those remarkable organs, their antennæ. The military ants, before setting off upon a campaign, touch each other on the trunk with their antennæ and foreheads; and it would seem that they thus communicate their marching orders. The spies and sentinels communicate their messages by blows with the antennæ. Pierre Huber, the special historian of these little people, — and a most entertaining history of their well-ordered communities has he given us, — observed, when he disturbed those that were at the greatest distance from the rest, that these ran

towards the others, struck their heads, and thus communicated the danger. Upon this the working-ants prepared for resistance, while the queens and males, who are timid creatures, ran and hid themselves. When they had any discovery to communicate they struck those they met with their antennæ in a particularly impressive manner. If, Kirby and Spence tell us, a hungry ant wants to be fed, it touches with its two antennæ, moving them very rapidly, those of the individual from whom it expects its meal; and not only ants understand this language, but even aphides and cocci, which are the milch kine of our little pismires, do the same, and will yield them their saccharine fluid at the touch of those imperative organs. The helpless larvæ of the ants are also informed by the same means when they may open their mouths to receive their food.

The bee may have somewhat the advantage of the ant in being able to employ sounds, to a very limited extent, in communicating its wants and wishes and all the intuitions of its nature. These sounds are not vocal, however; and, as with the ant, the antennæ constitute the chief organ of language with the bee. Of this we have ample proof in the interesting investigations made by the gifted Francis Huber, the bees' best biographer. When he removed the queen-bee from a hive, the bees did not seem to be aware of her absence at first, and their labors proceeded as usual for about an hour afterwards, when there began to be some disorder in the community. The bees that first became sensible of their loss ran about the hive, and, as they met with others, they mutually crossed their antennæ and struck them lightly. By this means the sad intelligence seemed to

traverse the whole hive in a very little while; for the agitation increased rapidly, till the whole population was in a tumult. The working-bees no longer took care of the young brood, or gathered honey, but might be seen running here and there over the combs, or repeatedly rushing forth from the hive and entering it again. After two or three hours, order was restored, and they set about constructing royal cells in order to repair their loss. To make sure that the intelligence of the loss of the queen-bee was communicated by their antennæ, and not by smell or any other means, Huber first divided a hive by a grate, which kept the two portions about three or four lines apart; so that they could not come at each other, though scent would pass through very readily. In that part in which there was no queen, there followed all the results that usually accompany the loss of the queen. But when he separated the two portions of the hive by a partition through which they could pass their antennæ, but not their heads, the bees all remained tranquil, and continued their employments as usual. The means they used to assure themselves that their queen was in their vicinity, and to communicate with her, was to pass their antennæ through the openings of the grate. An infinite number of these organs might be seen inquiring for her in all directions, and the queen, all the while holding to the grate with her feet, was observed answering these anxious inquiries of her subjects, by crossing her antennæ with those of the inquirers.

Bougeant adduces, in favor of the existence of brute language, a story often referred to of the sparrow and the swallows. This sparrow was a very selfish bird; and finding a newly-

finished swallow's nest, which he thought would be very convenient for his own use, and save him the trouble of building one for himself, he took possession of it. The swallow resented this invasion of her rights, and called upon her companions to help her to dislodge the intruder. Soon a thousand swallows came flying to the attack, but the sparrow drove them away. But, returning again with earth such as they make their nests of, they all at once fell upon the sparrow, and enclosed him in the nest to perish there. Bougeant asks, with an air of triumph, whether the swallows were able to hatch and concert this design all of them together, without speaking to each other.

Another story of a similar nature is told by Dupont de Nemours, and referred to by Lord Brougham, of a swallow which was accidentally caught by its foot in a noose of a cord attached to the spout of the pump in the Collège des Quatre Nations, at Paris. The piteous cries of the bird brought a large flock of swallows to the spot. They crowded together for a time as if consulting upon a plan of release; and then one of them darted at the string, striking it with its beak as it flew past, and the rest followed in the same way. After this combined operation had been sustained for half an hour the string was severed, and the captive set free. For some time afterwards the whole flock continued to hover together, chattering as if conscious of a triumph.

Among several species of animals there are occasional assemblies which in their proceedings are suggestive of courts of justice; and therefore this name has been given to them. These courts supply some very curious illustrations of our present subject. The most regular and notable of these as-

semblies take place among a species of crow termed the *corvus cornix*. It is said that deputations come from distant quarters, and that, until the convocation is complete, no business is transacted, the first comers waiting the arrival of the others even for a day or two. A particular field or hill, befitting the importance of the occasion, is selected; and when all the deputies have made their appearance the court opens. There appear to be criminals at the bar; but what laws of their community have been broken, or what crimes committed, it would be difficult to determine. The charges appear to be made, and the evidence given, not individually, but collectively, in a general croaking and clamor. The witnesses seem to be at the same time judges, lawyers, jurors, and sheriffs; for no sooner is the clamor against the prisoners over than the whole court fall upon the prisoners at the bar, and beat them to death. This accomplished, the court adjourns, and they all disperse quietly to their homes.

The sparrows also have courts which they conduct in a similar manner, and in which it is conjectured that some sentry is punished for delinquency.

Margrave gives a singular account of the assemblies of the Onarine monkeys which he had frequently witnessed. They assemble in the woods; and one of them, taking the highest place in a tree, makes a signal with his hand for the rest to sit round. As soon as he sees them placed, he begins his discourse in a loud and precipitate voice, and the rest observe a profound silence. When he has finished his speech, he makes a sign with his hand for the rest to reply, at which they all raise their

voices together, until by another sig-

nal they are enjoined to be silent. Before the assembly breaks up there may be repetitions of these scenes.

Very many gregarious birds appoint sentinels, who keep a very strict watch while the rest of the flock gather food, or disport themselves at their leisure. Everybody has seen the crow-sentinel perched upon the top of some tree, where he keeps a sharp look-out, and gives the signal of alarm upon the approach of danger, at which the whole flock instantly take flight. Not only from the birds of the air and the beasts of the field do we derive our illustrations of the fact that brutes communicate with each other; we may find them in the depths of the sea; for it is said that when the harpoon strikes a whale the whole shoal, though widely dispersed, are made aware of the presence of an enemy.

Whether brutes succeed any better in understanding what we say to them, than they do in communicating their desires and sentiments to us, it would be difficult to determine. For the most part they address us, and reply to what we say to them, by their actions only. But we are able to make out something of their meaning when they address us with their voices; and so also some of the higher animals quite readily understand what we say to them when we speak of matters which they feel particularly interested in. It is not worth while for us to talk of political questions to our dog, or to say any thing to him of a transcendental nature; for, although he is a very clever fellow, he would pay very little attention to what we might say, and, in fact, would not understand a word of it all. But we speak to him about his dinner, or about going to the woods with us to hunt squirrels, and he very emphatically signifies to us that he un-

derstands quite well what we are saying. He has a practical turn of mind, and will have nothing to do with any of the sciences; and of all the arts he cares only for that of living well, and enjoying himself. In regard to this he is always ready to hear any thing to his advantage. Some dogs show a remarkable sensitiveness about being made the subject of conversation; and in illustration of this we have an anecdote which Sir Walter Scott told of his dog Camp, who was a very wise dog, and had a wonderful faculty for comprehending what was said about himself. He had been taught to understand a great many words, insomuch that his master felt very positive, from the progress his dog had made in language, that the communication between the canine species and ourselves might be greatly enlarged. Camp was very indiscreet one day, however, and bit the baker who was bringing bread to the family. "I beat him," said Sir Walter, "and explained the enormity of his offence; after which, to the last moment of his life, he never heard the least allusion to the story, in whatever voice or tone it was mentioned, without getting up and retiring into the darkest corner of the room, with great appearance of distress. Then if you said, 'The baker was well paid,' or 'The baker was not hurt after all,' Camp came forth from his hiding-place, capered and barked and rejoiced." How far the extreme sensitiveness Camp had in regard to this offence of his was due to the explanation he had received of its enormity, it is impossible to say; though it may be safe enough to conjecture that the mention of the baker produced an unpleasant sensation in the nerves of his skin, rather than any pricking of his conscience.

But every dog has his day, and Camp grew aged and infirm. "When he was unable, towards the end of his life, to attend me when on horseback," said his illustrious master, "he used to watch for my return, and the servant would tell him his master was coming down the hill, or through the moor; and, although he did not use any gesture to explain his meaning, Camp was never known to mistake him, but either went out at the front to go up the hill, or at the back to go down to the moorside. He certainly had a singular knowledge of spoken language."

It is quite likely that the dog catches the meaning of what is said to him somewhat from the expression of the speaker's face or from the tone in which the words are spoken. When we speak to our dog we often see him watch our countenance with the utmost earnestness, apparently for the purpose of discovering our meaning; and, without speaking to him at all, we see that he comprehends very often the meaning of the very slightest and most simple modifications of the expression of our face. There is every reason to apprehend that the dog, as well as most animals of the higher orders, instinctively understands something of the meaning of all the natural signs we employ,—our motions, gestures, and looks, just as they understand them when they are employed by their own species. Still it is evident enough that they come to attach some definite meaning to particular words. The horse and the ox understand what the driver says to them; the shepherd makes himself understood by his sheep; and Bougeant declares that the cows understand all the milk-maid says when she talks to them.

All animals comprehend words

much more readily when spoken by a voice they are accustomed to hear, than when spoken by a strange voice; and, if we speak to them in another language, they apprehend at first very little of what the new words they hear signify; but after a while they come to understand them, and to act in obedience to them. Words or voices which they have once been accustomed to hear, they sometimes recognize even after an interval of years. The poet Campbell tells the legend of a parrot which was brought when young from the Spanish Main to the cold climate of England, where he lived and chattered many a day till he had grown gray with age.

“ At last, when, blind and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla’s shore.

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech :
In Spanish speech the bird replied,
Flapped round the cage with joyous screech,
Dropped down and died.”

WORKS AND DAYS.

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

To break the gently undulating sea
With oars that seem to kiss it lovingly,
And watch the eddies as they circle back
Along my winding track.

To rest upon my oars, and, as I glide
With wind and current, in the cooling tide
To dip my hands, while something seems to say
Within me, “ Let us pray.”

As near as may be to the fringed shore
To keep my boat, and lean her gunnel o’er,
Watching the many-colored floor, untrod
Save by the feet of God.

His ways are in the deep; his sunlight, too,
Pierces its icy coldness through and through,
And touches many a wonder that abides
Below the lowest tides.

How beautiful the sunlight on the sea,
When waves by millions twinkle as in glee!
But ’tis the sunlight *in* the sea whose gleam
To me doth fairest seem.

It glorifies the pebbles with its rays;
It turns gray sand to perfect chrysoprase;
Plays with the amber tresses of the rocks
As with a maiden’s locks.

Anon in some sequestered nook I lie,
 And see the yachts, white-winged, go sailing by,
 And feel, which ever quickest onward flies,
 Mine is the truest prize.

I watch the race with neither hope nor fear,
 Since none than other is to me more dear ;
 My prize the perfect beauty of the sight, —
 Unselfish, pure delight.

I sit and wonder what the cliffs would say
 If they could speak, remembering the day
 When first, "Thus far, no farther," it was said ;
 "Here thy proud waves be stayed !"

Since then what laughter and what cry and moan
 The sea has offered up to them alone !
 What suns have kissed, what storms have left their blight,
 What silence of the night !

So wondering, how strange it is and still,
 Save where, a mile away, the drogers fill
 Their battered dories with the shingly store
 Of the long-hoarding shore !

That far-off sound is but a gauge that tells
 How deep the silence is ; like Sunday bells
 Which, ringing, tell the resting village o'er
 How still it was before.

These are my works and days : in these I drown
 The cares and troubles of the noisy town,
 And let it seethe and rumble as it may,
 Day after weary day.

But when the summer days are sweetly fled,
 And great fall clouds go floating overhead ;
 When asters lurk along the pleasant ways
 With golden-rod ablaze ;

Then I will back again to faces see
 Than all these sights more beautiful to me ;
 Where friendliest voices wait for me to hear,
 Than all these sounds more dear.

THE DANGERS OF DISCOVERY.

BY D. A. WASSON.

FALSEHOOD imperils, not alone by its credit, but also by its very discovery and exposure. If the utmost danger attends the believing of lies, some danger follows upon finding them out: to be deceived and to be undeceived may be both, though not equally, injurious. The reason is, that immoderate suspicion and morbid distrust are bred by the discovery of our delusion; and he who now passionately accuses himself of credulity in the past is probably on the road to the opposite extreme in the future. Naked lies, or such as come only in their own company, are welcomed at no doors save of the few who seem made to be lying-in hospitals for falsehoods: it is by association with truths, — often with those dear and deep truths that are wedded to the best blood of man's heart, — it is by wearing the color of our most honorable sentiments, that untruths attain to the hospitalities of worthy minds. When, therefore, the real quality of these birds of another feather is detected, they are in haste conceived to be birds of the same; and thus they are likely to induce the worst opinion of that very company whose association they had abused to obtain admission. Thus, should one receive into his house a number of persons on terms of apparent intimacy, and should awake at midnight to find several of them dispersed through the apartments, picking locks and rifling drawers, it is very probable, that, concluding them all members of the same gang, he might arise in wrath and haste to expel them all

without distinction. Scepticism and purblind iconoclasm succeed naturally to the consciousness of betrayed faith; and he who finds out that he has believed without due discrimination is often less likely to discriminate than to disbelieve, with this same lack of understanding. In fact, a weak credulity and a weak incredulity are nearer of kin than is commonly supposed. As there are numbers who cling to a creed intrinsically incredible because their personal power of believing is inadequate, — like those who of old laid hold upon the horns of the altar, when unable to defend themselves and in extremity of terror, — so there are many in our days who fly to the wastes because they have failed to take reasonable precautions in the cultivated lands, and will no longer believe truth because they have once believed what is not true.

If, therefore, one must be righteously intolerant of that withholding of new and fragmentary truth which has too often been characteristic of priesthoods, and whose full-blown flower is Jesuitism, we may see, nevertheless, that it is not utterly without excuse. Miserably disastrous as it cannot fail to be in the long run, it is often born of a certain half-intelligence and half-fealty to truth. Indulge it we indeed cannot; but the invective that "radicals" heap upon it might often be qualified by a better understanding of its occasion and motive. The alternative, "Napoleon, or revolution and red republicanism," was long the sufficient argument for the empire; and it is by a like alter-

native that creeds are maintained which by no means represent the best sense of mankind.

A weak and fearful credulousness has its revenge; nevertheless we must acknowledge that the wisest are trustful and capacious of belief, while those are the half-wise who excel only in a kind of detective intelligence, and whose jealous wits are like spectacles which indeed enable weak eyes to see within a foot of the nose, but cast a blur upon the landscape and the horizon. A kind of kingly credulity, an Arabian hospitality as well to the suggestions of ancient tradition as to the adventure of modern thought, belongs to the noblest genius as its inseparable trait. Here genius harmonizes with character. How admirable is he who does such grace to his own nature that he will never meet any man with ready-provided suspicion! He carries toward mankind that presumption of innocence which forbade the Athenians to enact a penalty for parricide, and never ceases to be surprised at the spectacle of meanness and malignity. So the grandest intelligence goes forth into the world of thought and observation: believing in no devil, afraid of nothing because it is new, and of nothing because it is old; no party to the bigotry of so-called conservatism, and as little a party to this late begotten bigotry of progress; breathing the sweet, open, ancient air none the less freely because it has been the breath of all our kind; feeding fearlessly upon the fruit of all time, and with no indigestions; questioning all things, but questioning as with the heart in the eyes, and in the spirit of credence. The sceptic spirit coops itself as in a box, and will believe only in that which it can finger through a hole; but the great mind

has a great horizon, and thoughts that launch themselves like eagles from the eyrie, and a fear above every other to credit insufficiently the opulence and expansion of God's thinking.

It might seem, therefore, that those are most exposed to error who are most hospitable to truth; as he who leaves his doors open at night for the access of gentle travellers leaves them open also to the possible incursion of robbers.

The danger, however, is less than it seems, being confined chiefly to those who are wise enough for a great attempt, but not wise enough for a great persistence. It is such as dare not hold the gun hard against the shoulder who suffer from its recoil: so it is the half-believing for whom the process of unlearning is perilous; it is the weak and atrabilarious who are deceived anew in being undeceived; or it is those who mix egotism largely with belief, and who therefore feel any apparent deception chiefly as an affront to their pride. From these last is recruited most liberally that peculiar class, who make an overwhelming presumption in favor of negative and disheartening conclusions. They raise their demand for proof in proportion as the conclusion is desirable: so that, if it be one which all men instinctively long to believe, this fact alone breeds in them such extremity of suspicion as overbalances any possible evidence in its favor.

Falsehood, even by its detection, endangers, yet not in minds of the last depth and sanity. These are aware that it takes virtue to sustain virtue, wisdom to justify wisdom, and that he who has begun nobly has pledged himself, and bargained for defeat if he do not prove equal to a long continuance of like action. The wise know that from all the evils to

which courage and candor expose them, yet more of courage and candor will afford protection. They know that him whom error cannot inwardly pervert it cannot harm, and that it will not long abide with him whose spirit perpetually shames it. Against delusion, therefore, they put on, not an earthly, but a heavenly armor, — not sceptic suspicion, but a trust and truth of the heart, which makes false opinion innocuous, and soon or late drives it away. I will never believe but that there is a pure healthiness of soul that is its own prophylactic against all diseases, its own protector against all perils, and safe with the doors of sympathy and intelligence wide open. Happily, it is coming to be understood that one is saved, not by accuracy of opinion, but by a pure and spiritual attitude toward all questions of truth, all principles of rectitude and honor. This recognition is the promise of the new church, that is, of the old church in newness of life.

With it goes properly another, — that the right test and attestation of truth (of ultimate and supreme truth, that is) is its accord with a pure soul, intrepid in spirituality. And as the sense of this accord is felicity, the spirit assured of itself may venture to keep up a perpetual presumption in favor of the highest and happiest conclusion; so coming to a result precisely contrary to that which befalls such as have beaten a retreat. For as the

latter arrive at an incapability of crediting just that which most invites and solaces the soul; so this one attains a godlike inability to entertain any idea of the universe, as a whole, which affronts the hope of humanity. A swift-footed delight runs before the intellect, and with unspeakable sureness, apprehending truth as Best, ere the understanding, with slower pace, can arrive on the ground. So at length the worthiness, the fine flavor, of an affirmation respecting supreme truth becomes to him a convincing reason for giving it credit. Having, therefore, no affinity with falsehood, the wisest man finally dares to say, "I will believe concerning the universe what best pleases me, in other words, what best harmonizes with my own spirit," and in this seeming exposure to all delusion is divinely assured against all.

But nothing is farther from this entire and wholesome spirit than that pinched and panting bigotry of "progress," which reduces the grandest passages in history to insignificance, and belittles all that has been, out of a fanatic devotion to that which (perhaps) is going to be. There are two classes of formalists: those who accept forms without their significance; and those who reject them, and their significance along with them. The former have no future, the latter no past, and neither a wealthy life in the present.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER;

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

CHAPTER VI.

A REFUGE FROM THE HEAT.

THERE was a little garden, one side enclosed by the house, another by the studio, and the remaining two by walls, evidently built for the nightly convenience of promenading cats. There was one pear-tree in the grass-plot which occupied the centre, and a few small fruit-trees, which, I may now safely say, never bore any thing, upon the walls. But the last occupant had cared for his garden; and, when I came to the cottage, it was, although you would hardly believe it now that my garden is inside the house, a pretty little spot, — only, if you stop thinking about a garden, it begins at once to go to the bad. Used although I had been to great wide lawns and park and gardens and wilderness, the tiny enclosure soon became to me the type of the boundless universe. The streets roared about me with ugly omnibuses and uglier cabs, fine carriages, huge earth-shaking drays, and, worse far, with the cries of all the tribe of costermongers, — one especially offensive which soon began to haunt me. I almost hated the man who sent it forth to fill the summer air with disgust. He always put his hollowed hand to his jaw, as if it were loose and he had to hold it in its place, before he uttered his hideous howl, which would send me hurrying up the stairs to bury my head under all the pillows of my bed until, coming back across the wilderness of streets and lanes like the cry

of a jackal growing fainter and fainter upon the wind, it should pass, and die away in the distance. Suburban London, I say, was roaring about me, and I was confined to a few square yards of grass and gravel-walk and flower-plot; but above was the depth of the sky, and thence at night the hosts of heaven looked in upon me with the same calm assured glance with which they shone upon southern forests, swarming with great butterflies and creatures that go flaming through the tropic darkness; and there the moon would come, and cast her lovely shadows; and there was room enough to feel alone and to try to pray. And what was strange, the room seemed greater, though the loneliness was gone, when my husband walked up and down in it with me. True, the greater part of the walk seemed to be the turnings, for they always came just when you wanted to go on and on; but, even with the scope of the world for your walk, you must turn and come back some time. At first, when he was smoking his great brown meerschaum, he and I would walk in opposite directions, passing each other in the middle, and so make the space double the size, for he had all the garden to himself, and I had it all to myself; and so I had his garden and mine too. That is how by degrees I got able to bear the smoke of tobacco, for I had never been used to it, and found it a small trial at first; but now I have got actually to like it, and greet a stray whiff from the study like a message

from my husband. I fancy I could tell the smoke of that old black and red meerschaum from the smoke of any other pipe in creation.

"You *must* cure him of that bad habit," said cousin Judy to me once.

It made me angry. What right had she to call any thing my husband did a bad habit? and to expect me to agree with her was ten times worse. I am saving my money now to buy him a grand new pipe; and I may just mention here, that once I spent ninepence out of my last shilling to get him a packet of Bristol bird's-eye, for he was on the point of giving up smoking altogether because of — well, because of what will appear by and by.

England is getting dreadfully crowded with mean, ugly houses. If they were those of the poor and struggling, and not of the rich and comfortable, one might be consoled. But rich barbarism, in the shape of ugliness, is again pushing us to the sea. There, however, its "control stops;" and since I lived in London the sea has grown more precious to me than it was even in those lovely days at Kilkhaven, — merely because no one can build upon it. Ocean and sky remain as God made them. He must love space for us, though it be needless for himself; seeing that in all the magnificent notions of creation afforded us by astronomers, — shoal upon shoal of suns, each the centre of complicated and infinitely varied systems, — the spaces between are yet more overwhelming in their vast inconceivableness. I thank God for the room he thus gives us, and hence can endure to see the fair face of his England disfigured by the mud-pies of his children.

There was in the garden a little summer-house, of which I was fond, chiefly because, knowing my passion

for the flower, Percivale had surrounded it with a multitude of sweet peas, which, as they grew, he had trained over the trellis-work of its sides. Through them filtered the sweet airs of the summer as through an Æolian harp of unheard harmonies. To sit there in a warm evening, when the moth-airs just woke and gave two or three wafts of their wings and ceased, was like sitting in the midst of a small gospel.

The summer had come on, and the days were very hot, — so hot and changeless, with their unclouded skies and their glowing centre, that they seemed to grow stupid with their own heat. It was as if — like a hen brooding over her chickens — the day, brooding over its coming harvests, grew dull and sleepy, living only in what was to come. Notwithstanding the feelings I have just recorded, I began to long for a wider horizon, whence some wind might come and blow upon me, and wake me up, not merely to live, but to know that I lived.

One afternoon I left my little summer-seat, where I had been sitting at work, and went through the house, and down the precipice, into my husband's study.

"It is so hot," I said, "I will try my little grotto: it may be cooler."

He opened the door for me, and, with his palette on his thumb, and a brush in his hand, sat down for a moment beside me.

"This heat is too much for you, darling," he said.

"I do feel it. I wish I could get from the garden into my nest without going up through the house and down the Jacob's ladder," I said. "It is so hot! I never felt heat like it before."

He sat silent for a while, and then said, —

"I've been thinking I must get you into the country for a few weeks. It would do you no end of good."

"I suppose the wind does blow somewhere," I returned. "But" —

"You don't want to leave me?" he said.

"I don't. And I know with that ugly portrait on hand you can't go with me."

He happened to be painting the portrait of a plain red-faced lady, in a delicate lace cap, — a very unfit subject for art, — much needing to be made over again first, it seemed to me. Only there she was, with a right to have her portrait painted if she wished it; and there was Percivale, with time on his hands, and room in his pockets, and the faith that whatever God had thought worth making could not be unworthy of representation. Hence he had willingly undertaken a likeness of her, to be finished within a certain time, and was now working at it as conscientiously as if it had been the portrait of a lovely young duchess or peasant-girl. I was only afraid he would make it too like to please the lady herself. His time was now getting short, and he could not leave home before fulfilling his engagement.

"But," he returned, "why shouldn't you go to the Hall for a week or two without me? I will take you down, and come and fetch you."

"I'm so stupid you want to get rid of me!" I said.

I did not in the least believe it, and yet was on the edge of crying, which is not a habit with me.

"You know better than that, my Wynnies," he answered gravely. "You want your mother to comfort you. And there must be some air in the country. So tell Sarah to put up your things, and I'll take you down to-

morrow morning. When I get this portrait done, I will come and stay a few days, if they will have me, and then take you home."

The thought of seeing my mother and my father, and the old place, came over me with a rush. I felt all at once as if I had been absent for years instead of weeks. I cried in earnest now, — with delight though, — and there is no shame in that. So it was all arranged; and next afternoon I was lying on a couch in the yellow drawing-room, with my mother seated beside me, and Connie in an easy-chair by the open window, through which came every now and then such a sweet wave of air as bathed me with hope, and seemed to wash all the noises, even the loose-jawed man's hateful howl, from my brain.

Yet, glad as I was to be once more at home, I felt, when Percivale left me the next morning to return by a third-class train to his ugly portrait, — for the lady was to sit to him that same afternoon, — that the idea of home was already leaving Oldcastle Hall, and flitting back to the suburban cottage haunted by the bawling voice of the costermonger.

But I soon felt better: for here there was plenty of shadow, and in the hottest days my father could always tell where any wind would be stirring; for he knew every out and in of the place like his own pockets, as Dora said, who took a little after cousin Judy in her way. It will give a notion of his tenderness if I set down just one tiniest instance of his attention to me. The forenoon was oppressive. I was sitting under a tree, trying to read when he came up to me. There was a wooden gate, with open bars near. He went and set it wide, saying, —

"There, my love! You will fancy

yourself cooler if I leave the gate open."

Will my reader laugh at me for mentioning such a trifle? I think not, for it went deep to my heart, and I seemed to know God better for it ever after. A father is a great and marvellous truth, and one you can never get at the depth of, try how you may.

Then my mother! She was, if possible, yet more to me than my father. I could tell her any thing and every thing without fear, while I confess to a little dread of my father still. He is too like my own conscience to allow of my being quite confident with him. But Connie is just as comfortable with him as I am with my mother. If in my childhood I was ever tempted to conceal any thing from her, the very thought of it made me miserable until I had told her. And now she would watch me with her gentle, dove-like eyes, and seemed to know at once, without being told, what was the matter with me. She never asked me what I should like, but went and brought something; and, if she saw that I didn't care for it, wouldn't press me, or offer any thing instead, but chat for a minute or two, carry it away, and return with something else. My heart was like to break at times with the swelling of the love that was in it. My eldest child, my Ethelwyn, — for my husband would have her called the same name as me, only I insisted it should be after my mother and not after me, — has her very eyes, and for years has been trying to mother me over again to the best of her sweet ability.

CHAPTER VII.

CONNIE.

It is high time, though, that I dropped writing about myself for a

while. I don't find my self so interesting as it used to be.

The worst of some kinds especially of small illnesses is, that they make you think a great deal too much about yourself. Connie's, which was a great and terrible one, never made her do so. She was always forgetting herself in her interest about others. I think I was made more selfish to begin with; and yet I have a hope that a too-much-thinking about yourself may not *always* be pure selfishness. It may be something else wrong in you that makes you uncomfortable, and keeps drawing your eyes towards the aching place. I will hope so till I get rid of the whole business, and then I shall not care much how it came or what it was.

Connie was now a thin, pale, delicate-looking — not handsome, but lovely girl. Her eyes, some people said, were too big for her face; but that seemed to me no more to the discredit of her beauty than it would have been a reproach to say that her soul was too big for her body. She had been early ripened by the hot sun of suffering, and the self-restraint which pain had taught her. Patience had mossed her over, and made her warm and soft and sweet. She never looked for attention, but accepted all that was offered with a smile which seemed to say, "It is more than I need, but you are so good I mustn't spoil it." She was not confined to her sofa now, though she needed to lie down often, but could walk about pretty well, only you must give her time. You could always make her merry by saying she walked like an old woman; and it was the only way we could get rid of the sadness of seeing it. We betook ourselves to her to laugh *her* sadness away from us.

Once, as I lay on a couch on the lawn, she came towards me carrying a bunch of grapes from the greenhouse, — a great bunch, each individual grape ready to burst with the sunlight it had bottled up in its swollen purple skin.

"They are too heavy for you, old lady," I cried.

"Yes; I *am* an old lady," she answered. "Think what good use of my time I have made compared with you! I have got ever so far before you: I've nearly forgotten how to walk!"

The tears gathered in my eyes as she left me with the bunch; for how could one help being sad to think of the time when she used to bound like a fawn over the grass, her slender figure borne like a feather on its own slight yet firm muscles, which used to knot so much harder than any of ours. She turned to say something, and, perceiving my emotion, came slowly back.

"Dear Wynnie," she said, "you wouldn't have me back with my old foolishness, would you? Believe me, life is ten times more precious than it was before. I feel and enjoy and love so much more! I don't know how often I thank God for what befell me."

I could only smile an answer, unable to speak, not now from pity, but from shame of my own petulant restlessness and impatient helplessness.

I believe she had a special affection for poor Sprite, the pony which threw her, — special, I mean, since the accident, — regarding him as in some sense the angel which had driven her out of paradise into a better world. If ever he got loose, and Connie was anywhere about, he was sure to find her: he was an omnivorous animal, and she had always something he

would eat when his favorite apples were unattainable. More than once she had been roused from her sleep on the lawn by the lips and the breath of Sprite upon her face; but, although one painful sign of her weakness was, that she started at the least noise or sudden discovery of a presence, she never started at the most unexpected intrusion of Sprite, any more than at the voice of my father or mother. Need I say there was one more whose voice or presence never startled her?

The relation between them was lovely to see. Turner was a fine, healthy, broad-shouldered fellow, of bold carriage and frank manners, above the middle height, with rather large features, keen black eyes, and great personal strength. Yet to such a man, poor little wan-faced, big-eyed Connie assumed imperious airs, mostly, but perhaps not entirely, for the fun of it; while he looked only enchanted every time she honored him with a little tyranny.

"There! I'm tired," she would say, holding out her arms like a baby. "Carry me in."

And the great strong man would stoop with a worshipping look in his eyes, and, taking her carefully, would carry her in as lightly and gently and steadily as if she had been but the baby whose manners she had for the moment assumed. This began, of course, when she was unable to walk; but it did not stop then, for she would occasionally tell him to carry her after she was quite capable of crawling at least. They had now been engaged for some months; and before me, as a newly-married woman, they did not mind talking a little.

One day she was lying on a rug on the lawn, with him on the grass beside her, leaning on his elbow, and

looking down into her sky-like eyes. She lifted her hand, and stroked his mustache with a forefinger, while he kept as still as a statue, or one who fears to scare the bird that is picking up the crumbs at his feet.

"Poor, poor man!" she said; and from the tone I knew the tears had begun to gather in those eyes.

"Why do you pity me, Connie?" he asked.

"Because you will have such a wretched little creature for a wife some day, — or perhaps never, — which would be best after all."

He answered cheerily.

"If you will kindly allow me my choice, I prefer just *such* a wretched little creature to any one else in the world."

"And why, pray? Give a good reason, and I will forgive your bad taste."

"Because she won't be able to hurt me much when she beats me."

"A better reason, or she will."

"Because I can punish her if she isn't good by taking her up in my arms, and carrying her about until she gives in."

"A better reason, or I shall be naughty directly."

"Because I shall always know where to find her."

"Ah, yes! she must leave *you* to find *her*. But that's a silly reason. If you don't give me a better, I'll get up and walk into the house."

"Because there won't be any waste of me. Will that do?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, with mock imperiousness.

"I mean that I shall be able to lay not only my heart but my brute strength at her feet. I shall be allowed to be her beast of burden, to carry her whither she would; and so with my body her to worship more

than most husbands have a chance of worshipping their wives."

"There! take me, take me!" she said, stretching up her arms to him. "How good you are! I don't deserve such a great man one bit. But I *will* love him. Take me directly; for there's Wynnie listening to every word we say to each other, and laughing at us. She can laugh without looking like it."

The fact is, I was crying, and the creature knew it. Turner brought her to me, and held her down for me to kiss; then carried her in to her mother.

I believe the county people round considered our family far gone on the inclined plane of degeneracy. First my mother, the heiress, had married a clergyman of no high family; then they had given their eldest daughter to a poor artist, something of the same standing as — well, I will be rude to no order of humanity, and therefore avoid comparisons; and now it was generally known that Connie was engaged to a country practitioner, a man who made up his own prescriptions. We talked and laughed over certain remarks of the kind that reached us, and compared our two with the gentlemen about us, — in no way to the advantage of any of the latter, you may be sure. It was silly work; but we were only two loving girls, with the best possible reasons for being proud of the men who had honored us with their love.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONNIE'S BABY.

IT is time I told my readers something about the little Theodora. She was now nearly four years old I think, — a dark-skinned, lithe-limbed, wild little creature, very pretty, — at least

most people said so, while others insisted that she had a common look. I admit she was not like a lady's child — only one has seen ladies' children look common enough; neither did she look like the child of working people — though amongst such, again, one sees sometimes a child the oldest family in England might be proud of. The fact is, she had a certain tinge of the savage about her, specially manifest in a certain furtive look of her black eyes, with which she seemed now and then to be measuring you, and her prospects in relation to you. I have seen the child of cultivated parents sit and stare at a stranger from her stool in the most persistent manner, never withdrawing her eyes, as if she would pierce to his soul, and understand by very force of insight whether he was or was not one to be honored with her confidence; and I have often seen the side-long glance of sly merriment, or loving shyness, or small coquetry; but I have never, in any other child, seen *that* look of self-protective speculation; and it used to make me uneasy, for of course, like every one else in the house, I loved the child. She was a wayward, often unmanageable creature, but affectionate, — sometimes after an insane, or, at least, very ape-like fashion. Every now and then she would take an unaccountable preference for some one of the family or household, at one time for the old housekeeper, at another for the stable-boy, at another for one of us; in which fits of partiality she would always turn a blind and deaf side upon every one else, actually seeming to imagine she showed the strength of her love to the one by the paraded exclusion of the others. I cannot tell how much of this was natural to her, and how much the result

of the foolish and injurious jealousy of the servants. I say *servants*, because I know such an influencing was all but impossible in the family itself. If my father heard any one utter such a phrase as "Don't you love me best?" — or, "better than" such a one? or, "Ain't I your favorite?" — well, you all know my father, and know him really, for he never wrote a word he did not believe — but you would have been astonished, I venture to think, and perhaps at first bewildered as well, by the look of indignation flashed from his eyes. He was not the gentle, all-excusing man some readers, I know, fancy him from his writings. He was gentle even to tenderness when he had time to think a moment, and in any quiet judgment he always took as much the side of the offender as was possible with any likelihood of justice; but in the first moments of contact with what he thought bad in principle, and that in the smallest trifle, he would speak words that made even those who were not included in the condemnation tremble with sympathetic fear. "There, Harry, you take it — quick, or Charley will have it," said the nurse one day, little thinking who overheard her. "Woman!" cried a voice of wrath from the corridor, "do you know what you are doing? Would you make him twofold more the child of hell than yourself?" An hour after, she was sent for to the study; and when she came out her eyes were very red. My father was unusually silent at dinner; and, after the younger ones were gone, he turned to my mother, and said, "Ethel, I spoke the truth. All *that* is of the Devil, — horribly bad; and yet I am more to blame in my condemnation of them than she for the words themselves. The thought of so polluting the mind of a child

makes me fierce, and the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God. The old Adam is only too glad to get a word in, if even in behalf of his supplanting successor." Then he rose, and, taking my mother by the arm, walked away with her. I confess I honored him for his self-condemnation the most. I must add that the offending nurse had been ten years in the family, and ought to have known better.

But to return to Theodora. She was subject to attacks of the most furious passion, especially when any thing occurred to thwart the indulgence of the ephemeral partiality I have just described. Then, wherever she was, she would throw herself down at once, — on the floor, on the walk or lawn, or, as happened on one occasion, in the water, — and kick and scream. At such times she cared nothing even for my father, of whom generally she stood in considerable awe, — a feeling he rather encouraged. "She has plenty of people about her to represent the gospel," he said once. "I will keep the department of the law, without which she will never appreciate the gospel. My part will, I trust, vanish in due time, and the law turn out to have been, after all, only the imperfect gospel, just as the leaf is the imperfect flower. But the gospel is no gospel till it gets into the heart, and it sometimes wants a torpedo to blow the gates of that open." For no torpedo or Krupp gun, however, did Theodora care at such times; and, after repeated experience of the inefficacy of coaxing, my father gave orders, that, when a fit occurred, every one, without exception, should not merely leave her alone, but go out of sight, and if possible out of hearing, — at least out of her hearing — that she might know she had driven her friends

far from her, and be brought to a sense of loneliness and need. I am pretty sure that if she had been one of us, that is, one of his own, he would have taken sharper measures with her; but he said we must never attempt to treat other people's children as our own, for they are not our own. We did not love them enough, he said, to make severity safe either for them or for us.

The plan worked so far well, that, after a time varied in length according to causes inscrutable, she would always re-appear smiling; but, as to any conscience of wrong, she seemed to have no more than Nature herself, who looks out with *her* smiling face after hours of thunder, lightning, and rain; and, although this treatment brought her out of them sooner, the fits themselves came quite as frequently as before.

But she had another habit, more alarming, and more troublesome as well: she would not unfrequently vanish, and have to be long sought, for in such case she never re-appeared of herself. What made it so alarming was that there were dangerous places about our house; but she would generally be found seated, perfectly quiet, in some out-of-the-way nook where she had never been before, playing, not with any of her toys, but with something she had picked up and appropriated, finding in it some shadowy amusement which no one understood but herself.

She was very fond of bright colors, especially in dress; and, if she found a brilliant or gorgeous fragment of any substance, would be sure to hide it away in some hole or corner, perhaps known only to herself. Her love of approbation was strong, and her affection demonstrative; but she had not yet learned to speak the

truth. In a word, she must, we thought, have come of wild parentage, so many of her ways were like those of a forest animal.

In our design of training her for a maid to Connie, we seemed already likely enough to be frustrated; at all events, there was nothing to encourage the attempt, seeing she had some sort of aversion to Connie, amounting almost to dread. We could rarely persuade her to go near her. Perhaps it was a dislike to her helplessness, — some vague impression that her lying all day on the sofa indicated an unnatural condition of being, with which she could have no sympathy. Those of us who had the highest spirits, the greatest exuberance of animal life, were evidently those whose society was most attractive to her. Connie tried all she could to conquer her dislike, and entice the wayward thing to her heart; but nothing would do. Sometimes she would seem to soften for a moment; but all at once, with a wriggle and a backward spasm in the arms of the person who carried her, she would manifest such a fresh access of repulsion, that, for fear of an outburst of fierce and obnoxious wailing which might upset poor Connie altogether, she would be borne off hurriedly, — sometimes, I confess, rather ungently as well. I have seen Connie cry because of the child's treatment of her.

You could not interest her so much in any story, but that if the buzzing of a fly, the flutter of a bird, reached eye or ear, away she would dart on the instant, leaving the discomfited narrator in lonely disgrace. External nature, and almost nothing else, had free access to her mind: at the suddenest sight or sound, she was alive on the instant. She was a most amusing and sometimes almost be-

witching little companion; but the delight in her would be not unfrequently quenched by some altogether unforeseen outbreak of heartless petulance or turbulent rebellion. Indeed, her resistance to authority grew as she grew older, and occasioned my father and mother, and indeed all of us, no little anxiety. Even Charley and Harry would stand with open mouths, contemplating aghast the unheard-of atrocity of resistance to the will of the unquestioned authorities. It was what they could not understand, being to them an impossibility. Such resistance was almost always accompanied by storm and tempest; and the treatment which carried away the latter, generally carried away the former with it; after the passion had come and gone, she would obey. Had it been otherwise, — had she been sullen and obstinate as well, — I do not know what would have come of it, or how we could have got on at all. Miss Bowdler, I am afraid, would have had a very satisfactory crow over papa. I have seen him sit for minutes in silent contemplation of the little puzzle, trying, no doubt, to fit her into his theories, or, as my mother said, to find her a three-legged stool and a corner somewhere in the kingdom of heaven; and we were certain something or other would come out of that pondering, though whether the same night or a twelve-month after, no one could tell. I believe the main result of his thinking was, that he did less and less with her.

"Why do you take so little notice of the child?" my mother said to him one evening. "It is all your doing that she is here, you know. You mustn't cast her off now."

"Cast her off!" exclaimed my father: "what *do* you mean, Ethel?"

"You never speak to her now."

"Oh, yes I do, sometimes!"

"Why only sometimes?"

"Because — I believe because I am a little afraid of her. I don't know how to attack the small enemy. She seems to be bomb-proof, and generally impregnable."

"But you mustn't therefore make her afraid of you."

"I don't know that. I suspect it is my only chance with her. She wants a little of Mount Sinai, in order that she may know where the manna comes from. But indeed I am laying myself out only to catch the little soul. I am but watching and pondering how to reach her. I am biding my time to come in with my small stone for the building up of this temple of the Holy Ghost."

At that very moment — in the last fold of the twilight, with the moon rising above the wooded brow of Gorman Slope — the nurse came through the darkening air, her figure hardly distinguishable from the dusk, saying, —

"Please, ma'am, have you seen Miss Theodora?"

"I don't want you to call her *Miss*," said my father.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the nurse; "I forgot."

"I have not seen her for an hour or more," said my mother.

"I declare," said my father, "I'll get a retriever pup, and train him to find Theodora. He will be capable in a few months, and she will be foolish for years."

Upon this occasion the truant was found in the apple-loft, sitting in a corner upon a heap of straw, quite in the dark. She was discovered only by the munching of her little teeth; for she had found some wizened ap-

ples, and was busy devouring them.

But my father actually did what he had said: a favorite spaniel had pups a few days after, and he took one of them in hand. In an incredibly short space of time, the long-drawn nose of Wagtail, as the children had named him, in which, doubtless, was gathered the experience of many thoughtful generations, had learned to track Theodora to whatever retreat she might have chosen; and very amusing it was to watch the course of the proceedings. Some one would come running to my father with the news that Theo was in hiding. Then my father would give a peculiar whistle, and Wagtail, who (I must say *who*) very seldom failed to respond, would come bounding to his side. It was necessary that my father should *lay him on* (is that the phrase?); for he would heed no directions from any one else. It was not necessary to follow him, however, which would have involved a tortuous and fatiguing pursuit; but in a little while a joyous barking would be heard, always kept up until the ready pursuers were guided by the sound to the place. There Theo was certain to be found, hugging the animal, without the least notion of the traitorous character of his blandishments: it was long before she began to discover that there was danger in that dog's nose. Thus Wagtail became a very important member of the family, — a bond of union, in fact, between its parts. Theo's disappearances, however, became less and less frequent, — not that she made fewer attempts to abscond, but that, every one knowing how likely she was to vanish, whoever she was with had come to feel the necessity of keeping both eyes upon her.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FOUNDLING RE-FOUND.

ONE evening, during this my first visit to my home, we had gone to take tea with the widow of an old servant, who lived in a cottage on the outskirts of the home farm, — Connie and I in the pony carriage, and my father and mother on foot. It was quite dark when we returned, for the moon was late. Connie and I got home first, though we had a good round to make, and the path across the fields was but a third of the distance; for my father and mother were lovers, and sure to be late when left out by themselves. When we arrived, there was no one to take the pony; and when I rung the bell, no one answered. I could not leave Connie in the carriage to go and look; so we waited and waited till we were getting very tired, and glad indeed we were to hear the voices of my father and mother as they came through the shrubbery. My mother went to the rear to make inquiry, and came back with the news that Theo was missing, and that they had been searching for her in vain for nearly an hour. My father instantly called Wagtail, and sent him after her. We then got Connie in, and laid her on the sofa, where I kept her company while the rest went in different directions, listening from what quarter would come the welcome voice of the dog. This was so long delayed, however, that my father began to get alarmed. At last he whistled very loud; and in a little while Wagtail came creeping to his feet, with his tail between his legs, — no wag left in it, — clearly ashamed of himself. My father was now thoroughly frightened, and began questioning the household as to the latest

knowledge of the child. It then occurred to one of the servants to mention that a strange-looking woman had been seen about the place in the morning, — a tall, dark woman, with a gypsy look. She had come begging; but my father's orders were so strict concerning such cases, that nothing had been given her, and she had gone away in anger. As soon as he heard this, my father ordered his horse, and told two of the men to get ready to accompany him. In the mean time, he came to us in the little drawing-room, trying to look calm, but evidently in much perturbation. He said he had little doubt the woman had taken her.

"Could it be her mother?" said my mother.

"Who can tell?" returned my father. "It is the less likely that the deed seems to have been prompted by revenge."

"If she be a gypsy's child," — said my mother.

"The gypsies," interrupted my father, "have always been more given to taking other people's children than forsaking their own. But one of them might have had reason for being ashamed of her child, and, dreading the severity of her family, might have abandoned it, with the intention of repossessing herself of it, and passing it off as the child of gentlefolks she had picked up. I don't know their habits and ways sufficiently; but, from what I have heard, that seems possible. However, it is not so easy as it might have been once to succeed in such an attempt. If we should fail in finding her to-night, the police all over the country can be apprised of the fact in a few hours, and the thief can hardly escape.

"But if she *should* be the mother?" suggested my mother.

"She will have to *prove* that."

"And then?"

"What then?" returned my father, and began pacing up and down the room, stopping now and then to listen for the horses' hoofs.

"Would you give her up?" persisted my mother.

Still my father made no reply. He was evidently much agitated, — more, I fancied, by my mother's question than by the present trouble. He left the room, and presently his whistle for Wagtail pierced the still air. A moment more, and we heard them all ride out of the paved yard. I had never known him leave my mother without an answer before.

We who were left behind were in evil plight. There was not a dry eye amongst the women, I am certain; while Harry was in floods of tears, and Charley was howling. We could not send them to bed in such a state; so we kept them with us in the drawing-room, where they soon fell fast asleep, one in an easy-chair, the other on a sheepskin mat. Connielay quite still, and my mother talked so sweetly and gently that she soon made me quiet too. But I was haunted with the idea somehow, — I think I must have been wandering a little, for I was not well, — that it was a child of my own that was lost out in the dark night, and that I could not anyhow reach her. I cannot explain the odd kind of feeling it was, — as if a dream had wandered out of the region of sleep, and half-possessed my waking brain. Every now and then my mother's voice would bring me back to my senses, and I would understand it all perfectly; but in a few moments I would be involved once more in a mazy search after my child. Perhaps, however, as it was by that time late, sleep had, if such a thing be pos-

sible, invaded a part of my brain, leaving another part able to receive the impressions of the external about me. I can recall some of the things my mother said, — one in particular.

"It is more absurd," she said, "to trust God by halves, than it is not to believe in him at all. Your papa taught me that before one of you was born."

When my mother said any thing in the way of teaching us, which was not often, she would generally add, "Your papa taught me that," as if she would take refuge from the assumption of teaching even her own girls. But we set a good deal of such assertion down to her modesty, and the evidently inextricable blending of the thought of my father with every movement of her mental life.

"I remember quite well," she went on, "how he made that truth dawn upon me one night as we sat together beside the old mill. Ah, you don't remember the old mill! it was pulled down while Wynnie was a mere baby.

"No, mamma; I remember it perfectly," I said.

"Do you really? — Well, we were sitting beside the mill one Sunday evening after service; for we always had a walk before going home from church. You would hardly think it now; but after preaching he was then always depressed, and the more eloquently he had spoken, the more he felt as if he had made an utter failure. At first I thought it came only from fatigue, and wanted him to go home and rest; but he would say he liked Nature to come before supper, for Nature restored him by telling him that it was not of the slightest consequence if he had failed, whereas his supper only made him feel that he would do better next time. Well, that night,

you will easily believe he startled me when he said, after sitting for some time silent, 'Ethel, if that yellow-hammer were to drop down dead now, and God not care, God would not be God any longer.' Doubtless I showed myself something between puzzled and shocked, for he proceeded with some haste to explain to me how what he had said was true. 'Whatever belongs to God is essential to God,' he said. 'He is one pure, clean essence of being, to use our poor words to describe the indescribable. Nothing hangs about him that does not belong to him, — that he could part with and be nothing the worse. Still less is there any thing he could part with and be the worse. Whatever belongs to him is of his own kind, is part of himself, so to speak. Therefore there is nothing indifferent to his character to be found in him; and therefore when our Lord says not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father, that, being a fact with regard to God, must be an essential fact, — one, namely, without which he could be no God.' I understood him, I thought; but many a time since, when a fresh light has broken in upon me, I have thought I understood him then only for the first time. I told him so once; and he said he thought that would be the way forever with all truth, — we should never get to the bottom of any truth, because it was a vital portion of the all of truth, which is God."

I had never heard so much philosophy from my mother before. I believe she was led into it by her fear of the effect our anxiety about the child might have upon us: with what had quieted her heart in the old time she sought now to quiet ours, helping us to trust in the great love that never ceases to watch. And she did make us quiet. But the time glided

so slowly past that it seemed immovable.

When twelve struck, we heard in the stillness every clock in the house, and it seemed as if they would never have done. My mother left the room, and came back with three shawls, with which, having first laid Harry on the rug, she covered the boys and Dora, who also was by this time fast asleep, curled up at Connie's feet.

Still the time went on; and there was no sound of horses or any thing to break the silence, except the faint murmur which now and then the trees will make in the quietest night, as if they were dreaming, and talked in their sleep; for the motion does not seem to pass beyond them, but to swell up and die again in the heart of them. This and the occasional cry of an owl was all that broke the silent flow of the undivided moments, — glacier-like flowing none can tell how. We seldom spoke, and at length the house within seemed possessed by the silence from without; but we were all ear, — one hungry ear, whose famine was silence, — listening intently.

We were not so far from the high road, but that on a night like this the penetrating sound of a horse's hoofs might reach us. Hence, when my mother, who was keener of hearing than any of her daughters, at length started up, saying, "I hear them! They're coming!" the doubt remained whether it might not be the sound of some night-traveller hurrying along that high road that she had heard. But when *we* also heard the sound of horses, we knew they must belong to our company; for, except the riders were within the gates, their noises could not have come nearer to the house. My mother hurried down to the hall. I would have staid with Connie; but she begged me to go too,

and come back as soon as I knew the result; so I followed my mother. As I descended the stairs, notwithstanding my anxiety, I could not help seeing what a picture lay before me, for I had learned already to regard things from the picturesque point of view, — the dim light of the low-burning lamp on the forward-bent heads of the listening, anxious group of women, my mother at the open door with the housekeeper and her maid, and the men-servants visible through the door in the moonlight beyond.

The first news that reached me was my father's shout the moment he rounded the sweep that brought him in sight of the house.

"All right! Here she is!" he cried.

And, ere I could reach the stair to run up to Connie, Wagtail was jumping upon me and barking furiously. He rushed up before me with the scramble of twenty feet, licked Connie's face all over in spite of her efforts at self-defence, then rushed at Dora and the boys one after the other, and woke them all up. He was satisfied enough with himself now; his tail was doing the wagging of forty; there was no tucking of it away now, — no drooping of the head in mute confession of conscious worthlessness; he was a dog self-satisfied because his master was well pleased with him.

But here I am talking about the dog, and forgetting what was going on below.

My father cantered up to the door, followed by the two men. My mother hurried to meet him, and then only saw the little lost lamb asleep in his bosom. He gave her up, and my mother ran in with her; while he dismounted, and walked merrily but wearily up the stair after her. The first thing he did was to quiet the

dog; the next to sit down beside Connie; the third to say, "Thank God!" and the next, "God bless Wagtail!" My mother was already undressing the little darling, and her maid was gone to fetch her night things. Tumbled hither and thither, she did not wake, but was carried off stone-sleeping to her crib.

Then my father, — for whom some supper, of which he was in great need, had been brought, — as soon as he had had a glass of wine and a mouthful or two of cold chicken, began to tell us the whole story.

CHAPTER X.

WAGTAIL COMES TO HONOR.

As they rode out of the gate, one of the men, a trustworthy man, who cared for his horses like his children, and knew all their individualities as few men know those of their children, rode up alongside of my father, and told him that there was an encampment of gypsies on the moor about five miles away, just over Gorman Slope, remarking, that if the woman had taken the child, and belonged to them, she would certainly carry her thither. My father thought, in the absence of other indication, they ought to follow the suggestion, and told Burton to guide them to the place as rapidly as possible. After half an hour's sharp riding, they came in view of the camp, — or rather of a rising ground behind which it lay in the hollow. The other servant was an old man, who had been whipper-in to a baronet in the next county, and knew as much of the ways of wild animals as Burton did of those of his horses; it was his turn now to address my father, who had halted for a moment to think what ought to be done next.

"She can't well have got here before us, sir, with that child to carry. But it's wonderful what the likes of her can do. I think I had better have a peep over the brow first. She may be there already, or she may not; but, if we find out, we shall know better what to do."

"I'll go with you," said my father.

"No, sir; excuse me; that won't do. You can't creep like a serpent. I can. They'll never know I'm a stalking of them. No more you couldn't show fight if need was, you know, sir."

"How did you find that out, Sim?" asked my father, a little amused, notwithstanding the weight at his heart.

"Why, sir, they do say a clergyman mustn't show fight."

"Who told you that, Sim?" he persisted.

"Well, I can't say, sir. Only it wouldn't be respectable; would it, sir?"

"There's nothing respectable but what's right, Sim; and what's right always *is* respectable, though it mayn't *look* so one bit."

"Suppose you was to get a black eye, sir?"

"Did you ever hear of the martyrs, Sim?"

"Yes, sir. I've heerd you talk on 'em in the pulpit, sir."

"Well, they didn't get black eyes only, — they got black all over, you know, — burnt black; and what for, do you think, now?"

"Don't know, sir, except it was for doing right."

"That's just it. Was it any disgrace to them?"

"No, sure, sir."

"Well, if I were to get a black eye for the sake of the child, would that be any disgrace to me, Sim?"

"None that I knows on, sir. Only it'd *look* bad."

"Yes, no doubt. People might think I had got into a row at the Griffin. And yet I shouldn't be ashamed of it. I should count my black eye the more respectable of the two. I should also regard the evil judgment much as another black eye, and wait till they both came round again. Lead on, Sim."

They left their horses with Burton, and went toward the camp. But when they reached the slope behind which it lay, much to Sim's discomfiture, my father, instead of lying down at the foot of it, as he expected, and creeping up the side of it, after the doom of the serpent, walked right up over the brow, and straight into the camp, followed by Wagtail. There was nothing going on, — neither tinkering nor cooking; all seemed asleep; but presently out of two or three of the tents, the dingy squalor of which no moonshine could silver over, came three or four men, half undressed, who demanded of my father, in no gentle tones, what he wanted there.

"I'll tell you all about it," he answered. "I'm the parson of this parish, and therefore you're my own people, you see."

"We don't go to *your* church, parson," said one of them.

"I don't care; you're my own people, for all that, and I want your help."

"Well, what's the matter? Who's cow's dead?" said the same man.

"This evening," returned my father, "one of my children is missing; and a woman who might be one of your clan, — mind, I say *might be*; I don't know, and I mean no offence, — but such a woman was seen about the place. All I want is the child,

and if I don't find her, I shall have to raise the county. I should be very sorry to disturb you; but I am afraid, in that case, whether the woman be one of you or not, the place will be too hot for you. I'm no enemy to honest gypsies; but you know there is a set of tramps that call themselves gypsies, who are nothing of the sort, — only thieves. Tell me what I had better do to find my child. You know all about such things."

The men turned to each other, and began talking in undertones, and in a language of which what my father heard he could not understand. At length the spokesman of the party addressed him again.

"We'll give you our word, sir, if that will satisfy you," he said, more respectfully than he had spoken before, "to send the child home directly if any one should bring her to our camp. That's all we can say."

My father saw that his best chance lay in accepting the offer.

"Thank you," he said. "Perhaps I may have an opportunity of serving you some day."

They in their turn thanked him politely enough, and my father and Sim left the camp.

Upon this side the moor was skirted by a plantation which had been gradually creeping up the hill from the more sheltered hollow. It was here bordered by a deep trench, the bottom of which was full of young firs. Through the plantation there was a succession of green rides, by which the outskirts of my father's property could be reached. But, the moon being now up, my father resolved to cross the trench, and halt for a time, watching the moor from the shelter of the firs, on the chance of the woman's making her appearance; for,

if she belonged to the camp, she would most probably approach it from the plantation, and might be overtaken before she could cross the moor to reach it.

They had lain ensconced in the firs for about half an hour, when suddenly, without any warning, Wagtail rushed into the underwood and vanished. They listened with all their ears, and in a few moments heard his joyous bark, followed instantly however by a howl of pain; and, before they had got many yards in pursuit, he came cowering to my father's feet, who, patting his side, found it bleeding. He bound his handkerchief round him, and fastening the lash of Sim's whip to his collar that he might not go too fast for them, told him to find Theodora. Instantly he pulled away through the brushwood, giving a little yelp now and then as the stiff remnant of some broken twig or stem hurt his wounded side.

Before we reached the spot for which he was making, however, my father heard a rustling, nearer to the outskirts of the wood, and the same moment Wagtail turned and tugged fiercely in that direction. The figure of a woman rose up against the sky, and began to run for the open space beyond. Wagtail and my father pursued at speed, my father crying out, that, if she did not stop, he would loose the dog on her. She paid no heed, but ran on.

"Mount and head her, Sim. Mount, Burton. Ride over every thing," cried my father, as he slipped Wagtail, who shot through the underwood like a bird, just as she reached the trench, and in an instant had her by the gown. My father saw something gleam in the moonlight, and again a howl broke from Wagtail, who was evidently once more wounded. But

he held on. And now the horsemen having crossed the trench, were approaching her in front, and my father was hard upon her behind. She gave a peculiar cry, half a shriek, and half a howl, clasped the child to her bosom, and stood rooted like a tree, evidently in the hope that her friends, hearing her signal, would come to her rescue. But it was too late. My father rushed upon her the instant she cried out. The dog was holding her by the poor ragged skirt, and the horses were reined snorting on the bank above her. She heaved up the child over her head, but whether in appeal to Heaven, or about to dash her to the earth in the rage of frustration, she was not allowed time to show; for my father caught both her uplifted arms with his, so that she could not lower them, and Burton, having flung himself from his horse and come behind her, easily took Theodora from them, for from their position they were almost powerless. Then my father called off Wagtail; and the poor creature sunk down in the bottom of the trench amongst the young firs without a sound, and there lay. My father went up to her, but she only stared at him with big blank black eyes, and yet such a lost look on her young, handsome, yet gaunt face, as almost convinced him she was the mother of the child. But whatever might be her rights, she could not be allowed to recover possession, without those who had saved and tended the child having a word in the matter of her fate.

As he was thinking what he could say to her, Sim's voice reached his ear.

"They're coming over the brow, sir,—five or six from the camp. We'd better be off."

"The child is safe," he said, as he turned to leave her.

"From *me*," she rejoined, in a piti-ful tone; and this ambiguous utterance was all that fell from her.

My father mounted hurriedly, took the child from Burton, and rode away, followed by the two men and Wagtail. Through the green rides they galloped in the moonlight, and were soon beyond all danger of pursuit. When they slackened pace, my father instructed Sim to find out all he could about the gypsies,—if possible to learn their names and to what tribe or community they belonged. Sim promised to do what was in his power, but said he did not expect much success.

The children had listened to the story wide awake. Wagtail was lying at my father's feet, licking his wounds, which were not very serious, and had stopped bleeding.

"It is all your doing, Wagtail," said Harry, patting the dog.

"I think he deserves to be called *Mr. Wagtail*," said Charley.

And from that day he was no more called bare Wagtail, but *Mr. Wagtail*, much to the amusement of visitors, who, hearing the name gravely uttered, as it soon came to be, saw the owner of it approach on all fours, with a tireless pendulum in his rear.

TALK ABOUT THE TEA-TABLE.

VI.

GIANT INDIFFERENCE.

L. — How the rain drives against the glass! This warm January storm washes all the firmness out of human nature. I feel like a stranded jelly-fish, — a pulpy, flaccid mass without energy enough to flap.

D. — I rejoice in just such a storm as this upon club-night; it keeps away the ladies and the reformers.

L. — Are you sure of your fact, Mr. Minister? It seems to me that you are imitating the objectionable classes you mention, in generalizing from a very limited experience.

D. — Sir, I want no experience; it may be deduced from general principles. The ladies who wish to express themselves upon the subjects that are talked of here don't keep carriages. As for the reformers, they, of course, are all poor, and have to live in the suburbs, where the walking is something sloppy, and the sleet stops the horse-cars.

H. — Let me assist you to another principle. This soggy, spiritless atmosphere relaxes the vaguely-aspiring intellect that runs the reforming machine. "The conditions are unfavorable," as the necromancers say. For your reformer, after all, is but an indolent and luxurious fellow. I have often met him in dressing-gown and slippers, and found him very different from the indomptable knight that his platform utterances cheat simpletons into thinking him. Why can't the dictionary people give true definitions? e.g., *Reformer*: A shabby sentimentalist whom the world refuses to accept at his own valuation,

and who revenges himself with a *tu quoque*, or "You're another!"

C. — I should define him as a Yankee shrewd enough to recognize the fact that a talent for oburgation is a very pretty property. He is a sort of sham Timon, who falls to cursing everybody most melodiously, and digs up a pot of gold for his trouble.

S. — What a play Timon is! Your Harolds and Werthers could be cut out of a corner of it, and never missed. I dare not read it too often; for I cannot shake off its influence, — I feel it creeping about my veins for a week. In some respects it gives me a higher idea of Shakspeare's genius than any thing he wrote. Fancy that prosperous Stratford citizen, on the pleasantest terms with the world's business, turning aside to let such a hurricane sweep through him. What a privilege it is to influence men nobly through the imagination! Beside such power, how contemptible seem our facilities of writing and talking, which irritate the passions to unrest but not to action, and trade in luxurious appliances to smother the higher nature of man! I declare I can't see how any one who has been lifted out of the body by a great poet or romancer can dare to be a small one.

D. — I don't know about that. Our friend B — is not a genius; yet as I was coming here, this very evening, I found myself wishing that I had his gift at story-writing.

S. — Why, what would you do with it?

D. — Oh, I think I should go a pilgrimage!

S. — By express-train?

D. — No; I would re-dream a chapter or two of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

S. — Has not Hawthorne exhausted such possibilities in his "Celestial Railroad"?

D. — I think not. That immortal vision ought to be dreamed over every ten years, if we could find the right sort of a dreamer to attend to it. You remember when Hawthorne whisks past the cave where, in Bunyan's time, old Giant Pope, crazy and stiff in his joints, sat biting his nails because he could not come at pilgrims. Well, our American seer mentions that that terrible old troglodyte had passed away, but that another frightful monster, Giant Transcendentalist by name, was doing business at the old stand.

H. — A dreamer of to-day would be more cautious in asserting the death of Pope, but might accommodate him with a new cry to shout after pilgrims. "*You will never mend till you be burned,*" might be changed into "*You will come to grief unless you take me for a schoolmaster.*"

D. — No; I don't think I should be disposed to question Hawthorne's statement. It seems to me that Giant Pope is really dead, whatever appearances there may be to the contrary. Nay, were I travelling through dreamland, I might mention that his successor, Giant Transcendentalist, having been brought very low by his diet of sawdust and moonshine, had, in his turn, succumbed to destiny, and had gone to the place appointed for bad giants. Then, — let me see, — I should observe that the ground before the mouth of the cave, that used to be a nuisance by reason of the blood, bones, ashes, and mangled bodies of men that lay about, had been so thoroughly drained and sprinkled

with such choice disinfectants that the assessors' books showed its present valuation to be equal to that of the choicest city lots. The cave too, so the report might run, having been finely carpeted and upholstered, had been placed in the hands of a popular real-estate broker, who soon leased it to a very genteel person (a trifle above the average stature, it must be confessed), who was acknowledged to be a charming addition to the best society. And it was most gratifying to discover that this social ornament was no *parvenu*, but had, as one may say, an hereditary right in his spacious dwelling; for no sooner had the Genealogical Society given serious attention to the matter than he was discovered to be a descendant in direct line from the senior partner in Bunyan's respectable old firm, Pagan & Pope. His front door, on which No. 1 was so distinctly cut out that the blindest postman could not mistake it, bore a highly polished plate with the inscription, "*Giant Indifference.*"

There, — now let some one take up the story, and give us a descriptive paragraph!

H. — Oh, get your breath and go on. It is evident that you have been painting it all somewhere, and any new portrayer would be sure to shift the perspective.

D. — Why, I believe I did employ the idea as a sort of fanciful opiate to dull the throbs of horse-car agony that delivered me here to-night! But then, it may have lifted me a foot or two above that six-cents' worth of dank stifling vapor without being able to maintain vitality in this purer air. The matter, however, as I conceived it, Bunyanized itself thus: —

And behold I saw in my dream, that this Giant Indifference gave no grievous buffets such as pilgrims had once

met on this spot, but came out to meet wayfarers with great show of hospitality, and would entice them into his cave. And as he made no open scoff of the Lord of that country whither they were going, as his kinsman old Pagan had wont to do, I saw that many were persuaded, and went in with him. And so, after that they had daintily feasted, and drunk much wine, there appeared divers carnal professors, who read them strange matter of physics, chemics, dialectics, and the like. Then came certain dancing-girls, whose names were Protoplasm, Mythical Interpretation, and Smattering of Science; and these did so leap and gyrate before the pilgrims that presently their heads swam. And so Giant Indifference thrust them out of his cave with their faces turned towards the City of Destruction. And while they hastened back, I heard one say to the other, "Behold, we have been well cured of our lunacy of going a pilgrimage!" Then straightway they forgot their own names which the Lord had given them. And one began to call himself Galvanic Battery, and another would have it that the parish clerk had writ no Christian name against the date of his baptism, but only Oxidizing Machine. So they cast off the burthens which they carried, and hurried back to their former habitations, and I saw them no more.

E. — I suspect that your giant is more of a myth than any of his fellows. People are not *indifferent*, but are interested in all sorts of good things. Look at social science, how it has extended the region of duty and enlarged our moral convictions! How our legal code has improved! And as for our code of ethics, why, it has soared almost out of sight in its moral elevation!

D. — It may be, that, by as much as we have elevated the ideal of virtue, we have decreased the love of it. In theory, life in the New Jerusalem may be more perfect than ever before; but it certainly seems more troublesome to get there while the railroads are running palace-cars to Newport and Saratoga. If virtue has gone up, has not moral enthusiasm gone down in proportion?

H. — What *D* — says is not quite true; but there is enough truth in it to be very disagreeable. We cannot escape the perplexities of our time of spiritual transition. The words that are in the air leave a paralyzing effect, when imperfectly heard and half understood. The dust of systems and of creeds chokes off many poor pilgrims, who cry out *Laissez faire*, and turn to money-getting. I suppose there is no man, — except, of course, our friend *F* —, who is writing so hard at the other end of the table, — there is no man, I say, who, on a moist, enervating evening like this, does not envy some bigoted ancestor the faith that braced him up as tight as a drum, ready to beat a cheerful march to the stake whenever the command should be given.

D. — That was because society took for granted certain fundamental postulates. We may say we have ours; but we are always digging them up, as children do their garden-seeds, to see if they have not sprouted into something else.

C. — Yes; but, in the good time coming, we shall stop this, and be as true to our scientific beliefs as our forefathers were to their theological ones. In the mean time, what may be called the modern faith has its heroes and martyrs, no less than the ancient.

E. — Certainly; and the heroism it calls for is higher, though not so pic-

turesque. Your hero of to-day is one from the very fact that he declines to be a hero, but accepts his humble place as link in the chain of organic beings connecting the past with the future.

F. — [*Looking up from his writing.*] Good doctrine! That was just what I told the college-boys, in my Phi Beta address, a year ago. I tried to make them realize something of the infinite diversity of effort demanded to advance mankind, as to-day we are privileged to see its requirements. I told them that the educated American — that is, the man of high moral training, who is by instinct a student — must do his work in the ranks, and content himself with being a power instead of making a name.

E. — Then you were not at that champagne supper, where some snob told Mr. Thomas Hughes that the educated American takes no interest in politics.

F. — It would be truer to say that he has interest in nothing else. All that can be said is, that he is not popularly known as a politician. His work is the education of public opinion. He is continually lifting the "man inside politics" to a higher degree of accountability. Why, to-day your educated American is so supremely interested in politics, that he is patiently collecting statistics and writing anonymous leaders in journals, which, a year or two hence, the politician will discover it to be for his interest to commit to memory, and spout from the stump or in Congress! But don't make me talk; for I have writing here that must be done. As for your Giant Indifference, he is a Mrs. Harris of your own creation.

H. — D—— shall not be put down in that way. It is perfectly true that the fine gentleman of to-day feels the

fetters of his organization. He has a dismal consciousness of floating upon a current too strong to be resisted. He has been told that his character is moulded, and his career determined for him, by the constitution he brings into the world. His vital phenomena turn out to be only physical and chemical ones. Who has not moments of feeling that he is a "force-impelled machine," particularly on such a night as this, when the muggy air refuses to lend force enough to run it to much advantage?

Z. — What a subject for a tragedy! The fatality of an imperfect organization. Why, the old Greek Fate was nothing to it!

F. — I stop just to say this. Grant that the individual is the inevitable consequence of his antecedents in the past. Then take care that you do not commit the meanest kind of theft by robbing your children of their birth-right. They have a right to begin the world with some improvement on their parents. We are bound to store up power, and make character which will become the inborn faculty of another generation.

C. — What logic! It is really weak enough for the pulpit. Attend to one thing at a time. Go on with your writing.

D. — Let me tell you, sir, the true glory of the pulpit. It is to-day the only intellectual power that can tell the truth at the expense of logic. A thoughtful man may stand up in it, without that morbid desire to give both sides a fair hearing which enervates modern society. It is pledged to give the Devil's side no hearing at all. Now, all the intellectual power that is not in the Church — and, of course, there is a good deal outside of it — is bound to manifest itself in one of two ways. The first finds its repre-

sentative in Goethe, the typical cultivated man of this century. Oh, I have nothing to say against *him*! On the contrary, imagine that I bow my head in mentioning that august name, and discharge the usual salute of double-headed adjectives; many-sided, nobly-poised, broadly-based, and the rest of them. He, we are told, saw things fully, and in their just relations; argal, his easy political indifference, his unmentionable domestic relations, his elegant theatrical amusements, and aristocratic ducal companionships.

Several interrupting. — But stop! you —

D. — Hear me out. I know what you have to say about broad views of life and noble self-development. And so I grant your paragon to have been whole as the marble, founded as the rock. He was always engaged when Giant Indifference called. But he sent him down a letter of introduction to many of the weaker brethren.

C. — I suppose there are plenty of young fellows who like to go into Auerbach's cellar in good company, but never come out of it to write a Faust. Well, what is your other manifestation of the unconsecrated intellect?

D. — It is found in a chronic cerebral irritation, which mistakes a craving after excitement for a love of truth, and takes some crazy theory of morals or society as a dram or an opiate.

S. — It is just as well for you that the reformers *do* live out of town. They would tell you that the pulpit shuffles feebly along after their "advanced thought," and retains a measure of vitality only because a few able men stay in it who are willing to preach what they do not profoundly believe.

D. — Then they would say something quite on a par with the usual shallowness of their conversation. There are mean ways of stating the truism that no phrase can carry to another just the thought that we put into it. I am not willing to be judged by the interpretation you may put upon a creed that I can repeat with my whole being. It may misrepresent me, as may any other form of language; yet not to use it would misrepresent me still more. Why, even in sociology, while the professional agitator makes a jump at a truth, and half the time misses it and lies sprawling, the clergy are advancing upon it with a strong, graduated tread.

H. — Has the President no word to add to this wet-weather talk?

President. — The opportunities of the clergy, as I see them, are greater to-day than ever before. Indeed, I may say, that, ever since my fiftieth birthday, I have regretted that I was not bred to the ministry. But when I came out of college, the temptations to what my poor father called "a practical life" — meaning thereby a life just above the city-sewer that emptied in front of his store on India Wharf — were too strong to be resisted. I could never have repeated the Puritan creed like my good friend D——, but should have striven to make my church so broad, and yet so faithful, that he and his objectionable reformers might kneel together upon its pavement. Well, I have managed to make a little money, and have bought a few books, and — and — ah! it is a depressing evening, as you all have said.

H. — Our modern society wants men of enthusiasm as well as men of breadth. Of course, the ideal citizen will manage to combine the two excellences.

President. — I have met only three persons who seemed to me to do this, and two of these were clergymen. The power of the human intellect, and the power of wealth, have immensely increased. The question of the day is, how shall the power of morality increase in due proportion? Comte saw this, and maintained the necessity of an organized spiritual force. What has been said about Giant Indifference is true enough, and well put. I feel certain that he owns the best broad-isle pew in D——'s meeting-house. We try to escape from him through *emotion*. Fashion gets it in the shape of novels to soothe people. Business takes it in mammoth monied schemes to drive them. What is wanted is a faith to lift them up.

E. — Speaking of emotions, let me say that science is bound in common fairness to offer us a few new ones, since it recklessly destroys the old. A few years ago Shakspeare could flash us off at lightning-speed with his "wings as swift as meditation or the thoughts of love." But Professor Helmholtz devises an exquisite experiment to measure the rate at which the thoughts of love do in fact run from the brain along the nerves, and discovers that they cannot make as good time as an express train or a North River ice-boat.

D. — Still, they go fast enough for pleasure travelling.

C. — I am sure we have been glad to hear D—— talk to-night, without any reformers to worry him. It is pleasant, too, to find that the president thinks so well of ministers. His father's views about that wharf-property were, however, probably correct. There was a bright saying of Theodore Parker's, quoted at our bar-dinner yesterday, that must have kept him out of the pulpit.

H. — What was that?

C. — Why, Mr. Parker observed that in an average college class the smartest men were lawyers, those of a more moderate ability were doctors, while the most stupid of all became clergymen. I suppose D—— will hardly accept that generalization!

D. — Why, sir, I will accept it with all my heart, and in return will offer you one of my own which is still better, and may do to amuse the company at your next dinner. You see I have been on college examining-committees all my life, and really know something about the matter. Take an average college class, and you will find that youths of the purest life and largest conscience invariably become clergymen. Those of somewhat less conscience-power do very well as doctors. While those who have no conscience at all, — it is painful to inquire too particularly what becomes of them.

F. — There, — that'll do! Now stop talking. You distract my attention, and say nothing to the purpose.

S. — Well, F—— is cool enough to sink the mercury to zero at once. He comes to our club-tea, and, while we are talking in our very best style for his improvement, calls for paper and ink, and goes to writing letters. And now, to crown his impertinence, he proposes that the conversation should stop, in order that he may be quite undisturbed.

F. — Oh! I shouldn't have objected if you had talked common sense. But I can't bear your psychological autopsies. No man can take himself to pieces, and go to lecturing on the parts. There comes of it only a thin wail of doubtings and wonderings. All sane people know that their characters are not formed for them either

by the manipulations of ancestors in the past, or of popular preachers in the present. We must go to work and form them ourselves, and do it after some heroic type.

President. — F—— is a good man, but obtuse. He has no sense of this dull weather, which typifies those periods of doubt and despair through which common folk pass from faith to faith. He has never heard that witches hover through the fog and filthy air of a January thaw.

F. — Nonsense. I like cold, clear starlight as well as anybody, and admit that the state of the atmosphere may prevent the reception of the best spiritual influences. But what of that? When the air is too heavy to fly in, we must make what progress we can by creeping. One can take a narcotic of drudgery at any time. Come, let me administer a dose all round, and see if you don't feel the better for it.

C. — My doctor says that narcotics injure the vital principle.

F. — Let me make it a decoction of simples then, — *Similia similibus*, you know.

President. — Seriously, what do you propose?

F. — First to apologize. I have just come from the Liberal Christian Convention in New York, and hurried here from the dépôt to write some thirty letters that must go to the post-office to-night. Let my necessities excuse the liberty. My hearing before the committee of the legislature has been fixed for to-morrow; and here is a list of influential persons who must be notified, and persuaded to give the matter some attention. Unfortunately, I live out of town, — though not in the character of reformer; and I knew that the storm would make a vacancy at this

table, where I might have ink and paper, and trouble no one.

President. — What are you to be heard about?

F. — I thought every one knew that, — the importance of introducing industrial education as a part of our school-system. We want it to promote independence and self-reliance, and to raise production by handicraft to its true place of honor. Our bookish system is partial; we can never get the best results in manliness and character out of it. Why, the prison statistics of last year showed seventy per cent of our criminals to be unskilled in any manual labor. Then, too, when we consider — but I have no time to go into the argument here. Come to the State House, all of you, to-morrow afternoon.

D. — I, for one, will certainly be there, and should be glad to say something if your arrangements permit. I have long been satisfied that the smattering of ornamental scholarship picked up in our schools is a most unpractical education for the average boy and girl. Much that is taught is absolutely useless, and much more relatively useless compared with what might be taught. But just now F—— wants help in his writing, and I propose we offer our services.

F. — Thank you. You spare my modesty. I do wish to get on faster. Single-handed, I have not the time to say what I wish. Let me read you a letter I have just written as a specimen of the sort of statement I want to make.

There, can I get the substance of that epistle repeated some twenty-five times before eleven o'clock? Come, if you will help me, I can sign and mail all the invitations, stir up the necessary editors and reporters, and

return to my family by the late train.

President. — Does any one object? If not, — it is so ordered. Waiter! pens and paper for all.

[*Two hours elapse.*]

Half-past ten, and done at last! How is the weather?

H. — [*Raising the window.*] Wind from the north, and starlight.

President. — I have been elaborating some of F——'s arguments, and really feel great interest in the subject.

C. — I know that I have strengthened one of his positions, and shall meet him at the State House to-morrow with some school statistics that may be of use.

President. — As for Giant Indifference, I begin to be as sceptical about him as was Mrs. Prig at a famous tea-table talk concerning a certain lady who was so vivid to her friend. What say you, D——?

D. — [*Finishing his writing.*] Well, on the whole, "*I don't believe there's no sich a person!*"

FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

BY CHARLES H. BRIGHAM.

ONE of the sentences of that ancient document, called most erroneously the "Apostles' Creed," tells of the "forgiveness of sins." After the worshipper has uttered his faith in the being of God, in the sonship of Christ, in the holy Catholic Church, and in the communion of saints, he goes on to say, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins." Some articles of this simple creed have been discarded from the use of Protestant sects. There are many pious believers who hold to the orthodox scheme, yet refuse to say that Christ descended into hell, or that there will be resurrection of the body. Possibly the exigencies of science may by and by exclude from the creed the literal statement that sins are forgiven; but that necessity has not yet appeared. The liberal sects, equally with the strict sects, keep the ancient prayer of the Roman Church. Indeed, hardly any prayer, whether for temporal or spiritual blessings, quite avoids this petition of pardon for transgression. The humble conscience asks this of its

Guide and its Father, quite as much as fear and guilt cry out for it in their agony. Before it became an article of the creed, it had been enjoined and explained in the form of prayer which Jesus gave to his followers; and it expressed in that only the natural impulse and longing of the human soul. If there be any thing which the earnest soul asks naturally of the Lord, it is the boon of forgiveness. The request may mean more or less, as reason or superstition urges it, but it comes from an instinct of the soul.

Now, what is this forgiveness of sins, in which we believe and for which we pray? The simplest answer to this question, and the most common idea of forgiveness itself, so far as the sinner is concerned, is that forgiveness is *remission of penalty*; that God forgives as he remits part or the whole of the penalty of violated law. It is not in annulling the sin itself, or transmitting its moral meaning. Forgiveness does not change wrong to right, or sin to vir-

tue. The moral character of violation of law remains after its penalty has been remitted, after it has been, in the Scripture phrase, blotted out from the book of God's remembrance. Forgiveness of sins is in no sense a change in the divine judgment of the iniquity of sins. God does not disregard our sins, because he forgives them.

Forgiveness deals with the results of sin, with what comes after the sin, rather than with the sin itself. It exempts the sinning soul from all or a part of the proper penalty of the sin. In the Greek word *ἀφεσις*, rendered in our version "forgive," there is the idea of release from an obligation. This is the meaning of forgiveness to the common mind, and in the ordinary dialect of the Church. But as we reflect upon the violation of law, and all that is implied in such violation, we shall include in our religious use of the word "forgiveness" the thought of a restoration to divine favor. Violation of law is alienation from God, separation of the soul from the light, the love, the blessing, of God. Forgiveness calls the soul back to this blessing and light and love, — calls the soul back to God. In the higher spiritual sense, forgiveness of sins means the soul's recall to the obedience in which it has failed, to the virtues which it has forsaken. Our sins are forgiven by God, when we feel ourselves to be in sympathy with the law which we have offended, — when God by his power has restored us from bondage to a lower passion, and made us obedient to his spiritual command. Forgiveness of sins, in the higher sense, is the reunion of the soul with the source of its life. Jesus illustrates it in his dealing with the palsied man. He shows the Jews how sins are forgiven, in

bidding the cripple to rise and take his bed and walk; to throw off the burden of his infirmity, and act as if he were a whole man.

It may be said that this restoration of the soul to God is rather the issue of forgiveness already granted, than in the essence of the act itself, inasmuch as it is part of the volition of the forgiven man. Leaving this signification, and confining ourselves to the simple definition of forgiveness as remission of penalty, we may note three logical difficulties, which are annoying, even to devout souls, and which seem insuperable to souls not devout. The first of these difficulties is, that forgiveness seems to *deny the absolute perfection of God*, his attributes of unchangeableness and of perfect wisdom. Is it not fixed in every theistic theory that God's will is eternal, that his decrees are sure, and his first counsel is altogether righteous? Yet does not forgiveness seem to make him fickle, pliant, and doubtful of his original way? If God is immutable, how can he pardon? If his word has gone out, and his decree is ordered, how can he alter his counsel? Is not any display of divine mercy only a sign of divine weakness, and so proof of limitation, — proof that God is not really divine? Now, it is impossible to answer this objection dogmatically. If we try to show that the exercise of mercy is part of God's original plan, that does not meet the objection; for then the original plan seems to be defective and unstable. This objection, like so many more which theological dispute raises, belongs too much to the mystery of the divine psychology ever to be solved by human logic. Nor can it be met and answered by the analogy of God's government in physical things, by saying that the divine Ruler changes his plan

in the order of his physical universe, clothing the slopes of the volcano with vineyards, or giving tranquil seas after a storm. The analogy of these physical contrasts with the pardon of human sin is not accurate. Forgiveness is something more than the calm after the storm, something more than an inevitable sequence. In theological discussions of any kind, it will not do to bring in abstract ideas of the divine perfections, of what God must or must not be, unless we wish to forestall and rule out all other argument. To a Stoic mind this objection will have more force than to a Christian mind.

A more serious objection than this (or, we might perhaps say, a more troublesome statement of the previous objection) is, that forgiveness seems to contradict the steadiness of law, that it deranges the order of the universe. It remits penalty; but is not penalty the natural, inevitable, and right result of violated law? Can *any* law, physical or spiritual, be broken without its sure consequence, which is its penalty? Can any law of God be so abrogated that sin of any kind shall be without its punishment? Is not the certainty of penalty the very strength of the law, in the divine government as much as in human government? When we think of God's government as all by law, it is certainly not easy to allow the intrusion of this new disturbing element of grace. In a universe where all the force is force of law, there seems to be no room for forgiveness. But this objection has more practical weight in dictating the true character of prayer, than in denying the doctrine of forgiveness. A spiritual believer, who recognizes the wisdom of the appointment which makes suffering the issue of sin, will not

pray to be delivered from the necessary suffering, but only that this may be sanctified to him as discipline for his soul, only that God will order all the suffering necessary to bring the wandering soul back to himself.

Still another objection to the simple theory of forgiveness is suggested by the structure of the human soul. The sin may be blotted from the book of God's remembrance, we will say; but can it be blotted from the man's own remembrance? can the sinner forget that he has sinned? And if he cannot forget the sin, if it stays in his thought, how really can he escape the penalty? Does not enduring memory deny the leniency of the Lord, and hold the suffering, even when God's love has consented to spare it? How can an offender be forgiven, when his obstinate backward looking recalls the offence, and keeps the hateful picture of the wrong and its sorrow? Can a penalty be really remitted, if any of its pain continues? Will the sensitive debtor be easy in his soul with his debt unpaid, merely because he knows that it is cancelled on the books of his creditor? The creeds meet this objection by a process of vicarious suffering, in which the penalty is really borne, though not by the soul which has sinned; yet the scheme of atonement does not annihilate the memory of sin. Even in joy that Christ's merits have balanced all his own transgressions, the sinner has the burden of his recollection to bear, and the sin atoned for cannot change its essential character in that recollection. The fraud, or the lie, or the blasphemy, or the false witness, remain in memory, to haunt and vex, notwithstanding the agonies of a dying God in cancelling the score. If pardon of transgression is to be abso-

lute and complete, there must be something more than regeneration; there must be interruption of life, loss of identity, an entire break of the new life from the old life; there must be no intrusion of memories of sin, which come unbidden, ghosts and phantoms which will not be frightened or exorcised away.

Shall these logical difficulties, these rational objections that forgiveness is opposed to the divine perfection, that it interferes with the uniform work of law, and that it is denied by the lasting memories of the human soul, and by the continuity of human thought, — shall these objections make us renounce the religious tradition of God's pardoning grace? Shall we, in these perplexities, erase this sentence from the familiar prayer, and strike out this article from the creed? Surely not. The religious sentiment, which is as persistent and as respectable as the rules of logic, will not renounce what is so natural a belief, and what is so wide and long in its historic hold upon human conviction. These rational difficulties only limit the range of prayer, and send us to the clear testimony of the written word for the basis of our doctrine. Revelation indeed can never prove to any wise soul what experience and reason together discredit. But revelation may help the soul to receive what has warrant in the experience of men, in spite of some objections which reason seems to raise. That rationalists continue to use the Lord's prayer is a presumption in favor of the truth of its doctrine. It is pleasant to find the same Scripture, which sets forth so positively the strict equity of God, equally clear, equally fervent, in showing him as a forgiving God. We should expect this, where the word is of God a Fa-

ther. In the Christian gospel, God, the loving Father, must of course forgive the sins of his children; an un-forgiving father would be an unnatural father. If Jesus had said nothing directly of forgiveness, had not brought the word into his discourse, we should fairly infer the idea from the name and the image of Deity which he shows us. His apostles teach the doctrine of forgiveness quite as distinctly. Peter before the Sanhedrim declares that forgiveness of sins is in the providential purpose of God. James and John, in their Epistles, tell how God forgives the sinner; Paul writes of this to the churches in Ephesus and Colossæ; Paul speaks of this to the Jews of Antioch in Pisidia, and to Agrippa the Jewish king, affirming it to be a doctrine of the fathers. If any doctrine is taught in the New Testament, this doctrine certainly is.

But the doctrine of forgiveness is not new in the Christian gospel. It is only repeated there from the legend of psalm and prophet. It was as clear in the earlier Scripture as we find it in the letters and the parables of the later time. The prayer of Daniel was, "O Lord, forgive!" Ezekiel's argument was, that God will remit the penalty of transgression to the penitent. Jeremy tells how, in the day of the new covenant, the Lord will forgive iniquity, and remember sin no more. Isaiah, in his call, summons the sorrowing sinners to return to God, who will abundantly pardon. Jehovah the merciful, forgiving iniquities, absolving from the pains of sin, — of how many Hebrew songs this is the burden! And was it not even fixed as a clause of the stern Hebrew creed, in that thrilling passage of the Exodus, where the broken tables of the law

are restored? What proclamation do we find in this voice of Jehovah to his waiting prophet? "And Jehovah descended in the cloud, and stood with Moses there, and proclaimed his name Jehovah; and Jehovah passed by him, and proclaimed, Jehovah, Jehovah, God merciful and gracious, long suffering, abundant in goodness and truth; keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin; and yet by no means wholly forgiving, but visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation." Here the first report of Moses to the people is of God's forgiving grace; the second qualifying word is of the stern retribution of the divine Ruler. It was a doctrine which came to Jesus as his Hebrew heritage, and which the traditions and glosses of Pharisees had not spoiled. This dear idea of God as Father on which the doctrine rests in the Christian teaching was not new in the gospel, but only brought out from the rubbish in which it had been smothered by the scribes. God is Father as really in the songs of the prophets. The later Isaiah, remembering the mercy of God with Moses, sings, "Doubtless thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not. Thou, Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer." What, too, was his prayer in telling Israel's dependence? "Now, O Lord, thou art our Father: we are the clay, and thou our potter. We are all the work of thy hand. Be not always angry, neither remember iniquity forever."

This scriptural teaching of the paternal relation of God to men will justify the doctrine of forgiveness, even against our logical questioning, and give a balance in its favor. With

this justification, we may assume the doctrine as well founded, and pass to consider its limits and conditions. How far does it go? and how is it bounded? What is the extent of forgiveness? and what are its preliminaries?

In the first place, what is the extent of the divine forgiveness? Is it universal, or is it partial? Does it reach all men, or only special men? all classes, or only favored classes? Does it include all kinds of sin, or only particular sins? Are there any sins, or any men, beyond forgiveness? Are all men included in the promise? The common theory makes forgiveness universal, for the present life at any rate. That couplet of the hymn which is sung in all the Christian assemblies runs:—

"And while the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return."

If it be true that in the sight of God, seeing from his infinite distance, all sins have the same parallax, that the smallest sin is as great as the greatest, of course there can be no distinction of persons. But on the theory even that God sees difference in the quantity and the heinousness of sin, it is just as reasonable to suppose that he can pardon a great sinner as a small sinner; one who has done heavy wrongs, as one whose evil deeds are light and few. If the "great sinner" can comply with the conditions of mercy, there is no more reason why he should be excluded from the divine mercy than the sinner of less degree. There is no ground of separation for individuals or classes in this matter. Who shall say of any other man that God never can pardon him? who will be willing to say that of himself? We would not, surely, make our own measure of guilt, either for ourselves or for other

men, the measure of God's dealing, the measure of God's grace. We are drawn to pray for forgiveness, even when we feel ourselves unworthy of forgiveness; to ask the Father's pardon, though we may be ashamed to call ourselves his sons. A good but irascible minister of a New-England church said once of a man who had wronged him, "I hope God will forgive him, for I cannot." He was not willing to make his own defective charity the criterion of God's arbitration. In the forgiveness of God, we may fairly affirm that there is no distinction of persons; that there is no chosen people; Jews and Gentiles have equal chance. None are beyond the reach of the Lord's mercy. No accident of human condition can modify the pardon promised to every penitent. Nor is there any place or rank, any order of priority or dignity, in this matter of pardon. The method of the heavenly Ruler, we may presume to say, is not the method which earthly rulers seem constrained to adopt. After the war of our Rebellion, we had a practical example of the way of human official forgiveness, in the daily task and perplexity of the chief magistrate of the land, in pardoning the offenders. He had to make distinctions; to divide the rebels into sections; to give amnesty to most, but to exempt certain cases and classes from immediate favor, though their penitence might be quite as sincere as the penitence of the most contrite. In the end, no doubt, all will get amnesty. But not a few have still to wait, while some are preferred, and some least worthy have long since regained the rights of citizens. The God of heaven, we may think, will hardly pardon in that way. We do not find in his word any exempted classes, and none are encouraged to

expect any privilege from their former condition. If all at last are pardoned, it will not be on the ground that they are well-born or well connected, or adroit and importunate in their pleading, but on the ground that they have heartily forsaken their sins, and are doing works meet for repentance. It would, perhaps, be safer and more satisfactory if our human rulers should follow the divine method in their distribution of pardons.

But there is a more troublesome question than this concerning the limit of forgiveness. Is there any sin that cannot be forgiven? Is there any single sin so great, or so high, or so obstinate, or so vile, that it is beyond all possibility or hope of absolution? The New Testament seems to tell of such a sin; and not a few pious souls find in those strong words of Jesus to the Pharisees, about the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost which cannot be forgiven either in this world or the world to come, a verdict of their own fate; they tremble lest they have committed the mysterious unpardonable sin. In all ages of the Church, the question of the "unpardonable sin" has been earnestly and often insanely discussed. This has been a theological problem to be classed with perpetual motion, and the philosopher's stone, and the elixir of life, and the El Dorado. In vain have the doctors sought to localize and define this dreadful plague, to identify this sin with any special sin that men commit, with any sin of hand or tongue. It stays in its vagueness, more terrible because so indefinite. Yet it is a remarkable fact, that those who are most disturbed by this fear of the unpardonable sin are those who have the fewest actual sins to repent of. Your positive criminal reads this sentence of Jesus

quite calmly. It seems to him cheering rather than alarming; for its preference is, "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men;" every particular kind of sin, every thing which can be known and understood, shall be forgiven; and this evidently meets his case.

But this fear of the pious is needless. In his strong phrase, Jesus only asserts a spiritual fact. He is arguing with men who believed that by offerings for specific wrongs they could pacify the offended God, while they still kept the temper and habit of those wrongs. His word is the rebuke to this false teaching of the expounders of the law, which would show forgiveness for outward acts without requiring change of thought and purpose. The meaning of Jesus is, that the lying heart which pretends to repent, yet holds to its iniquity and loves it, is not pardoned by one who sees the heart. The "unpardonable sin" is the sin which *is not repented of*; the wrong deliberately retained, in spite of the profession of change of life. The unpardonable sin is not any particular thing which one may do or one has done, but the depraving *principle* of sin in the soul, making it all hollow and false. While this principle stays in the soul, there can be no forgiveness of any special sin. God pardons *sins*, but does not pardon *sin*, — that is what Jesus means to say: he does not pardon wicked men persistent in their wicked thought, no matter what offerings of sacrifice they may bring. There is no remission of penalty to a soul which continues to love its transgression.

This question, annoying as it is, vexes the spirits of men; or rather it influences their conduct. Very few men are deterred from doing wrong

or committing crime, in the fear that that particular wrong or crime is the unpardonable sin. We may pass from this to consider the conditions of the divine forgiveness. Does God forgive absolutely, or require something of his children? Is any atonement necessary to secure his mercy? Must those who supplicate do any special work to win God's favor? If we are guided by the word of the gospel, we shall have no hesitation in finding conditions of forgiveness; and reason fully confirms the gospel word. Forgiveness is not an arbitrary boon of God, with no provisional act of the man forgiven. One condition which is equally scriptural and rational is the condition of repentance. Another condition the New Testament adds, and the Christian creeds very positively set forth as even more important, "faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." Alike to Jews and Greeks the great apostle preaches, as the foundation of their hope, "repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." This new condition brings in a subject too large to be treated in the present essay. We speak here only of that first general condition of repentance, on which the Hebrew prophets consent with the Christian apostles, the condition which is absolute for the men of every faith, without which no pardon comes to Gentile or to Jew, to Christian or to Pagan.

What is the meaning of this word repentance, which the New Testament writers use so often? The prophet Ezekiel explains repentance as the spiritual turning away from sin; but there is probably more meaning in the New Testament word, than in its Hebrew synonym. The literal analysis of the Greek word *μετάνοια* would make it mean change of mind,

change of thought, change of opinion. But it really implies something more than this. The common colloquial expression, "I have changed my mind," comes nearer to the biblical thought. It is not so much a change of thought and opinion, as a change of will and purpose, a change of inclination, a change of spiritual direction. It is not in a new view of duty or expediency, but in a new resolution. We repent when we turn a-round in the spirit, when our way is changed, when we turn away from our sin, forsake it, denounce it, abhor it; when mind and heart agree in setting it aside.

And in the change of mind and purpose there are two elements. In the first place, there is the clear knowledge of the sin of which we repent. It must be an actual thing, an individual offence, a sin of our own. We cannot repent of abstract sin, of sin in general, or of the principle of sin. We cannot repent of liability to sin, cannot repent of a depraved nature, cannot repent of what parents have given us, or what has come as our inheritance in race and blood. We may confess that we are sinners in the fall of Adam; but we cannot repent of Adam's fall, however troubled and pained we may be by our share in it. It is just as impossible for the soul to repent of inherited sin, as it is to repent of the sin of another soul now living. We may be involved in the sins of ancestors, — of persecuting Puritans, of piratical Vikings, of drunken Noah, and of deluded Adam; but we are equally involved in the sins of the men around us, so far as responsibility and so far as consequences are considered. If a switch-tender on the railway neglects his duties, the unfortunate passengers are involved in his wickedness, to the ex-

tent of fright and anger, if not of broken limbs. They will denounce his sin in unstinted phrase, but they cannot repent of his sin. No man repents of any sin but his own, — the wrong things which he has consciously done, said, or thought. Sorrow for other men's sins, sorrow for the sin of the race, is by no means godly sorrow for personal transgression, — the "godly sorrow that worketh repentance." Superfluous as so simple a statement may seem, it is needful to make it, and to emphasize it, since "confession of sin" in the acts of men is so perverted from its proper meaning and force. How many there are who offer to God overmuch confession of a sinful nature as a substitute for personal repentance, and expect that this will bring the fruits of repentance. This is foremost among the pious delusions of Christian souls and the pious frauds of the Christian Church. No man, we may confidently say, ever gained, or ever can gain, God's forgiveness, by telling in confession or by telling in prayer of his evil nature and heart, how wicked the Lord has made him, or by asking the Almighty not to reckon harshly against him the offences of which his fathers were guilty. Most men have enough to be sorry for, enough to repent of, in their own daily offences, and need not add the burden of abstract or hereditary sin to their tale of repentance.

We need to know clearly the sin of which we repent before repentance can begin or can be genuine. A thief repents, not that he is a thief, but that he "stole" something last night or last week from this or that man; not that he is a poor, weak creature, who cannot resist the temptation to ransack the drawers of his fellow-lodgers, but that he has actually opened these drawers, and carried off

the clothes and the money. A liar repents, not that his tongue is so troublesome, and betrays him so often, but that he lied yesterday, or last week, or last year, about one or another person. This clear knowledge of the wrong done is essential to genuine penitence for it. So long as one is in doubt whether the thing that he has done is wrong or not, so long his penitence must be in abeyance; it will not begin until he sees distinctly that he has something to repent of. Men say sometimes that they "half-repent" of doing this thing or that; intimating that they are not quite sure whether it was wrong or not, — that they shall be ready to repent of it if it turns out to be wrong in the end. But this half-repentance, this repentance by anticipation, is very ineffective in service, good for nothing in the reformation of habits and character. One cannot prepare repentance before hand, store it up for future use, or make it in any way conditional, — cannot promise to repent in case a doubtful course turns out badly. This *a priori* penitence is only visionary strength and foolish self-deception.

And with this clear vision of the sin committed, repentance implies a resolution to turn from the sin and all similar sin. "I will arise and go to my father," is its formula. Determination to forsake the offence utterly, no matter what good it may have brought, no matter whether pain or pleasure has come from it, — this is essential to genuine repentance. Sorrow for sin, knowledge of sin, are incomplete in penitence without the resolution to forsake the sin. And this must not be merely a resolution not to do again the exact wrong thing that we have done, but not to do any thing like it, any thing that has in it that

element of sin. A thief repents of his theft, not merely when he says to himself that he will never steal again from the house that he has robbed, or from the man whom he has robbed, but that he never will steal from any house or from any person; that he will never do any thing that will have in it the quality or the wrong of this offence. A rebel repents of his sin, not merely when he lays down his arms, in regret, perhaps in remorse, that he ventured in so disastrous a strife, and fought against the government of the land, and resolves that he never will again so fight, but when he renounces every kind of hostility to the government, in the field or anywhere, and resolves hereafter to obey the statutes of the law, and to be a loyal citizen. The repentance must recall a positive sin committed; but it must also indicate the turning away from all that class of acts of which the committed sin was a type or specimen. Its contrition is for a few things possibly; but its promise must be for many things. Its horizon is wider in the prospect than the retrospect, and includes the thoughts of the heart, as well as the act of the hand.

These two — a clear knowledge of the wrong that we have done, and a resolution to forsake this wrong and all the wrong to which it has kindred — are the essential elements of saving penitence. The question of motive need not come in. If penitence be sincere, it is effective, whatever its motive, whether it is the issue of quiet, sober thought, or the impulse of passion, mortification, and shame. How we are brought to repent, is of no great moment. Sincere repentance is just as good for a man, whether he be angered into it or shamed into it, if it only lead to the giving up of the sin, and to the taking up of a new and

righteous life. One may come to repentance by gradual and rational approach, seeing the way and measuring the steps; or may be drawn to it by the sweet counsel of some elder or some friend; or may climb to it from the depths of shame and grief; or may even come up to it from the fires of hell in the soul; no matter, if the penitence be only real. The humiliation has absolutely nothing to do with the penitence itself; it may help the resolution, but makes no part of the resolution. There is a manly penitence that does not think it needful to spend time in strong crying and tears, that turns back at once to seek the right road, when it finds that the wrong road has been unwisely chosen, not caring to prostrate itself with mouth in the dust. We may reasonably believe that the Lord will as soon pardon those who set themselves at once to restore their lives, without much parade of their sorrow, as those who go covered with sackcloth and ashes, and cry in their noisy agony, "Unclean, unclean!" Confession of sin, except to one's self and to God, is not a necessary part of repentance for sin. There is no need that men should hear us say very often, in the church or out of it, that we are "miserable sinners:" they will find that out easily enough, so far as it is true; and we shall not make them believe it, if it is not true, however often we may repeat the formal self-reproach. It may, perhaps, be urged that this practice of outward confession has apostolic warrant; that James and John in their epistles seem to indicate mutual confession of brethren one to another of private faults, as preliminary to restoration. But these apostolic counsels are not limitations of the divine forgiveness. Neither John nor James will say that only those who so confess

their faults are forgiven by God. They simply declare the comfortable rule of brotherly love, by which frankness becomes a bond of union, and so an aid in the heavenly life. They put confession over against denial and concealment. The man who will cheat and prevaricate, who will hide his real sin, is a liar. The man who confesses it is honest, and will receive the reward of honesty. Neither John nor James has a word that can favor the practice of auricular confession as the Catholics have it, or the weaker Protestant imitations of it. They really advise the converts to walk in the light, to speak the truth openly and to all, and to say no more than conscience approves.

And there is one word more to say concerning repentance, — that it is quite another thing from what the larger part of the Christian world have made its substitute and synonym, *penance*. The Scripture has been in many ways grossly perverted in the glosses of the Church, but never more absurdly and monstrosly than in rendering the Greek verb *μετανοεῖτε*, "do penance." As the Scripture describes it, in the call of John and the call of Jesus, the act is purely spiritual. Good works are the result of penitence, but are not repentance itself. Penance may be the sign of repentance, but is certainly not the thing. A man may do penance most diligently and bravely, may repeat Ave-Marias and Pater-Nosters by the hundred or the thousand, may watch through the long night, may wear the hair-shirt, and scourge the naked flesh, and yet not be penitent at all. Penance is the substitute for penitence, but is by no means the equivalent of penitence; and they wofully err who imagine that the multiplication of pious exercises, the Protestant way of

doing penance, is a guarantee of the forgiveness of sins. We do not secure this boon more surely as we put money into the contribution-box, or listen patiently while prayers are repeated, or sit through many long sermons of the painful preachers. That may be genuine penance; but it is not the spiritual change which is available in the order of the divine judgment. The kind of repentance which rescues the soul is best intimated in that stirring call of Micah the Morasthite, "Wherewith shall I come before the

Lord, and bow myself before the High God? Shall I come before him with burnt-offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." Do these words teach any doctrine of penance?

UPS AND DOWNS.

A NOVEL IN THIRTY CHAPTERS.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

CHAPTER X.

THE most astonishing marvel in human life is, I suppose, the sudden change from a girl to a woman. Boys change to men slowly. The change with them requires from five to ten years. And colleges were instituted for the wise oversight and conduct of the human being in that transition. In our times they prefer to wait and receive young men, to send them out a few years older. But a girl changes into a woman of a sudden. You leave her, for your vacation journey, cutting out paper dolls, and mending those very weak spots where their dresses meet their necks. You come home, and you mistake her for her mother, so cautious and thoughtful is she; nay, if you saw a gray hair or two, you might mistake her for her grandmother. I will not say but I have seen this change from girl to woman come on in twenty-four hours.

When Jasper Rising bade Bertha

Schwarz good-by, at the warehouse of her uncle the basket-dealer, she was a German girl, who spoke English very badly, and was frightened to death whatever happened or did not happen. Not two years after, when he handed her parasol into the open window of the railway carriage, and said to himself, "Where have I seen her before?" she was a woman as completely as she is to-day,—in thought, in feeling, in bearing, and in appearance. There is no reason to wonder that Jasper did not know her, while she did know him. If dress goes for much, I am by no means certain, that, in bidding farewell to his short railway duties, Jasper was not wearing, to the last thread and button, the same travelling-suit with which he went, with Bertha, from Boston to New York two years before. But, on the other hand, I am quite certain that Bertha had long since doffed the quaint German dress which the fourteen-year-old child wore that

day, and that the most brilliant costume of the most fashionable promenade of Detroit was not more distinguished than the travelling-dresses in which she and all the ladies of the party were arrayed. And in those days there was not a place in the world which ran more madly into the matters of distinguished costume than Detroit did.

For, I am sorry to say it, our poor little Bertha had fallen into the hands of some people who had plenty of spending-money, and did not know how to spend it. Such people infallibly take to gambling or showy dress, or both; perhaps both are the same disease, with only a change in the symptoms or the name. I say Bertha had fallen into their hands. Not that they had sent out strong ruffians into the streets of New York, who had seized her behind, put a sponge of chloroform to her nose, and carried her into the Astor House, where two other stout men with pistols and three glaring women with diamonds made her promise to serve them for forty-seven years without lifting her voice above a whisper. I observe in the weekly newspapers long stories founded on such transactions, generally with a large picture on the first page. But I have never met such events in my life,—nor did Bertha in her life. And at the time of which I write chloroform had not been invented. Nor were the properties of sulphuric ether known, unless by Dr. Jackson, and he had not yet mentioned them. What I mean when I say that Bertha had fallen into their hands is, that she had agreed to go to the West with these people to be a sort of home governess to their children for a year at least, and to render such other services as might be expected of a young lady in

their family. Mrs. Rosenstein, the head of the clan, chose to regard her, in externals, as a sort of adopted niece; and although she did not absolutely buy all her frocks and bonnets, she did supervise such purchases, made such additions as she chose, and kept Bertha looking very much like the rest of her train,—with such rebellions on Bertha's part as I shall try to describe.

All this had come about, not unnaturally, in the time which had passed since we left little Bertha, as she was then, playing Mozart at the musical party at Kaufmann Baum's in Orange. That visit at Orange, of her mother and brother and herself, proved to be a long one. And it was wholly satisfactory all round. The lame boy got quite well. Mrs. Schwarz and Mrs. Baum ceased to be afraid of each other,—and at no period despised each other. This is a great point to gain, when two women, by no agency of their own, are brought into very close personal relationships. Mrs. Baum was not in the least "stuck up," as our expressive local phrase has it, by the prettiness of her house, or the prosperity of her husband. Mrs. Schwarz was as simply and sweetly herself, in the unwonted circumstances of life at Orange, as she would have been were she singing in the village church in Lauenberg. And thus it came about, to the great delight of Kaufmann Baum, that as the two sisters sat together in the long mornings of that summer visit in the pretty house at Orange, and as they rode together in the afternoons, and as they sat on the piazza in the evenings, they came to rely on each other very thoroughly, and to love each other with a very genuine love. It was by no means manufactured as a sort of duty-love by a certain law,

for persons who in that law were sisters. As for Bertha, or Thekla as Baum still called her nine times out of ten, her place had been sure next his heart, and his wife's heart, and everybody's heart, from the beginning.

Of course that visit ended. As I say, the lame boy got thoroughly well, his broken leg hardly a perceptible shade shorter than the other. With real grief on both sides they parted. But Bertha was to come back at Christmas,—and she did come. And she came again at Easter. And if Kaufmann and his wife could have brought it about, by keeping up all the festivals of Luther's calendar, or of anybody's calendar, they would have had a new visit from Bertha at Whit-Sunday, and at Martinmas and Michaelmas, and on St. Bertha's day and St. Wilhelm's day and St. Kaufmann's day. Whenever a decent excuse could be made, they had a long visit from Bertha. And Bertha grew to feel herself quite as much at home in Orange as she was in Boston.

It was while she was on one of these visits in Orange that Bertha the child became Bertha the woman, by that sudden marvel of which I have spoken. The novelists talk of the slow unfolding of the bud of a rose when they describe this phase. I have seen rosebuds unfold very slowly, when they were trying to open themselves in late October. On the other hand, I have left a morning-glory bud tight twisted when I went to bed at eleven o'clock, and when I was on my piazza at five the next morning I have found it in the fullest glory and beauty of its life. I do not mean to say that Bertha looked like a morning-glory, but I do mean to say that her change from girlhood

to womanhood was almost as sudden. And so it happened—of course, for these people lived in America—that Bertha began to occupy herself with thoughts as to what she could do to earn her own bread and butter, her cotton, woollen, and linen, and withal her shelter over her head. That is to say, she began to think that she must not live at her father's charge any longer, nor at her uncle's, and to look with an inquiring look upon the shop-girls who sold her tape and needles, and to wonder how they got their places, and who hired them. She looked with a supreme admiration upon the school-mistresses, called teachers, in the public school where her brothers went. But she did not aspire to a destiny so ennobled as theirs. To her father and mother she knew she should never dare to speak or to write of these day-dreams. But none the less did she dream them; and she was soon resolved that they should not be always dreams, but should become realities.

So she opened her mind one day to her Aunt Mary, as they were taking a brisk walk together. She could speak to her Aunt Mary a great deal easier than to her mother about such things. She made rather a botch of it; but it amounted to this, that she knew her father and mother had a hard time of it, and that she felt that she ought to help them; and though her father had never said a word to her about it, and never would, she could not but feel it was quite time that a great girl like her should be earning something. "I am sure, Aunt Mary, that I see plenty of girls here, who are no bigger than I am, and who do not know any more, alas! than I do, who must earn their living, for they have no one else to earn it for them."

By this time Bertha spoke English very accurately, though she had, of course, a well-defined Lauenburg accent.

Aunt Mary heard her all through, without interrupting her; nay, perhaps not helping her as much as Bertha would have wished her to help. But when Bertha worked through, occasionally breaking into some exclamations in German, her aunt said, —

“Oh, dear! my poor little Thekla. I knew you would come to this some day, but I did not think it would come so soon!”

“Why, what do you mean, dear auntie?”

“Mean, darling; I mean that I went through all this when I was sixteen, — and I suppose dear Margaret went through it when she was sixteen, — and that I knew, of course, that you must go through it too; but I did not think it was quite time, I hoped it would not worry you quite yet. How old are you, darling?”

Bertha said stoutly that she was almost seventeen. Aunt Mary laughed: —

“As if I did not know all about it. As if we did not hear all about the birthday party, the week after Thanksgiving, — that must be now four months ago. My little Theklein is sixteen years old plus four months, and that she calls “almost seventeen.”

“Well, my dear auntie, I am as big as most of the girls of seventeen whom I know. I am really too tall to have it decent for me to dance where other people are dancing. I am ashamed of myself, I am so tall.”

“And so we must go to work, because we are too big to dance; — what a hard world it is, to be sure, in its demands on us.”

“Oh! please do not laugh, — pray do not laugh, — dear Aunt Mary; if

I were not so stupid, I could make you understand how I feel, and what I think I could do. Of course I know I cannot teach geometry and trigonometry, and all those grand things, as Miss Birdsall does; but I know I can teach little children things they have to know, — I can teach quite as well as Sarah Stone can. Or, if it seemed best, if the way opened, I can keep accounts, just as well as Mary Billings can.”

“Darling, dear, do you not suppose that I knew all that, — and that you sing better than anybody within ten miles, and play better, and, for that matter, do every thing better; and best of all, that you love your auntie as nobody does within ten miles, and that she loves you as she loves nobody but her children?”

Of course Bertha knew that every word of this was minted from God's own truth, and she just turned half round, and looked her full-eyed thankfulness; but she would not be bribed even by tenderness from her purpose, only this time she went on speaking in German.

“My dear little aunt,” she said, in the pretty phrase in that language, which Aunt Mary loved so well to hear, “do I not know this last better than you can tell me? But you shall not lure me and coax me from what I have resolved upon, — and you love me too well not to give me counsel, now I ask you for it. I do not ask you whether I ought to help my dear father and my dear mother. For I know I ought to. And also, dear little aunt, whatever you think, I know I can. What I ask you, then, is not about either of these two things, for you see they are all settled. I ask you how I am to do it. That is all!”

“Yes, darling, yes,” said Aunt

Mary, almost in a dream, — for in truth her own girlhood there in Hinsdale was all come back to her as the eager child spoke, — “yes, darling, yes; and I will come to that presently. But, my little love,” — for they were still speaking in German, — “have you thought of this, — which is what most girls forget, — have you thought of how much help you are now to your father and your mother, and Wil, and my dear Fritz, and all? Do not forget that it is a great deal for your father to be free from every bit of responsibility about the accounts, about his bills and other people’s bills, and a great deal for dear Margaret to be free from all thought about the children’s bibs and tuckers. And what my little Rosebud is ever to do without you, I am sure I do not know.”

“Do not break my heart, dear auntie; — all this I have thought of, yes, even of Rosebud I have thought, and how I should ever live without the little darling. But you see it all. I am here to-day, and Rosebud lives, though I know she is counting the days till I return. As for the accounts, and all that, my dear father brags of it and makes much of it. The truth is, that it is not much in reality any way, and Wil can do it all, as well as I; and it would be good for him to do it too. For the bibs and tuckers, auntie, — see here.” And Bertha really opened her little Hamburg leather memorandum-book as they walked, and showed Aunt Mary the careful account where she had recorded all the family sewing which she had done in six months. It footed up one hundred and seventy hours, all told. “See, dear auntie,” said the eager girl, who had, as it was clear, gone over her whole ground before she spoke a word, “only see;

here are not twenty days’ work of a hired seamstress. My mother could hire a girl for fifteen dollars to do all the sewing I have done in six months. Surely my work might be worth more than fifteen dollars.” Clearly enough, Bertha had thought the whole matter through, and so Aunt Mary plainly saw.

She did not in the least discourage her. She told her she would herself write to Bertha’s father and mother, by way of giving her countenance to the plan. She told her that she must accustom herself to the idea of work that was hard, — and, worse than that, work which was lonely; but she found that Bertha had thought all that over; and could tell her, by a spirit of prophecy, a good deal which Aunt Mary was talking of as only learned by experience. Aunt Mary knew a great many things which Bertha did not know. But Bertha had had one experience of which Aunt Mary knew nothing. She had changed her country. In that experience, even while she was a girl, she had gained a curious double view of the world. As the astronomers would say, she had got a second observation, with a considerable parallax. So there were many things which Aunt Mary had only learned as a woman, which were familiar to Bertha as a child.

And so that visit was the end of the vacation visits of childhood, — unconscious, and without count of time. From this time forward Bertha also is a person of plans, of engagements even, who counts her days and weeks, and must husband time. From this moment her Ups and Downs begin.

She went back to Boston, fortified by Aunt Mary’s letter, and saw her uncle had written a few lines with his views. To tell truth, Uncle Kaufmann, who had long since tried to transfer her wholly to his larger and

more prosperous home, and had failed in that, saw certain advantages for Bertha's training and for her future in the new and wider life which she proposed, which he could not expect, if she always remained under his brother Schwarz's roof-tree. Schwarz was a kind father and an honest man. But he was one of the kind, who, at Lauenberg or in Boston, would be much the same man, — and in a new world as in the old, he was wholly satisfied with his little house, his little trade, his little round of pupils in music, and, as Kaufmann would have said, his little life. Now Kaufmann knew reverently, as has been already said, that in Bertha's life there was the divine genius which might be an eternal joy to her and all around her, or which might be so thwarted, hemmed in and pestered, so long as this life lasted, that she should grind through life in grief and misery. And, without looking far into the future, Kaufmann Baum believed, that, for the scope and power of this divine genius, it were better that Bertha should not live always in the restrictions of her father's habits and home. So, when he was consulted, he gave his cordial assent to the scheme of her "working for her living," to take the phrase which the new-fledged "work-woman" herself employed.

So it was, that, not very long after Bertha's return, when one day a friend of Baum's came into his counting-room, and asked him if he could recommend to a friend of his at the West a good girl who could teach his little children the rudiments of music, Bertha's uncle of course thought of her and named her. The fitting correspondence passed on both sides. The Western "friend" was Mr. Rosenstein. Mr. and Mrs. were to be at Saratoga before long, and it was

agreed that Bertha should be sent up to them to meet them at the United States Hotel there. Do not let us do Mrs. Baum injustice; let us acknowledge that in the correspondence she saw the vulgar purse-pride which we have since learned to designate by the word shoddy, — a word, by the way, which originally denotes a very useful material, which may be applied in a perfectly legitimate way. Mrs. Baum probably knew, from the mere choice of Mrs. Rosenstein's note-paper, and the method in which she used sealing-wax, just what type of person she was, as well as she knew it ten years afterward. I have no doubt she told Kaufmann. And I have no doubt that he said that that was the fortune of war, — that if Bertha meant to be a teacher she must take her chance, — that there were worse things than mere vulgarity in the world, — and that, in a republic, the children even of vulgar people had a right to an education. And so it was that poor Bertha made her *début* in the new part of the "maid who earns her living," as she was welcomed by the exuberant and overacted tenderness of Mrs. Rosenstein in her own "private parlor" at the great United States Hotel.

The Rosensteins made a long business of their journey West. They had to make a long stay at Niagara. Mr. Rosenstein made rather mysterious visits thence into one and another region of Upper Canada, as it was then called. Let me hope he was not making arrangements for smuggling. They came to Detroit by steamboat; and Mrs. Rosenstein had a very terrible time on the lake, and her health was such that she had to lie by at Detroit at the best hotel for two or three days to repair damages. You would have said that the shopping of Detroit could have had but little

attraction for a lady, who, within a month, had exhausted the novelties of Broadway. But that is because you are a reader too gentle to know what are the temptations of shopping, as shopping, to people who do not know what money is for. And, for that matter, there were things in those days, in which the ladies and gentlemen of Detroit showed quite as much extravagance as even New York or Paris showed. So, in spite of Mrs. Rosenstein's prostration of nerves, she had to have a carriage every day, and go to Tom's or Dick's or Harry's to make good the necessary stores in some article of prime utility before they were banished to that "dreadful Milwaukie."

So was it, in fact, that they came late to the railway station, and had to hurry to the train. Then was it that Bertha dropped her parasol, and that Jasper picked it up and returned it to her, as has been already said and sung.

The chapter cannot end better than by an illustration from the ride which followed, of what the Rosensteins were, and their children, and of Bertha's success in her new rôle.

The very moment after Bertha thanked Jasper for the parasol, the little train began to move, — how unlike the giant serpents, as one is tempted to call them, — the long convoys which move out so often now on the Michigan Central or the Michigan Southern. Shrill and loud in the first clatter of motion rose the voice of Mrs. Rosenstein, not yet seated.

"I told you we should be late, Franz; I knew the driver did not know the way. I was sure he should have turned down by the distillery." Then without waiting for an answer, "Set down that basket anywhere, Ferdinand, and come back to me. No, — not on that seat, — put it where we can see it.

I cannot sit there, I must have two seats together. Perhaps these people will move to the other side. Why, is this where the sun comes in? I can never ride on the sunny side. It is a shame the car should be so jammed up with people. Go and tell them, Franz, that they must put on another car!"

Franz was not a hired servant, as the reader may suppose, but the husband of Mrs. Rosenstein; and was capable, in his own way, of displays quite equal to hers of his own very cheap and worthless personality.

At last, by infinite negotiations, two sets of double seats were secured, one on the shady side, one on the sunny side. The shady side was occupied by Mrs. Rosenstein and her daughter Adelaide; a little dog was in front, also a tall wicker-basket from which a fuchsia-bud appeared, two travelling-bags, a large lunch-basket from which a black glass bottle-neck protruded, a camp-stool, two parasols, an umbrella, and Franz's fishing-rods. The sunny side was occupied by Bertha and her charge, Master Ferdinand Rosenstein, Theresa and Charlotte. They had under their feet a good deal of portable luggage, and each of them some piece of the day's spoils in shopping in hand.

After the train was well in motion, so that the excitement of the entrance was a little subsided, it appeared on an inquiry for papa that he had gone forward to smoke. Mrs. Rosenstein and Adelaide refreshed themselves, with a good deal of parade, from some sherry that was in the black bottle, and, with a good deal of fuss, each ate an orange. This physical duty done, Mrs. Rosenstein felt that it was time for her to display to the travellers — most of whom were stock-raisers returning from a great

sale of cattle, — the true elegance of her breeding and her indifference to expense. So she swayed forward to the other party, and said, serenely this time, "Where is that little jewelry parcel, — who took that? Is it possible that we left it on the counter? Oh, no! dear Lotty; not that one, those are only some little articles of *vertu*. I mean the jewelry, not from Black's, — he is at New York, — but from this man's. For such a place as Detroit, they were astonishingly pretty."

"Dear mamma, you took them yourself; they are in your gray bag."

"Did I, my love? I think not. I could not have taken them, you know."

But it proved that she could and did. A thorough excavation conducted in the gray bag, under the direction of Bertha and Charlotte, exhumed from various parcels of ribbons, confectionery, patterns, and trash generally, two neat jewellers' boxes, on which Mrs. Rosenstein descended. Of course she opened the wrong one first, that it might produce its full effect on the drowsy grazier opposite. Of course she found it was wrong, and she said, "Oh, no! not that of course, — amethysts are not what we want now, of course. That is not what I am thinking of, my sweet. Cannot you guess what I am thinking of? Such an unconscious, simple little toad as you are!"

Bertha was undoubtedly flattered that she was called a toad so loudly and affectionately. She must have felt much more pleased when Mrs. Rosenstein, with a jerk, opened the other box, and disclosed a pretty enough simple bracelet — gold — or gilt, as the case may have been. She lifted it out with due ejaculations, and said, "I am sure my sweet child

knew who it was bought for. Such a pretty circle belongs only on a pretty arm. Slip up that sleeve, my dear;" and so, to poor Bertha's dismay, not to say disgust, the bracelet was clasped with an audible snap on her arm. "Sweets to the sweet, my child, — and prettys to the pretty;" that is what I say. No! not a word, — nothing could be more pretty or becoming. The moment I saw it in the case, I said, 'That bracelet only belongs on our dear Bertha's arm.'"

Dear Bertha could not help remembering that the sweet bracelet had been the cause of a most disgraceful fight, or haggle, between Mrs. Rosenstein and the jeweller. But this, Mrs. Rosenstein herself had fortunately forgotten. She sailed back to her own seat in the pride of a brilliant *début* before the graziers and other herdsmen. There was no part in which she cast herself so often as that of "The Affectionate Patron."

The effect of the *début* was a little dashed, however, by her finding that Adelaide had taken advantage of her temporary absence to arrange the shawls for a nap, and had even lost herself in sleep already. Mrs. Rosenstein missed the chance of serenely commanding that another seat should be cleared for her, by saying before she knew it:—

"What! are you asleep again? You sleep all the time. If you choose to go to sleep, don't muss up my Canton crape, — and do have some mercy on your own bonnet. A hat that cost fifty dollars mashed like that! Get up, you lazy girl; get up, and sit up if you can; and do give some thought sometime to your mother!"

The high comedy of "The Affectionate Patron" was followed, without drop-scene, by this little selection from the farce of "Mamma in a Rage."

MORNING AND EVENING SONGS.

BY H. H.

[By an unfortunate error of the press, two verses of these Songs were transposed, in our number for October. Every discerning reader has made the requisite change, but we prefer to reproduce the poem with the verses in their fit connection.]

MORNING.

LIKE lover, with soft, noiseless feet,
Speechless and sweet,
She enters at my chamber-door;
I see her, and ask nothing more,
She is so sweet, so sweet.

No promise unto me she makes,
No promise takes:
But beckons; I rise up in haste;
My heart leaps panting with foretaste
Of what it overtakes.

By sunlight I can see the shine
Of things divine
Within her arms; I see her wings;
I hear how as she soars she sings,
In words and tones divine.

Never for me she looketh back:
If I could lack
Courage to follow, while I hear
Her song, the right to call her dear
I should forever lack.

EVENING.

The blazing chariots of fire
Roll higher and higher.
She is translated; she has trod
No death; she was beloved of God:
He calls her, lifts her higher.

Low on the chilly earth I lie,
And watch the sky;
My pillow is my little sheaf;
I wonder that I feel no grief
To see the darkened sky.

It must be in some holy place
I, face to face,
Shall meet her, when from some long sleep
I wake. God grant that she may keep
For me a smiling face!

The Examiner.

THE system of evening lectures before general audiences extends itself every year in larger proportions, is said to be on the decline every year, and yet develops with every year some new details, in its arrangements and in its results. It becomes a method of publication so extensive, that we ought to make some allusion to it here, though, from the nature of the case, even from the expressed wish of most lecturers, the truths or the fancies proclaimed are not, in many instances, reproduced by the press in the lecturer's language, and are not at once the subjects of literary criticism.

The annual statement that the lyceum system is dying out may be set down with the statement of a cloyed novel-reader, that there are no more good novels, or with that of a statesman laid upon the shelf, that there is no longer any interest in politics. It is not strange if the same persons do not in many instances for a succession of years attend the evening lecture. The young man who found it pleasant to go with Amanda may, not unnaturally, find it more pleasant to stay at home with Amanda, when she has given him the right to take her to a home. He will, very likely, say to her, as they sit before a crackling fire, that the old interest in Lyceums is over. And she will very likely believe it. Yet for all that, the sale of tickets that year shall be larger in their village than ever.

We are told every now and then that the "Lyceum System" was invented or introduced by this or that man, whose friends are trying to make for him a reputation. We could name without difficulty at least four persons, each of them as great a charlatan as the other, regarding whom this is said from time to time, without its being true about any of them. It is idle to say that instruction by the living voice, or entertainment by the living voice, as contrasted with instruction or entertainment by books, is in any sense an invention of this or the last generation. Abelard was a lecturer who drew audiences as large as Mr. Gough; and long before Abelard's day the "system of lectures" was in full sway. The only peculiarity

about the system in our time is, that the ease of travelling enables one lecturer to go about and meet a larger number of audiences than was possible in the days of horseback travel. Every other arrangement for intellectual education is enlarged under the same influences; and, by the inevitable mutual re-action of all methods of popular education, audiences grow larger and larger. Prof. Ward, of Rochester, has set on foot an ingenious arrangement, by which he provides different museums of natural history with cabinets of specimens ranging from the largest mastodon down to the smallest trilobite, by taking casts of the renowned fossils of the world, which can be repeated indefinitely. And, as you have almost a right to expect in every gallery of Fine Art to see the Laocöon and the Apollo, you may now expect to see your old friends the Megatherium and the Iguanodon. It is under the same general system of modern life, that you may expect, wherever you live, to have a chance in the course of the winter to hear Mr. Emerson speak, or Mr. Gough, or Mr. Curtis. No particular trumpet-blower had it in his power to create a system which shows itself in arrangements so various.

If one estimates the number of persons addressed, it is safe to say that the Lyceum system gives the power to a successful lecturer to act upon more people directly, such as they are, than any other system of publication offers in the same time. Mr. Gough has spoken three hundred and eighty-three times in a year. It is fair to say that in such addresses he must have spoken to three hundred thousand different people. Now, even a number of "The New-York Ledger," of which three hundred and twenty thousand copies are printed, cannot claim that it is all read by so many persons. Nor can any reading of any appeal or argument be compared for power of conviction with the living voice, — when a real orator addresses men and women.

But, even in such exceptional instances, it is to be remembered, on the other hand, that while every Lyceum audience assembles many persons of intelligence, yet by that magnetism which brings together large numbers of people when the sustaining battery is well worked, it also assembles all sorts of other people, including, very likely, persons so ignorant that they do not even buy or read a daily paper. Whatever effect may be produced upon such hearers does not go far beyond themselves. And this evident observation is the end of the boast, which, starting from the mere numbers of persons addressed, supposes that the Lyceum is a very efficient instrument for the change or the cultivation of public opinion.

If, indeed, the Lyceum ever had much power for instruction, the day has come in America, when it is rather a method of public en-

tainment than one of instruction. We take much satisfaction in observing that this truth is now generally recognized, and that people do not struggle against it longer. We believe the American people are much better entertained than they were twenty years ago; we hope that twenty years more may show a greater improvement, and we look to the machinery of the Lyceum with more confidence than to any other machinery now existing for bringing it about. With the gradual decay of the puritanical misconceptions of ecclesiastical bodies, the drama is less distrusted. We shall hope to see dramatic representations, which, if they are as simple in machinery as those of Thespis were, may yet have no less power, working steadily into favor under the patronage and with the influence of the Lyceums.

From the different Lyceum Bureaus of the country, we receive every month their programmes issued to advise lecture committees of the methods best fitted for success, and of the speakers, singers, and musicians who can be enlisted for the annual courses. These several programmes present the names of at least a thousand persons, who look to the "platform," as it is called, for a considerable part of their winter's occupation, and an equal part of their year's income. These lists name only a small part of the lecturers. Fully five thousand public speakers, men and women, will, without doubt, address audiences as the winter goes by.

LIFE OF BISHOP BERKELEY.¹

WE give below the title of the last of a series of four substantial volumes devoted to the Life and Works of that once famous and beloved man, who has the repute of the most ideal and the most amiable of all the philosophers. His name always suggests the lofty encomium in the well-known lines of Pope:—

"Even in a bishop I can spy desert:
Secker is decent, Rundle has a heart;
Manners with candor are to Benson given,
To Berkeley every virtue under heaven."

Nearly sixscore years have passed

¹ *Life and Letters of George Berkeley, D.D., formerly Bishop of Cloyne; and An Account of his Philosophy. With many Writings of Bishop Berkeley hitherto unpublished, Metaphysical, Descriptive, Theological.* By Alexander Campbell Fraser, M.A., Professor in the University of Edinburgh. Oxford: 1871.

since the death of this gentle-spirited philosopher, while he has been waiting for the tribute of an enthusiastic, appreciative, and competent editor of his works and biographer of his life. Such he has now found in Prof. Fraser. The lapse of time has made very difficult this task of biographer and editor, if it was to be accomplished so as to meet the exacting standard of the modern taste and requisition for such an undertaking. The professor has been most intelligent and painstaking in his researches and inquiries; and though he has been compelled to leave many unfilled gaps in the line of his narrative, and several intervals of time of which he can give no record from the pen of his subject, he has produced a

charming portraiture, and drawn the story of a well-spent, consecrated life.

There is an uncertainty about the pedigree of Berkeley, and as to the legitimacy of his birth, which his biographer has not been able to clear up. No care seems to have been taken at the right time, by those who had the means and the opportunity to gather up and preserve such materials, for a full presentment of the personality of this subject in its most engaging aspect. Berkeley appears most favorably and winningly to us in such of his letters as have come down to us. He must have written a large number, and to a very large circle of correspondents. His family found its last male representative in a grandson, George Monck Berkeley, some poems and other papers by whom, edited by his mother, Mrs. Eliza Berkeley, were published in London in 1797. This lady, the widow of Dr. George Berkeley, Prebendary of Canterbury, the bishop's last surviving son, though very accomplished, and distinguished alike for wit and piety, was eccentric even to the verge of insanity. Her editorial service for her deceased son was of the most extraordinary character, constituting one of the curiosities of literature. While his own poems fill a hundred and seventy pages of a handsome quarto, her preface occupies six hundred and thirty pages, and she appears again in several pages of postscript. The book, however, is very rare, as it was soon suppressed, and most of the copies were afterwards destroyed in the publisher's warehouse by fire. One of the best sketches of Berkeley, as the philosopher, is that given three years ago by Mrs. Oliphant in her "Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II." But the philosopher

himself had come to appear in much the same ideal character as that which attaches to his philosophy as an advanced Platonism.

Berkeley appears to have been the grandson of an English royalist of the time of Charles I., connected in some way with the noble family of Berkeley, rewarded by Charles II. by a collectorship in Belfast, Ireland. The philosopher was born, probably, on March 12, 1685, at Dysert Castle, or Tower, near Kilkenny. The family was one of a group of English colonists or adventurers, who had settled in Ireland a quarter of a century before he came into the world. His mother appears to have been an aunt of the father of the Quebec hero, Gen. Wolfe. A record of his own informs us that he regarded himself as a nascent philosopher when eight years old, at a Kilkenny school. Here he had as a mate his life-long friend, Thomas Pryor, or Prior, his letters to whom, fortunately preserved in good number, retain the charm of youthful spirit and confidence. Young Berkeley was matriculated in Trinity College, in March, 1700, which had been saved ten years before in the crisis of its fate by the Battle of Boyne. This college remained his head-quarters during the thirteen following years. At the beginning of this period, Swift was settled at Laracor, about twenty miles from Dublin, and at the close of it he became Dean of St. Patrick's in the city. Berkeley and Swift were intimate, though they can hardly be called congenial friends, both in Ireland and in London. The former was indebted to the latter for social advantages, and for his first ecclesiastical patronage. A very curious passage in their joint history connects them together in a way which might

have sundered all friendly relations, if Swift, who was the sufferer, had grudged Berkeley the reversion of a favor.

After having been made a fellow of his college, and exhibited his mental tendencies, in spite of his early repute of being a dunce; and having published his first "Essay towards a New Theory of Vision," and his "Principles of Human Knowledge," Berkeley found his way to London, and was introduced in 1713 to the court of Queen Anne, in the company of Swift. The "Journal to Stella" records the incident, with other references to Berkeley. Swift took the young divine to dine at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's house, little foreseeing what was to come from this incident. The lady, the widow of a Dutch merchant, was the mother of Esther, the famous "Vanessa," whose peculiar relation to Swift is one of the mysteries of his strange life. Berkeley never saw her but on the single occasion of this dinner at her mother's. After Vanessa had lost her mother she moved with a sister from London to Ireland, and took up her residence, in 1717, within ten miles of Dublin, in order to enjoy the society of Swift, for whom she felt a fascinating passion. He, on his part, whatever he had been to her in London, tried to repel her by indifference, and drove her to a jealous desperation. The death of her sister concentrated her passion on the dean. It seems that she had in her will bequeathed a large sum to him. When she learned that the dean had been privately married to Stella, in 1716, she wrote to her to ascertain the truth. Stella sent the letter to the dean, and, in reply, informed Vanessa of her marriage. The dean rushed to Miss Vanhomrigh's residence and

flung the letter on the table, evidently himself under excitement and suffering, which induced him to leave Dublin for some months. Vanessa was crushed by the blow. At her death, in 1723, it was found that she had substituted in her will the name of Berkeley for that of Swift, leaving him about four thousand pounds, which was the half of her fortune. The funds thus obtained were through his life the principal resource of the unworldly divine for gratifying his ardent and comprehensive benevolence. During his first visit to London, he seems to have been at once received into congenial society; his fine gifts of genius were appreciated, and his attractive virtues won for him the admiration of those who themselves most lacked such qualities. It was at a time when, under one of its many phases, the controversy with the Free Thinkers, under the leadership of Anthony Collins, was engaging many pens, alike of the learned and the serious, as well as of the superficial and trivial writers about the court. Berkeley was on intimate terms with the wits of the period,—Swift, Addison, Steele, Pope, Bolingbroke, Atterbury, Gay, Parnell, and others. He was doubtless glad to add to his slender finances by furnishing papers for "The Guardian," at a guinea an essay. He made his contribution to the current controversy, in his curious "Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous," in which he applied his Platonic metaphysics to the conception and meaning of the material world.

Through Swift's patronage, the Earl of Peterborough, during his brief mission as ambassador to Sicily, was induced to take Berkeley with him as chaplain and secretary; but, the earl being soon recalled, the

parties returned again to London. But Berkeley, obtaining a renewed leave of absence from his Irish fellowship, was enabled to gratify his intense passion for foreign travel by soon going on to the Continent again as tutor and companion to a son of Bishop Ashe. He spent five years in Italy and France, diligently engaging all his wonderful acuteness of observation and inquiry upon matters and in directions not apt to fix the interest of ordinary travellers. He sent home for publication his observations of an eruption of Vesuvius.

His return to England was at the time when the famous South-Sea scheme, which surpassed in idealism any dream of his own philosophy, was stirring the realm with an excitement never since equalled by any financial fraud or folly. Being now at the age of thirty-seven, having been absent from his place in Ireland more than eight years, he returned there in 1721 to engage in a Hebrew lectureship in Dublin. In 1724 he was appointed Dean of Derry, with an income of eleven hundred pounds, which preferment he held for ten years, and until he was made Bishop of Cloyne, though he would seem never to have resided at the former preferment, but to have discharged its duties by substitute. He, however, was no selfish incumbent of ecclesiastical sinecures. His money followed his kind words, and went free as the air into his benevolent schemes.

And now this great "idealist," alike in schemes of the most practical, as well as in projects of the most sublimated, character, devised and threw the whole enthusiasm of his soul into a project which failed in its realization, in part because it was so visionary in its aim, but in the main because its originator, while he was able to

engage for it the admiration of selfish worldlings and the promises of monarchs and courtiers, found their pecuniary pledges discredited.

Berkeley went to London again in 1724, under the prompting of the purest Christian chivalry, with a scheme for establishing a great university at the Somers Islands or the Bermudas. He selected this as the fairest region in that new Continent, where, as "time's noblest offspring," the fifth great act in the drama of humanity was to close the day of time. Through such a university he would plant the gospel, and enlist all the refinements of learning and culture in behalf of the resident English colonists and the native savages. He covenanted for himself, as its head, the exorbitant stipend of one hundred pounds, and for forty pounds for each of its fellows, his co-workers. Strange to say, he found such co-workers, fitting and earnest, ready to engage their aid. He inspired some of the most cold and selfish worldlings with his own enthusiasm, and published a tract upon his scheme in which it lived and glowed in all the bewitching beauty of his own fond and confiding assurance. He procured a cash subscription of five thousand pounds, and a charter from George I., confirmed by George II., with a pledge of a government grant, carried in the House of Commons, of twenty thousand pounds. He pursued, through a tedious correspondence with his friend Prior, a troubling business perplexity about his legacy from Miss Vanhomrigh, with a view to use the money, as he used all sums that came to his hands, for the indulgence of his benevolence. Having made his personal preparations, and relying upon the promised public grant, he selected Newport, R.I., as the temporary basis of his

supplies and activity; and, having been married on the eve of his departure, he arrived there on Jan. 23, 1729.

Among the memories of its old grandeur, its provincial prosperity, and its social pride, Newport fondly cherishes the associations and traditions connected with it, as having in its neighborhood furnished a home for Berkeley for nearly three years. Here he led a happy and useful life, having purchased a farm of ninety-six acres, and erected a simple but comfortable dwelling, which he called Whitehall. This dwelling, still standing, is visited with interest, as is also an overshadowed rocky retreat near the sea, where the philosopher mused and studied, and where he composed his "Minute Philosopher," the best fruit of his seclusion from the busy world. He had this ready for publication two months after his return to England, and a second edition of it appeared in the same year. But he waited in vain for the promised government grant for his university; and notwithstanding the cajoling words of the minister, Walpole, and the alternate excitement and depression following his correspondence with England, his final disappointment did not mar the sweet placidity of his disposition. He gave a signal evidence of the catholicity of his temper by his hearty interest in the prosperity of Yale College, in spite of its rigid Puritanism; and this, too, at a time when the falling away of its rector and some of its officers to episcopacy, and the intensely exciting controversy about the proposed introduction of Anglican bishops into these colonies, might well have discharged a churchman from any marked liberality in that direction. And when, yielding to the disappointment of his fond but

impracticable scheme, Dean Berkeley, in 1731, embarked for England,—leaving at Newport the grave of an infant daughter—he, by deed of gift executed in 1733, bestowed his landed estate here upon Yale College for the promotion of Greek and Latin scholarships.

An interesting incident connected with our local history, in Berkeley's visit to America, is, that among the friends whom he brought with him was the artist Smibert, whom he had first met in Italy. Smibert soon left the dean, and went to Boston. He concluded to establish himself in America. There is a letter of the dean's to him, written in Ireland years afterwards, trying to induce Smibert to return and reside there. When the dean went to Boston to sail for England, Smibert, who had the more famous Copley for a pupil, covered a large canvas with a painting of Berkeley in a group of eight persons, including the artist, and the dean's wife and young son. This picture, which was given to Yale College in 1808, to be numbered among its artistic treasures, had till then been in the Smibert studio in Boston.

On his return to England, Berkeley held the rich Deanery of Down, in Ireland, till 1734, without residence, when he was made Bishop of Cloyne; and from that time till very near the close of his life his home was in his native country. Though suffering much from bodily weakness and ailments, he was zealous, untiring, and inventive in efforts of practical benevolence. No representative of the English Church in Ireland ever secured from the priests and disciples of the Roman fold such personal love, and such respectful regard and deference, as did this good bishop. He was mistaken in thinking, that if "our admira-

ble liturgy" were translated, "and read to the Irish in their own tongue," it would be more easy to win them to Protestantism. But he was the first English prelate of whom we read in the Green Isle, who boldly, yet so kindly as not to give offence to those whom he would relieve, addressed the lower classes of the Irish, — and, as for that, his frank utterances applied equally to the upper classes — as bringing very much of their miseries upon themselves, by a sluggish indolence, a preference of thriftlessness, and an enjoyment of bodily and domestic filth. Soap, water, and cheerful industry, the bishop frankly told them, would remove more than half of their grievous ills. In the pestilences and local famines which scourged the land, he was ever ready to sympathize, advise, and minister with his own hands.

As if to invest even the most practical undertakings of Berkeley with the same ideality which characterized his philosophy, his name and fame are associated with a panacea which he would apply to most bodily ailments, and in the advocacy of which his own enthusiasm again drew to him a mighty discipleship. When in America, he had observed that the native Indians made much use of tar in their not always simple medical practice. He conceived for himself the very highest estimate of the value and efficacy of that product in the treatment of disease. The prevalence of the bloody-flux, or dysentery, in his neighborhood in 1739, while it engaged him in all humane labors for its poor victims, moved him to draw with an heroic confidence on the pharmacy of his former neighbors, the Narragansett Indians. "The virtues of tar-water" might represent the epitaph of Bishop Berkeley. His recipe for the sovereign cure of dys-

entery was a heaped spoonful of powdered rosin, mixed in a little thin broth, for which he afterwards substituted oil. He advised also that a bunch of tow, soaked in brandy, be introduced into the sphincter. His children compulsorily, and his friends advisedly, were put under this treatment. Testimonials, certificates, and earnest and grateful witnesses to the ease and efficacy of the treatment, overwhelmed the public attention. A credit was secured for the nostrum unsurpassed by any other panacea or empiric method of which we read in the past. The introduction of inoculation, the discovery and use of anæsthetics, did not raise an equal excitement. Berkeley published in 1744 his most curious work, indeed a wonderful miscellany, which appeared in a second edition in a few weeks, under the title of "Siris (from the Greek *σειρις* a little chain); a Chain of Philosophical Reflections and Enquiries concerning the Virtues of Tar Water, and divers other subjects connected together, and arising from one another." These other subjects, and the method of their connection with each other and with tar, were, for the most part, pure fancies or crotchets of the author himself. He had convinced himself, and he sought to extend and impress the conviction on the world, that tar contains a large proportion of the vital element of the universe. His friend Prior, under his prompting, published in 1746 his "Authentic Narrative of the Success of Tar Water." An intensely passionate controversy was waged upon the subject. The usual pamphlet warfare followed, with contributions to the ephemeral literature of the time in prose and verse, squibs, doggerel, and caricature. The outraged members of the medical profession, whose special ire is engaged — not

always without reason — against the nostrums upheld by individuals of the clerical brotherhood, were almost wild in the utterance of their protest and their scorching invective and withering ridicule. Nevertheless, the nostrum had its day — and all but triumphant day it was. Berkeley's treatise was translated into French, German, Dutch, and Portuguese. Establishments rose all over Europe and in America for the treatment of all human ailments by the wonderful specific.

It would seem that the primacy of Ireland was within the easy reach of the beloved bishop, and that only his own expressed wish or consent was needed to secure it. But he had another condition in view as the object of his desire, in the enjoyment of which he might end his days. His wish was to enter his son at Oxford, and to close his own life in a quiet residence there, free from all official labors. He sought to resign his bishopric. This could not be; but he easily obtained royal permission for non-residence. In the autumn of 1752, he accordingly found a modest home at Oxford. Here, on the eve of Sunday, Jan. 14, 1753, while his little family were around him engaged in listening to the reading of a sermon, and as his daughter was serving him with a cup of tea, his pure spirit was suddenly and painlessly released. He had nothing but love and reverence, without worldly wealth, to leave to wife and children.

In the last will of Berkeley, he had written the following injunction: "That my body, before it is buried, be kept five days above ground, or longer, even until it grow offensive by the cadaverous smell, and that during the said time it be unwashed, undisturbed, and covered by the same bed-

clothes in the same bed, the head being raised upon pillows." He enjoined that only twenty pounds be spent upon his burial, and that the same sum be given to the poor of the place in which he might die.

Of what is called "the philosophy of Berkeley," it is enough to say here, that, in a phase and a mode of statement suited to his own time and to the shape in which materialism found acceptance, it was an adequate antagonistic presentment of the claims of a high and pure spiritualism. The absurd popular apprehension of his philosophy found expression in the facile assertion that Berkeley denied the existence of the material world, and referred our idea of it to a simple illusion of the senses. So far was he from such an absurdity as this, that he maintained that he was proving the actual existence of the material world by a new and positive method, when he affirmed that we must primarily and equally allow for the fidelity and reality of those intellectual and spiritual faculties of our own, by which we take cognizance of it and apprehend it.

GEORGE E. ELLIS.

THE PLURALITY OF WORLDS.¹

ASTRONOMICAL science is in this book quite successfully popularized. The undertaking, to the appreciative mind and the student of nature in her wonderful and broader aspects, is very satisfactorily worked out. There is necessarily more or less of speculation mingled with well-ascertained facts. But some parts of the work

¹ *Other Worlds than Ours. The Plurality of Worlds studied under the Light of Recent Scientific Researches.* By Richard A. Proctor, B.A., F.R.A.S. Author of *Saturn and its System, Sun-Views of the Earth, Half-hours with the Telescope, &c.* New York: D. Appleton & Co.

are too diffuse to make the perusal pleasant or easy.

As a treatise upon one branch of physics, it is an excellent alternative and antidote where too much novel has been taken into the stomach, or where that is the tendency. The remarkable phenomena of the solar spectrum, showing that the elements of the sun, in an incandescent state, are identical with elements that enter into the composition of the earth, is a beautiful exemplification of the law of unity, and is symbolical of the truth that the loves in heaven and the best loves on earth are the same. A very readable page is made of this solar and terrestrial demonstration; and the proof is clear that such interesting heavenly bodies should not be shut out of well-regulated families. Hence this author does a service, especially to young readers and those untaught in the azure spaces and the worlds that people them, in opening so pleasant and passable a road through the skies.

A period of ten and one-half years elapses from the time there are the most spots on the sun to the time of the same occurrence again. Then there is the same space of ten and one-half years during which the magnetic needle passes from its greatest diurnal vibration through smaller changes to its greatest diurnal vibration again. And these two periods just cover each other. Now, this wonderful fact, with such wide and mysterious connections, is, to the healthy intellect and one well balanced in the pursuit of knowledge, as *taking* as the variations, in the last product of fiction, of Harry Somerville's affection, and his oscillation to Australia and back to the attracting centre in three years six months and twenty days. The "black sky," found by the telescope piercing the blue, and reaching on and on

along the interminable line of immensity, is not altogether black and blank of interest to the thoughts that outrun the most powerful instrument, and from an infinite Creator contemplate an unlimited creation of life and of worlds.

W. M. B.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

THERE is a striking fact with regard to the men of science of the present generation, that they are not blind to the poetry that is mingled in their severest studies. In making a battle with superstition they do not think it necessary to forget the province of the imagination. This is forcibly displayed by the three books by Prof. Tyndall, published within the last year in America. Their titles have been recorded by us as they made their appearance.¹

These volumes supplement each other. One, "Light and Electricity," consists of the notes of a course of nine lectures on light, delivered before the Royal Institution of Great Britain in two successive courses. Being merely "notes," they are the concentrated essence of the study Prof. Tyndall wished to convey. In the words of the preface, they "sharply state the fundamental principles of electrical and optical science." The student and teacher therefore seize upon them for their compact form, and the value of their clear statement of facts, made the more interesting from the simplicity of language in which they are presented.

¹ *Light and Electricity: Notes of Two Courses of Lectures before the Royal Institution of Great Britain.* By John Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1871.

Fragments of Science for Unscientific People. A Series of Detached Essays, Lectures, and Reviews. By John Tyndall. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1871.

Hours of Exercise in the Alps. By John Tyndall. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The unscientific reader will be attracted first by the other volumes, which may in the end lead him to the closer study. There are many men of science who object on principle to make any effort to render their studies "popular," and sneer at the idea of bringing into the reach of the superficial reader the higher truths they have themselves with difficulty reached in a life's labor. And, apart from the sneer, they are no doubt much to be praised for a conscientious protest against the superficial mode of study of the present day, and the assumption with which young acolytes display their little smattering of knowledge.

But even the smatterers are longing for knowledge, and the "profane crowd" must be fed in some way. It is well if they will read something besides sensation novels. And such a writer as Prof. Tyndall does an immense service. He writes a book that will be read by such, and shows the living interest in what of old has appeared a dry study, where, like a true prophet himself, he strikes the rock to bring out the pure spring of poetry. As a motto to the "Fragments of Science," he quotes from Emerson: —

"The gentle mother of all
Showed me the lore of colors and of sounds;
The innumerable tenements of beauty
The miracle of generative force;" &c.

And among the essays of this volume we find papers upon Radiation, Radiant Heat, on Chemical Rays and similar subjects, side by side with those upon Prayer, and the Scientific Use of the Imagination.

The volume of "Hours of Exercise in the Alps" contains also some other interesting papers, among them "The Voyage to Algeria to observe the Eclipse." In this Prof. Tyndall

brings in the result of some observations made upon this voyage, and in the laboratory, with regard to the color of the sea.

Prof. Tyndall, in his own preface to this volume, closes with the words, —

"From America the impulse came which induced me to gather these 'Fragments' together, and to my friends in the United States I dedicate them."

There could scarcely be a better precursor to his visit in America than these volumes, which (if there are any such) will teach those who did not know before whom it is that the scientific men of the country are delighting to honor.

THE ORIGINS OF PRUSSIA, AND THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE MUSEUM.

IN the curious ethnological article on Prussia, which, in the midst of the siege of Paris, M. Quatrefages contributes to his series on "The Natural History of Man," he gives some valuable sketches of the origin of the people who inhabit the "Prussias." This method of ridiculing an enemy, by tracing it to an ignominious ancestry, is not new. The Austrian savans proved to their satisfaction that the Magyars of Hungary were the descendants of Lapps; for all which the Magyars have proved tall enough to do much as they choose with Austria.

"The Finn of the Baltic, such as history paints him, and as he displays himself in our days in the spot where he appears best, is tolerably industrious, patient, even obstinate; hospitable, though not easily accessible to foreigners. Endowed with poetical instincts, especially musical ones, he was, and is yet, strongly attached to his religious or superstitious beliefs. Loving independence, he courageously re-

sisted conquest, has often revolted, and, although reduced to the lowest slavery, has preserved a certain fund of personal pride. Unhappily, what there is good in this picture is spoiled by a trait which seems truly national. The Finn never pardons an offence, true or supposed. He avenges himself on the first occasion, and is not difficult in his choice of means. Thus is explained the frequency of assassinations in Finland among the peasants of that race.

"Nothing indicates that the spirit of conquest has ever animated the Finn population of which we speak. This spirit shows itself, on the contrary, in the Slave, as with all the Aryans who have overflowed Europe. As with them, this spirit culminates in barbarism; yet they were distinguished from brother races by their manner of fighting. Their wars were a series of ambuscades. They excelled in crouching behind stones, crawling in the grass, hiding for whole days awaiting the enemy, in order to strike him on a sudden with some long poisoned javelin.'

In this manner, the writer explains the barbarous methods he recognizes in the Prussian invasion, passing on to speak of what he has seen himself in the siege of Paris.

"Thus was born and constituted the Prussian race, perfectly distinct from the Germanic races in its ethnical origin as well as its acquired habits. The elements which compose it are besides not entirely fused. Spite of a varnish of civilization, borrowed especially from France, the race is still in its middle age. This explains some of its hatreds and its violence. In expressing myself thus, I do not intend to misunderstand or deny any of its strong and serious qualities. Nothing is gained by unjust depreciation of an enemy; but it is permissible for a Frenchman to be only just towards a race which disguises its sentiments so little.

"The history of the siege of Paris suffices to prove this. As professor at the Museum, I limit myself to describing as an

episode what has taken place in this establishment during the bombardment.

"The Museum of Paris, with the gardens and buildings dependent upon it, forms an irregular quadrilateral, entirely isolated between a quay and three streets, of an area of 225,430 square metres.

"The details of its position were certainly well known to the enemy, as well as the fact, that our great scientific establishment had become a branch establishment to the Hospital de la Pitié. At the beginning of the siege, in the fear, too well founded, of bombardment, the necessary precautions had been taken to save the treasures of science. Professors and students occupied themselves alike in this duty. The most precious objects, unique specimens, whole collections, whose value results from their completeness, were transported to the cellars. For three months, this was believed to be a useless labor. But Jan. 8, between ten and eleven at night, the unprecedented bombardment broke out suddenly, which called for a solemn protest on the part of the neutral powers. Cannot we recognize in this trait the Finn, such as he is painted by M. A. Thierry? There is only the difference of time and science. Instead of the javelin of his ancestors, the Prussian sent us his long-reaching bombs."

We pass over the list of the losses of the museum.

"Eighty-five bombs had fallen upon the museum in seventeen days, and forty-seven fell upon the hospital."

It is evident that these bombs must have been aimed at this one spot.

"Projectiles directed by their artillery, whose redoubtable address we have so many times experienced, could not have gone astray in so great a number, and in so constant a manner.

"The Museum has been bombarded. The Prussians have intentionally scattered their bombs, armed with incendiary tubes, all around the labyrinth. In acting thus, they had the absolute certainty of reaching only modest edifices, consecrated to humanity or science, and of striking only the sick and wounded doctors and *savans*.

At the same time, they took the chance of annihilating collections that in their completeness are unrivalled. Nowhere does the sombre rancor of the Finn, the jealous hatred of the semi-barbarian for a superior civilization, define itself more clearly. War, such as Prussia and her interpreters understand it, presents everywhere the same characters. Under the motives which they give to it, it becomes a crusade; and they preach it in a language where at every word is betrayed the mixture of pitiless mysticism and unbridled ambition which animated the knights who were armed against the Saracens or the Praczi. By the method of its work, we are carried far back in history.

"In all respects, Prussia is ethnologically distinct from the nations it rules under a pretended community of race; its instincts are not theirs. Some day, the true Germany will understand the position, and will feel that in my words there is something besides the resentment of one who is conquered; but it will be too late. Germany will then cruelly expiate the fault she has committed in resting her future on an anthropological error."

NEW DISCOVERY AT JERUSALEM.

M. CLERMONT GAUREAU, Dragoman of the French Legation in the Holy City, whose work in recovering and deciphering the Moabite Stone we have already chronicled, announces in "The London Athenæum" of July 8th, another important relic which the excavations have brought to light,—one of the slabs which are mentioned by Josephus, in his account of the Temple in the fifth book of his History of the Jewish War, Chap. V. Josephus says that the two pillars were placed in the balustrade of the Hieron or Holy Place to warn strangers not to enter. His words are, "διὰ τούτου προϊόντων ἐπὶ τὸ δεύτερον ἱερόν δρύφακτος περιβέβλητο λίθινος τρίτηγυς μὲν ὕψος πάνν δὲ χαριέντως διευγρασμένος· ἐν αὐτῷ δ' εἰσήμε-

σαν ἐξ ἴσου διασήματος σιγλαι τὸν τῆς ἀγνείας προσημαίνουσαι νόμον, αἷ μὲν Ἑλλητικοῖς, αἱ δὲ Ρωμαϊκοῖς γραμμασι μὴ δεῖν ἀλλόφυλον ἐντὸς τοῦ ἁγίου παριέναι."

The inscription on the stone which has just been found is nearly in the words which Josephus uses. It is in Greek uncial letters, very large, and fills seven lines. We give it in the ordinary cursive letter without the accents. "Μηθενα ἀλλογενῆ εἰσπορευεσθαι ἐντὸς τον περι το ιερον τρυφακτου και περιβολου ος δ' αν ληφθη εαντωι αιτωσ εσται δια το εξακολοθειν θανατον." "Let no foreigner enter within the balustrade which is around the Holy Place and into the enclosure. Whoever shall be caught will be liable to the death which may ensue for him." The word "Tryphaktou" here Josephus writes "Dryphaktos,"¹ and for the word "Allogene," foreign-born, he substitutes the word "Allophylon," of another race, almost synonymous with the first word. Josephus says nothing of the penalty here mentioned, which, indeed, seems rather to be a warning of danger than a statement of legal danger. The law did not punish with death one who entered the sacred enclosure, but the fanatical zeal of the people might slay on the spot such a profane intruder. The notice was a caution to unwary strangers not to arouse the anger of the zealots, who were in the Temple what the Mogrebin monks are in the Mosque of Omar.

This relic with its inscription is of high value to biblical archæology. It fixes a palæographic scale, and shows the exact dimension of the "three cubits" in the time of Herod, how high the balustrade was around the Hieron. Then it shows the difference of the Herodian blocks of stone from those of the earlier and

¹ In the nominative.

later age, in their size and shape. It gives also an authentic explanation of various parts of the Temple. It is probable that the other stone, with the Latin inscription, is buried not far from this, and that it will by and by be brought to the light, if the money is raised to continue the excavations.

C. H. B.

THE MOABITE STONE.

SINCE the article on the Moabite Stone was published in our July number, two more translations and essays upon it have come to hand. One is by the learned Prof. M. A. Lévy of Breslau, whose specialty is the deciphering of ancient Semitic inscriptions. His translation differs very slightly from that of Kaempf, and is cautious with the uncertain words. His essay, however, is valuable from its table at the end, in which the forms of the letters are given in five parallel columns with the modern Hebrew, the old Hebrew letters, the Aramaic letters, and the Phœnician letters as found on seals, gems, weights, and in the famous Nora inscription. Herr Lévy discusses each letter separately. The similarity of form in all these alphabets is remarkable, and demonstrates conclusively the antiquity of the script. The Moabite letters are quite as graceful and pleasant to the eye, as those of the Jews and Phœnicians in the age of the Kings.

The other essay, by the famous orientalist Hitsig, is chiefly valuable for its geographical discussion and its identification of localities. The places of Medeba, of Dibon, of Baal Meon, and other towns mentioned in the inscription, are pointed out, and there is nice investigation in the meaning of the Hebrew letters. Hitsig's

translation of the inscription differs in several important particulars from that of the other interpreters, and especially from the conjectural readings of Gaureau in the obscure passages. In one of the appendices, he examines the question of Ashtar Chemosh, and decides against the theory of a composite God. Chemosh is only the Moabite equivalent of the Syrian Molech. He criticises *seriatim* every line of the inscription, and makes of it thirteen paragraphs. The preface to the essay is amusing and characteristic. It has a tone of lofty contempt for the inferior scholarship of some who have meddled with the matter. "If Old Testament science is going behindhand among the Germans, it is wholly down in other countries: there is no need of saying that."

C. H. B.

TALKING GERMAN.

EVERY season brings a fresh crop of new grammars, in an effort to simplify a difficult study. The author of this new oral method¹ wisely states in his preface, that the learning to translate sentences from one language to another does not necessarily lead to speaking; a discovery which many a traveller makes to his sorrow. The grammar before us proposes to give a rapid method of seizing upon the principles of German grammar, in order that they may be put into practice quickly, without "tedious hours of study." And for a conscientious student his system seems well adapted. It might be objected that such a student, after being informed that there are in German four cases, might feel

¹ Oral Method with German. By Jean Gustave Keetels. New York: Leopoldt, Holt & Williams, F. W. Christern. Boston: S. R. Urbino. 1871.

German Conversation Tables. By Augustus Lodemann. New York: Holt & Williams, F. W. Christern. Boston: S. R. Urbino.

some impatience at being forced to wait till the nineteenth lesson, before finding out what the dative of the article, for instance, is in German. But for an adult student this may not prove an objection; and his curiosity will, perhaps, help him to hurry on to the solution of such grammatical questions.

It should be remembered, in all such study of language, that, although it is of immense assistance, in landing in a foreign land, to be able to form the phrases necessary to make one's wants understood, conversation depends upon a higher cultivation than this. If the student wishes to talk well in a foreign language, he must also have been able to read it well, in order to be furnished with some of the implements necessary for conversation. Our modern teaching of languages is inclined to go to the extreme of that of the last generation, in not laying sufficient stress upon the necessity of cultivating the foreign language as well as mastering its conversational idioms. We have advanced, it is true, upon the limited store of words, furnished to the student by the original Ollendorffs. But it should be remembered, that, in teaching to talk, the teaching to read should not be laid aside; and in a complete study of a language both should go together.

We do not intimate that Prof. Keetels is superficial in his method. On the contrary, his system appears thorough and careful, and likely to bring about the desired result; and he earnestly suggests that all scholars should "keep the facts clearly before the mind and practise constantly the art they wish to become possessed of, for to speak a language is more of an art than a science." His grammar is an admirable accompaniment

and incentive to study, making of it almost play rather than work.

The German Conversation-Tables, which are published with a similar purpose, of helping the scholar in the art of speaking German, is a little book containing series of questions. The words necessary for the answers to these questions are given, but the learner is to compose them into a sentence. The process is quite entertaining; and this, indeed, would make an agreeable little game in any conversation club, or meeting of scholars anxious for practice in talking German.

THE REVELATION OF JOHN.

DR. COWLES has given us one of the most sensible and valuable commentaries¹ published upon the Book of Revelation. It clears up nearly all the difficulties which people generally find in understanding that book. It shows that nearly the whole of it relates to the fall of Jerusalem and the destruction of Papal Rome. The Commentary will render good service in the family and the Sunday school, not only by the opinions it sets forth, but also by the rational principles of interpretation to which it faithfully adheres.

SCRIPTURE REVISION.²

A BOOK written in the best spirit and for a high purpose; but it has too loose an exegesis, and too little method in the arrangement of facts and arguments, to make it of much service.

¹ The Revelation of John; with notes by Rev. Henry Cowles, D.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1871.

² Indices, Historical and Rational, to a Revision of the Scriptures. By David Newport, a member of the Society of Friends. Lippincott & Co.

BASCOM'S LOWELL LECTURES.

PROF. BASCOM has given us here¹ the twelve lectures which he delivered before the Lowell Institute in Boston. There is nothing dry in a book which proves that thoughts are not "the ripple-marks left by the restless waves of physical forces," and the mind "is not a harp cunningly played on by winds that know not the skill that is in them," and every motion of matter is a "pulsation of the life of God." What he says on primitive ideas, matter, and right, has an especial value; while most readers will be interested in the argument that the omniscience of God cannot reach to human actions which are not yet determined upon, and therefore is not complete foreknowledge. The lecture on primitive religious conceptions is worth reiterating in our churches. It quotes from Max Müller, with approval, these words, "Unless they had formed a part of the original dowry of the human soul, religion itself would have remained an impossibility, and the tongues of angels would have been to human ears but as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

R. M.

NOVELS AND STORIES.

We have made up, with care, a list of the best novels published or republished in America through the summer. With regard to some of these we shall have occasion to speak again. There is nothing here which may not be bought safely.

ONE YEAR; OR, A STORY OF THREE HOMES. By Frances Mary Peard. This story, by an author new to American readers, is very fresh and charming, with pleasant pictures both of

French and English life, a good moral, and a happy ending.

THE SILENT PARTNER, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, commands attention by her reputation, and deserves it for interest of story and subject; but the vicious style into which Miss Phelps has fallen, not unlike Dickens's worst bits, in its repetitions and oddities, ruins our pleasure in reading it. If it be true, as we have heard, that Miss Phelps has made a thorough personal study of the condition of factory hands, that she has devoted much of her time to their service, and is well known and deeply loved among them, she has certainly some right to express her opinions freely on their rights, and the duties of their employers; otherwise, it would have seemed that so young a woman spoke far too decidedly on the questions that the wisest and grayest heads all over the world are finding it too hard for them to settle.

THREE SUCCESSFUL GIRLS is worthy of a better title. Though much fault might be found with both style and plot, it is still a fresh and wholesome story; perhaps making its young heroines a little too successful in their several parts of author, painter, and musician, but yet teaching the much-needed lesson, that women have only to do things thoroughly well, and the world will recognize it, without stopping to consider whether they are women or men.

MOTHERLESS; OR, A PARISIAN FAMILY, like A FRENCH COUNTRY FAMILY, by the same author, is a pleasing, simple story for young people, giving an insight into that French family life which we are so slow to believe in, but from which we might learn many lessons.

A VISIT TO MY DISCONTENTED COUSIN is not properly to be called

¹ Science, Philosophy, and Religion. By John Bascom. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1871.

a novel, yet is so sprinkled with short stories that it cannot claim the dignity of an essay pure and simple. Some name must be devised for this new class of books, of which Mr. Helps has certainly been the pioneer. Meanwhile, this specimen is an extremely bright and pleasing one; the conversation being worth joining in, and the stories worth reading.

THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE. HEARTSEASE; OR, THE BROTHER'S WIFE. THE DAISY CHAIN; OR, ASPIRATIONS. BEECHCROFT. THE TWO GUARDIANS. All by Miss C. M. Yonge. D. Appleton & Co.

It is a great pleasure to see these old friends re-appearing in so pretty a new guise. And, as the hair-dye people say, the new edition supplies "a real want;" for, where Miss Yonge is read at all, she is read and re-read so devotedly, that most of the earlier copies of the three books above named, now from fifteen to twenty years old, are fearfully shabby, if not absolutely, like some we know of, torn and coverless.

Miss Yonge shows in "*The Trial*" a great dislike to this country; and, indeed, her whole life and training must have fitted her for disliking intensely the idea of America which English people always seem to have. But we think her heart would be softened by these piles of worn and tattered books, bearing witness how emphatically the American people return good for evil. As Mr. Pecksniff says, "Though she does not like them, she cannot prevent their liking her."

THE MILLER OF ANGIBAULT. By George Sand. Translated by Miss Mary E. Dewey. Roberts Brothers.

THE FOREST HOUSE, and CATHERINE'S LOVERS. By Messrs. Erckmann-Chatrion. Translated by John Sims. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

OLIVE. LITTLE SUNSHINE'S HOLIDAY. AGATHA'S HUSBAND. THE OGILVIES. THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY. Messrs. Harper are publishing a neat uniform edition of Mrs. Craik's novels, to which we have alluded elsewhere.

HER LORD AND MASTER. By Florence Marryat. New York: Harper Brothers.

THE WIFE OF A VAIN MAN. By Marie Sophie Schwartz. Translated by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

AROUND A SPRING. By Gustav Droz. New York: Holt & Williams.

VIVIA. A modern story. By Florence Wilford. A charming book. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

MARQUIS AND MERCHANT. By Mortimer Collins. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

WON, NOT WOODED. By the author of *Carlyon's Year*. New York: Harper Brothers.

THE PORTENT. By George MacDonald. Boston: A. K. Loring.

THE ISLAND NEIGHBORS. By Antoinette Brown Blackwell. New York: Harper & Brothers.

FOR LACK OF GOLD. By C. Gibbon. New York: Harper & Brothers.

MY HEROINE. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A DAUGHTER OF HETH. By William Black. New York: Harper & Brothers.

TANCRED; OR, THE NEW CRUSADE. By Benjamin Disraeli. A new edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

ANNIE FURNESS. New York: Harper & Brothers.

TWO COLLEGE FRIENDS. By F. W. Loring. Republished from "*OLD AND NEW*." Boston: A. K. Loring.

OTHER NEW BOOKS.

THE summer months, as we have already said, have brought us a much larger number than usual of books of temporary interest and of permanent value.

Without space at this time, for review, we call the attention of book-buyers to those named below:—

TILL THE DOCTOR COMES, AND HOW TO HELP HIM. By George H. Hope, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

THE YOUNG MECHANIC. By the author of "The Lathe and its Uses." G. P. Putnam & Sons.

THE EYE IN HEALTH AND DISEASE. By B. Joy Jeffries, M.D. Boston: Alexander Moore.

LIGHT SCIENCE FOR LEISURE HOURS. By Richard A. Proctor. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

REINDEER, DOGS, AND SNOWSHOES. By Richard I. Bush. New York: Harper & Brothers.

NEW-ENGLAND LEGENDS. By H. P. Spofford. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

FABLES OF PILPAY. Revised edition. Boston: Houghton & Co.

CASTILIAN DAYS. By John Hay. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

ATLANTIC ESSAYS. By T. W. Higginson. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

CHAPTERS OF ERIE, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By C. F. Adams, Jr., & Henry Adams. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

THE WEST INDIES. By Charles Kingsley. New York: Harper & Brothers.

LIFE OF HERNANDO CORTES. By Arthur Helps. New York: Putnam & Sons.

DOMESTIC LIFE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. By S. N. Randolph. New York: Harper & Brothers.

FREDERICK THE GREAT. By J. S. C. Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers.

SIR WALTER SCOTT. By R. Shelton Mackenzie. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

LIFE OF JOHN BUNYAN. By D. A. Harsha. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott.

LIFE OF J. P. KENNEDY. By Henry T. Tuckerman. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

THE BOSTON DIP, AND OTHER VERSES. By Fred W. Loring. Boston: A. K. Loring.

BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE. By Robert Browning. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

KING ARTHUR. A poem. By Lord Lytton. The first American edition of a poem published twenty years ago. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE COUSIN FROM INDIA. A story for girls. By Georgiana M. Craik. New York: Harper & Brothers.

STORIES FROM OLD ENGLISH POETRY. By Abby Sage Richardson. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

LITTLE FOLKS' SONGS. By Alexina B. White. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

THE JUDGES' PETS. By E. Johnson. A child's book. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

Fine Arts.

HAMERTON'S BOOKS.

WE find Emerson quoted in the first paragraph of Philip Gilbert Hamerton's "Thoughts on Art." The artist, as Mr. Hamerton himself suggests, very seldom utters himself well on the subject of art; and the severe criticism with which Ruskin has been received as an artist shows that the mingling of literature with art meets with the same hostility from the pure artist, as that of literature and science by the scientific man.

But we outsiders can gratefully acknowledge that the painter's eye must be especially fitted to see and catch the picturesque, and that it is quite possible he may have the genius, or at least the talent, for expressing his picture with the pen as well as the pencil; and, if he will give us some pleasant pages full of landscape, we will not complain that he has left his province.

But, as we have said in another place with regard to Prof. Tyndall's books, we have a crowd of readers to be fed. In America, especially, is a fresh generation greedy for books, who are uneducated with regard to art, and need to be taught even what art is. Such books as these by Hamerton invite them to read, and teach them much they need to know, and awaken them to an observation of artistic beauty, just as Ruskin

woke up an enthusiasm for the beauty of the sunset, in many who had not happened to notice the colors of the clouds before. Hamerton's chapter upon "Picture Buying," with its hints for hanging pictures in private rooms, or in galleries, is a piece of culture for our picture-buying public.

Among the volumes by Philip Hamerton published in America,¹ he himself makes a preface to the American edition of "Thoughts on Art," in which he states that the new edition of "A Painter's Camp" is not precisely a republication of the earlier one.

"Every comparatively inexperienced writer has," he says, "great faults which care and labor can alone remove. My faults eight years ago, whatever they may be now, were heedless prolixity, and an appearance — which the reader is entreated to believe was only an appearance — of egotism and conceit. . . ."

"The fault of prolixity was due to over-anxiety to be understood. In the common intercourse of life, I had always found that to make people understand things was a matter of prodigious difficulty. . . . Hence the notion fixed itself in my mind, that explanation could never be clear enough, or minute enough, or repeated often enough, and that, if a posi-

¹ A Painter's Camp. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. In three Books. Book I. In England. Book II. In Scotland. Book III. In France. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1871.

Thoughts about Art. By Phillip Gilbert Hamerton. A new edition, revised by the Author. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1871.

The Unknown River. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1871.

tion had to be defended, it was impossible to get together too strong a force of authorities."

The result of these "natural advances in literary experience" has been a revision of the whole book, and new essays have been added.

A pleasant variety of essays is included in "Thoughts upon Art," with much suggestive and agreeable side-talk. The author devotes a paper to vindicate the claims of landscape painting amongst the Fine Arts, as taking at present an inferior position. He asks if its attainment is indeed easy.

"If the reader has ever looked at a cloud, can he believe that clouds are easy things to paint? . . .

"And the flames of sunset, dashing the blue lead color of the clouds at the horizon with intense streaks of crimson fire, fainter as they rise towards the zenith, and fading over our heads in scarcely perceptible inward glowing, are *they* easy? Is it easy to get *that* light with *that* color?"

"And the gradations in the exquisite open sky, so deep, so pure, so ever-varying, by whom have they been quite rightly, quite unexceptionably, wrought? By one or two early religious painters, it may be, but not in their full variety. Who can graduate quite truly an evening sky with intense gold at the horizon and cold blue at the zenith? will there not generally occur some dubious passage between the gold and the blue? Skilful painters of draperies, are you perfectly confident that you can quite successfully resolve this particular little problem? And if you had mastered it, why, there are a million more such problems in reserve for you, *tous plus difficiles que les autres*.

"Mountains, too, are supposed to be easy. I may be excused for being sceptical on that point," &c.

In the close of an article upon "Proudhon as a Writer on Art," Hamerton says, —

"All these theories and reasonings of Proudhon, of which I have endeavored to give an accurate account, are introductory to the main object of his work, which is the elevation of Courbet to the rank of a great *rational* artist, the reformer and regenerator of art. I prefer to reserve this part of the subject, and treat Courbet in some future work, when I shall have had fuller opportunities for studying him."

It is striking to see that events travel so fast, and before the year has closed Courbet, alas! must be studied on trial for political, rather than artistic, acts.

ALBRECHT DURER'S FOUR-HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY.

FOR a long time it has been the custom of the artists of Nuremburg to celebrate the birthday of Albrecht Dürer by assembling around his grave soon after sunrise, to listen to an address from one of their number, followed by the music of a dirge, and to lay upon the memorial-stone a wreath of laurel; similar wreaths being placed also upon the head of his statue in the market-place, and around the medallion portrait that adorns the doorway of his former residence.

The four-hundredth anniversary, falling on the 21st of May of the present year, was looked forward to as an appropriate time for making of that simple grave in St. John's churchyard a shrine for all lovers of art. It was the intention to open in Nuremburg a grand exhibition of as many of Dürer's works as could be collected from public galleries and private mansions throughout the land, and to make of the occasion an intellectual feast worthy of the memory of the great master whom all Germany delights to honor.

But the war prevented the fulfilment of these far-reaching plans; the

commemoration was confined chiefly to the citizens of Nuremberg, and the exhibition to paintings and engravings owned in the city, to which were added specimens of gold and silver plate, tapestry, &c., treasured in old patrician families for centuries.

On May 20, the statue of Albrecht Dürer, which stands in the public square bearing his name, was crowned with laurel, and the pedestal profusely decorated with flowers, banners, and other insignia, as were also the house in which he was born, his dwelling, and the former homes of his friends and contemporaries, Pirkheimer, Hans Sachs, and Peter Vischer.

In the evening all the houses in the Albrecht Dürer Square were brilliantly illuminated; an immense crowd filled the open space, and at the appointed time the various art societies of Nuremberg, preceded by bands of music and escorted by a torchlight procession, marched through the midst of the throng, and gathered around the statue, where they joined in singing, and then listened to an address from the burgomaster, after which the crowd quietly dispersed. The most unimaginative spectator of that scene could not but be struck by the fine effect of the light in bringing out the peculiar architecture of the building, especially in displaying the harmonious proportions of St. Sebald's Church, and the unique quaintness of the parsonage; and no doubt many wished, like the writer, that for once the whole city, walls, towers, spires, turrets, gables, bow-windows, and all, could be shown in relief against a dark sky by the beaded lamps and blazing torches of a universal illumination.

The next morning, in spite of a lowering sky and an occasional shower, St. John's churchyard was filled

at an early hour with an expectant crowd; and at half-past eight the procession of artists and musicians, preceded by the banners of the city and of the societies, appeared, and took their places around the grave. The music, both vocal and instrumental, was finely performed; and the address and poem were full of enthusiasm and reverent feeling. At the close of the address the speaker stepped forward, and placed the accustomed wreath of laurel upon the stone, where lay already an earlier offering from an unknown hand, — a fresh bouquet of roses, pansies, and lily of the valley. The flowers were bound together with a knot of red, white, and blue ribbons; and on the white was written, "America to Albrecht Dürer," while a folded paper under the green leaves bore Longfellow's couplet, —

"*Emigravit* is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies:

Dead he is not, — but departed, — for the artist never dies."

This bouquet elicited much attention from the crowd, who pressed around the grave to examine it as soon as the exercises were over; and some among them may have remembered that two years ago, on the same occasion, the same offering was made as a token of sympathy from a citizen of the great republic, where art, still young, cherishes, as one of her richest inheritances from the old-world past, the name and fame of Albert Dürer.

The solemn commemoration at the grave was succeeded by more festive rejoicings. There was a breakfast at the *Rosenau*, where first among the toasts the healths of the new emperor, and of the patriotic King of Bavaria, whose influence has been so powerful in hastening the unity of Germany, were drunk with thunders

of applause, the greeting being immediately telegraphed to the royal personages at Berlin and Munich. There was a concert in the hall of the German Museum, and an original play, written for the anniversary by an author in Munich, was given at the summer theatre. The play was entitled "Dürer in Venice," and was a skilful portrayal of one of the happiest episodes in the artist's life. In the evening a banquet was given in the hall of the principal literary society of Nuremburg, in the course of which short original articles were read and addresses spoken. Friendly replies, by telegraph, to the compliment of the morning, from the king and the emperor were also announced; and, throughout the festivities, the return of peace and the blessing of a united fatherland were constantly touched upon as a cause of pride and rejoicing.

The Dürer collection in the German museum will remain open until the latter part of June, and will be visited by hundreds of tourists, who, fresh from Italian galleries, will here have an opportunity of studying the works of a master whom Raphael was proud to own as a friend and fellow-laborer, and who excelled in the vigor and earnestness of his delineations, as did his great contemporary in tenderness and grace.

Let those who have lingered in delighted astonishment before the portraits painted by Titian and Rubens, acknowledge that no counterfeit presentment was ever more life-like than the picture of the Nuremburg patrician Hieronymus Holzschuher. Let those who are somewhat wearied with the sweet sameness, the effeminate loveliness, of Carlo Dolci and Guido Reni, in their attempts to represent the character and trials of Jesus, look

upon the "Ecce Homo" of Albrecht Dürer, which embodies all that man can conceive of mental agony aggravated by physical indignity and suffering. E.

MORITZ VON SCHWIND.

IN the midst of the excitement of war and the jubilee of victory, Germany has yet found time to mourn the loss of one of her greatest artists, Moritz von Schwind, who died in Munich on the 8th of February last, at the age of sixty-seven, after a long career of earnest activity and brilliant success.

He was born in Vienna, but spent a portion of his boyhood in Bohemia, where his imagination was deeply impressed by the romantic scenery of the forests and mountains. His mother possessed a remarkable talent for music, and was a proficient in the compositions of Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven. Beethoven was a friend and frequent visitor of the family; and through the artist's whole life he was intimately associated with the first composers and musicians of his time. But in his prolific imagination the inherited taste for music came joined with other gifts, and was developed later in pictures so skilfully toned and so harmonious, that he with justice spoke of them as "painted symphonies."

A short time after entering the university, he gave up his studies in order to devote himself entirely to art, and went to Munich, where he followed at first the style of Cornelius and Julius Schnorr, though his individuality soon manifested itself, both in his choice of subjects and manner of treatment. His activity was manifold; and, besides the finished works of his own hand, he prepared designs

for frescoes, as well as for ornamental furniture, &c.

He painted a series of pictures for the high altar of the Frauen Kirche in Munich, and a few other churches can boast of specimens of his skill; but he never used oil excepting when specially commissioned, as he was conscious that that medium was not the best for giving expression to the delicate creations of his fancy. The walls of the royal palaces of Munich, Hohenschwangau, and Starnberg are adorned with his frescoes, as are also the Parliament House and Kunsthalle in Carlsruhe and the new Opera House in Vienna. As an historical painter, von Schwind lacked the degree of sublimity and vigor necessary to establish him as a master in that department; but as a delineator of simple incident, and an illustrator of folk-songs and popular legends, he is almost unrivalled.

He seemed to choose for his favorite theme the exaltation of feminine virtues. Thus the sublime charity and devotion of St. Elizabeth are portrayed with exquisite tenderness upon the walls of the Wartburg; in the Museum at Weimar the faithfulness of a sister is delineated in the story of the "Seven Ravens;" and his Cinderella is the ideal of womanly modesty and humility.

His last, and perhaps his greatest, work is the story of the beautiful Melusina,—a series of aquarelle paintings which occupied him at intervals for a period of nearly thirty years.

The first picture shows the water-nymph resting quietly in the deep spring which is her home. Her beautiful face, calm in the peace of an unawakened nature, but dreamy with faint suggestions of slumbering emotions, is seen in half shadow under the overhanging rocks that secure the

privacy of her abode. The vegetation that borders the spring, as also the trees and rocks of the surrounding forest, have in them something of weird and fantastic grace that hints of fairy-land, while it does not transgress the laws of that nature which we recognize with our human eyes.

In the next scene the nymph's earthly experience begins. Count Raimund, wandering in the forest, meets her near the waterfall; and, in spite of the warning of her sister nymphs, she listens to the avowal of his love, and promises to wed him.

The third scene represents the bride and bridegroom, escorted each by a numerous cavalcade, as they meet in the valley appointed for the scene of their marriage.

In the fourth scene Melusina, on the morning after her marriage, leads her husband into a balcony of the castle, and shows him a wonderful building which has arisen during the night, requesting from him an oath that he will not doubt nor disturb her, when she shall from time to time leave his society to spend a few hours in this mysterious palace. This is one of the most charming sketches in the whole collection: words cannot describe the effect of the early morning light upon the youthful pair, nor the exquisite delineation of the vine-covered tower which they inhabit.

The next scene discloses the interior of the fairy palace, where Melusina, in the midst of her sportive sisters, refreshes herself in abundant fountains of water after her prolonged stay upon earth. The graceful forms of the floating nymphs are etherealized by the pale, watery light of the secret chamber, and the beholder is permeated with a sense of the happy innocence, the sweet mystery, of life in fairy-land.

The next picture is an illustration of the proneness of mankind to put the worst construction upon circumstances beyond their knowledge or above their comprehension. A group of malicious busybodies are standing near the fairy palace, and gossiping over the character of the beautiful countess, whom they denounce as a wicked enchantress; while in the background, several of the children and relations of the count listen in dismay to the fearful tirade.

The seventh scene shows Raimund and Melusina in the full bloom of their happiness, surrounded by their seven lovely children, and undisturbed by the envious eyes and bitter tongues of enemies outside their home circle. This sketch, charming in itself, is rendered the more interesting from the fact that von Schwind has introduced his own face and that of his wife among the throng of neighbors in the background.

But those blissful days were too bright to last, and the next picture is a scene of confusion and despair. Raimund, tormented by jealousy, and spurred on by the taunts of his enemies, follows his wife into her retirement, and forces his way into the secret palace. The nymphs flee before the intruder with cries of lamentation. Melusina also disappears, with a glance of sorrowful farewell, and the palace falls into sudden ruin.

But the mother-love of Melusina will not allow her to rest; and in stormy nights her pale, floating figure is often seen hovering around the turrets of the castle, or bending over the cradle of her youngest child, whom she soothes in his sleep with soft murmuring tones of sorrowful affection. Count Raimund, made desperate by remorse and grief, takes the

pilgrim's staff, and sets out in storm and darkness to seek his lost wife.

At last, in his wanderings, he comes to the spring in the forest where he first saw and loved the beautiful Melusina. Here he finds her again; and she, receiving the way-worn penitent in her loving arms, gives him, according to the law of her race, the kiss which brings death and thereby peace.

In the last picture of the eleven, von Schwind gives the strongest proof of his genius. It is, apparently, in all respects the same as the first picture: there is the spring, shadowed by overhanging rocks; the grass and weeds that border the spring, the trees and vines of the surrounding forest, are unaltered; and the face of the beautiful Melusina looks out calmly, as of old, from her deep retreat. A careless observer would not perceive any difference; but the eye made keen by thought or suffering sees at once the change that experience has wrought in the expression of those lovely features. The whole story of her virgin dream, her conjugal and maternal love, her loss and loneliness, is written in that patient gaze. It is a calmness which can never be broken, since there is nothing left to enjoy or to hope for. E.

Since the decease of Moritz von Schwind, Munich has lost two other artists of extended fame: Theodor Horschelt, who died on the 3d, and Peter von Hess, who died on the 4th, of April.

Hess, the Nestor of Munich artists, was born at Düsseldorf, in 1792, where his father was an engraver on copper. The son left the paternal roof in 1807, and settled in Munich, where he remained until 1813, when, by the favor of King Maximilian of Bava-

ria, he was appointed to the staff of Prince Wrede in the campaigns of the two following years. His familiarity with martial life gave direction to his artistic efforts, and enabled him to excel in the delineation of battle-scenes.

After the campaign he visited Vienna, Switzerland, and Italy, and afterwards went to Greece, in the suite of King Otho, for the purpose of making sketches for a series of paintings representing the emancipation of Greece. These pictures were ordered by King Ludwig I., and, on the artist's return, were painted by him in fresco upon the arcades of the court garden in Munich. He also executed a large picture in oil, representing the entry of King Otho into Nauplia. The Emperor Nicholas, who had seen and admired these and others of Hess's works in Munich, invited him to Russia, that he might paint the various battles of the war of 1812. After making his sketches upon the ground and in the Russian arsenals, he returned to Munich, where he completed the designs. Besides the above-mentioned works he painted many other battle-scenes and *genre* pictures. His paintings are distinguished for clearness and vigor, resembling in conception and characterization the best efforts of Horace Vernet, though in technical execution he shows greater fineness, with less breadth, than the French artist. The fame of Hess increased with his years; he was made an honorary member of various academies, and presented with several orders from foreign sovereigns; he was also raised to the rank of nobility by the King of Bavaria.

Theodor Horschelt, the painter of the Desert and of the Caucasian Mountains, was born in Munich,

March 16, 1829. He received instruction from Prof. Rhombert and afterwards from Hermann Anschütz, preferring, as themes for his pencil, the feats and "hair-breadth 'scapes" of dare-devils to the orisons and ecstasies of saints.

His first studies of nature were made in the Bavarian Highlands, and his hunting-scenes soon became popular. He was a friend of Julius Lange; and the two artists sometimes painted pictures together, Lange preparing the landscape, and Horschelt furnishing it with men and animals. In 1855 he became acquainted with Hackländer the author, and travelled with him and the architect Leins through Spain, going from thence alone into Algiers, where he continued his studies of earth and sky, plants, animals, and men. He also made a six-days' excursion into the desert, the fruit of which journey was a series of pictures, — "Rest of Arabs in the Desert," "Arabian Horse in the Desert," "Moorish Camp by Algiers," "Caravan in the Desert of Sahara," — painted for the King of Würtemberg, and remarkable for their richness of coloring and fidelity to nature. With the money received for these works he was able to make a prolonged tour in the Caucasus. In 1859 he accompanied the expedition which ended in the capture of the city of Weden and of the celebrated Caucasian Chief Shamyl. When occasion demanded, Horschelt acted as adjutant, and in several instances distinguished himself by his bravery, for which he was afterwards rewarded with various orders of merit. A series of his scenes out of the war of the Caucasus, including the well-known pictures, "Shamyl a prisoner before Bariatinsky," and "Storming of the

Intrinchments of Shamyl on Mt. Gunib," have been photographed by Albert of Munich, the hard, sharp chalk used by the artist producing the effect of pen-drawing, and giving great clearness to the copy.

He occasionally painted in water-colors, his most celebrated pictures of this kind being "Morning in a Bedouin Camp," and "Russian Repulse of an Attack of Circassian Cavalry."

In 1870 he was invited by the Emperor of Russia to accompany him on a journey to the Orient, but the war prevented the fulfilment of this plan. It was the intention of the Munich Academy of Art to appoint Horschelt to the vacancy left by von Schwind; and the death of the former at the early age of forty-two, has put an end to many brilliant hopes entertained by his admiring contemporaries for his future career. E.

HAMERTON ON ART IN AMERICA.

[We take pleasure in publishing the following note from Mr. Hamerton on the work of our American artists.]

PRE CHARMOY, AUTUN, SOANE ET LOIRE,
FRANCE, Sept. 20, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—The "Book of the Artists,"¹ which duly reached me some weeks since, has proved one of the most valuable gifts I have ever had the pleasure of receiving. As a literary craftsman myself, I have observed with great interest the capital use the author has made of his materials throughout. Notwithstanding pressing occupations, I have read most of the chapters, and have made large extracts from them in my commonplace book. There is great finish and accuracy in the style and the invaluable art of presenting the matter in an agreeable form, so that the reader assimilates it without effort. The

¹ By H. T. Tuckerman.

author undertook a work he was thoroughly competent to perform, and has executed it, from beginning to end, with a steadily sustained power and ability. I have been greatly pleased with the seriousness of the tone (the book is not the less entertaining for that), and by the total absence of that flippancy which spoils so much art-criticism in these times. . . .

What I have seen of American art in Europe has given me great hopes for your new school. Your artists have to contend against certain forms of vulgarity in the public taste which are prevalent also in England; but that is what they are born for and put there for. There is a certain side of humanity which nothing but art can bring to perfection; and, so long as art is absent, it is not possible for any race to reach perfect intellectual culture. It would be very discouraging if a civilization materially and politically so advanced as that of the United States, had not shown designs of an art-development also; but this was to come, and it has come earlier than might have been expected. Your landscape school seems to me most original, and really founded on a true sense of the sublimity of your own land. It is far more advanced in the direction of what is noble in nature than French landscapes; and the public interest excited by such works as those of Church, for instance, proves that the American public cannot be indifferent to the grandeur of the country it inhabits. I know less of your figure art: some of it is vulgar, which is inevitable; but some of it is as far as possible from being vulgar. A young school has always more energy than refinement, but the refinement comes in time when the race is capable of it. P. G. HAMERTON.

Record of Progress.

WE are compelled with this number to bring to a close the series of papers which illustrate the methods of our colleges and universities. These papers will be published together, with some statistics of college education, in answer to a very general demand.

Professors and students alike will take interest in Dr. Gardner's statement of the changes which have been introduced in many of our higher institutions, which destroy the supremacy of what has so long been called the English method of pronouncing Latin.

PRONUNCIATION OF LATIN.

As there has been, both in England and in this country, a growing desire to adopt the so-called "continental method" of pronouncing Latin, it has been thought that a few words upon the sounds probably given by the Romans to their language would not be unacceptable. But uniformity in the "continental method" extends only to the vowels, some of the consonants being pronounced differently by different nations.

No attempt will be made to prove how the Latin was pronounced; for, to quote the words of Terentianus Maurus or Martianus Capella, to show the correct sounds of the letters would be "a task as hopeless as to endeavor to make a man born blind comprehend the gradations of color in the rainbow." Still one fact is pretty well established by the old grammarians; viz., that the vowels had but one sound more or less prolonged, and the consonants but one. It has recently been decided, by the Latin

professors in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, that the English method of pronouncing the vowels is incorrect; and it is suggested that the foreign method be adopted. They recommend but slight changes in the sounds of the consonants.

The English equivalents for the long and short sounds of the vowels are here given:

- ǎ as in *ǎh, dǎbam.*
- ā " " *āh, nābam.*
- ě " " *fǎted, vĕnio.*
- ē " " *fāne, vĕni.*
- ī " " *fleet, vīdeo.*
- ī " " *flee, vīdi.*
- ō " " *intonate, fōveo.*
- ō " " *tōne, fōvi.*
- ū " " *boot, fūgio.*
- ū " " *moon, fūgi.*

As the continental nations are not uniform in their pronunciation of the consonants, the sounds recommended by J. F. Richardson, in his book on Roman orthoepy, seem the most worthy of adoption.

C has always the hard sound. Thus

Cicero is to be pronounced *Kee-ke-ro*, where the Italian says *Chich-ero*, and the German *Tsits-ero*.

G has always the hard sound. In the earlier form of the language it was supplied by C, and probably the letters never differed materially in sound. There is no reason to believe that it had the soft sound, as in *magic*.

The character J was altogether unknown to the ancients, the letter being used both as a vowel and a consonant. When used as a consonant, it corresponds in sound to our Y. Thus *jam* was pronounced *yam*.

Qu had the sound of K.

V probably had a sound approximating to that given to the English W, even when it had its consonant power.

The diphthongs *æ* and *ai* were sounded like *ay*, the English adverb of affirmation.

Au sounded like *ow* in *owl*.

Oi and oe were nearly equivalent to oi in *oil*.

Ei sounded like *i* in *find*.

Eu sounded like *eh-oo*.

Ua when a diphthong sounded like *wah*.

T had always the simple sound. Thus the second and third syllables of *justitia* were sounded alike.

S had always the pure sound, and not the sound of Z or of sh.

Ui sounded like the French *oui* or English *we*.

Ch had the power of K.

Th had the power of *θ* [Greek].

Y sounded like the German *ü* or French *u*.

Z was probably sounded very softly, and nearly like S.

The other consonants are supposed to have had sounds nearly identical with the present English sounds.

FRANCIS GARDNER.

NATIONAL UNITARIAN CHURCH.

EVERY religious body in America, which means to bring its announcement of the truth loyally and fairly before the people of the country, must be prepared to proclaim it at Washington, with its best power. To and from Washington, as the years pass, come the men and women of most intelligence in the land. They do not come there as politicians merely. They have open eyes and open ears, and they make up, week by week, in the several churches of the city, congregations which represent America in its varied life and interests as no other congregations can.

Every clergyman who has ever served in the Unitarian pulpit in that city knows the extraordinary range of the power which it brings to bear. Dr. Palfrey, Dr. Dewey, Mr. Hale, Mr. Allen, Mr. Conway, and others, among our living clergy, could bring forward most interesting incidents to show how far that little candle throws its beams. The conviction of such observers is the same which has been entertained by the missionary officers of other communions of the necessity of establishing in Washington a church sufficient to meet the needs, not simply of the local congregation, but of strangers, however numerous, from distant parts of the country.

The present moment, when the Washington pulpit is filled by a gentleman thoroughly fitted to represent the thought and devotion of the Unitarian body, has been chosen by the National Conference as the fit moment for erecting such a building at Washington as shall meet these necessities. The Unitarian churches are thus called upon to contribute, in addition to their usual Home Missionary contribution, fifty thousand dollars, as their share in the erection of

a national church at Washington which will cost more than twice that sum. If, as we always claim, the liberal churches make up the true national church of America, they will not hesitate in their answer to this demand.

THE SCHISM IN THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.¹

THE schism in the Roman Church is steadily rolling up, and gathering volume. In Bavaria, Prussia, Austria, and Switzerland, the movement is assuming large and definite proportions. The whole power of Rome and of the bishops is turned against it, but it is backed by the governments and the universities. The German bishops who voted against infallibility have all submitted. Dupanloup has also submitted. Whether Strossmayer has submitted or not, we are not informed, and there are some Hungarian bishops and some shadowy Oriental prelates about whom it is hard to learn distinctly; but, at any rate, the main movement has found no bishop to lead it or adorn it. This general assent to the new dogmas on the part of the opposition bishops has an important bearing upon the œcumenicity of the Council. The argument against its œcumenicity consisted chiefly of two points: the absence of moral unanimity in voting the decrees, and the want of freedom in debating the questions. The assent of all the bishops, or of all but a very few, removes the first and strongest argument; and the question of freedom dwindles down to a very fine scholastic point, when we remember that many and strong arguments were allowed against the decrees,

and that no one was forced to vote for them. The objection, that is, amounts practically to this, that the discussion was not thorough and scientific enough to suit a careful theologian. But certainly the Council itself must judge of this. If its members were so frail as to suffer moral coercion, and to disregard facts and evidence, is not that proof that an œcumenical council, i.e., the united episcopate, is, after all, human and erring? With every disposition to sympathize with the position of the remonstrants, we are unable to see in what the Vatican Council failed of being œcumenical, or how its decrees can be rejected, except upon the principle of the right of private judgment and personal knowledge, acting upon the facts of the case. Now that the general assent of the bishops has settled the œcumenicity of the Council, the new movement becomes distinctly schismatic, and as regards the Roman Church, considered as an outward corporation, the new party is a sect. Dr. Döllinger objects, it is said, to being called a Protestant; and one can easily understand his unwillingness to be numbered among a class against whom he has lectured for so many years: but the question of his being a Protestant is a question of fact, with which his wishes have nothing to do; and the fact is, that inwardly and outwardly his connection with the great body of the Roman Church, and with its entire episcopate, is broken.

The assent of the bishops was probably much influenced by the fall of the temporal power of the pope. The misfortunes of their head must have called out all their sympathy for him, and rallied the wavering to a more positive loyalty. The two great facts, the July decrees, and the loss of the

¹ See OLD AND NEW for August, 1871, pp. 264 et seq.

temporal power so closely following, speedily became complicated, and their results can only be considered together. The loss of the temporal power has naturally added much to the passion of the Ultramontane party. The bishops of France, England, Austria, and Germany asked their respective governments to intervene, and restore Rome to the pope. In the French Assembly, there was an evident sympathy for the object of the petition; but, as they were not prepared to fight Italy on the question, the petition was refused. Gladstone and Beust refused the petitions presented to them. The Prussian government at first showed an apparent friendliness towards the pope. But the Ultramontane party was disposed to ally itself with the enemies of the government and of German unity; and the petition of the bishops was met by a decidedly hostile action on the part of Bismarck, which drew all eyes to him, and marked him as a strong enemy of the Roman party. This action was to make the department of public worship and education, which has hitherto consisted of two boards, a Catholic and a Protestant, to consist hereafter of only one board. Ostensibly this was a movement toward religious equality and the separation of Church and State; and doubtless it will tend toward that. But the circumstances showed plainly enough the *animus* of it; and the immediate effect was simply to remove the Catholic board, leaving the whole department in the hands of the minister Müller, an upholder of the Prussian established church, and a bigot after King William's own heart.

This decisive action by Bismarck was soon followed by the appointment of a liberal ministry in Bavaria, including an enemy of the Ultramon-

tan as minister of public worship and education. Before Bismarck's action, the Bavarian government had followed an uncertain and wavering policy, the bishops had published the decrees without waiting for the royal *placet*, and the Ultramontane party was becoming dangerously powerful. As Bavaria is, next to Prussia, the most important State of the new confederation, and as the Ultramontane party is not in sympathy with German unity, the action of Bismarck against that party in Prussia was evidently directed also against the same party in Bavaria, and the influence of that action soon manifested itself in the change of the Bavarian ministry.

The effect of this action is to uphold the temporal claims of the Döllinger party. Thus, for instance, in Prussia, Professor Wollman, of the Braunschweig gymnasium, though visited by his bishop with the major excommunication, yet by the order of Minister Mühler keeps his place and his salary. In Prussia, also, to take another case, a church closed by ecclesiastical order against a Döllinger priest was opened to him by civil order, and he allowed to hold service in it. In Bavaria, the excommunicated professors are continued in their places; and a church closed by his bishop against Friedrich, an excommunicated priest and professor, was opened to him by the civil magistrate, and he allowed to solemnize a marriage. These are a few out of a number of kindred cases. The general maxim adopted for these cases in Prussia and Bavaria is, that the laws regulating the relations of the State with the Roman Church apply to the church as it was before the July decrees, and that no Catholic can be deprived in consequence of those decrees of any of his religious rights,

as far as those rights are affected by civil law. Thus the new church will not be thrust out into the cold, but will be provided by law with its share of church buildings, schoolhouses, and other property and earthly comforts, which will strengthen its power as an outward corporation, and doubtless swell its numbers. In some parts of Switzerland¹ the same policy is followed, and it will probably be followed in Austria also. In Vienna three thousand "Old Catholics" have asked the government for a church belonging to the Catholics of Vienna; with what result is yet uncertain. We venture to predict, however, that Beust will adopt the Prussian policy.

On the side of the Universities, Döllinger has been chosen Rector of the Munich University by a vote of fifty-four to six, and the newly-chosen senatorial board of the university is now entirely in sympathy with him. The Würzburg University has sent him a letter of sympathy signed by twenty-one professors and tutors. The Marburg University has made him Doctor of Laws, and many professors in various parts of Germany and other countries support him and his views.

And while the governments and the universities have been giving the new party their support, it has been organizing itself internally. Many local communities have been formed, and meetings have been held in a number of places; the most important one at Heidelberg, where forty delegates met from Bavaria, Prussia, Austria, and Switzerland, and discussed the preliminaries to a general congress to be held at Munich

on the 22d of September.¹ Committees have been chosen in the different countries, and there is little doubt that the Munich Congress will result in a large and firm organization. What its constitution will be remains to be seen; but it will probably resemble the Dutch Jansenist church more than any other. It is apparently an unimportant, but certainly a suggestive, incident, that the Jansenist bishops have written a letter expressing sympathy with the new movement. Now, the Jansenists are a very small body of about five thousand souls, with an archbishop and two bishops, hardly worth noticing perhaps numerically; but their case is the best precedent we know to judge the present case by. The Jansenists were excluded from the Roman Church by that same Jesuit influence which is now excluding the Döllinger party. One of their chief points of difference with Rome, as is also the case with the Döllinger party, is on the point of the political supremacy of the pope. On that they are strongly Gallican. They still consider themselves Catholics, and acknowledge the primacy of the Roman Bishop. They have kept up the apostolic succession, their first bishop being ordained by a French bishop; and, whenever any new bishop is ordained among them, they send to Rome for the pope's confirmation, which he always refuses except on unacceptable conditions. They have kept this up, and kept up their organization, for a hundred and fifty years, and now seem likely to be joined by a band of brethren larger than themselves. It has been suggested, that, on a pinch, the new

¹ In Switzerland the party calls itself "Free Catholic," which seems an improvement on the German "Old Catholic."

¹ Up to the present date (Oct. 4.) we have seen no account of the convention at Munich, except the statement that the abolition of the Jesuit Order was urged by it.

church could get the apostolic succession from these Jansenist bishops; but probably, if they think that indispensable, they can find some Hungarian or Oriental bishop whose orthodoxy is fresher than that of the Jansenists.

It is not impossible, however, that stronger thinking may prevail, and the new church settle squarely upon the Protestant principles of the right of private judgment and of the personal conscience; or it may be that they will aim at a national Catholic constitution. On these points, however, it is wisest to await the course of events.

FRANCIS T. WASHBURN.

THE KINDERGARTEN IN ITALY.

WHILE the Ultramontane party were in power, this system of education was proscribed as "too democratic and dangerous." But a gentleman of German descent, for many years a resident in Venice, Prof. Adolph Pick, had made Froebel's system his study; and it became his fixed purpose to contribute his share to quicken and ennoble the life of the Italian people, by introducing and making popular this system of education. Several eminent scientific men in Italy, as, for instance, Mattericci, Cattaneo, De Castro, father and son, had turned their attention to the popular method of education of the Thuringian pedagogue and philosopher; and, in the year 1865, the department of education had become also interested in it, though no steps had been taken to introduce it in the Peninsula. In the fall of 1868, Prof. A. Pick gave a lecture in the Athenæum in Venice on "Froebel's Kindergarten; or, the physical, moral, and intellectual development of children from the age of two

to seven years," which met an enthusiastic response. In consequence, the Athenæum society chose a committee, selected from the most advanced minds, to investigate the subject more closely. They gave the system the highest praise, and recommended its introduction into Italy as a measure not only highly desirable, but absolutely necessary. Still nothing was done to accomplish it. Prof. Pick, in company with Prof. Fickert in Dalmatia, founded a journal "*L'educational moderna*" in the interest of this system, and to prepare the way for its introduction.

Cavaliero Vincenzo de Castro, who had done much for popular education, joined them in this undertaking. But even this did not prevent a continuance of the old routine of education; for in no civilized State of Europe or America, Spain perhaps excepted, is such an utter indifference to the education of the rising generation to be found among the people as in Italy. The journal was kept alive at a great sacrifice; and a still greater effort was needed to circulate it. In November, 1869, Prof. Pick opened the first Kindergarten with the assistance of Miss Salomon, a pupil of Baroness Marenholtz-Bulow in Berlin, a benefactor to humanity. Soon influential ladies, as Signora Livi della Vida, and other eminent persons of the old city of the Doges, took a lively interest in the enterprise; and it proved a success. Prof. Pick lectured in Treviso, Verona, Milan, Turin, and Florence, on Froebel's system; and the result was, that in Verona, Turin, and Milan, Kindergartens according to Froebel's principle have been established. And other cities are preparing to establish them.

The writer visited last year the Kindergarten in Venice, and was con-

vinced that the institution had taken root firmly.

But, in order to make this system of foreign origin universal in Italy, it is necessary to have native teachers especially trained and prepared, as has been done wherever Kindergartens have been established in Germany, Switzerland, France, England, Belgium, and other countries. The minister of education in Italy, Comendatore Correnti, is very much in favor of this system; and, in one of his letters to Prof. Pick, he says, "Either I must be very much mistaken, or this new evangel of work, which is inaugurated by such a system of education, will become the basis of a new moral life for the individual as well as for society in general."

MATILDA H. KRIEGE.

FROM DRY GOODS TO STOCK-RAISING.

It was a "misty, moist morning" when we turned out of the blankets, and shook off the pleasant dreams of the first night under our own roof. While L—— kindled up the stove, we started to feed. Swash! over our boots, first thing.

"This prairie's a sponge."

"Never mind; we'll squeeze it dry in time; come on," and we flourished through.

Dripping, in the extemporized stock-yard, stood our shivering horses. Corn and oat-binds (i.e., in the sheaf) covered the floor of the *best* bedroom for lack of better storage. Saddles and harness lay on the piazza. Every thing asking imperatively to be seen to. But, — "the hour had come and the man."

Our teamster left the home of his paternal ancestor, a Pennsylvania

Dutchman, at twelve years of age; and when falling into our path, at twenty-seven, had been every thing from barber and brakesman to cattle-driver, and a Johnny Reb. Farming of the rough, Western sort was at his finger ends; and nothing would have puzzled him short of the well-known feat of "chopping wood with a hammer." His means were not large, consisting solely of a two-weeks' debt for board at two dollars per week. His baggage light, — an army blouse, overcoat, and blue jean trousers. Eighteen dollars a month and board made us master of his various accomplishments, and no man could ask more faithful service.

Nor were his gifts, as he would have said himself, of the "triffin" order. The axe in his hands was a tool-chest, and he wanted nothing more for ordinary building.

It was "wanted, — a stable." The problem stood: given, forty acres of timber and an axe, — the answer to be in stables.

The woods furnished the logs, and two days see them notched and laid up ready for the roof. Nature's armory again, and a dozen straight young black and post oaks faced on the ends make the rafters.

One of our neighbors, whose *forte* is in shingles, fells a large, straight-grained white-oak, and from its butt, cut into two-foot lengths and split longitudinally, a thousand shingles, technically "two-foot boards," are waiting for us, at fifty cents a hundred. Is not the shingle, as Westery says so wisely, one of the greatest inventions of civilized man?

The third night sees our barn a *fait accompli* more surely than the French Republic.

Posts set in the ground, and rough-edged oak-sheeting spiked on for

sides and roof, give us further shelter; and by Saturday night, having replenished our wood-pile, we look forward to getting hold of the real work Monday morning.

And let me say to you Eastern boys, "Yorkers," if from the Atlantic side of the Alleghanies, don't send for "boards" if you want to build. A board, pure and simple, conveys no idea to a Missouri mind but a two-foot shingle. Let the indefinite "boards" of our boyhood be specified as flooring, weather-boarding (Massachusetts clapboards), ceiling, sheeting (for roof), or stripping (for cracks in out-buildings), and you'll get it; but don't take it for granted any one else will understand, unless you do.

To draw up your bill of lumber seems a stupendous job.

To specify beforehand, every piece of wood that's going into a house would seem to require one of Grimm's invaluable fairies, who liked nothing better than to pick and shovel a mountain from one river's bank to the other for a night's amusement. What a fortune he would be to a Pacific railroad-contractor!

But in reality the lumber-bill is very simple; and after figuring two or three, and better still, assisting at the putting together, you'll say so.

Weatherboard, if you want something durable; boxing (i.e. boards up-right against a skeleton frame) will do for outbuildings. Put stone under the corner of your barns, not for frost, but for settling; and raise your dwelling eighteen inches with the same.

Use pine instead of oak, whenever you can afford it,—about sixty-six per cent additional charge; the Southern from Arkansas, or the Minnesota white, far better, are now brought us by railroad about as cheap. Above all things,

don't be seduced into any thing but an old-fashioned pine shingle for your dwelling.

The above "two-foot boards" are a delusion and a snare, and, even through the pine the snow will sometimes sift over your pillow, stiffen your nasal organ, and wake you up, dreaming of quinine and an incipient chill. Army reminiscences are delightful; but over that one let us draw a hasty curtain, and "let the dead past bury its dead."

It is a poor economy to neglect your own comfort. Make your health the primary object; for you can accomplish nothing without it.

Two friends of mine, fighting it out on this line, not far from here, spent months in the various forms of intermittent during their first two winters solely from the insufficiency of their log shanty.

We learned that lesson in front of Petersburg. When the old campaigner goes into camp, he makes himself comfortable at once. He ditches his tent, and builds a chimney; negotiates with the commissary for a pork-barrel to top it off, has his food well cooked, and is comparatively happy; losing nothing if he move to-morrow, gaining much if he stay six months. The green hand, relying on the instability of human affairs, lives from hand to mouth, and suffers accordingly.

Maxim first, your own comfort. Second, your stock; and don't get more for the first year or two than you can well feed and care for.

"Mornin' boys;" and, with a pause, "where's yer woman?" were the first words I heard as I opened my eyes Sunday morning to a glorious sunshiny day and the shameful fact that it was eight o'clock. A hard week's work it had been, wet and muddy from daylight to dark; and, with the

same almost unconscious sensation of thankfulness for a day of rest, as in old business times at home, we were sleeping as only men physically worn out can sleep.

"Come in," I sung out; and, as I threw off the blankets, I added, pointing to L's bas-relief on the opposite bunk, "There she is!"

"Well," responded our visitor, who rejoiced in the distinguishing title of "Old man Johnson," "I never reckoned you boys were going to 'bach' it; you can't stand it no how; you'll go to Neosho and get a store place in six weeks."

Extremes meet. New York fashionables and Missouri unfashionables have separately held the balance, and found the same verdict. But it's too early in the game to mind any amount of cold water; we say no surrender, and prepare to hold on.

And here I stop to pay a well-earned tribute to my "friend and fellow-partner." For eight months we sat down to well-cooked, home-like meals, solely of his preparing.

Yachting picnics, with endless boxes of sardines, chowders that smack of the South Shore, and popping corks that recall Delmonico, are one thing. Supper by Raquette Lake, under Adirondack pines, with the salmon-trout cracking into delicious pinkness, and maple sugar sweetening the steaming coffee, has a charm not to be forgotten. Even over the "bull beef" and hard-tack (dating some hundreds B.C.) of the Army of the Potomac hangs a halo of romance; and the faces of the dear old friends, who never again will seem so close to us, glance cheerily through the smoke. But to stand steadily over a cook-stove, through cold and heat, morning and night, for nearly a year, is a test of perseverance few men, not profession-

als, would come through successfully. Middle de Beaurepaire stood no higher test when "for thirty years she never mentioned the servants to him!"

The domestic question is a puzzling one. Good negro servants are like angels' visits, few and far between; and white help unobtainable.

To bring an unmarried white woman from the East is pure patriotism to the extent of her passage money. She may remain single and blessed from a week to ten days. I knew one, a female Caliban, with a wooden leg, who lingered three weeks; but her case was exceptional.

The readiest solution, and only one, is for a man to bring from the East some capable farmer and his wife. A man of small means will see, in taking a subordinate place for a few years, a stepping-stone to prosperity; and with his wife come capacity and thrift.

Riding by one of the finest farms in our county the other day, an old Missourian said to me, "A man ought to make a right smart living off that place."

"Here it is in a nut-shell," thought I, intent on playing the oculist, and extracting the mote that bothered my neighbor. "He will never be troubled with the 'vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself,' but wouldn't I give five dollars to inject some New England 'snap' under his epidermis."

You and your fellow-mummies have played "man of the sea" to this beautiful country long enough. At home they know more of the country about the walls of Jericho than of south-west Missouri. Thirty years you have fattened on her fields, and repaid nothing, and acknowledge no debt. Stand aside for the men who are working out Bishop Berkeley's famous prophecy; and who have for their motto, —

"In Life's small things, be resolute and firm
 To keep thy muscles trained. Knowest thou
 when Fate
 Thy measure takes; or when she'll say to
 thee,
 I find thee worthy; do this thing for me?"

Gladly can I say he belongs to a decreasing minority.

But it's a mistake to suppose we can equal here Illinois corn or Minnesota wheat.

It has been often said, but must be taken *cum grano salis*.

The new settler has such years of hardship before him that he can well be pardoned, if in fancy he gives the country every variety of wealth of soil and climate that he left in the old States. The privations of the first year are numberless; and the strongest heart draws deep on the bank of Hope, thankful if Imagination cashes the draft that keeps his heart from sinking into his boots, amid rain and mud, unfenced homestead and shivering stock, leaking roof and damp floor, scanty fare and empty purse.

One of my friends wrote to me, "If I did not know the contrary, I should suppose you had *no* drawbacks." It certainly was not malice prepense if we forgot to write home our small grievances. Constantly making light of them to each other, I think we gradually came to ignore them, and to regard our would-be mountains as pretentious mole-hills, unworthy comment from a pioneer. But be prepared for a legion of discouragements. The innate depravity of inanimate things is never so patent to a farmer as during a long wet spring, like the present, when every thing is going by the heels.

Illinois, with its bottomless alluvial deposits on its prairies, makes sixty to seventy-five bushels of shelled corn

per acre. South-west Missouri, saving some exceptionally rich bottom-lands, can claim but forty.

Dalrymple takes from his two thousand acres near St. Paul, Minn., an average of twenty-five bushels of wheat, much of it weighing over the highest grade of sixty pounds to the bushel. Fifteen to eighteen would be the limit of reasonable calculation here.

Plainly, then, let no man who would make money come here to raise grain. A living, or, in other words, means to fossilize, can be raked together, nothing more. Where, then, have we the advantage? The true economist takes from the soil or country what it prefers to give. Our strong card is our climate; let us play the suit when we hold the trumps.

In Minnesota and Iowa, Michigan and Wisconsin, the snow — the poor man's manure — covers the ground for months, suddenly melts, and, unharmed by frost, the rich green harvest rushes to golden perfection. With us, occasional violent storms of rain, alternating with sudden freeze and thaw (though rarely snow), beat down and upheave the surface of the ground. A Virginia February, and the buds swell and grain starts; a New-England March, with perhaps the heaviest frost of the year, and the promise is blighted.

On the other hand, the Northern and Middle States are handicapped with eight months, during which their cattle must be housed and fed; and woe to the man whose unsuccessful crop finds him with half-empty crib to face the winter. The hardly-earned money must go for feed, or the cattle starve.

To oppose to this, we feed but four months.

In Massachusetts, the 1st of Sep-

tember, Timothy at twenty and upwards is everywhere fed; and the 1st of May will find cattle in the stalls. Here from Nov. 15 to March 15, when the wild grass starts, our stock find part of their rations on the range.

Late in the autumn a good deal of sustenance lingers on the prairies, and the sheltered creek bottoms retain their green appearance; while through the winter storms we feed hay, cut at will from the prairies, and eaten by our mules and cattle as greedily as the tame grasses for fattening purposes, worth about fifty per cent of the latter.

The famous Kentucky blue grass indorses Mr. Darwin's natural selection theory, and, wherever stock graze, grows spontaneously, to the entire exclusion of wild grass.

I have seen it to-day nearly knee high, and as bright as June clover. But until a sufficient amount of land is "set" in this grass,—and, to get it speedily, it should be sown,—feed you must for from three to four months. Shelter is generally dispensed with, but should not be. A shed, hay-thatched, covering approach to the feed-rack, will cost nothing, and, by breaking wind and rain, repay largely.

So clearly my advice is, raise only what grain you want for feeding and fattening purposes (the large-grained variety of yellow corn has the most carbon), and put at least the bulk of your farm into clover, Timothy, and blue grass.

During the winter of '69 we tamed down our twenty acres of valley, let out a contract for eight thousand "poles" (young trees ten feet long, three to six inches through the butt) at two dollars per hundred, delivered on the ground, and by May 1 had

our crop in, and fences (the Virginia snake pattern) well closed up.

In March we broke a few acres of prairie, and set out forty apple-trees that are doing well. The proper season for breaking, however, is April, May, and June. When dry, the grass roots are like wire, and form a mat inconceivably tough. But, during the above months, the soil is moist, the roots tender; and ground broken then disintegrates easily, and can be cross-ploughed in the fall for September wheat or first of March oat-sowing.

If the sod is turned at any other season, it remains long unrotted, and cannot be cross-ploughed inside of twelve months. The first breaking, I am satisfied, after various experiments, should be shallow,—two and a half to four inches; each year going, deeper down to the Greeley standard. The recent theory of bringing the lower strata to the top for cultivation the first year, by following the breaker with a small plough will not "hold water" on our prairies.

It is cold, unfriendly, and could not merit the eulogy of a neighbor with whom my partner staid recently.

"You men," he said, "will find a great deal of 'sorry' land in this yer country; some, again, is 'ornary,' some 'tolerble,' but not 'overly,' and some leetle right-smart corn-land. But mine is the *most affablest* land a man ever put plough into."

The summer rolled busily on. The grass, which had been covered with innumerable wild-flowers, was nearly waist-high; and July 29 we started a mower, cutting over the prairie at will.

With the work of ten hands, at \$1.25 per day, the stacks "swelled wisely." By September we had up

two hundred and fifty tons, at an average cost of \$2.10. During the following winter, we sold at \$8 enough to square the account, and held more than half.

A long, pleasant autumn helped us on with our work.

A piggery went up, where our pigs and hogs, unfrozen, might placidly approach their latter end. The winter we spent in getting out more fencing, abjuring the poles, however, and getting, instead, eight-foot rails, split out of heavy timber. They cost \$3.25 per hundred, but are well worth the difference, averaging ten years to the other's three or four.

Many a weary hundred we cut and split that winter; and we plead guilty to a little vanity in the record. Nay, I think, privately, we hold the fencing of that hundred and twenty acres among Ivanhoe's deeds of "derring do," though we never mutually confessed as much; and it is stored away among those pleasant memories of endurance which Tom Hughes says "are dear to every Englishman." Not for them alone, but for every plucky fellow, who in the race finds himself perhaps overweighted, yet gathers courage from the past to face the present, and says to his inner man, "Once more into the breach, dear friends, — once more."

In my next I'll try to give you a rough estimate of the cost of raising different stock, the probable expenses of opening up a farm (including those of living and labor, taken from our own books), the various chances for cheese and butter dairies, and the grape or wine business.

Faithfully yours,

THOMAS STURGIS.

PRAIRIE NEAR NEOSHO, NEWTON Co., Mo.,
MARCH 6, 1871.

THE LADIES' COMMISSION.

[In the first volume of OLD AND NEW, p. 709, we gave some account of the working of this body. We are glad now to publish its annual report.]

THE Ladies' Commission on Sunday-school Books originated in a meeting of ladies called at the Rooms of the American Unitarian Association, by Rev. Charles Lowe, Oct. 12, 1865. Mr. Lowe proposed, that, under the auspices of the Association, a library of Sunday-school books should be "selected with scrupulous care," so as to form "a collection that could be confidently recommended to the churches;" and he invited the ladies then present to organize for that purpose, and to ask the co-operation of others whom they thought competent to such a work.

Mr. Lowe's suggestion was promptly responded to, and a beginning made in a work which we trust has not been useless; but which has involved an amount of labor little expected by those who first put their hands to it.

The American Unitarian Association agreed to bear the necessary expenses of the Commission, and for several months Mr. Lowe acted as its Chairman. The number of the Commission gradually increased to about fifty. A stream of books, that was almost a flood, poured in upon it, and it was necessary to adapt the machinery to the pressure.

It was supposed at first that it would be an easy matter to accept or reject a book, and only one list was contemplated; but it was soon found that the variety in books was as great as in human character and therefore the books recommended were divided into three classes, only one of which contains those "which are specially recommended for Unitarian Sunday-

schools." Often a book of high tone and charming style is rendered ineligible to the First List by occasional doctrinal statement or implication, which we are unwilling should reach the susceptible and tenacious memory of childhood. Yet we know, that, in some households, the bad effect of these phrases is obliterated by the home teachings, and that parts of the books are admirable; also, that, in the wide range of Unitarian belief, some of these defects may scarcely be considered objections by some teachers and parents. Therefore a Second List was formed, consisting of "books highly recommended for their religious tone, but the value of which is somewhat impaired for our purpose, by a spirit, or by phrases, not in accordance with our Unitarian faith." The pages on which the objectional parts occur are marked in the catalogue; and, except that queries have been made on this subject, it would seem hardly necessary to state that it is not expected that children reading these books will skip such pages; but that persons selecting books from the catalogue may be spared the trouble of investigating their faults, and may decide at once what weight is to be given to these objections.

Among the books sent to the Commission were many which we knew to be the delight of children, and which no member of the Commission hesitated to give to the children under her charge, which yet could scarcely be counted as Sunday-school books. A Third List was therefore prepared, containing books "valuable and profitable, though not so fully adapted to the purpose of a Sunday-school library."

Of these various books, 3,554 had been examined by the Commission up to the last annual report; and 977, a little

more than one-fourth, have been approved. We print this spring a catalogue which includes our former catalogue and its two supplements, with the selections of another year, and which therefore contains the results of our work from its beginning up to the present time.

In addition to its special work, the Commission, in answer to various requests, has printed an appendix to its catalogue, containing a List of Books of Reference for Teachers and Students. This list has been prepared by experienced teachers, who have received constant and invaluable aid from Mr. Ezra Abbot of Cambridge. The cordial help given to the Committee by this learned gentleman has been most valuable among the many indications of sympathy and interest in our work. The list is classified under different heads, the titles and prices are accurately given, and we believe it must often come to the aid of some faithful but isolated teacher.

Another work, in which the Commission has borne a part, is the preparation of the "Sunday-school Hymn and Tune Book." Mr. Walker, the constant friend of the Commission, requested its assistance, which was gladly rendered through a committee, whose somewhat laborious task was completed just before Mr. Walker's death.

Soon afterward came a request from one or two clergymen in Boston, and from some of the laity, that the Commission would undertake the preparation of a list of books for general reading, — such as would be a guide to young persons not qualified to select, but who desired to make the best use of the time spent in reading. This work, though not precisely within the province of the Commission, seemed to lie in a paral-

lel path of usefulness, and a committee was appointed to undertake it. A great deal of time and a great deal of work have been given to this list; and we print it this month, as a companion to our catalogue. The titles are arranged under different headings, — as, Biography, History, Poetry, &c.; and the difference is indicated between those books which are essential to any knowledge of these subjects, and those which provide for a more thorough acquaintance. Undoubtedly, since it has been prepared by five fallible women, it has its proportion of mistakes; but it is, perhaps, not unsuitable to say, that each one of the seven hundred titles represents a selection from many others, after careful comparison of opinions. These undertakings are, however, aside from the main work of the Commission, to which its steady efforts are directed.

Before republishing our former catalogues they were subjected to a thorough revision; and we have endeavored, so far as possible, to bring all to a uniform standard.

The difficulty of doing this is manifest. The amount of trash we are compelled to read sometimes affects the integrity of our judgments; the varying tendencies of thought from year to year affect the Commission as a part of the public, and it is difficult for any of us always, and with complete accuracy, to represent our own convictions.

Conscious of this probable aberration, we endeavor to diminish it, as far as possible, by repeated definition and discussion.

Our fashion of working is, in short, as follows: Books are sent to the Commission from their publishers, or procured from private and Sunday-school libraries, or obtained through

the suggestion of some member of the Commission. These are distributed to the chairmen of the three reading committees, which number from twelve to fourteen members each.

The books are then read by different members of the committee in succession; and the opinion of each lady is sent in writing to the chairman of her committee, who reports at each meeting the titles of those which have been accepted by five persons or rejected by three, since the last semi-monthly meeting. The latter receive no further consideration, unless some member makes an appeal in their behalf. The former are brought up at the succeeding meeting for discussion; any members, who desire it, having had opportunity, during the fortnight's interval, to inform themselves in regard to them.

The vote of all present is then taken.

The debates over certain books are very animated and searching; but we have learned by happy experience how harmonious the most earnest discussions may be, when the only object is to arrive at the truth.

A book will sometimes, in consequence of its containing marked points, both of good and evil, run the gauntlet of three successive meetings; and when a decision is finally arrived at, we believe that even those whose opinion is overruled are content.

We receive valuable suggestions from our scattered corresponding members; hearing of good English juveniles through Montreal, or learning how certain new books which we are discussing are regarded by members living in distant cities, and considering the wants of their Sunday-schools.

The catalogues, when published, are sent to every clergyman of the Unitarian denomination, and we have reason to believe that they are extensively used. An English Unitarian clergyman has sent for the books recommended, and has written us a letter of friendly criticism. We have also had favorable notice from other denominations, who have advised that similar bodies should be formed within their own ranks.

Of course we have subjects of regret and even of reprobation, though perhaps this last word is only applicable to that pernicious practice of putting together, in what are called *sets*, books of the most diverse and contradictory character. The Commission has, in each of its reports, expressed its objection to this practice, and wishes emphatically to repeat it, and to invoke the assistance of all those who desire that the seeming should correspond with the reality of things. Often a single book of such a set is excellent and the others are rubbish, or worse; the publisher making use of the good one to float the others, and refusing to sell them separately. It is hoped that our friends will take exception to this practice so strongly that it may be done away with; and that meanwhile they will only hold us responsible for recommending those volumes of a set which are found in our catalogue.

Another objectionable practice is the writing of books in a commonplace or materialistic tone, and on the last page or two putting in "purple patches" of doctrinal character which are supposed to make the book fit for Sunday-school use.

Any one conversant with children knows that these pages will be as surely skipped as the *morals* which

used to be tacked to fables written for children, and that the general tone of the book, like the general influence of character, is what will be felt.

Our reading makes us clearly aware of existing deficiencies in children's books, and we should be glad to suggest subjects for books to be written; if our selection among the resulting manuscripts would amount to an *imprimatur*. In the beginning of our work we formed a Committee on Manuscripts, in the hope of securing the publication of a class of juveniles specially adapted to the wants of our Sunday-schools; but as the American Unitarian Association can publish few books of this character, we did not find our work in this direction of avail, and therefore dissolved the committee.

In conclusion, we may express our readiness to receive suggestions and criticism. Every body of people has its own peculiar liabilities to error; and, while we endeavor to recognize our own, and to guard against them, we shall welcome any observation which will enable us to go on

"from good to better,
Daily self-surpassed."

SCOTTISH PREPARATORY SCHOOLS.

EDINBURGH ACADEMY.

A SCOTCHMAN may possibly be suspected of partiality when he constitutes himself the panegyrist of his own country and her institutions; at the same time, it may be conceded, on the other hand, that he is more likely to be in possession of reliable information on such a subject than a stranger. Scotch grit, shrewdness, and caution have become almost proverbial attributes; while the special claims of

Scotch doctors, Scotch lawyers, and Scotch *literati* have always been and still continue to be recognized and acknowledged. Now, we consider that Scotland is indebted for her reputation in this respect very much to the excellence of her preparatory schools, the system pursued at which is wholly different from that which obtains at Eton, Rugby, and the other English public schools. Edinburgh has for long been deservedly distinguished for her educational institutions, graduates of which have made their name in every quarter of the globe. Besides her University, justly celebrated for the genuineness and thoroughness of its legal and medical schools, "Modern Athens" boasts more than one Seminary of a semi-collegiate character, the educational advantages of which are second to none, and consequently well worthy of notice. Chief among these are the High School and the Edinburgh Academy, — the former longest established, and perhaps the best known, but, although counting among its quondam pupils a long list of illustrious and distinguished names, scarcely equal to the latter as regards the completeness of its details and the excellence of its management.

The Academy has been established for about fifty years, and was built to meet the gradually increasing requirements of the city, which had been, and now is, rapidly extending itself in a westerly direction, in consequence of the development of what is known as the New Town. The school, which is an unusually elegant and spacious one, was erected by a Joint-Stock Company. It is built of Craigleith free-stone, in the shape of a cross, having in its centre a spacious hall or theatre, approached by a fine portico, supported by columns of

the Doric order of architecture, and bearing on its façade the motto of the school: —

"Ἡ παιδεία καὶ τῆς σοφίας καὶ τῆς ἀρετῆς μήτηρ."

There are, besides, within the grounds, which are about six acres in extent, detached buildings, used as writing, arithmetic, mathematical, and fencing schools, together with spacious private rooms for the rector and masters, and a house for the janitor. Commodious sheds, supported by iron pillars, environ the grounds, affording shelter from storm and excessive sunshine during play-hours. The business affairs of the Academy are conducted by a board of directors, elected by the shareholders, who are for the most part professional gentlemen of high standing in the city, and who have the sole right of appointing teachers and of controlling and governing the school. There is a rector, who is assisted by four classical masters, each of these being a distinguished scholar, a proficient in the art of teaching and a Master of Arts as well: there are, besides, separate masters for the English language and literature, mathematics, arithmetic, writing, French, and German, with a professor of fencing and gymnastics, attendance on the latter class being optional.

The curriculum is seven years; boys entering the first or junior class at the age of eight or nine years, and remaining one year in this, as well as in each of the other classes. His classical education to the end of the fourth year continues under the superintendence of the same master, who is transferred annually from class to class for four years, when he again goes back to start with a newly entered class of juniors, or "gytes" as they

are called. During these four years the pupil spends three and one-half out of his six hours with the classical master, two hours more being devoted to English, writing, and arithmetic: the remaining half-hour is for relaxation at two separate intervals, a quarter of an hour at a time. At the commencement of the fifth year each pupil comes under the tuition of the rector for an hour and three-quarters daily, another hour and three-quarters being still devoted to instruction under his old classical master. This arrangement, by which the pupil, during the entire seven years' course, is never wholly removed from the influence and care of the master under whose auspices he first entered upon his classical studies, is found to be fraught with incalculable benefit. The remaining two hours in the three senior classes are divided on alternate days between the English, French, and Mathematical schools.

The studies in the classical department proceed gradually, from the rudiments of the Latin and Greek languages, up to the works of the standard classical writers, embracing the science of versification in both tongues. So complete and thorough is the system, that, at the expiration of the seventh year, there are few of the senior class who are not qualified to translate at sight from the Greek into Latin, and to indite verse in every possible kind of measure, from the Latin hexameter and pentameter alternate, to the Greek iambic and Alcaic metre.

All lessons are required to be prepared at home, with or without the aid of private tutors; keys or translations, however, being strictly prohibited, and summary measures adopted for the confiscation of such,

should they be surreptitiously used. The spirit of emulation is fostered and encouraged by every possible means, each error committed necessitating the loss of a place to the reader, if corrected by a boy sitting lower in the class; and prizes are awarded in the classical and English schools by registering the place each boy holds in his class at the close of every day,—the *lowest* average of these, obtained by dividing their sum by the number of attendances, being "Dux," and the remainder "placed" *seriatim* on the same principle. The "Dux" of the school or seventh class receives a gold medal, and each junior "Dux" a silver one. There are also medals for proficiency in mathematics in the two senior classes. Other classical prizes, and prizes for particular merit, awarded after an impartial system of competitive examination, consist of books. The unfortunate at the *bottom* of his class, ycleped the "booby," also receives a prize, known as the "horn-spoon," a sort of "*prix d'encouragement*" to do better next year. Corporal punishment is permitted, but rarely resorted to except in the four junior classes; written "impositions" invariably exercising a far more wholesome terror than the "tawse," or five-tailed strap, over the most hardened offender, who becomes in time impervious to "pawmies."

The hours of attendance are from nine, A.M., to three, P.M., the gates being locked during school-hours, and no egress permitted without a warrant.

The school-fees are sufficiently moderate; being thirty-seven dollars the first year, forty-five dollars the second, fifty-five dollars the third, sixty-five dollars the fourth, and seventy-five dollars for each of the remaining three years. German and

fencing cost each five dollars a year, attendance optional. The salaries of the rector and masters are unusually liberal.

The course of study has been framed to admit of a lad's entering a university immediately on leaving school, or of going into business, if he is not intended for one of the learned professions.

The records of Oxford and Cambridge show that many who have gained laurels there have had no interval between leaving school and their matriculation at these universities; among these first and foremost stands Dr. John Tait, subsequently head master at Rugby, and now Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of all England, who is always eager to advocate the superior excellence of his old school. Dr. Tait declared once at a festival of the Academical Club, that during the seven years he spent at the Academy he never had any aid in the preparation of his lessons at home, save that of an old maiden aunt, with whom he resided, and who, although profoundly ignorant of the dead languages, used to make her nephew "Johnnie" repeat his tasks, and, if he hesitated or stumbled over a word, insisted upon his re-studying his lesson. Yet, while many of his classmates had the advantage of private tutors to coach them at home, he contrived to distance the whole field, and take away "*nine medals and more prizes than he could carry.*" The late lamented William Edmonstone Aytoun, too, professor of rhetoric and belles-lettres in the University of Edinburgh, and the editor of "Blackwood," was educated at the Academy, and was distinguished there as the winner of the English-verse prize for four consecutive years. Mr. Butler Duncan, the eminent New-

York banker, and many other men of note in the United States were also Academy boys, and are still proud of their Alma Mater.

The peculiar advantage of such a school as this, is that whereas to send a boy to Eton, Harrow, Rugby, or Winchester,—the four great hot-beds, where young shoots are forced for transplantation to the great university green-houses,—costs at least one thousand dollars a year, the same end can be achieved in a far more thorough and satisfactory manner for an average annual cost of two hundred and fifty or three hundred dollars, including board at the residence of one of the masters of the Academy.

In conclusion, it is a significant fact that Edinburgh Academy boys have hitherto more than held their own alongside the patrician graduates of the great public schools; and, as "the proof of the parritch is the prein' o' it," so there is no better criterion wanted of the comparative merits of such seminaries, than an examination of the subsequent careers of their respective pupils.

F. C. B.

UNIFORM LAWS FOR THE NATION.

WHEN President Buchanan, in December, 1860, announced in his message to Congress that the general government had no right, in his opinion, to coerce a State, the nation was on the very brink of destruction. Had that doctrine been acquiesced in, the republic would have been broken up and destroyed. The crisis was, however, safely passed. The efforts and sacrifices which were required for the suppression of the Rebellion have had the happy effect of creating in the minds of the people the sentiment

that the nation and its welfare and glory are objects of supreme importance. The doctrine that the government was a mere compact between the States, that might be revoked at the will of any party thereto, has been forever overthrown, and American nationality fully established.

The Constitution, so beneficent in its operations in time of peace, has now been fully tested, not only by foreign wars, but by that greatest of all trials, a gigantic rebellion. The recent ratification of three new and highly important articles has shown that it can readily be amended, as may be required by great social revolutions, the progress of political knowledge, or other exigencies. It may be proper, therefore, to inquire whether the present political condition and future prospects of the country do not indicate that it would be wise to make some additional amendments for the purpose of more completely carrying out the comprehensive scheme of government set forth in the preamble to the Constitution. That grand paragraph is a full epitome of what the objects of a good civil government should be; viz., to establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and perpetually secure to the nation the blessings of liberty. Evidently, the maintenance of a perfect union is the only basis upon which all these enumerated benefits can be secured. This sound doctrine of the founders of the republic is fully confirmed by a study of the causes which led to the late Rebellion. That event taught great lessons in American political science, of which we may make such a use as will enable us to so frame our policy as to avoid any such calamities in the future. The purpose of this article is

to make some practical suggestions in regard to this matter.

It is obviously important that the vast population destined to be embraced within the limits of the United States should be rendered as homogeneous as possible. Our rivers, lakes, railroads, and telegraphs, by facilitating rapid and frequent intercourse, have rendered the Union possible, by preventing, to some extent, diversity of habits, manners, and tastes, and the growth therefrom of narrow provincial and sectional sentiments. But the most important agency for producing and maintaining that homogeneity in the population of the republic, so essential to its perpetuity, would be greater uniformity in the laws and in the administration thereof throughout the Union. In order to accomplish, in part at least, the object just indicated, the Constitution of the United States should be so amended that Congress would have discretionary power to enact uniform laws for the nation in regard to such subjects as the following:—

1. The descent and distribution of real and personal estate, the execution and probate of wills, the relation of guardian and ward, the settlement of the estates of deceased persons, &c.
2. The conveyance of real estate.
3. Commercial law.
4. Marriage and divorce.
5. A uniform code of practice, both civil and criminal.

The advantages which would result to the commercial, social, and political interests of the country, from the adoption of the proposed measure, are numerous and obvious. Human laws at the best are obscure and conflicting, and the interpretation thereof doubtful and difficult. These

doubts and difficulties are rendered still more numerous and perplexing, by the conflicts and discrepancies between the laws of the various States, which now continually embarrass commercial men as to their rights and remedies, as to transactions often extending through many States. The proposed reform would render the laws uniform, and consequently more simple and certain throughout the republic.

An essential part of this system of reform would be such a modification of the judiciary system as would vest all important judicial authority of the country, both under the laws of the several States and of the general government, in one set of courts, established under the Constitution of the United States. This ought to be done, if for no other reason, in order to render the courts of the United States more easily accessible to the people. At present, a party living hundreds of miles distant from the place where the sessions of a federal court are held may have a suit brought against him in it. The expenses of attending a court so far from home are so great that it is often better for a defendant to suffer an unjust judgment to be rendered against him rather than incur the ruinous expenses of a defence. It is absolutely necessary to have federal courts to enforce the laws of Congress; but there is not now business enough to justify such an increase in the number of them as would bring them sufficiently near the people of all sections of the country. By amending the Constitution as proposed, the subjects of their jurisdiction would be so enlarged that the difficulty would be entirely obviated.

All the courts of the Union should be reduced into one harmonious sys-

tem. By having one Supreme Court and proper inferior tribunals, the decisions of the courts of the Union could be rendered uniform and harmonious. We have now more than thirty States, each of which publishes annually from one to six volumes of reports. This system is producing a bulk of law-books, and a conflict and confusion in their decisions which are intolerable. The evil has become so great, that there is no remedy for it except some such a radical reform as that proposed above, which would not only facilitate the transaction of business, but at the same time tend to render the manners, habits, and sentiments of the people alike in all sections of the republic.

In all ages of the world, stranger and enemy have been synonymous terms. An incalculable amount of misery has been brought upon mankind by dissimilarity of manners, institutions, and laws. Christianity has been a civilizing element in society, because it always produces among men a great degree of community of thought and feeling. In our republic, we have the Christian religion and a common language, beautiful, rich, and flexible, to aid in promoting homogeneity; and, in addition, the social intercourse which is kept up by travel and commerce, and especially by the numerous national assemblies and conventions which are held annually in all sections of the country by various political, benevolent, and religious organizations. In nearly all of these assemblies, all the States answer to the roll-call.

These voluntary organizations are doing a great deal to render practicable the introduction of the proposed system of uniform laws for the nation. Men are thus led to reflect that the same system of national legislation,

which is so beneficial in these voluntary organizations, could well be extended to legislation upon all civil affairs. Experience has shown that every possible influence will be constantly needed to prevent the different sections of the country from becoming strange and alien, and ultimately hostile to each other. By rendering the inhabitants homogeneous, this entire Continent may be kept perpetually at peace within itself, instead of being broken up into discordant nations. The greatness, power, and glory of the Union should produce such feelings of national pride as to overcome all local attachments, and thus prevent the growth of the narrow, provincial feelings which are so often the cause of hostilities between neighboring communities.

During the period of our history prior to the Rebellion, the malign influence of the doctrine of State rights prevented the general government from making use of some of the most beneficent powers expressly conferred upon it. For example, though the power to enact a uniform bankrupt law has existed in express terms from the very adoption of the Constitution, yet that power has only been exercised for a very brief portion of that period. So also the nation has suffered vast evils as the result of the neglect of Congress to prohibit the issue of bank-notes under the authority of the States. The financial history of the country shows that the people have lost many millions of dollars by broken banks, and the want of a currency of uniform value in all parts of the republic.

Even now, the country is suffering from the consequences of the neglect of Congress to exercise the power of regulating commerce among the sev-

eral States. Kentucky, New Jersey, and Maryland are seriously injuring the commercial interests of the nation by preventing the building of railroads over their territory. Congress undoubtedly has the power, under the clause of the Constitution giving it authority to regulate commerce among the several States, to charter railroads extending from one State into another. This authority ought to be exercised, either by granting special charters, or, better still, by passing a free railroad law, under which railroads might be constructed through the States wherever and whenever required by the interests of commerce. That the dogma of State rights is still very influential, dangerous, and injurious, is shown by the fact that it has for years prevented the construction of great public improvements, so imperatively demanded by the interests of travel and commerce as the air-line railroad between New York and Washington, and the great Southern railroad between Cincinnati and Chattanooga.

It may be objected that the proposed enlargement of the powers of the general government would result in centralization. All the facts in our national history, thus far, tend to show that the danger is wholly imaginary. This is, as has been very clearly pointed out by De Tocqueville, an important distinction between a centralized government and a centralized administration. In accordance with this principle, the powers and jurisdiction of the general government may be increased indefinitely, provided the administration of the government be vested in the local authorities.

As was foreseen by the wisest of the founders of our government, it is the centrifugal, and not the centripetal

force, which is in danger of growing too strong. The rock upon which we were lately so nearly shipwrecked was that of State rights and State pride. Remote as danger from the same source may now appear, it is in fact near and serious, and will always remain so while the States control so many interests which vitally affect the well being of every citizen. Every influence is needed, therefore, which will have a tendency to prevent the alienation and discord which will inevitably result from a divergence in the institutions, manners, and sentiments of different sections of the republic. Uniformity in the laws and in the administration thereof will do more than any thing else to render the union of the States harmonious, and the duration of the republic perpetual.

ALFRED WILLIAMS.

CIRCLEVILLE, O.

JOSEPH LYMAN.

NEW ENGLAND has lost, almost without knowing it, one of her rarest sons, a wise and good man, and a perfect gentleman. A friend, to whom the crowded weeks have hitherto afforded no hour of leisure, desires to lay this tardy tribute on his grave.

The present generation has scarcely heard the name of Joseph Lyman of Jamaica Plain; yet the Commonwealth of Massachusetts did not possess a citizen whose character did greater honor to republican liberty, modern science, and Liberal Christianity. The father and benefactor of those about him, the tenderest friend of those who knew him well, a hero in suffering, a saint in patience, a model of self-control, a sage con-

templating human affairs all over the world, he was cut off from active participation in the common works of life, and from the common enjoyments of society. The ambition of a great career, justified by his superior beauty, intellect and energy, was crushed in a moment by an accident which made his long life little else than a lingering death. But his noble nature governed to the end, and made his life, in the eyes of the few who stood near enough to see it well, illustrious.

He was the eldest son of Judge Joseph Lyman of Northampton, by a second marriage with Anne Jean Robbins of Milton, Mass., a woman of remarkable beauty of person, force of character, and goodness of heart, qualities which her son amply inherited. His early beauty was of the rarest type; so extraordinary as to be remembered and described by many from whose sight he had passed away for years. His bosom friend at college was the brilliant and amiable Charles Emerson, whose early death he mourned with the lifelong mourning of a faithful lover.

It seemed as if an envious fate had resolved to extinguish at once two brilliant stars. Emerson died; Lyman was thrown from a chaise, and received internal injuries over which his hereditary force of life at first triumphed, but which clogged and crippled all his efforts for forty years, and finally brought his sufferings by mere excess to an end.

Bravely he fought against the enemies which had thus been put in possession of his citadel. He studied law. He studied civil engineering. He engaged in the early enterprises, which, after innumerable checks and disasters of all sorts, resulted in planting the American iron manu-

facturing and transportation system widely and deeply in the history of our age. He superintended the Iron Works of Farrandville on the West Branch Susquehanna in Pennsylvania. He helped to build one of the earliest railroads in the far South. He took part in the development of the New Boston Coal Basin in the Anthracite Region.

But in a few years an active business life became an impossibility. Always tormented by atrocious pains of which he scorned to speak, much less to complain, and half his time stretched helplessly upon his bed, he slowly learned the terrible fact that all hopes of earthly distinction, of wealth and influence in society, must be given up. His splendid gifts of nature were to be of no use to him — nor to the world — in any common and customary way. And listening to this dreadful revelation, he strengthened his soul for better things. A higher ambition took the place of that which was being slowly and surely abolished.

For years he could find no rest from his bodily sufferings excepting when at sea. He made one voyage after another. But the relief was merely temporary. On his return he would keep his bed for weeks together; yet it mattered not how ill he was or what agony it involved, he would on any real emergency, when duty called, or the welfare of those who depended on him was at stake, rise from bed and travel, as long and as far as was needful, and return to his bed again. And this happened many times, for many years of his life. His will was unconquerable. It enabled him to summon the necessary force to act whenever it was necessary to act. But ambition was dead for him.

It was under such circumstances

that he allowed his interest in the great political events of his day to persuade him to undertake the editing of "The Boston Commonwealth." He carried this on for about two years. It furnished the active mind of the great-hearted recluse an appropriate avenue of communication with the world to which he was practically unknown. On this he lavished those stores of reading and reflection which no turmoil of common business life, no distractions of society, had prevented from maturing into wisdom. His life was little else than reading and writing. He read every thing, but loved best the current literature of the times, and best of all the large journals and magazines from which he could obtain statistics and summaries of political economy, government, trade, and the progress of society. In progress he believed profoundly. Not a trace of misanthropy ever appeared in his conversation. The largest sympathy with working people of every land and occupation flowed in elegant but unassuming simplicity from his pen. He corresponded with a multitude of the best people at home and abroad. His epistolary faithfulness was extraordinary. He always filled his sheet, and always replied promptly to his daily mail. The piles of letters which must be preserved by various persons should be immense. No one who ever had the felicity of regular correspondence with him can suppose a letter of his destroyed. Not one would not bear publication without correction, beyond the exception of strictly personal matters. They flowed on like beautiful mountain streams, from subject to subject, with an easy grace, an earnestness, and a large synthesis of theme, indicative of native force of character guided by

a cultivated mind and a Christian heart. His special views might be debatable, but his master-hand, on one side or other could not be denied; and his noble love of truth, his scorn of meanness in all its aspects, his prophetic anticipations of the march of events, his analysis of the prominent actors in the drama of the times, and his sweet affectionateness for every person who approached him as friend, or whom he addressed familiarly, were conspicuous in his letters.

Alas, there is no one to do for him what he did for his beloved friend Theodore Parker! Yet, if Joseph Lyman's letters were collated and published, they would almost make a History of the Progress of Civilization in the last half century. For with his own personal report of what he had gazed on, and lived with and in, himself, he mingled reminiscences of his youth, and the traditions of his distinguished father, whose house in Northampton was for fifty years the habitual rendezvous of all the leading men in law, religion, and politics in New England, as well as of strangers from England and the Southern States.

Mr. Lyman's letters to John Bright, during our late war, would alone make a large and most valuable contribution to the History of Modern Politics. His equally frequent letters to Desor of Neufchatel would make another, and equally interesting, history of all that happened in the world of common literature, art, and science. Mr. Lyman was active in the Kansas Colonization scheme. He was an ardent abolitionist at heart, a loyal republican. But he was perfectly independent in his views of public men and their policy, and untrammelled by personal considerations when expressing his sentiments of disapprobation.

And vulgar harshness was impossible to him; he blamed as nobly as he praised.

The physical seclusion in which Mr. Lyman lived, produced the natural consequence that he disliked literary publicity. He only accepted the duties of "The Commonwealth" because they were anonymous. He shrank from notoriety of every sort. Hence, when Theodore Parker put his manuscripts into his hands as a friend whom he could in all respects trust, Mr. Lyman spent two entire years of exhausting labor over them, collating, arranging, copying, and annotating; but instead of writing the Life himself, — and no man could have done it better, — he employed another's pen, and left the world in perfect ignorance of what he had himself performed, — that noble labor of love with which he paid his heart's debt to his bosom friend. But even when the whole mass of materials was put in perfect order, and handed over to the writer of the published memoir, Mr. Lyman found his duties still far from ended. He went himself with the author to London, and saw the last proof go back to press.

In his devotion to his friends, Lyman had no superior. No trouble was too great for him to take; no consideration too alien from his own life to make. He went to Switzerland with Parker, and devoted himself to the care of his failing health with unwearied assiduity. He returned to be the strong, consistent friend of his widow. He had no children of his own; but his kind-hearted wife adopted two daughters, who mourn his irreparable loss with all the intensity of blood affection. His married life was one long scene of loving and lovely, cordial and polite, consideration for every member of his house-

hold. The well-known saying, "No man is great to his valet," met a complete refutation in this case. He was looked upon at home with the profoundest veneration, as well as with the tenderest affection. His habits were marked with a never-failing dignity, as much as with a playful cheerfulness.

Whether sitting by the great window looking out upon Jamaica Pond, in his large chair, with "The London Times," "The New-York Tribune," and "The Daily Advertiser" in his hands and on his lap; or painfully playing croquet on the lawn with his children, or propped upon his pillow with a volume of Hansard's Debates, an atlas of the world, maps of the seat of war, "The Westminster Review," and Sir John Lubbock's last book on the lake dwellings, scattered over the bed; or seated at his study table filing business papers, — wherever he was, whatever he did, he was the perfect type of a noble gentleman, the worthy son of a most worthy father. And well may New England pride herself that in spite of all the vulgarizing influences of the times the class of genuine aristocrats is not extinct.

Aristocrats! How little the common herd appreciate the term! This proud nobleman was a democrat of the democrats. There was not a cry from the oppressed in the world's wide air that did not reach his ear and melt his heart. There was not a hand lifted for freedom in Europe or America that he did not see and bless. No eye was more indulgent to the heedless or ill-led mistakes of the slave, or the *ouvrier*, struggling for relief from oppression, because none had penetrated deeper into the complex machinery of common human society. Nor was his eye in-

structed only by the light of literature. He saw things for himself. He travelled in the South to understand the blacks. He went to Kansas to comprehend the situation on the ground. He reached Magenta and Solferino while the ground was still covered with unburied soldiers, and the houses were still smoking ruins. He knew miners and mill-operatives by living among them.

All this taught him the great lesson, that mankind need instruction rather than government. If Lyman had a hobby of any kind, it was common-school education. A large part of his time in later life was spent in investigating facts relating to the best system of general instruction. His interest in the subject finally centred in the Normal School. He became convinced that what the age most wanted was perfect teachers. He did not believe in mere routine teachers, however well drilled. He was enthusiastic in his study and elucidation of the latest methods of instruction. He believed in the noble profession of the schoolmaster and schoolmistress. He trained his daughters to this profession, and lavished the treasures of his intellectual and spiritual life upon their career. It was exquisitely touching and beautiful to see them together; yet he could bear patiently with long absences from them, that they might realize his own and their common ideas. He was rarely too ill to make a journey to Salem or to Framingham, on exhibition-days; and no guests seemed to be so welcome to his house as those who were formulating what he believed to be the science of the future, — teaching.

It may be gathered easily from all this what Mr. Lyman's religious principles were. His faith in Chris-

tianity exhibited that independence, earnestness, and benevolence, which came of his parentage, and was confirmed by his reading, and intercourse with living things. He was a Liberal Christian in the full sense of the term. A modern theologian might call him a primitive Christian, but that the archæologist knows so well the mental darkness in which the early churches struggled through existence. He never discussed doctrines. He never dogmatized about the personal nature of the founder of the faith. He cared for little else than that Christianity might do its work, without hindrance. His life was the Lord's Prayer reduced to practice; and political economy for

him was the practice of the virtues named in the Beatitudes of Jesus.

Here let the loving pen stand still. His chair is empty by the window. His spirit fills the house. The world misses him not. But there are broken hearts who cannot find him in the accustomed place. His noble face no longer lights up with a lovely smile of greeting for them. His wise counsels, his kind admonitions, his cordial sympathies, have taken wings and flown away, like wealth in a broken bank. The world is poorer by one gentleman. But blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

J. P. LESLEY.

OLD AND NEW.

VOL. IV.—DECEMBER, 1871.—No. 6.

—“Written on thy works, I read
The lesson of thine own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die—but see, again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses,—ever gay and beautiful youth,
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. Oh! there is not lost
One of earth’s charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies.
And yet shall lie. Life marks the idle hate
Of his arch-enemy Death,—yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant’s throne,—the sepulchre;
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.”

W. C. BRYANT.

THE relief of Chicago, in this great calamity, is no matter of mere bounty. By its munificence, its generosity, and its public spirit, Chicago had made debtors of us all. There is not a man in America, the beef on whose table is not the cheaper because of the wonderful system of stock-yards,—a city of itself, arranged for the purchase and sale of cattle,—which the people of Chicago built for the benefit of the world, and which, thank God! is not touched by the conflagration. There is not a man in the Middle States or in the North-east, there is hardly a man in England, the bread on whose table was not the cheaper and the whiter because these people in the very beginning of their existence devised and created the amazing system for the receipt and delivery of grain,—which but yesterday was the admiration of the world, and of which the great granaries were in a moment reduced to ashes. It is to be remembered, too, that the city of Chi-

cago was not forced to make these grand provisions by any misfortune of its position. Its people might have said that they commanded a monopoly. They held, in fact, the only available harbor for the shipping of the grain of four or five great States. And one has only to compare their more than princely devices for this trade, against the carelessness of such a place as Odessa, governed by other motives in another civilization, to appreciate the vigor of the loyalty, by which, for a generation of men, they have devoted themselves to the improvement of every method in which they could make themselves the daily ministers of God in the answer to the daily prayer of every child of his, that God will grant to him his daily bread. God answers that prayer in the enterprise of such men. He will answer it in the struggle and sacrifice of these men.

We call the conflagration their misfortune. It is our misfortune. Such a calamity has at least this use, that it teaches us what is meant by the solidarity of the nation. Their loss is no more their loss than it is ours. We are all engaged together in one great campaign of peace. There has fallen, by this calamity, one of our noblest fortresses, and its garrison is without munitions. Now, when such a calamity happens in war, we do not think of the loss as a loss which has accrued to the garrison, — we know it is the nation's loss; and the nation, at the moment, knows that its first duty is to rebuild the fortress and to supply its munitions. That is what the country has to do in this calamity, which has destroyed one of the great fortresses of its daily warfare. It has to see that its garrison is as well fitted as it was before, for the service of the world.

This is of course an immense duty, but the force which is to carry it out is immense also. The people of Chicago, who in forty years did the work that created this marvel of a city in a desert, — who had to feel their way as they did it, who did not know in the beginning for what they were building, but even then builded better than they knew, — this people have now to rebuild the same city in a twelvemonth, and even to make it a nobler city, and a post of wider distribution for the world. To do this, they have the experience of the past. They have the certainty of their own destiny, and they are to have the practical help of the American people and of all the nations known to commerce. Knowing these people as well as we do know them, it is easy to see that they are sufficient for that duty. The American people in forty years came to the conclusion that at the harbor at the head of the system of the Great Lakes, there should be a great city, competent to distribute to the world the food

produced upon a million miles of prairie. The American people has that duty to perform again. And for its agents it has the picked and tried men who have so efficiently served it in the creation of Chicago before.

Though these numbers are large, they do not seem as large as they did. This nation has been taught to deal with much larger enterprises than the rebuilding of Chicago and the feeding of its garrison while the rebuilding goes on. It is not so many years since this country had to spend every year, not a hundred or two millions, which we speak of now, but thousands upon thousands of millions, in establishing its garrisons and in providing their munitions, while the country was maintaining popular government and preserving the nation's life in war. The country learned the lesson then of dealing with large figures, in great emergencies. It has now upon its shoulders the rebuilding of a city, whose service to the world is not to be for one or two campaigns of a short war, but for the ministries of generations of peace. Of that city, thank God! the people who were its garrison still survive. And so promptly has the country met the manifest and easy duty of feeding them and clothing them, that they have been able, without the loss of a day, to address themselves to what is as much our concern as theirs,— the re-establishment of the machinery on which the commissariat of half the world depends.

As God has ordered this world, there is no partial evil but there is wrought out from it his universal good. As he sees events free from the refractions and distortions of that which we call time, he sees how the sympathy, the determination, and the sacrifice of Christendom, determined to relieve Chicago, all are making up one of the great realities in human history, to which the suffering and loss even of the sad Sunday and the wretched Monday are nothing in the comparison.

What harvests of mercy have already sprung from the tears of that first misery!

It is the same thing which on a small scale the people of Chicago have seen before. They have seen some little prairie fire sweep along on their western horizon; it has rushed over the tall grasses and devoured them; it has caught hold of the dry leaves and the hard stems of the autumn, and has left its track, dreary, black, and dead. Yet, but for that blaze of ruin and but for those ashes of desolation, they would never have seen the renewed freshness and loveliness, the beauty past the beauty of Paradise of the prairie, laughing in the life of spring.

In all the horrors of Sunday night and Monday, as brave men still

fronted a tempest of fire, as they hurled upon it, only because it was their duty, the hard-pressed bolts of white water, tightly crowded home, with which those unequalled water-works supplied them, which for such duty they had provided, — we can well conceive that even those brave men, who would not let themselves be tired, must have felt that labor was wasted and human provision folly, as they saw their bolts of white water fall in the molten furnace of white fire, and pass upward, like so many whiffs of a zephyr, all lost in the smoke and blaze of desolation. Grant that they were discouraged! None the less were the vapors, that rose there and then, gathering, though they did not know it, in the bosom of the black cloud which was forming itself over the city; — they were ready, when the moment came, to break in blessings above it, — and as they fell in the blessed storm of Monday night, the prayer was answered of millions this land through, and Chicago was again a habitable city. The horror of one day wrought the relief of the next. The conflagration provided for its own extinction. A little detail this, which we have a right to take as an illustration of what we have called the solidarity of the world, or of the order of that Providence in which we are all members of one family. Even the horrors of the agony of the great conflagration are to live in all time, only as they show flower and fruit in those ministries of faith and generosity which have been without parallel in history.

We are obliged to reserve for our next issue the third part of Mr. MacDonald's story, "The Vicar's Daughter." We are well aware of the eagerness with which our readers follow the narrative, and have no wish to torment their curiosity. We will not so much as stimulate it by a hint of the futures of the characters who were left in a position so critical.

D A Y - D R E A M I N G .

BY FRANCIS TIFFANY.

MERE imaginations! When the majority of men have contemptuously uttered these words, they think they have blown away, as with a puff at thistle-down, things so airy and unsubstantial as hardly to be entitled to the name of existences at all. They might as rationally attempt to puffaway granite bowlders. There is no element of reality wanting in the tortures of the over-anxious mother, whose boys are off in the sail-boat or with the gun. You may laugh at them; but were your own brain actually ablaze with such images of your John brought back with his arm blown off, or carried up to the house dank and dripping from his watery grave, as she sees bodily before her, and cannot help seeing, you would not laugh. Why did you, stolid, common-sense husband, jump out of your bed last night, shouting "Fire! murder! robbers!" and throw open the window, and fire a pistol out of it? It was only an idea, and you weigh solid two hundred pounds; but how it shot your burly frame out of the bed and thundered through your lungs.

Nothing refutes more absolutely the folly of contemptuously calling mere mental images unrealities, than the extent to which, when pleasant images, we delight in them and seek refuge in them. What a world of day-dreaming and castle-building we all do, — the Irishman at his spade, the seamstress at her needle, the housewife at her domestic duties, the boy at school, the merchant at his business! All of us are at home in a realm in which we are generals, states-

men, poets, philanthropists, millionaires, kings of the turf, champions of the prize-ring, just in accordance with our tastes; all of us in a realm in which we force Gen. Lee to surrender, emancipate every slave in creation, pull the stroke-oar in the international boat-race on the Thames, make hundreds of poor families rich and happy, plant the stars and stripes in patriotic enthusiasm in a hole drilled exactly at the North Pole. Who so penniless or abject but he habitually enters at will a stately kingdom in which he owns country-seats, picture-galleries, wine-cellar, yachts, and hilariously enjoys the nicest possible times giving parties, making his tenantry happy, winning the prize-cup in his schooner "Mary" or "Alice," named after his dear wife or blue-eyed sweetheart, whose face lighted up so rapturously when for the first time he rowed her round under the stern, and showed her her own name there in gleaming letters of gold.

Meanwhile, perhaps, the commonplace facts are, that we are not worth a dollar, do not own a dugout even, do not know the trigger from the hammer of a musket, are tenants ourselves, only blow the organ for the orchestra and have just been threatened with losing our place if we did not blow better. What difference do these abject, vulgar realities make, if only the fancy be active enough? Not a whit of difference. True, we work the bellows a little more vigorously, for we cannot quite forget that we want that dollar for doing it; but off flies the mind again into the en-

chanted realm, and in a minute or two the music of the orchestra is only a band welcoming the merry guests to our festive halls, or playing "See the Conquering Hero Comes!" on the deck of our "Alice," as with her snowy wings she leads the whole fleet of gallant vessels and rounds the judges' boat amidst the thundering shouts of the tiers of delirious spectators.

Now, what do we mean by simply calling these fancies unrealities, and thinking thereby to explode their claim to substantial worth? Substantial worth! Why, they feed the hungry, clothe the naked, make rich the poor, exalt the humble, multiply immeasurably the content and sense of dignity of millions. Is there nothing substantial in this? They belong to Heaven's choicest benediction to man. Only see how marvellously the kind power has constructed our nature in order to make these day-dreams realities to us, and save them from being too easily jostled and put to shame by the rough encounter with material facts! No airy humming-bird ever fashioned more tenderly the downy nest in which to lay her snow-white eggs of hope than Nature has prepared the brooding-place of these her dearest offspring.

There not being enough in the world, you see, of marble palaces, oak-belted parks, swan-like yachts, princely lovers, to go all around, and the necessary order of things demanding quite peremptorily some dozen privates at least to every general, some dozen ditchers to every country-seat, some dozen masons to every castle, the apparently insoluble problem arises of how to make the seven loaves and a few fishes feed so many thousands, with enough and to spare for all. And yet, go round they must, and cheer and gladden all. A point-

blank contradiction this, to deal with; an adamant barrier right athwart the way. See, however, what an elastic spring-board Nature has planted right at the very base of this sheer block-way. See how exultingly the merry line of the vaulters leap one after another high over its very top. Scarcely has a pleasing fancy emerged in the mind but it feels itself dowered with inborn power to perpetuate itself, to beckon forth and link itself arm in arm, like Raphael's Graces, with lovely sister fancies, to take control of all the vibrating strings of mirth and love, of form and color, of melody and perfume, and play just the same kind of strains upon them from within, that actual sunshine, flowers, arenas, and victories do from without. Nor is this all. The pleasing fancy bears in its hand a fairy wand, with whose simple touch it can so harden the external senses that they shall lose all sensibility to disagreeable stimuli; can so dull the eye of the poor seamstress in the garret that she shall not see the bare and dirty walls, so deaden her ear that she shall not hear the profane or gabbling voices. Nay, miracle more marvellous than even this. If inner opposing considerations start up to disturb the happy dream, a kind of excretory power, akin to that by which the body throws off all particles unfit for use, attaches to the fancy also, by which it, too, can fling out and banish such intruders, and take to itself the whole domain within. Then first can belief set in.

Ay! belief set in, — genuine, *bona-fide*, even if only temporary, belief. For this we must absolutely have. Mere pitiful trying to make-believe to set us on this were but cold-hearted trifling with our desires. A genuine miracle or nothing! No vulgar hocus-

pocus with the yachts and lovers and castles, but princely munificence in distributing them all round! We must sail in them, twine our arms round them, look off from their batlements.

Do we understand the philosophy of belief? A most marvellous philosophy it is, though a very simple one, and it is this: Every uncontradicted idea carries belief along with itself as an inseparable, luminous accompaniment. Vivid, unchallenged consciousness that we are seeing, hearing, enjoying, — this is of its very essence at once absolute belief and organic impossibility of doubt. We believe in every thing that is not called in question by something else. Our night-dreams are palpable realities to us, because no powers are stirring which confront us with any thing that suggests distrust. As long as we can keep the sense of contradiction out of the mind, we float upon a buoyant ocean of belief as triumphantly as we do upon the broad Atlantic or Pacific so long as we can keep water out of the ship's hold. It is, then, just as easy to believe one's self Homer or Achilles, to believe one's self in Athens or in Rome, as it is that one is only Brown or Robinson and living in Natick. Natick as a stubborn reality is no more than persistent mental images of a congregation of shoe-shops and boarding-houses.

Now, as the primary condition of all thorough-going day-dreaming an inner process has already thrown out the contradictions. One by one have these faded away, and left the creative fancy supreme. Nothing is any longer active within but a succession of harmoniously associated ideas. Nothing reminds us of any thing at war with the thoughts and emotions we for the time being are. We are

singing Homers, shouting Achilleses. Who does not believe, who can help believing, in what passes for the vivid testimony of his own senses? Do we not see, feel, touch, handle? Do we not smile, frown, exult, grieve? No cloud shuts out the broad sunshine streaming in upon us, no hireling game-keeper warns us off the rich preserve in which we are shooting pheasants, no hiss breaks in upon the tumultuous shout of our delighted auditory. The happy faces, the arenas of victory, the boats bounding over the waves, are we not face to face with them, greeting, loving, rejoicing in them all?

Thus, then, is the miracle accomplished for us. Thus are the castles and galleries and adventures and triumphs made to go all round. Every one owns them, every one revels in them. So intense is the conviction, that when the laborer is startled from his reverie, and finds himself leaning on his spade with a half-dug ditch beside him, it often takes him some appreciable time to re-adjust himself to his position, and get back once more to so impalpable and phantom a thing as this so-called material world in which one of his lives is lived.

Attention was called just now to the fact of the external senses being for a season locked up or narcotized. A blessed and indispensable provision this; but it is meant to be temporary only. The external world is still about us. Our all-important relations to it must be preserved intact, and suddenly it sends a summons which recalls us to our material surroundings. Loud on the ear of the dreaming boy or wife smites a voice, "John, it is high time for you to black my boots!" "Mary, I want you to sew this button on quickly!" And then, marvel of marvels, the king cheerily

lays aside his crown and sceptre, and seizes the polishing brush; and the duchess leaves welcoming her guests in the stately hall, and threads her needle and selects a button. Is this necessarily a rude and painful shock? No! not to a balanced mind. The one world is as naturally and cheerfully lived in as the other. In the one we black boots, in the other we rule empires. The two offices need not interfere with one another. They need only to be kept distinct, and their separateness is beautifully provided for in every healthy nature.

Now, all this I call a prodigy of benevolent design. It is something to give overflowing thanks for. It is something to reconcile us with the harder aspects of life. It is something to teach us how much more equally blessings are divided than we are wont to think, how much more often kings abdicate their thrones and give place to beggars than is commonly believed. Its word is, —

“My mind my kingdom is.”

Its song of cheer is, —

“Stone-walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.”

Do not think of it as some mere personal peculiarity or privilege of your own. Its range is as wide as the world; and it is everywhere doing its blessed work, — in the hovel, in the prison, in the hospital, in the dingy factory, as well as in your private breast, — everywhere transfiguring meanness, defeating the schemes of tyrants, overruling stern outward conditions, and giving light, air, space, wings, to millions.

There are certain matter-of-fact people of the Gradgrind species who would have us converted to the arid

belief that every hour spent in day-dreaming and castle-building is so much sheer waste of time and force; and that a common-sense man ought to puff contempt in the face of any castle that is not built of solid limestone or granite, of any tenants who do not pay their rents in minted gold, of any acres that do not yearly produce so many tons apiece of hay, carrots, or turnips. It is our duty, they say, to square our minds to the world as it is, and to live on stubborn facts.

Well, they have a part of the truth in what they urge. There is a material world, in which we have to dig and spin and bake and brew. I wonder if most of us are not kept aware of this. There are also flesh and blood fellow-creatures, with angles and elbows and wants and woes, whom we have to get along with handsomely and help in a thousand ways. I wonder if most of us are not kept aware of this also. Is not pretty effective provision made through the sharp contact of these elbows with our sensitive ribs, through the yawning rents in the jackets and trousers of our children, through the luxurious wantonness of the growth of weeds in our gardens, that we shall not long remain utterly oblivious of the existence of a material world of toil and care?

True is it also that one may become too fond of his ideal castles and victories and philanthropic achievements; may spend too much time among them, may acquire a distaste for common duties. But let us have fair play all round. How is it with the solid material castles and feasts and delights of eye and ear? Have we not read about people growing too fond of them, becoming selfish and enervated over them, shutting them-

selves in from distasteful contact with squalor, ignorance and turmoil? Facts, Mr. Gradgrind! we insist on facts, no fancy here. Yes, there is danger in every thing.

To keep the balance evenly adjusted, this is the grand secret of all true living. But over-balance and excess are quite as common with those who deal in sheetings, logwood, and kerosene, as with those who deal in cloud-lands, star-dust, and title-deeds to empty space.

Ay! the solid, material world, with its hunger and crime and poverty and disease, is ever about us. Shame on the man or woman who is not striving to square the mind to it! Shame on the man or woman who is content to be a hero in the dream-world, and a coward in the real; a free-hearted helper in the dream-world, and a close-fisted niggard in the real; a lover of all mankind in the dream-world, and in the real a mother neglecting her children, an employer hard and cruel in his dealings with his dependents, a neighbor without sympathy in sickness, despondency, and bereavement! But whosoever is striving to do the honest best in all these ways, may rest assured that he or she will keep the balance even. When the fallen child cries out in pain, when the market-wagon drives up to the door, when the dust accumulates, when the poor man appeals, then will the Maria Therasas or Czar Peters of the dream-world leap with alacrity from their thrones, and hug up soothingly the little weeper, or select with judgment the joint of meat, or make the room ring with the click of the carpet-sweeper, or dive the hand of help down into the royal exchequer the pocket.

Nay, God be praised for the day-dream world! God be praised that we partake so fully of this essential being that we are creators even! Not he alone can say, "Let there be light, and there is light." Not he alone can speak the word, and empty space is filled with revolving worlds of beauty and gladness. We, also, as of his divine essence, can do likewise. We also can speak into being suns and oceans and groves and singing birds, and the "light that never was on land or sea." And like him we can look upon every thing we have made, and behold it is very good, —

"Can in a moment travel thither
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling ever-
more."

That ideal world, meant to give rest to the weary, wings to the earth-bound, success to the defeated, riches to the poor, visions of a perfected heaven to those saddened by misery and guilt, takes all its hues from us. Every added grace or charm, every added power or utility in us, breaks out in fresh creations, in a brighter realm, in a nobler society there. Therefore, when the happy hour has struck in which you can rest from common cares, and the portals of entrance are flung wide open, enter freely and lovingly in as to your own. And to him who would say to you contemptuously, "You are but sleep-walking and dreaming," answer back, "Yes! but God giveth his beloved sleep."

"O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold, the wailers' heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth his beloved sleep."

THE LANGUAGE OF BRUTES.

BY LEONARD A. JONES.

PART II.

WHETHER the lower animals attach any very definite meaning to the words we address to them or not, it is certain that those of the same species understand each other very well. We read in Bayle's Dictionary, that it was the opinion of Isaac Vossius, a writer of the seventeenth century, that in respect to language the condition of the brutes is much better than ours, because they communicate their thoughts more readily than we do, and probably in a more happy manner. Bougeant also thinks that it is most likely that brutes have very many niceties of expression, and little variations of utterance, which they perceive very well among themselves, though we do not at all; and as for fishes, if we do not hear them speak or sing, he declares it may perhaps be for want of a proper organ to hear them. There is one advantage he is certain all the brute creation have over us; and that consists in the simplicity of their language. Nature, he says, has confined their knowledge within bounds so very narrow, that they can consider but one single object at the same time; and, as they always consider it simply and in the same manner, they likewise have generally but one way of expressing their knowledge and sentiments. But there is no thought which we cannot dress up in many different ways. To say "I love you," we have a hundred synonymous phrases and different expressions; but the sparrow that loves his wife repeats the same notes over and over again, and is

necessarily a chatterer. He thinks the birds nearly all chatterers; though there are some other animals that have such a "talent for silence" that they will not drop four words a day. But whether the brutes speak much or little, he says they always speak to the purpose and truthfully; not deceiving even in point of love. A contemporary of Bougeant, over the other side of the channel, who wrote "The Grand Question Debated," was of opinion that the chattering which some birds are so much given to betokens a lack of thought. But, whenever he looked at an owl, he could not help suspecting, from the little concern it showed for external objects, that it was logically weighing some very nice point of metaphysics. He thought it very easy, also, to imagine when a dog, a cat, or any other animal, is buried in deep contemplation. Plutarch, writing a dialogue upon the question, "Which are the most crafty, water or land animals?" makes one of the speakers assert, that, when geese cross the mountain Taurus, they carry great stones in their mouths in order to bridle their gabbling tongues, so as not to alarm the eagles, of whom they are afraid. This device shows so clever an appreciation of their fault of prating, and of the means by which they may obviate it for a time, we are at some loss to know how the epithet "goose" has come to signify any thing of folly or stupidity.

The means which animals use to communicate their desires, feelings, and intuitions, are various. There seem to be certain natural signs which are common to the greater part

of the animate world, and which are instinctively interpreted by almost all animals. We see illustrations of this in the instinctive terror which most animals have for the natural enemies of their respective tribes. Every beast of the forest, previous to all experience, is struck with fear at the roaring of the lion. At the screech of the hawk a note of terror runs through the whole flock of fowls in the farm-yard; the little birds of the field hush their songs and hide themselves; and the crow and the king-bird and the jay fly forth to attack the common enemy. These natural signs may be of voice, of look, or of gesture. But besides this universal language, if we may so speak, each species has generally some one mode of communication peculiar to itself, and which all its members commonly employ to express to each other whatever it is necessary for them to express in order to sustain the social relations they hold, and to insure their own preservation and the continuation of the species. The voice is the chief organ of communication with the higher orders of animals; while with the insect tribes the organ of language is generally the antennæ. Insects do not use their mouths for utterances of any kind; yet some of them make a great noise in the world; and the sounds they produce seem to serve the same purpose as those which the larger animals make with the voice. The bee has vocal wings, whose drowsy tone —

“Tells of the countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;”

but sometimes the tone is changed to anger and indignation, and then we may beware of this “animated torrid zone.” When we go into the country we often amuse ourselves of a hot midsummer day watching some hum-

blebee singing over the shrubs and vines till he buries his burly head and shoulders in some flower, and is sipping its nectar, with an occasional buzz of content, when we enclose him within the long petals. Then how he kicks and scolds till we let the flower-leaves open, and he sails off in a zig-zag line through the waves of air, proclaiming his escape in a loud hum.

The grasshopper tribes in a similar way fill the summer air with their merry chirp or deafening drum, — sounds which they themselves know well enough how to interpret, for they act in reference to them and respond to each other. Men have always supposed that love is the soul of song with these grasshopper troubadours. The cicada was a favorite with the Greeks. They esteemed it the happiest and most innocent of beings. Anacreon addressed sweet odes to this insect minstrel; and a statue was erected to it by the Locrians, in honor of its harmony, as some say, but, according to others, in remembrance of a victory a harp-player of their nation obtained in a musical contest through its aid.

Those animals whose organ of communication is the voice do not for the most part use articulate sounds, though M. Grier, in his zeal to make out a case for his clients, the brutes, undertook to assert that they have the use of articulate speech; and he explains that with them the articulation and inflection of the voice is less perceptible than in man, because their language is for the greater part composed of vowels. He asks if any one will say that the English and Germans do not speak, because the speech of the former resembles the hissing of serpents and that of the latter, according to the Emperor Charles the

Fifth, is like the neighing of horses? Fabricius also explains that the language of brutes is less articulate than that of man, because the chief organ of speech with them is the throat, which we use only for vowel sounds; while we form the sounds we utter more by means of the lips and tongue, which are softer in us than in the brutes. Hence, he says, the articulate sounds we utter are quicker and more numerous, so that our speech runs into great variety and complication, and we call it language; while the speech of animals within the same species is more uniform; and he attempts to show that by varying their utterances brutes do all that we do by the use of language.

It is true, however, that there are some tribes of animals which possess, in no inconsiderable degree, the power of resolving the sounds they utter into distinct elementary parts or syllables. This is especially the case with some species of birds, though it is said that there is generally but one articulate sound uttered by the same bird, and that this seems to be used as a note of natural music rather than for the purpose of giving information to others; and accordingly it is observed that, when the bird is agitated, it utters cries which are very different and have no articulation. There are some birds, too, and such are the parrot, the mocking-bird, and the magpie, that can imitate almost any letter of the alphabet; yet they do not use these articulate sounds as a language. It is not, therefore, because of any physical defect that they are without an articulate language. The defect must be a mental one. The fact that the Bushman, whose language consists of sounds hardly more articulate or more varied than those the parrot is capable

of uttering, uses them nevertheless in an intelligent manner as the signs of all the inward and outward phenomena of sense and thought of which he is subject, while the parrot makes of them nothing but senseless jargon, is proof that the Bushman has the mental gift whence springs the marvellous faculty of speech, and that the parrot has it not. Language is only the outward sign of the inner power which distinguishes man from all other animals. When, therefore, with Homer and Hesiod we characterize man by the epithet *μέροψ*, or voice-dividing, as denoting man's distinctive and exclusive endowment, we express merely the more obvious characteristic, while the real one is the hidden power of progressive reason.

A primary distinction between the language of man and that of brutes, if we dignify their communication with the name of language, is that the former is learned by experience and study, while the latter is natural and instinctive. The young of the partridge understand as soon as they are out of the egg the note of alarm the old bird gives when she sees danger at hand, as perfectly as they do the hundredth time they hear it; and the pretty little ones directly hide themselves under the leaves, and hush their chirping in the profoundest silence. The first time the bee creeps out of its cell and over the comb it knows how to answer all the congratulations of the older ones it meets, and how to express to them all the wants and impulses of its nature. The same instinctive faculty which enables it, without the least experience, to work with perfect skill in the construction of its cells which are so wonderful in their adaptations, enables it also to communicate per-

fectly, without stopping to learn the A B C's of a language, every thing that Nature has given it to express; and the cells in the hive have remained no more unchangeable in form than has the language its denizens use. So, too, the songs of all the birds have continued as unalterable as have the nests they build. There are in nearly all languages, both ancient and modern, some words which are imitations of the sounds that different animals make, and which are used to denote the names of the respective animals, or of the sounds they utter; and we find that the words of this kind used in the different languages to denote the same thing have a wonderful similarity in sound. We are thus furnished with the testimony of whole nations of men, living in all parts of the world and in different ages, that the sounds used by the same species of animals are everywhere and at all times the same. The words thus formed by imitating the voices or cries of animals, are generally understood without the least difficulty by people speaking very different languages. Aristophanes describes the croaking of the Greek frogs of his day in the words *βοεκεκεκέξ, κοάξ, κοάξ*; and a recent traveller in Greece says that the sound made by the frogs he heard there could not be represented better than by this phrase.

The Attic frogs may be of a different variety from the American, and their croaking somewhat different; yet hardly any one would fail to recognize the amphibious musicians in the description of the old Greek dramatist. The traveller before referred to suggests that the "*brekekekéx*," which is the more sharp and shrill sound, is the voice of the female, and that the deeper "*κοάξ*" is that of

the male. "As I stood one day by the ruined bridge over the Ilissus, near the Stadium in Athens," he says, "I heard the two parties striving for the supremacy; loud and strong for some time both sounds arose in concert, but at length the brekekekékers outstomed the rest, and their discomfited husbands gave them the field, uttering only, from time to time, a discontented, but subdued and half-submissive '*κοάξ*.'" ¹

There is no change from age to age in the utterances of any of the beasts of the field or of the fowls of the air; the longest experience gives them nothing new: all the world over, those of the same species communicate together without learning any new dialects, or employing an interpreter.

An instinctive language is necessarily confined to the expression of the innate desires and impulses of an animal's nature. If it ever gives expression to an independent fact, or thought not immediately connected with its ordinary life or the state of the community of which it is a member, it must necessarily find out some new mode of expression. There are, perhaps, some instances which seem at first view to indicate that animals do sometimes express new facts and ideas not within their ordinary experience; and of such is the story of the martins which blocked up the sparrow, and that of the swallows which cut the cord asunder and released their mate. But it by no means follows that the birds consulted together over these unexpected events, and communicated to each

¹ Our Pennsylvanian readers will not forget the votes which the frogs were said to give so volubly in a diocesan election. The monosyllabic party shouted "*Tyng, Tyng, Tyng*." The dissyllabic voted "*Potter, Potter, Potter*;" and the polysyllabic, in a deeper bass, plumped for "*Onderdonk, Onderdonk, Onderdonk*."

other a united plan of action. The instinctive cries of distress and alarm which one bird uttered were sufficient to call its companions together, and then the action of one of them may have been imitated by all the others without the use of any sort of language as a means of communication. To suppose that the birds rationally formed their designs, and communicated them to each other, is so inconsistent with all the course of their lives, that the supposition is merely absurd. There is a large class of actions which have the appearance of being exceptional, and the result of reason, which should, doubtless, be referred to provisional instincts which many animals have given them for their self-preservation, and which are called into exercise when the necessity for them arises.

So, too, many acts of seeming intelligence in them may be attributed to the power they have of learning to associate one thing with another, or a certain sound with a certain action. Very many of those singularly appropriate speeches which parrots, and other birds that imitate human speech, are given to making, may be explained in this way. To suppose that they really understand the meaning of the words they utter, and use them intelligently, is an assumption no better than the suggestion of an old writer that they only take off the human voice out of derision, and laugh at us all the while for not using their own chatter, and for not knowing what it means. If Clodius Æsopus, the rich tragic actor of Rome, who had a dish served up of the tongues of those birds which had been the most remarkable for their imitation of the speech of man, was of opinion that these birds had been mocking human speech in derision, he certain-

ly had some excuse for the folly he committed; but we have never seen it suggested that he supposed that he thus avenged any insult to himself or his friends. The birds are not deriding us when they imitate our speech; they do not seem to enjoy the joke well enough for this; in-fact, a sense of the ludicrous does not seem to be found in any of the lower animals.

"Smiles from reason flow,
To brutes denied."

It may be hard to prove just how it is that the parrot sometimes uses so appropriately the words it has learned. In a book published not long ago containing many anecdotes of animal sagacity, we find one of a parrot which expressed itself with considerable pertinence in one instance, though we are not informed whether it ever talked so much to the point on any other occasion. "A parrot belonging to some friends of mine," says the writer, and he vouches for the accuracy of the story, "was generally taken out of the room when the family assembled for prayers, lest he might take it into his head to join irreverently in the responses. One evening, however, his presence happened to be unnoticed, and he was forgotten. For some time he maintained a decorous silence; but at length, instead of 'Amen,' out he came with 'Cheer, boys; cheer.' On this, the butler was directed to remove him, and had got as far as the door with him, when the bird, perhaps thinking that he had committed himself, and had better apologize, called out, 'Sorry I spoke.'" The appropriateness of the parrot's last expression may have been an accidental coincidence; though it is more probable that some act occurred or some word was spoken with which the parrot had formally associated the

use of these words, and it thereupon spoke them, just as much by rote and just as mechanically as it did when it was first taught to utter them.

To the innate utterances of the brute creation we have nothing in man to compare, unless it be those natural sounds of weeping, screaming, sighing, laughing, and shouting, which he has used at all times and in all parts of the world to express his grief and joy and pain, and his physical sensations generally; and unless it be, too, some natural interjections which men employ when any sudden passion or vehement emotion moves the whole being, and speech for the moment is forgotten or superseded. These cries and interjections may be somewhat like the neighing of the horse, the crowing of the cock, the barking of the dog, the purring of the cat; they are natural expressions of feeling and common to all the race; but they do not constitute our language, nor indeed can they be regarded as forming any part of it. It has been supposed, however, that these involuntary utterances were the natural and real beginnings of human speech, and that from them the whole vast superstructure of language has been built up. No doubt some kind of a language might be elaborated in this way; but it would be impossible thus to account for all the wealth of speech that prevails among the races of men. It has been supposed, too, that the germs of human speech were derived from imitating with the voice the sounds uttered by other animals, and those which come from inanimate nature. It is related that Palamedes learned from the noise of cranes the four letters which he added to the Greek alphabet; and it is said that although no language includes the expression of every possible articula-

tion, yet the language of no people is quite deficient in the power of expressing by imitation the cries of its native animals. We would not attempt, as some have done, to account for the whole origin of our human language in this way; but this theory, as well as the other, which represents the involuntary cries and interjections of man as the natural and real beginnings of his speech, illustrates one broad distinction between human language and the utterances of the inferior animals; they both illustrate the fact that human language is not a gift of nature but a development of man's intelligence. With man, whether as an individual or as a race, language is the slow growth of experience and education. Democritus and Epicurus may tell us that we speak just as dogs bark, moved by nature; but we know that we do not, and science and history and experience prove that we do not.

Much thought and research have been bestowed upon the science of language within the last few years; and the fact in regard to the genesis of human speech most clearly established is, that language is man's own invention, the growth and development of his own intelligence. It is true that another theory of the origin of language has been urged with great force by Max Müller, who says, that, after explaining every thing in the growth of language that can be explained, there remains in the end, as the only inexplicable residuum, what he calls roots. These, he says, form the constituent elements of all language, and are not merely signs of individual impressions and perceptions, but are derived from general ideas, and are produced by a power inherent in human nature. "Ana-

lyze any word you like, and you will find that it expresses a general idea, peculiar to the individual to which the name belongs." The author shows how the early framers of language distinguished man from other animals, by the several names they gave him in order to express the first conceptions formed of his peculiar characteristics. The true title of our race is found in the name *man*, which means the *thinker*, being derived from the Sanscrit root *mā*. The Greek word *logos* means language as well as reason; and the word *alogon* was chosen as the most proper name for the brute, as it signified at the same time a being without speech and without reason.

It is not our purpose to discuss these theories of the origin of language. It only concerns us to mention here that all of them illustrate the truth that language and thought necessarily imply each other. The saying of William Humboldt that "man is man only by means of speech, but in order to invent speech he needs to be already man," is the profoundest wisdom. There is no speech without thought, and no thought without speech. It has been charitably supposed by some persons that the brutes have more reason than they can show, on account of their want of words to make it known; but the very fact that they have no capacity whatever of using words as arbitrary signs renders any extended process of thought impossible for them. It may be doubted whether it is possible to have any clear conception of an individual object, except by giving it a name and thus bringing it under a general classification. We perceive a thing by our senses, but we know it

only by our reason, which refers the single thing to a general idea. "The first step towards real knowledge," says Müller, "a step which, however small in appearance, separates man forever from all other animals, is the naming of a thing, or the making a thing knowable." And, on the other hand, speech just as emphatically implies thought; language being in its origin the sign and expression of the mind's generalization. What is speaking but thinking aloud? It is said that in the Hebrew tongue "to think" is "to speak low," and that among the savages of the Pacific it is "to speak in the stomach." The thought from its birth exists in the form of a word. It is true, as Carlyle says, that "language is the flesh garment of thought." The Logos of the ancients signified not merely language and reason, but also the Word, or something intermediate between God and man that is divine. They were right, says Lamartine: "Language is the revelation of soul to soul."

Of a language such as this we find no traces whatever among the animals of the brute creation. We may give the appellation of language to the chatterings of the birds, or to the communications which the bees and ants make by means of their antennæ; but this language is very different from that which is the incarnation of man's progressive and improvable reason. It is a language of natural or intuitive signs, and is the expression of the impulses and feelings with which nature has endowed her humble children. It is the language of instinct, not the language of free thought.

LEONARD A. JONES.

TO —.

FIRST at morning, last at night,
 I think of thee.
 Key to all my heart's delight,
 Substance of each fancy bright,
 Prize and crown of every fight,
 Art thou to me.

Do I with the Good compete,
 To do or die ?
 Put myself beneath my feet,
 Flesh and passion abdicate,
 Rise up early, lie down late ?
 'Tis all for thee.

Art not thou my dream of dreams
 For every night ?
 Every day, with loving beams
 'Tis thy spirit shines and gleams
 Like the sun on all my streams
 Both warm and bright.

Far or near, how far above me !
 Far or near, how near to love me !
 Bless me, teach me, trust me, prove me,
 Bosom mate !
 Gentle mistress, sage and lovely,
 My sweet fate !

Did I not, when first we knew,
 Plight thee my troth ?
 Saying, thou should'st never rue ;
 Whate'er wayward time might do,
 Change should never change us two ;
 True one, true both ?

The years a holy hand have laid
 Upon our life,
 Confirming every promise made,
 To heart and soul, to board and bed, —
 This only waiteth to be said :
 Praise God, dear wife.

J.

UPS AND DOWNS.

A NOVEL IN THIRTY CHAPTERS.

BY EDWARD E. HALE.

CHAPTER XI.

THE new carriage-building firm of Buffum, Rising, & Dundas worked its way into notice and success, not too rapidly, but very certainly. A good combination is honest, well-informed determination, which was here represented by Jasper; sensitive idealism, which was represented by Buffum; and practical, shifty common-sense, with experience in the handling of things, which was represented by Dundas. In truth, the partners in a firm, or in other partnership, as, for instance, the matrimonial alliance, succeed best when they are not much like each other.

Jasper was constantly teaching certain lessons to his hands, to his customers, and to those from whom he bought material, which did the firm good, and, in the end, raised its reputation. Old Edgar, a real frontier's-man, almost of the Natty Bumpo type, was in the habit of paying his taxes, and buying his powder, salt, and nails, by getting out every winter, when the snow was deep, a load or two of wagon-spokes, which he then hauled into Detroit, for sale to the wheelwrights, as his annual sacrifice on the altar of civilization. He appeared one day and asked for Dundas, who was in general his ally.

"Mr. Dundas is out, — out of town. Can I do any thing for you?"

The old man was a little lost at having a new face to study, and a new hand to deal with. Indeed, he did not like it, more than the Georgia boy liked to be "put out to a strange gal." But he did not want

to haul the load back to Clear Rapids, and he was used to leaving most of his spokes at this place. So with a great effort he stated his business.

"Oh, it is Mr. Edgar!" said Jasper. "I am very glad to see you, Mr. Edgar; we know all about you here."

This encouraged the old man; and in a remarkably short time he got through with the necessary introductory preface, about the freshets and the drift-wood, and the deep snow, and his wife's sore throat, and the general news of Clear Rapids, — intelligence all of which in an indefinite way was to justify him in asking two dollars and a half a hundred more for his spokes than Buffum & Woods had ever paid, or, indeed, than anybody in Michigan had paid for spokes till that hour.

To his surprise, he found that Jasper, instead of beating him down, even rose on the price which he proposed.

"The price is well enough, Mr. Edgar, if the spokes are good; and you never sold us any unsound wood yet."

"Come and look at them," was all the old man said, with a modest pride which was in itself dignified.

"No," said Jasper, "I don't want to see them. You are a better judge of spokes than I am; and, if I did not trust you, I would not deal with you at all. I will tell you what I will do. How many spokes have you?"

The old man said that in the two loads there might be a matter of twenty-seven hundred. The truth

was, he knew there were exactly twenty-seven hundred.

"Then," said Jasper, "we will take four hundred spokes; but you shall pick them out yourself; you shall give me the four hundred best spokes in your wagon, and I will give you forty dollars for the lot beyond the price you have fixed for them."

The old man started, and said he was not used to trading in that way.

"No," said Jasper, "I know you are not; and I know it will take some time to unload and load the wagon, and to pick the spokes over. For that I rely upon you, and for that I pay you. You shall have one of the men help you unload and load."

The old man thought it over and agreed; and for the next three hours the loafers of Detroit who passed that way had the satisfaction of seeing the process of the sorting out the best spokes from those which were not absolutely of the first quality, and of hearing his explanations of the principles which guided his selection. Whether, with his diminished load, the old man went to all the other wheelwrights in town, and sold out to them at the price he originally demanded, it is not our part to inquire. Jasper had taught all his men that none but the very best material was to come into that shop; and this was one important step towards teaching them that none but the very best work was to go out of it.

There was no lack of occasions for the repetition of the same lesson. Slack work is, alas! so common in a country which is not even half begun, far less half finished, that a man who sets himself to thorough work, whether it be in finishing wagons or in collecting taxes, will find he is every hour arousing the surprise of those he works with. Not many

days after the spoke business with Edgar, a wide-awake, jaunty young fellow stepped into the new counting-room, looked round with the air of one who was a good deal more at home than the owners of the establishment, and said in a condescending way, "Where's Woods?"

Now, Woods was the defaulting partner of poor Buffum, whose sudden departure for parts unknown had so nearly reduced the infant carriage-factory to "everlasting smash." Buffum could not bear the name. If a young man, handsome in exterior, perfect in education, faultless in morals, of attractive demeanor, the descendant of a long line of noble ancestors, and authorized to draw on the Bank of England indefinitely at sight, had come to Buffum and had asked permission to pay his addresses to Rebecca Buffum, had that young man's name been Woods, Buffum would have bidden him go perish. When, therefore, the affable and condescending New-Yorker asked "Where's Woods?" Buffum would not even be civil to the man, — he only growled out, "Don't know."

But Jasper, who took the man's measure in a moment, and saw the patent-leather bag in his hand, — who also would have been civil to Woods himself, or to the great author of Woods's misfortunes perhaps, had he come into the counting-room, — Jasper looked up and said, "Mr. Woods has left this firm. The last we heard of him he was on his way to Botany Bay. He is probably there by this time, if he has not yet been hanged."

The stranger, who was quite indifferent to Woods's existence, — and was, as the books say, already weary of the subject, — affably said, "Then he has left the firm. I only called on the firm, — had no acquaintance

with Mr. Woods." This was a lie. The last time he had been in Detroit, Woods had taken him out in his own buggy to a miserable drinking-house where they affected to have a trotting-park, — had talked big about Fashion and Boston, and the other celebrities of the day, — from such careful study as he made of "The Spirit of the Times" every Sunday; and the stranger who was now dealing with Jasper had, then and there, played euchre with him and some companions they picked up there, till daybreak the next morning.

"I only called on the firm," said he. "I represent Tubalcain Sons, — travel for their New-York house. Looked in to see what you want in our line this spring. Looks of your shop, you will want to give us some large orders."

"No, Mr. Fortinbras," said Jasper quietly, "we shall not have any orders for you." Buffum went on writing. Buffum knew what was coming; but they had had Tubalcain's hardware so long that he knew he should never have had the nerve to break the thread. He would have said they would take just a small order this time, with a hope that Tubalcain Sons would die, or the runner would die, or that possibly he, Buffum, would die before another visit came on. But Jasper had no intention of dying, or of having any question about Tubalcain Sons' hardware.

"No, Mr. Fortinbras, we shall not have any orders for you," he said simply, without the slightest tone or accent from which the agent could guess why the accustomed yearly order was withdrawn.

But Mr. Fortinbras was not timid, nor easily snubbed. Had he, indeed, been a man of Mr. Buffum's nervous make, he would not so long have held

to the career of a travelling salesman for the New-York branch-house aforesaid.

"But you have not seen our new styles, Mr. —," said he. And he rapidly opened a marvellous permutation, double-combination, triple-bolting lock which fastened the patent-leather bag. "I want to show you — just to show you — the patterns which our Mr. Sella got up after his last visit to America. You know, sir, that those English makers never do understand our styles till they have seen what sort of a country this is, — great country, — fast country, and their old John-Bull ways will not quite answer, not quite." All this very volubly, as he was disinterring from the bag the card on which were sewed the patterns in question. "Now look at that, sir. See how neat that turn is. Tubalcain Sons have taken out patents for that curved button in England and France, and have applied in Washington. But, for all that, we make no change in our price to our old customers. We can put you these buttons, with the nuts and screws, at eleven sixty-two the gross; they cost us, without saying one cent of the duty, — they cost us nineteen shillings six in Lamech's Cross. Lamech's Cross, you know, is where our works are."

Here, in despite of good lungs, Mr. Fortinbras had to stop for breath; and Jasper, nothing loath, had his turn.

"If they cost the firm nineteen shillings six, the firm was cheated," said he; "that's all." And he opened a wicked little drawer in his desk, and began taking from it old, dirty, rusty bits of iron. "There's one of Tubalcain Sons' last style of buttons. It broke in the shank there, without the strain of a pound on it. Bad stuff. There's one of Tubalcain Sons' screws. The cutting is so irregular, that you

can see it is wrong without a gauge. There is one of their nuts, — it will not turn on the screw nor on any screw. There is a side spring — or what they called so — of their make. It broke in the workman's hands before ever the carriage went out of our shop. Lucky that for us. No, Mr. Fortinbras, I don't suppose your house cares much for our trade; but, if they do, you can tell them that they had better go back to the traditions of old English work, — pay less attention to styles, and more to the stuff behind them."

"But, Mr. Buffum!" —

"My name is Rising, sir, — this is Mr. Buffum."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Rising; of course we have just what you want. We know our market, I think, and we know what a shop needs which turns out first-class work. Those styles will, at the price we put them at, — of course you do not expect actually first-class iron or work, Mr. Rising; but if you want, why, — you know we supply the very tip-top city-makers. Goddards, Tolman, & Russell, Flint & Fergus, the best Philadelphia men, all have their fancy irons from us. Just let me bring you some cards which I have in my lodgings; and I can show you work that your best Michigan thorough-breds cannot jerk in two."

But Jasper was pitiless. His business then was something far beyond getting good iron fancies into the shop. And he said dryly, "No, sir; we will not deal with your house. You have sold us bad iron. Of course I knew that you could have sold us good iron. I have sent my own orders to Ibbotson Brothers, and my own goods are in the New-York Custom-house to-day. I knew I was dealing there with men whom I

could trust; and I told them so, paid a good price, and I did not ask for samples."

Mr. Fortinbras tried to get in a word edgewise, but it would not answer. Jasper bowed him out, and he withdrew, crestfallen. Doubly crestfallen; for he had lost his order, and, more than this, he had lost the expected invitation from his friend Woods, to see the Bantam Mare trot against Gen. Cass and Old Hickory. And though Mr. Fortinbras had not expected much amusement from this spectacle, he had looked forward to a satisfactory night at poker, euchre, or whatever might be the favorite play with the Red-Creek fashionables that year. All these hopes were disappointed as Jasper bowed him out of the counting-room.

"Now, Fergus," said Jasper, turning to a bare-armed, paper-capped Scotchman who was waiting for him, — "now I can talk to you. But did you hear what I said to that fellow?"

"Why, yes; I did, sir," said the Scot, not quite certain whether he should have listened to a counting-room conversation.

"I am glad you did, and I wish every man in the shop could have heard it. For what it means, Fergus, is this: that we will not have any poor work go out of this shop. Cheap work may go out of it, very often: and I hope it will. I hope we shall make such wagons that old Edgar himself will be glad to buy one to take his wife to meeting in. They shall be cheap, because they shall be the best he can get for his money. But they shall not be cheap because they have bad iron in, nor bad leather, nor bad work. And so you see, Fergus," — and here Jasper's voice took on a more kindly tone, — "so you see, that is the answer I must

make to you about taking your poor countryman into the shop. He is not a good workman. You know he is not. You had to tell me he was not. Now, we are all in one boat. You and Oscar and Smith and Walter have just as much reason for wishing this shop to have a first-class name as Dundas, or Mr. Buffum here, or I have. None of us can afford to take on one poor workman, — more than we can afford to buy that poor cockney's slag because he paints it and patents it, and calls it iron. To tell you the truth, I do not dare take on MacDonald.

"But I'll tell you what I have done. Edgar's neighbor at Clear Rapids was here yesterday, trying to sell me some stuff. I told him that I had a man I wanted him to take at his saw-mills. You know I was brought up to lumbering, and he likes to talk with me. I told him of MacDonald, and his family; and he says if we will wait three weeks he will put up a house for them, and Mac shall be put on the mill as one of the night-gang; and then if he is good for any thing he shall work his way up. He's good pay, and honest as Bass Rock. And then, Fergus, if you like, we will take that boy of his — Andrew, do you call him? — into the shop, on the same terms Oscar is working at. You shall see to him yourself, and you shall make him, before you are done, as good a finisher as you are. We can get along with boys who are learning; but I will not risk the record of the shop on men who have never learned. I think you understand."

Fergus was a Scotchman, as I have said; and he did understand. What is more, he was really grateful. Mr. Rising had done a great deal more and better for his poor friend than he had proposed, and Fergus had got

a lesson which filtered into the comprehension of all the hands.

Such a determination, once started by Jasper, had been taken up in a spirit perfectly kindly by both his partners. Buffum, whom one is always tempted to call poor Buffum, — so frail was, in his case, the wicker-work around the glass vessel, if one may borrow the convenient image of a demijohn, or damajan, to denote the make-up of his life, — poor Buffum was an idealist, who, but for such friendly stay and help as Jasper was giving to him, would have wholly gone to the wall. Because he was an idealist, he simply exulted in the theory of perfect work, and perfect work alone. Dundas was no idealist. He was simply a good mechanic, well trained. He therefore simply hated bad work. He hated it as a gentleman hates to hear a nasty story. He hated it as a good sewer hates to see bad stitches, even in a piece of work where bad stitches will never be seen again, and where they hold the cloth together. He hated it as a Latin teacher hates to hear a boy say, "*Tres partes*, three parts; *divisa est*, divide; *omnis Gallia*, all Gaul;" that is, he hated to see a thing badly done, or wrongly done, even if a superficial world, looking on, said that the result was all the same. Dundas hated bad work because it was bad. The three partners, therefore, were wholly in assent about the new departure of the firm; but it must be owned that they needed all Jasper's determination, and his firm way of putting things, to start the firm in its new career, and to teach the little world inside the shop, and the large world outside, what the new departure was.

Nor was that lesson very quickly taught. The world is slow to believe

in improvements. A clever French writer says of advertisements, that the first time an advertisement is printed you do not see it, the second time you see it and do not read it, the third you read it and forget it, the fourth you read it and resolve to ask your wife, the fifth you read it and do ask her, and on the sixth reading you go and buy. This statement expresses, without the least exaggeration, the world's slowness to learn of real improvements in its condition. That is the reason why the most eager and plaintive wish of any real reformer is still, what it always was, that people who have ears may learn to hear. But the general impression is, that people who have ears had better not trouble themselves to hear, but, instead of that, that they should turn to and talk about themselves.

If Buffum, Rising, & Dundas had issued any number of handbills stating that all their work was thorough work, no human being would have believed them because they said so. Nor did anybody to whom old Edgar told his story of the spokes remember it a minute after he told it; nor did the loafers who stopped to inquire as to the unloading of his cart. Nor did the loafers at the Cass House bar, to whom Fortinbras, a little drunk, told with many oaths, how he had been snubbed by a man whose name he did not know, who was nothing but a — carriage-builder, remember his story an hour. But when, at the end of the autumn, Hubbell, the cashier of the Bank of Confidence, came into the bank-parlor a little late, and a little dusty, and had said that his wagon had broken down, and he had had to walk, Mr. Anstey, the President, put down his paper and said, "Let me tell you

whom to send it to. Send it to those men at Buffum's. You know I bought my new buggy of them, — it was last December, — and, by Jove! we have not had to tighten a screw on it, and it runs like oil." This being the longest speech Mr. Anstey had made for many years in the bank-parlor, and Mr. Anstey being respected in the inverse ratio of his loquacity, — and no wonder, — Hubbell did send the wagon to the new men at Buffum's, when, under jury rig, it made its way into the regions of the bank. And, when this sort of thing happened twenty times over, people began to recollect, what they had never taken the trouble to remember, the parables which at the moment they could not understand, of Rising's dealings with Edgar, and of his harshness to the cockney runner.

The idealist firm, although they dealt in material things, had, as all men have, the eternal questions presented to them, and had to make their answers accordingly.

It was at the time of the outbreak of the Mexican War. All three of these men had voted against that war as steadily as they knew how. Jasper had spoken against it in one and another ward-meeting, and sometimes on stumping expeditions in the country. Dundas, in his quiet way, had talked down one and another bragadocio declaiming in favor of manifest destiny; and Buffum, in his sensitive way, hated any war, most of all a war with a weak nation from which a strong one had stolen a ewe lamb. So they had all said, as individuals, that the war was wrong; and whatever honors it might bring to individuals, it would never bring any credit to the country. Mr. Polk, however, had not had occasion to consult Buffum, Rising, & Dundas, and the

war had gone on. I suppose Jasper himself thought that he had done his duty in the premises, and that he had as little to do with it as with the Wars of the Roses, when one day he was invited to go into partnership with Mr. Polk as one of the principals.

A tall, gray-haired, gentlemanly man of military bearing, and with a gold button on his cap, came into the counting-room, said his name was Croghan, that he was Col. Croghan of the Engineers, and that he had come West from Washington on the Government's affair in regard to its contract for army-wagons. Jasper bowed and said nothing. "We have published an advertisement, Mr. Rising, explaining what we want; and I have at the fort some wagons which I could show you, with the modifications which Gen. Scott and Gen. Jes-sup propose."

Jasper bowed again, and said nothing.

"To be perfectly frank with you, we have not had exactly the bids we liked in answer to our advertisements. The order is a large one, and we know the time is very short. The large Eastern houses are full of other work; and, though we have given some large orders there, we shall not be supplied. I happened to be in Detroit on business; and I heard of your firm, and I thought I would come and see you. The West has some great advantages in the selection of lumber for wagons."

Jasper bowed again, but still said nothing.

"I think I can make you understand what we want," said the colonel, a little surprised. "We know our time is short, and we are disposed to be liberal. What we should like would be to engage the whole service of some men who understood their

business, some men like yourself, who would be willing to make a large contract with us. Of course they need not do the work in their own shops, — we want the first of these wagon in five weeks from to-day, — but such men could command the services of all the small shops in this part of the country. The Government is very liberal about advances; and really, Mr. Rising, your own work here would be rather that of inspection than of manufacture. So you sent us good wagons, we should pay well for them and pay promptly."

It was in this way that conscientious officials dealt with conscientious workmen before contracts, also, were reduced to one of the meaner sciences of social life.

This time Jasper had to speak. "We saw your advertisements," he said, "and we determined not to bid."

"I know you did not bid," said the colonel, a little dashed by Jasper's reticency, "and I can very well understand why you do not want to bid. It is all a demagoguing pretence, the whole theory of advertising for bids. I told the quartermaster-general so when he began. Now he has lost a month, perhaps he knows it. I should not think you would bid. It is we who bid now. In short, we must have the wagons."

Jasper bowed again.

"You will not, of course, put an unfair price on your work. But the country wants good work, and the Government has no time to spare. So we are willing, as I said, to pay well, to pay the highest price, if you will only enlist for us the best service of the men who can do these things."

"Yes," said Jasper, "I understand what you want; but we do not want to build these wagons."

"Does your work press you so?"

"Not at all," said Jasper, laughing; "I wish we had ten times as much as we have. I should sleep better for one."

"Then, why not take our offer? or why not make us one? Name your terms, say for two hundred of these wagons, and see if I cannot come to them."

"I have named my terms, — they are, that we do not want to build them at all."

"I do not understand you. You say you would be glad of work, and you will not take it when I offer it."

"I said I should be glad of ten times as much as we are doing; and I should. But I did not say that I wanted to do work for this war."

"Let me be as frank as you have been, Col. Croghan, and do not let me offend you. You believe in the administration, and you believe in the war. You are doing your duty, therefore, in building these wagons as best you can. I do not believe in the administration, and I do not believe in the war. What I could do to prevent it I have done, and now I cannot help it. I do not choose to

make money out of what I think a public wrong."

This time the colonel was puzzled. "The responsibility is not yours," said he.

"No. But it would be if I made a profit out of wagon-building which the war made necessary. I wish the war had not been begun."

"Perhaps I do," said the colonel, "but I did not make it."

"No," said Jasper; "nor I, thank God. Nor will I make money out of it."

"And your partners?" said the colonel, looking round.

"Have talked with me of this, and we agree."

The colonel rose, and gave Jasper his hand with great cordiality. "Pardon me," said he, "are you Quakers?"

"So far as this goes you can call us so," said Jasper, laughing. And they parted.

So the new firm lost a connection, out of which they could have easily made twenty thousand dollars before twelve months were over. But they saved their self-respect; and really that was worth — something — more.

GOD WITH MAN.

BY JOSEPH MAY.

THE most interesting and perhaps the profoundest thought of which the human mind is capable is that of the presence of God with the soul of man. No wonder, then, that it has been historically the most world-wide and permanent of the subjects of speculation and discussion. It is the substance of the mysteries of Oriental dreaming. Classic mythology was founded on it. Greek philosophy was

pervaded by it. Stoicism attempted to interpret it. It is the characteristic doctrine of Roman Catholicism, and the substratum of the prevalent Protestant scheme of the sacrificial atonement. Unitarianism has been charged in past time with losing hold of the thought a little; and so was called cold, unemotional, and "merely moral." But, if so, her advance-guard caught the clew once

more; for the characteristic notion of "Radical" theology is God's immanence in Man.

By all these parties and schools one great idea is sought to be portrayed, — one great problem to be solved. The Greek philosopher and the Oriental mystic gave the solution which makes man's soul but a scintilla, a spark struck out or a drop drawn, from the fiery fountain of life, the Spirit of God. This essential oneness, apparently severed for a time, regains itself at last; and in the eternal sequel the finite spirit falls back into the infinite ocean of Divine Being, and man is lost in God.

Much Christian theologizing has attempted — crudely and artificially — to identify the essence of Deity with the personality of one historical, *apparent* man; and, confusing two things which cannot be identified, has presented to faith a shifting phantasm, now God, now man, which has dazed the eyes of inquiry rather than satisfied the demands of reason.

The most modern thought seems to base itself upon the position of Jesus. He was always practical, and speculated little where he could not see. He confessed the limitations of observation in this direction, and simply said, "The Spirit of God is like the wind; we see it not; we cannot picture or predict it; we know no more than this, *it is*." So we say now, *somehow* God is among us, and within us: *how* we know not; but he *is*.

Now, the almost universal judgment of those who have contemplated Jesus' life is, that in him this union of God and man was more conspicuously realized than in any other known instance. He himself prayed (and by praying he predicted) that this union should be effected in the case of every other child of God.

We are infidel to his own hope if we assert that no other has been drawn into its circle. There must be found some like him, — there are "Christ-like souls," whose lives soothe, cheer, and inspire us in manner like his, if in measure less; of whom men say, "They must have been with Jesus, and learned of him;" about whose brows a mysterious sunlight hovers, like that which Art pictures around his, and gives light to all that are near.

But let us here cheerfully concede his pre-eminence, — certainly as idealized in the popular faith. At any rate, this is strictly true, — that the characteristic phenomenon of his life was his realization of this relation of union with God. It is philosophical, then, to make him a pattern or image of the Divine. For it is a necessary law of thought, that the Divine should be represented to our consciousness by the idealization and perfection of the traits of the human. There is danger of irreverence in the close association of any man, or any man's character, — it might be said of any being, or any character, — with Deity or its attributes. Yet since if God is in any thing different from man, in this he cannot be apprehended by man; and since (as just said) all that he is more than man must be studied through the idealization of man, it is plain, that, in the highest types of human character which we have or can conceive, we have our highest illustration or reflection of the spiritual attributes of God, of his moral perfections, and of the nature of his intelligence. This is the *most* we can conceive of God, even by imagination.

Men have not, then, violated reason, but have followed it, when they have expected revelations of God through

the characters and lives of certain men. We see God in all his works. The material universe, the brute creation, are full of revelations of his Intellect, disclosing itself as adaptation, order, law. His power and foresight amaze us in the processes of geology, astronomy, chemistry, and physiology. But where else but in a *moral* nature, in a being which to the limit of its constitution resembles him, is it conceivable that his *moral* characteristics should be manifested, or his spiritual attributes be revealed to us? Plainly, nowhere. The poor brute creation, groaning and travailing together, waiting for the manifestation of God's spiritual offspring, afford scope for such traits in so far as they, too, inherit emotions and sensibilities; but in the realm of insensate nature we see adjustment, not justice; fitness, not love; economy, not mercy. So consciousness, thought, will, these need human, that is moral and spiritual substance for their exhibition and illustration.

That God should reveal himself most fully and cogently through the medium of manhood is, therefore, a necessary thing. That the exaltation of Humanity should correspondingly suggest its manifestation of Deity, — that great men should reveal divine qualities, — is a natural fact. Therefore we have only two parallel developments of thought in the pagan system of demigods and the crude theory of Divine Incarnation which has prevailed in Christendom. In classic ages every hero was sired by a god. The force of Achilles' arm was a divine re-enforcement; and, when Homer sang, it was only the Muses, hymning through the blind man's lips. So in the case of Jesus, it was an interpretation natural, and characteristic of the early times, to

see God so strongly in him that his manhood should be extinguished or impaired.

But here, as often elsewhere, the actual form of a belief has an exaggeration in it which makes it false. As theologians who have deeply felt the wide and lamentable power of sin have concluded that mankind are *totally* depraved, so the exhibition of godly qualities by Jesus led them to confuse his personality with that of Deity. The theory of such a doctrine is, that one cannot *manifest* God save as he *is* God; overlooking the fact, that *all* God's offspring reveal him in their measure; and not discerning that for God to be *with* a human soul is not the same as that he should displace it, and in his own infinite personality occupy its shrine.

The presence of God with men is what we call inspiration. It is not special, but generic; not a gift to single men, but to mankind. With the saint and the sinner, the poet and the peasant, the ignorant and the learned, the Divine Spirit is impartially present, although in degrees which vary with individual capacity. The disparity of his *gifts* to us we cannot understand; but it does not necessarily imply favoritism on the Creator's part. But to suppose God granting *himself* to one, and withholding himself from another, is clearly to represent him as unequal in his love. Where God's equal love goes, there is his divine presence.

Then it, is not by taking up his abode in a peculiar manner in a human soul, that God reveals himself through it; but by that soul's opening itself to receive fuller measure of his presence. His spirit flows free, like his air and sunlight: we take it in, and breathe it forth again to our fellows, according as we are able.

But, just here, it might be objected, "Why, after all, should God not elect an individual soul, and, for his great ends, so abide in it and direct it as to give them a pattern of the aim of human progress?"

Or, as some say, "Why should not God manifest forth his great and natural love to man, by informing the personality of some man with his own almighty selfhood, and moving on earth with it in a phantasmal, perhaps, yet a consoling, re-assuring guise?"

The response to the first of these queries is, that such a *pattern* is not an *example*; nor can it affect us as an example should do. As an example, any thing influences us only in the degree in which we feel capable of imitating it. Only this consciousness stirs in us the disposition to follow it. The best pattern would therefore be that of normal manhood, however highly developed. Any thing more would be only an incomprehensible and therefore inefficient pageant.

To the second query two objections arise in response. First, that the scheme is clearly, in all respects, derogatory as a method to be ascribed to God. To suppose the personal Deity taking possession of a human economy, and informing it for the purpose of performing a drama of human life, — concealing (from eye-witnesses at least) the fact of this self-embodiment; acting the parts of birth, growth, and death; simulating emotions proper only to man; addressing himself in prayer, — agonizing before himself; affecting to serve and to submit to himself; all this, however nicely it may be disguised in the ambiguities of rhetoric, is simply monstrous.

But, secondly, it were enough to say that such conduct on the part of Deity is *unnecessary*. We need no

such re-assurance as is proposed in this scheme. Human faith in God does not demand to be re-enforced by such a dramatic exhibition of divine condescension. And there is high authority for this denial, — namely, Jesus himself. His faith in God was a direct, instinctive confidence; and none of his representations of Deity, or his requisitions on man, involve the remotest hint of the necessity for the appearance of Deity in human guise, or for any other revelation save that of the normal attestation of the awakened human consciousness. The similarity of the divine and human natures, which is the postulate of every religion which alleges the possibility of intercourse between them, Jesus emphatically declared, in that doctrine which is the characteristic one in his religious teachings, — of the paternal-filial relation between Deity and Humanity.

One who accepts this faith genuinely, in any thing of its real extent, cannot require such an abnormal attestation of the divine love. Such sensuous testimony can only be desired by those who have not entered warmly into the religious thought of Jesus. He recognized that goodness, lovingness, were *necessary* attributes of Deity; that without these he *could not be* God. Theological rationalizing has interposed artificial difficulties, and Augustine and Calvin have erected his justice into a bugbear which hides his love. Jesus never *reasoned* that God was, or that he was good. He spoke of him as a loving Father, out of consciousness, and from the recognition at once of the essential excellence of human nature, and of the Divine Nature which is its idealization.

We must reject, therefore, any theory of divine self-incarnation which

is artificial or special. The incarnation is a truth; but it is a generic, a universal truth. And it is spiritual, not physical and material.

What, then, is it?

Let us, as we approach the question, first recognize the necessity there is, not for an artificial dramatic enactment of a human career, or for any sensuous apocalypse of Deity, but for lofty instances of the normal realization of human ideals, and grand illustrations of human capacities and relations. As in the arts we need geniuses to show us what art is capable of; as in science and philosophy we need minds able to stretch, by vastly expanded powers and adaptabilities, into regions of discovery and speculation inaccessible to the multitude; as in all life we need guides and exemplars; so of the fact of God's presence with the human spirit, and of the results of such intercourse, we deeply need illustrations on loftiest planes. To develop beauty, and stimulate us to love and prosecute it; to discover moral and mental truths, and rouse us to their study; to guide, constrain, and elevate us in every walk of life,—we need great men, great teachers of what there is to do and to be, great examples of our power to do and to attain.

Hence, as we reverently thank God for an Aristotle, gifted with intellect in a degree scarcely paralleled; for a Raphael, whose delicate sensibilities, by intuitive power, perceived beauty and the laws of graphic art as perhaps no other since; for an Æschylus, a Dante, or a Shakspeare; for the builders of the pyramids and of the Parthenon, and the mere memory of Phidias or Praxiteles; for musical, oratorical, executive, philanthropic great ones, whose endowments still surpass our highest gifts; so do

we devoutly thank the grace which vouchsafes us illustrations of our spiritual nature in its most delicate and most holy relation; for an example of one like Jesus, of whose soul the consciousness of God had taken such overmastering hold, and whose relation to the divine was, apparently, not a fitful, blind yearning, but that of full, clearly-accepted, mutual presence, and, on the human side, of unreserved filial consecration. Above all things, does our race need an instance of one whose recognition of God, and whose intuition of the conditions of spiritual existence, should be like what we have seen in Jesus.

To study now the phenomenon of his life. Let us bear in mind what has been remarked, that the presence of God (or inspiration) is universal; besetting spirit as his will pervades the Cosmos. The condition of his presence with an individual soul will obviously be that spirit's own receptivity. What, then, will be the process, or method, of this divine influence?

Jesus himself bears witness to the kinship of all spirit, the likeness of human and divine characteristics. Here his authority is above that of others, in proportion as his communion with God was more perfect than that of others. But at least to the limit of human endowments, we must suppose this likeness; or, in narrowest terms of the proposition, so much of human nature as is capable of divine occupation must be kindred with and similar to the nature of the divine. God can enter no element of our nature save that which by affinity, that is by adaptation of its structure, is prepared to receive him.

Conversely, then, when the Spirit of God unites itself to that of a man, it will be received into, and will en-

ergize and exalt, the peculiar element or elements which in the man's constitution are especially sympathetic to, and capable of accepting, the divine influence.

Hence we see, first, that inspiration will vary in its form with the varying composition of individual minds. But, secondly, the development of the human faculties under the influence of the divine presence must always proceed in harmony with the divine attributes. The kind and the degree of the particular inspiration depend upon the constitution of the recipient mind. But in kind it *corresponds* to, and so *reveals*, a characteristic or characteristics of the divine nature. Thus the mind gifted with æsthetic sensibility will develop under inspiration in the direction of the apprehension of beauty and its laws; but then the inspired artist reflects a divine trait, and is in this respect an image of God. The mathematician or the moralist will, in his little circuit, image the divine cognizance of mathematical or moral truth. The lover of his kind will be god-like in his benevolence; and a tender father serves our whole race as its best single type of Deity. And now, finally, when the *whole* nature of the man is capable of surrendering itself to the incoming of the Divine Spirit, we have a human being, who, in the whole extent of its constitution, images and reveals God, — is a microcosm of the Infinite Divine Being.

But this is not all. There is in every man, distinct from and beneath all his faculties, a mysterious agency, or spring of force and activity, which governs, directs, and uses all the faculties of body and mind. This is the will; and it is capable of surrendering itself to, or effectively uniting

itself with, the kindred part of another spiritual being. And when it does, then throughout the whole circuit of the faculties pour in common the two currents of force.

It is the essence of inspiration that the will of man take into itself the will of God. But let us note the result when this union is accomplished.

Jesus said, "I and my Father are one." When the two wills thus united coincide in the direction of their operation, when the all of the manhood surrenders itself in sympathy to co-operative Deity; when the man loves as God loves, purposes as God purposes, wills as God wills, — then freely and of himself, yet under the single direction of divine impulse, the man acts by, for, and *as* God. Though the human soul remains individual and unconfused, and the human will free, the action of the man is but the action of God. The two are one, not in person, but in efficiency and in semblance. The man is man; God is still God alone; but the Divine Spirit has taken up its abode in the human economy; the human faculties are energized and directed by the divine co-operative will; the Divine Spirit is normally incarnate with the human, its spring of power, its guide, its vital force.

Incarnation, then, is but the correlative of inspiration. Where the Divine Spirit enters by inspiration, there it dwells by incarnation. Here, therefore, is no artificial device, no dramatic pageantry, but order, impartiality, intelligibility; the highest, but the universal hope of man; the universal — shall we not say the highest? — operation of God. If he is glorious at the head of the vast insensate universe, guiding the wheeling orbs, and dispensing the seasons in order; measuring the waters in

the hollow of his hand, and taking where so inscrutably wise, as where
 up the isles as a very little thing; if he moves, addressing to his offspring
 he is awful ordering the concerns of the influences of his own personal
 men, the flux and exchange of civili- magnetic grace, to lift the child to-
 zation and barbarism, of development wards its parent, to develop in the only
 and decay; where is he so tenderly substance capable of such kindred
 majestic, where so profoundly efficient, growth a character like his own?

DAPHNE: A MONODY.

BY MARY E. NUTTING.

By day I watch the sun-god's chariot blazing,
 The long, still day his coursers fill the sky;
 And hail at eve, through leafy meshes gazing,
 Thy silver bow, O huntress fair, on high!

Through all my boughs the sweet south wind is sweeping,
 As once it swayed and swept my parted hair:
 The current in my pulses swiftly leaping
 Rhymed with this other life that now I share.

I hear at morn, through all the valleys ringing,
 The huntsman's call, the far-off, answering sign;
 At eventide, the sweet, familiar singing
 Blends with the friendly lowing of the kine.

O hunters! through the wood and valley roaming,
 I call to you, my brothers, and in vain;
 O maidens! singing in the dewy gloaming,
 Mine is the burden of your sweet refrain.

In happier days of melody and motion,
 I was a maiden, too, of Thessaly;
 My life was set to rhythmical devotion,
 Was consecrate, great Artemis, to thee.

And when I saw, my heart with rapture thrilling,
 Thy silver bow hang in the upper air,
 The vows that maidens pay to thee fulfilling,
 Nightly I made my orison and prayer.

Until that day when, from the cooling shadow,
 Seeking the fount that laves thy shrine I came;
 High over all the glowing, golden meadow,
 The sun-god's chariot filled the heavens with flame.

A nameless spell upon my spirit falling,
 An unknown terror, I invoked thy aid;
 And wildly ran, O goddess-maiden! calling,
 "Diana, hear! for I am sore afraid."

Till, with the flight and that strange terror blended
 O'erpowered and fainting, straight I cried to thee,
 "Let but thy nymph, O Dian star-attended!
 Breathe vital air, even as a laurel-tree."

My course was stayed; the south wind, perfume-laden,
 Swayed lightly through my leaf-inwoven hair;
 The terror passed: but I no more, a maiden,
 Look on the wide-surrounding, upper air.

Still I invoke the hunters, home-returning,
 The maidens' song at eve I fain would sing;
 The tree-life overcomes my spirit's yearning,
 They only hear the leaves' low murmuring.

And still at eve I watch, through leafy spaces,
 For thy uprising on the starry lea;
 And fain would pay, O shrined in heavenly places!
 My maiden vows, great Artemis, to thee.

A M O O D.

BY F. A. W.

I CRIED, "No heart is true!
 The sky has lost its sun;
 The earth is cold and desolate;
 I would that life were done!"

A hand was clasped in mine.
 Two hearts forever one!
 Now earth and sky in beauty shine;
 My life has just begun.

SIX OF ONE

BY

HALF A DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

CHAPTER I.

THE snow was falling over the roofs and houses of Greyford, not in great loose feathers, but with that fine, steady, continuous descent which indicates a steady purpose.

"We are in for it now," said Dr. Sylva, as he drew on his gloves for a long ride in the neighborhood. "Nettie, here comes the snow you've been wanting."

Nettie's first movement was in the direction of the window; her second, after satisfying herself of the state of things out of doors, was — shall we tell the secret? — to the looking-glass that hung over the table in the family keeping-room. Her father had gone out, and Nettie was alone.

She stood before it considering the image therein attentively, and nodding to it with a little knowing twinkle in her eye, as if she should say, There are a pair of us, and we'll have it all our own way now.

We by no means desire to tell tales out of school, or to produce the impression that young ladies when left alone in family "keeping-rooms" are in the habit of standing before the domestic looking-glass and contemplating their own charms. All we have to remark on the present occasion is, that if Nettie Sylva was so employed, she could not easily in that house have found any thing better worth looking at.

For "the keeping-room" of Dr. Sylva was evidently as common-place and fluffy and uninteresting a scene as family keeping-rooms of economical people who live on small incomes are

apt to become. There was a faded carpet, a worn settee which served the purpose of a sofa, a book-case with Rollin's History, Hume's "History of England," Scott's Family Bible, Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," and "Pilgrim's Progress" for reading. There was a turn-down shelf with pigeon-holes, where Dr. Sylva kept account-books and letters; there was a half-dozen of slippery hard-wood-bottomed chairs; there was a tall old clock tick-tacking in the corner; and there were rustling paper window-shades, which Nettie detested. Nettie, in fact, detested the whole room, as a horrid, poor, common-place, dusty, musty affair. Young ladies do sometimes have just such feelings as this about the family sitting-room.

Under these circumstances, could you look over Nettie's shoulder into the looking-glass, you would feel the force of what we have been saying: that the image she saw there was the best worth looking at of any thing in the room. It isn't saying much, to be sure. Nettie Sylva was a tall, lithe, handsome girl, and looked as if she had been got up by Mother Nature in a more generous mood of mind than she generally is in when she makes our pure, delicate, spare, lady-like New-England girls. She was like a tropical flower; every thing about her was bright and rich and abundant. She had lovely golden-brown hair, and ever so much of it. Her cheeks had the high bloom and color of the pomegranate. She had great, rich, velvet dark eyes with long lashes; her waist was round as an

apple, and she had a beautiful fulness of form, not a common attribute of American beauty. Nettie was of very good taste, and rather liked her own looks. It was said there was a tinge of Italian blood in her veins, through some grandmother on the maternal side; but Nettie was enough of a Yankee for all that to have a pretty good sense of what things were worth, and what could be done with them practically. Consequently the store of charms which she saw reflected in the looking-glass were something that she very well knew the use of, although the use she made of them just about in these days, was one that will certainly not meet the approbation of the reflecting mind. On the present occasion the principal use that she was making of them was to plague and tease Horace Vanzandt, as she had previously plagued and teased many other of the leading beaux of the village. Horace, however, was a particularly attractive game. He was handsome, lively, spirited, hot-tempered, and forgiving, so that it was the easiest thing in the world both to put him into a passion and to get him out of it; and these two exercises considerably varied the dulness of the village life. For Greyford was a dull village, it is to be confessed. Nobody was very rich there, and nobody was very poor. The girls were all educated at the high school, and knew and read and had heard about all sorts of scenes that they could not afford to see, and splendid doings in the world that they never could take any part in, and read serial stories every week out of three or four newspapers by means of which they lived among duchesses and countesses, and had all sorts of thrilling adventures in the spirit, while their bodies were tied down to the routine

of a narrow, economical family life. The young men at Greyford, as a matter of course, were put to work early, and hadn't half the time to read and study and get themselves up in poetry and romances that the girls had, and consequently there were none of them that appeared to the girls the ideal hero; but still they were accepted as the best there was. There were approved ways and means of seeing each other. There was the singing-school once a week, where, by the by, Nettie had the richest voice and led the treble. There were apple-cuttings and croquet-parties; but, best and liveliest of all, there were the sleigh-rides which came in the winter, when the young fellows were to a good degree released from farm-work, and free to bask in the charms of female society.

It had been given out and agreed among the young fellows of the village, that, as soon as there was snow enough, there should be a grand sleigh-ride over to the hotel in North Denmark, where a dancing-room had been engaged, and provision made for a regular frolic.

The point in discussion in Nettie's mind as she stood nodding at her image in the glass was this: Would Horace Vanzandt come to invite her to this sleigh-ride? She knew, in her own guilty conscience, that she had sent him off horridly angry the Sunday evening before, and whether he had gotten over it or not was the point in discussion in her own mind; and, by way of estimating the balance of probabilities, she took a good look at herself. She rather thought he would come back, and at this moment she heard the click of the gate. In a moment she turned, and was seated in the demurest manner at her work-basket, making a little ruffled apron

with pockets, in which she was so much absorbed that Horace was obliged to rap three or four times on the door till he could rouse the ear of the little, inattentive, bound-girl in the back-kitchen. There had been times when Miss Nettie under such circumstances would go and open the door herself, and say, "Oh! is it you? I thought," — &c., &c., &c. But this morning she felt diplomatic; and, on the whole, she concluded that he must be made to come all the way. Horace, in fact, had come resolved to beg pardon for being insulted on Sunday evening. He had flown into a passion and made himself ridiculous. Of course this had put him in the wrong; but now here was the snow coming, and he wanted Nettie for his partner. He knew that she would tease and provoke him the whole evening. Why, then, would no one else but Nettie do for him, when there was Jane Burgess, the nicest, sweetest, most reasonable girl that ever was heard of, who never did or said an unkind thing to anybody; and Rachel Holly, with cheeks and forehead like the pink and the white of sweet-peas and the prettiest and most winning of voices? Both these had graciously entreated him; and yet he could form no idea of anybody that he wanted except this vexatious Nettie, who neither would take him nor let him alone, and kept him always in a state of fermentation. Well, why does a young fellow like to drive a lively, high-spirited filly, that prances and curvets, snorts, and pulls on the bit, and comes within an inch of dashing his brains out every once in a while? We leave that to the consciousness of individuals and to the metaphysicians. All is, Horace has stood long enough on the door-step, and we must get him in.

CHAPTER II.

HORACE determined to open the matter cheerfully, and ignore the fact that there had been any quarrel; and so began briskly, "Well, Miss Sylva, we are in luck; the snow has come."

"I don't like snow," said Nettie, contradictiously; but she smiled as she said it, and, lifting her great, beautiful eyes, fixed them on Horace not unkindly.

"But don't you see, Miss Nettie, our sleigh-ride is to come off now?"

"Sleigh-ride?" said Miss Nettie, in a tone of innocent inquiry. "What sleigh-ride?"

"Why, of course you know: the sleigh-ride that we fellows have been planning for three or four weeks past. We've got the room and the fiddler all engaged."

Now, Nettie knew all these things perfectly well. The fact was, that she and Jane Burgess and Rachel Holly had discussed them over and over, to the minutest details of possibilities, and they had all settled what they were to wear. But was she to let the enemy know this? Of course not.

"Oh!" she said, "I can't be expected to know, as nothing has been said to me."

"Why, of course," said Horace.

"I don't think it is of course," said Nettie. "How should I know any thing, when nothing has been said to me?"

"Why, yes; it is all arranged. Jeff Fleming is to take Jane Burgess in his new sleigh. He went to New Haven last week, and bought a new string of bells on purpose; and Mark Hinsdale is going with Rachel Holly; and may I have the pleasure, Miss Nettie, of taking you?"

"Oh! it appears I am Hobson's choice, then. Thank you. I don't know that I shall care to go. It will

be very cold, and I think sleigh-rides are rather a bore."

"Now, Miss Sylva, you really can't be so cruel."

"Cruel! I don't know what you call cruel. Ah! I see what you mean. I suppose you have tried all the other girls and found them engaged."

"I do think you are the most provoking person, Miss Nettie, that ever I did know."

Horace Vanzandt was a very handsome young fellow; and when he was angry the blood flushed into his cheek, and the fire snapped from his eyes; and Nettie felt a perilous sort of pleasure in provoking these natural phenomena.

"Come now, Horace," she said suddenly, assuming an air of the most sisterly concern. "Why must we always quarrel? not that I care particularly about it, but it really grieves me to see a person that I respect give way to his temper so."

"By George! Nettie, it's your fault," said Horace. "I never do get so angry with anybody else, but you seem to delight to make me miserable. Now, I came to invite you on Sunday night, but you quarrelled with me and got it all out of my head."

"Well, Horace, if you have come just to renew the Sunday night's quarrel" —

"I haven't. I came to make up."

"And give me Hobson's choice in the sleigh-ride," said Nettie.

Horace rose up hastily, and flung out of the room. Nettie gave one quick mischievous glance after him, seized a little packet from her work-basket, ran round by another path to the gate, and was there before Horace got there. "You silly boy," she said. "You never will give me time to give you this. I had it all ready for you on Sunday night."

It was a guard-chain of Nettie's own workmanship which had been promised to Horace months before.

"I've sat up many a night working on this," she said reproachfully.

"O Nettie!"

"Come now, let's be friends," she said, laying her hand on his arm. "Really, Horace, I feel absolutely concerned about your violent temper. You must overcome it." Horace looked at her quizzically as she put the guard-chain round his neck, and then followed her an unresisting captive into the house again, where it pleased Nettie to keep him at her feet reading Tennyson to her till near dinner-time. And this was the way that matters commonly went on between Horace and Nettie.

Horace Vanzandt was the son of one of the largest farmers in the neighborhood, and the youngest of four brothers who all took respectably to farming. Horace was of a lively turn of mind, and meant to strike out something rather more adventurous and congenial in life. If there was any thing he detested it was following the slow steps of oxen, ploughing, and planting potatoes and harvesting little gains at the end of the year. Horace determined to be an inventor. He had a turn for machinery and a Yankee quickness of hand. He even in boyhood had made a pattern of a water-wheel which turned an imaginary mill in the brook in the back lot. He had devised a churn for his mother, which the knowing ones said might have taken a patent if somebody else hadn't made one just like it before him. So Horace read and thought, and whittled, and studied models, and used to carry them up to show to Nettie, who sometimes laughed at them, but, after all, rather fed the flame of his hopes and anticipations.

Nettie sympathized with all her fiery, restless heart in Horace's contempt of farming, and in his desires to make to himself a fortune in some easier way. She detested the dull reality of life in Greyford, where, as she phrased it, "nobody ever came, and nothing ever happened."

Greyford, to be sure, was one of those still, quiet towns which impress travellers who ride through it with the idea that the inhabitants are all either dead or gone on long voyages. The front doors were always tight shut even in the warmest summer weather, and not a human creature by any accident was ever seen about them. All the window-blinds were tight closed, except perhaps one-half of one on one side, far to the back of the house. The reason of this was, that when the Greyford housekeepers had cleaned the paint of the chambers and parlors, in the spring, they wanted to keep them immaculate from flies, and so shut up all the window-blinds till the time for the autumn cleaning. Meanwhile they lived in one or two rooms in the back of the house, and congratulated themselves that the front part was always in order. This particular habit, by the way, though a most efficient preservative of the colors of carpets and conducive to the health and long life of the hair-seat chairs and chintz-covered sofas which lurked within these dark domains, was not acceptable to Master Horace. He used to say that when he had a house of his own he was going to set apart one room in it for a fly-room, and have it warm and bright and airy and sunny, and have just as many flies in it as he wanted. Nettie, when he said this one day in her presence, answered promptly, that if he went on in that contrary spirit he would find not only flies entering

into his room, but Beelzebub the god of flies; whereupon Horace rejoined impulsively that he hoped to coax a goddess in there, not a devil. Then he stopped short, a little embarrassed. Nettie, however, with that instinctive readiness of which the shyest and most skittish young ladies have the most, answered with a sniff that he wasn't likely to catch many goddesses unless he baited his trap with something better than flies.

But, as we have said a few words about Greyford, we will make bold to say a few more; for the fact is, that this ancient town is itself better worth knowing, not merely than the two inexperienced young persons about whom we have been talking, but even than the whole of any one of the generations of hard-working, economical, humdrum New-Englanders, who have slowly followed each other to the old-fashioned dreary burying-grounds of the town since its first settlement in the year 1639.

Greyford is one of the very oldest of the Connecticut towns, and, like all those which were portions of the original New Haven Colony, was settled in good measure by "gentry," as distinguished from the yeomanry, from whom almost exclusively the Connecticut colony was recruited. Hence its families have yet traditions and heirlooms that knit together with a strong but invisible tie the working-day life that now is, and the far-away days of the knights and gentlemen of Good Queen Bess and her successor Gentle King Jamie. These, however, are but few, — an ancient copy of the Geneva Bible, or a faded and almost invisible embroidered coat-of-arms. But of both the early and the later days of our history, the memorials were more numerous, and the recollections were clear and authentic,

and romantic too. The sons of old Greyford, farmers though they were, bravely upheld the cause, and followed the banner of their country, whether it was the blood-red flag of the English king, or the brighter stars and stripes from the old French War down to the Rebellion; serving always under officers of their own choice, wise and experienced fellow-townsmen of their own. Others had followed the sea, and had brought home with them to ornament the brown old homesteads where they established themselves to end their days, such strange and fantastic articles as sailors delight to gather.

Now, the antique queen's arms and the old carved powder-horns, the whales' teeth and the New-Zealand clubs, startle and interest the visitor who finds them in a country farmhouse, and set him thinking and questioning. In like manner these manifold experiences of war and seafaring had stored the minds of the dwellers in Greyford with many curious tales, and with travellers' thoughts and opinions, such as seem strange and uncanny to the dwellers-at-home, but yet are full of stimulus and fascination.

In such communities there are always such persons as we commonly term "characters." A retired sea-captain is certain to be a character. Long-forgotten strains of ancestral blood re-appear all of a sudden in some curious manifestation in a plain farmer's son or daughter; and the child grows up perhaps into a genius, but oftener into a specimen of peculiarities—a character. And even the life of the farmers who live and die at home, utterly uneventful as it is, is in itself far from unfavorable to the development of strange and odd traits. There is something in the

calmness of the sunny fields, in the stillness of winter snows, in the cool quiet of the green woods, that conjures certain minds into even an unnatural excitement, even by the mystical influence of mere silent solitude.

The landscape of Greyford, and the character of its surroundings, were so varied and picturesque as to add great power to these natural influences. There were broad tracts of ancient woodland, stretching far away over the hills. There was a river, a clear and lively stream, that ran through the township and entered the sea not very far away. There were broad and level tracts of singularly fertile farming land. Here and there among the wooded hills of the back country were lovely little lakes, all alone in the forest, and plentifully stocked with perch and roach and pickerel, and well-known to many a barefooted boy as the Meccas of his rare half-holidays. At the extreme north-eastern part of the town, one steep mountain, so isolated and so bold in its outline as to seem much loftier than it really was, stood up alone and silent, shrouded to its very summit in thick, tall forest-trees, while the vast, sheer descent of its eastern face, plunged down in one immense cliff, far below the surface of the earth; for close under it was the largest of all the lakes of the whole region, whose steep shore, the continuation of the mountain precipice, sank into black waters reputed to be unfathomable. The road that led northward through this wild and striking pass had been scored deep into the living rock, for there was not a foot of level land to hold it.

Doubtless all these influences had moulded and modified more or less the traits of every personage in this

our story; to which, having said all that we wanted to about geography and history, we now return.

Nettie had a painstaking step-mother, a worthy woman, devoted to the task of keeping her father's house in the required style. The relations between her and Nettie were diplomatic. Nettie was not fond of housework, and Mrs. Dr. Sylva was; and it occurred to the young lady, that, in this conjunction of circumstances, it was only the fair thing that her mother-in-law, who had the work to do, should arrange the house in her own way; though, as we have intimated, it was a way extremely distasteful to Nettie. Still, rather than take hold with her own hands and conduct the housekeeping on another pattern, Nettie was willing to let things take their course without remonstrance. She had her own dresses to make and alter according to the patterns in "Harper's Bazar," she had several serial stories on hand to read, and she had the afore-named singing-schools, apple-cuttings, croquet-parties, tea-drinkings, and sleigh-rides to attend, and generally a love-affair off or on; for Nettie was one of the sort who scarcely ever made a visit without webbing some silly fly in her net, and having a love-letter of some kind to answer.

This conduct of Nettie's was very seriously disapproved, not only by the matrons of Greyford, but by the young ladies of her set, who were understood in confidential moments to aver to each other that Nettie Sylva was a flirt, and that it really was abominable for her to trifle with gentlemen as she did.

But so long as Nettie found that the gentlemen rather liked to be trifled with, and that their hearts, however sorely scratched and lacer-

ated by her claws, had a marvellous aptitude for healing, her own conscience was quite at ease in the matter. In fact, Nettie looked upon flirtation as the only providential compensation her case admitted of in her compulsory dull existence in Greyford.

Horace Vanzandt was, on the whole, rather more to her than any of her other beaux; but then Horace had no money, and there seemed no likelihood of his having any for years to come; so, as Nettie sensibly remarked, there was no sort of use in having any thing more than a friendship. But of course the gossips mated them, and they generally in point of fact were mated, as in the present sleigh-ride. Jeff Fleming never thought of such a thing as presuming to ask Nettie when Horace was evidently setting his cap in that direction; and Mark Hinsdale, though he had written a sonnet on her in "The Greyford Union Eagle," did not so much as venture to think of driving her in his sleigh on this occasion.

Nettie winced a little at times under this state of things. She wanted variety. "Who wants to be tied always to one fellow?" she remarked. Jane Burgess, on the contrary, had been heard to assert, that, if she had a friend as devoted to her as Horace was to Nettie, she would take more care how she treated him.

Jane was, to say the truth, just one of those women whom good mothers and sisters always wish their sons and brothers would marry. She was pretty, she was witty, and she was wise; but all in such just proportions, that there was no salient point. She was a girl of scruples, careful what she said and did, true to the heart's core, and without shadow of turning.

Nettie Sylva was a bundle of capabilities and perhaps. What she might become was a problem. She lived a life of impulse rather than reflection, and did things from morning till night for no other reason than that she felt like them at the moment. She belonged to the class celebrated by our respected friend Mr. Alexander Pope, —

“Ladies, like variegated tulips, show

’Tis to their changes half their charms they owe.”

Nettie certainly had as many streaks

as a first-class tulip, and changes enough to make her extremely charming; and after Horace went away, she proceeded, with the aid of “Harper’s Bazar,” to compose a toilette for the next week’s *fête* of the most killing description.

But what came of this same sleigh-ride, and what Jane Burgess said and thought, and how Rachel Holly and Mark Hinsdale got themselves currently reported engaged, — Behold, are not these to be found in the January number of “OLD AND NEW.”

THE BEAR ROCK.

BY A D. W.

ON the left bank of the Purgatoire River, just above the mouth of the Alkali Arroyo and about twenty-five miles from its junction with the Arkansas, in Colorado, is a remarkable object known as the Bear Rock. At this point, and for many miles above, the Purgatoire, sometimes known as the Purgatory, but generally corrupted into Picketwire, flows between sandstone bluffs from forty to sixty feet high, which leave at their base “bottoms” valuable for grazing, and, when irrigated, for cultivation, from one-fourth of a mile to nearly two miles wide. Until within a very few years this stream was a favorite resort of the prairie Indians, especially of the Arrapahoes; and its valley is still exposed to their incursions whenever they are hostile.

The Bear Rock is a comparatively smooth face of a sandstone bluff that extends about sixty feet above the water, from which it is distant a hundred or more yards. Upon the exposed surface of the rock, about ten feet from the bottom of the cliff,

is an excellent life-size representation in profile of a three-year-old cinnamon-bear.

The figure is dark brown, approaching black, being darker on the anterior half. The outline is distinct and perfect, unless exception may be taken to a slight blurring at the bottom of the hind-feet and a somewhat pronounced excess of the claws of the fore-feet. From the tail to the nose the length is about six feet, and the height at the shoulders is about three and a half feet. These are merely approximate dimensions; the writer having no facilities for exact measurement at the time of his inspection, Aug. 8, 1871. The legs are all visible, and the head points straight to the front, as if just about to take or just having taken a step. The fore-feet are on a slightly higher plane than the hind ones, as if on rising ground. The expression is one of surprise and alarm: the head is thrust forward and slightly upward, the ears are sharply cocked forward as if on the

alert, and the whole attitude displays the utmost fidelity to that of a bear in some excitement and apprehension. There is no room for a moment's doubt as to the animal or the state of mind in which it is. The figure is of full size, but until scrutinized appears smaller, being dwarfed by the magnitude of the rock on which it is depicted.

No history or tradition pretends to give the date of its origin, although there is nothing in its appearance to indicate extreme antiquity. The ordinary Indian story is, that a long time ago a party fell in with a bear and gave it chase, when it mysteriously disappeared in this cañon, and that the figure was then first observed. It was immediately regarded as supernatural, and has since been looked upon as great or strong "medicine." Beads and broken arrows are still to be found below it and in the crevices near by, apparently placed there as propitiatory offerings. Deep gashes in the subjacent sandstone show where the savages have for a long period sharpened their knives in its presence, while rudely carved, not painted, figures on the rocks are apparently the autographs or totems of individuals or bands.

The popular explanation among the white settlers is, that it has been painted by the Indians. This is inconceivable by those having any intimate knowledge of them, from the utter absence of artistic skill among the savages, as shown by the almost unintelligible hieroglyphics near at hand, and from their want of familiarity with paint as durable as this pigment. The fidelity to nature of this figure is utterly beyond any ability ever known to be exhibited by them.

It has been suggested that it was painted by the Spaniards, who explored this region and described this river as Rio del Animas Perdidas, in what is now nearly a traditional period. But, if a conceivable motive could be supplied, there are local reasons why no artist would place a picture just where this is found.

The surface on which it is depicted is slightly irregular and roughened, while an absolutely smooth one can be found a few feet above; and, as the existing figure is so far from the ground as to require a staging from which to be painted, the same staging could easily have been carried up the small additional height required.

There is no reason why the figure should be slanting, in the absence of the accessory of sloping ground. An artist who had the skill to create this could have made a much more effective picture by giving it a somewhat different posture, or by adding a figure or two. A deep yellow stain or vein in the stone runs longitudinally through the figure, marring it as a work of art. This would have been avoided by placing it a little higher up, or it might have been obscured by the use of more color directly upon it. A small portion of the rock, where the color is deepest, was removed some time ago; and, having been carefully ground to powder, it was burnt without the smell or any sensible sign of paint being elicited.

To the mind of the writer it is clear that the object is not artificial; but these details are mentioned, that those who have no opportunity for personal inspection may have some basis of judgment.

If this reasoning is correct, of course the figure has been placed there by some natural cause, and the

most probable seems to be lightning. There are tolerably well authenticated cases of objects having been transferred to such adjacent tissues as the human body by this means; but the writer has never heard of such action occurring on stone. Nor can he explain the process, which is not alluded to in such scientific books as have fallen in his way.

It would appear that a bear had taken shelter under the somewhat overhanging ledge, or had simply stopped near by at the time, and, while startled at the close display of lightning, was by that agency depicted upon the solid wall. If not, what is the explanation? At places where the rock has scaled, the color shows to the depth of one-sixteenth to one-eighth of an inch, according to the closeness of its texture.

White barbarians are already destroying this natural curiosity. It affords a tempting mark to passing ranche-men, and it is fast being defaced by their well-aimed shots. Others, in sympathy with that vandalism that befouls the fairest monuments of civilization, chip off convenient projections, and pencil their little names on the fresher rock beneath. What the superstition of the red savage has preserved, the irrational iconoclasm of his white brother destroys.

BENT CO., COLORADO, Aug. 21, 1871.

NOTE.—Since this paper was prepared, the writer has been told that a scientific party, among whom was Dr. Le Conte of Philadelphia, visited the Bear Rock in 1867, and expressed the opinion that it was the result of electricity.

No account of this curiosity, scientific or popular, has been published, so far as the writer knows.

A somewhat similar figure of another animal is said to exist on the rocks about fifty miles farther up the same river.

SORRENTO PAPERS.

BY CHAS. D. WARNER.

SAINT ANTONINO.

THE most serviceable saint whom I know is St. Antonino. He is the patron saint of the good town of Sorrento; he is the good genius of all sailors and fishermen; and he has a humbler office, that of protector of the pigs. On his day the pigs are brought into the public square to be blessed; and this is one reason why the pork of Sorrento is reputed so sweet and wholesome. The saint is the friend, and, so to say, companion of the common people. They seem to be all fond of him, and there is little of fear in their confiding relation. His humble origin and plebeian appearance have something to do with his popularity, no doubt. There is nothing awe-inspiring in the brown

stone figure, battered and cracked, that stands at one corner of the bridge, over the chasm at the entrance of the city. He holds a crosier in one hand, and raises the other, with fingers uplifted, in act of benediction. If his face is an indication of his character, he had in him a mixture of robust good nature with a touch of vulgarity, and could rough it in a jolly manner with fishermen and peasants. He may have appeared to better advantage when he stood on top of the massive old city gate, which the present government, with the impulse of a Vandal, took down a few years ago. The demolition had to be accomplished in the night, under a guard of soldiers, so indignant were the populace. At that time the homely

saint was deposed ; and he wears now, I think, a snubbed and cast-aside aspect. Perhaps he is dearer to the people than ever ; and I confess that I like him much better than many grander saints, in stone, I have seen in more conspicuous places. If ever I am in rough water and foul weather, I hope he will not take amiss any thing I have here written about him.

Sunday, and it happened to be St. Valentine's also, was the great fête-day of St. Antonino. Early in the morning there was a great clanging of bells ; and the ceremony of the blessing of the pigs took place, I heard, but I was not abroad early enough to see it, — a laziness for which I fancy I need not apologize, as the Catholic is known to be an earlier religion than the Protestant. When I did go out the streets were thronged with people, the country-folk having come in from miles around. The church of the patron saint was the great centre of attraction. The blank walls of the little square in front, and of the narrow streets near, were hung with cheap and highly-colored lithographs of sacred subjects, for sale ; tables and booths were set up in every available space for the traffic in pre-Raphaelite gingerbread, molasses candy, strings of dried nuts, pine-cone and pumpkin seeds, scarfs, boots and shoes, and all sorts of trumpery. One dealer had pre-empted a large space on the pavement, where he had spread out an assortment of bits of old iron, nails, pieces of steel traps, and various fragments which might be useful to the peasants. The press was so great, that it was difficult to get through it ; but the crowd was a picturesque one, and in the highest good humor. The occasion was a sort of Fourth of July, but without its worry and powder and flowing bars.

The spectacle of the day was the procession, bearing the silver image of the saint through the streets. I think there could never be any thing finer or more impressive ; at least, I like these little fussy provincial displays, — these tag-rags and ends of grandeur, in which all the populace devoutly believe, and at which they are lost in wonder, — better than those imposing ceremonies at the capital, in which nobody believes. There was first a band of musicians, walking in more or less disorder, but blowing away with great zeal, so that they could be heard amid the clangor of bells the peals of which reverberate so deafeningly between the high houses of these narrow streets. Then follow boys in white, and citizens in black and white robes, carrying huge silken banners, triangular like sea-pennants, and splendid silver crucifixes which flash in the sun. Then come ecclesiastics, walking with stately step, and chanting in loud and pleasant unison. These are followed by nobles, among whom I recognize, with a certain satisfaction, two descendants of Tasso, whose glowing and bigoted soul may rejoice in the devotion of his posterity, who help to bear to-day the gilded platform upon which is the solid silver image of the saint. The good old bishop walks humbly in the rear, in full canonical rig, with crosier and mitre, his rich robes upborne by priestly attendants, his splendid footman at a respectful distance, and his roomy carriage not far behind.

The procession is well spread out and long ; all its members carry lighted tapers, a good many of which are not lighted, having gone out in the wind. As I squeeze into a shallow doorway to let the *cortège* pass, I am sorry to say that several of the

young fellows in white gowns tip me the wink, and even smile in a knowing fashion, as if it were a mere lark, after all, and that the saint must know it. But not so thinks the paternal bishop, who waves a blessing, which I catch in the flash of the enormous emerald on his right hand. The procession ends, where it started, in the patron's church; and there his image is set up under a gorgeous canopy of crimson and gold, to hear high mass, and some of the choicest solos, choruses, and bravuras from the operas.

In the public square I find a gaping and wondering crowd of rustics, collected about one of the mountebanks whose trade is not peculiar to any country. This one might be a clock-peddler from Connecticut. He is mounted in a one-seat *vettura*, and his horse is quietly eating his dinner out of a bag tied to his nose. There is nothing unusual in the fellow's dress; he wears a shiny silk hat, and has one of those grave faces which would be merry if their owner were not conscious of serious business on hand. On the driver's perch before him are arranged his attractions, — a box of notions, a grinning skull with full teeth and jaws that work on hinges, some vials of red liquid, and a closed jar containing a most disagreeable anatomical preparation. This latter he holds up and displays, turning it about occasionally, in an admiring manner. He is discoursing, all the time, in the most voluble Italian. He has an ointment, wonderfully efficacious for rheumatism and every sort of bruise; he pulls up his sleeve, and anoints his arm with it, binding it up with a strip of paper, for the simplest operation must be explained to these grown children. He also pulls teeth, with an ease and

expedition hitherto unknown, and is in no want of patients among this open-mouthed crowd. One sufferer after another climbs up into the wagon, and goes through the operation in the public gaze. A stolid, good-natured hind mounts the seat. The dentist examines his mouth, and finds the offending tooth. He then turns to the crowd, and explains the case. He takes a little instrument that is neither forceps nor turnkey, stands upon the seat, seizes the man's nose, and jerks his head round between his knees, pulling his mouth open (there is nothing that opens the mouth quicker than a sharp upward jerk of the nose) with a rude jollity that sets the spectators in a roar. Down he goes into the cavern, and digs away for a quarter of a minute, the man the while as immovable as a stone image, when he holds up the bloody tooth. The patient still persists in sitting with his mouth stretched open to its widest limit, waiting for the operation to begin, and will only close the orifice when he is well shaken and shown the tooth. The dentist gives him some yellow liquid to hold in his mouth, which the man insists on swallowing, wets a handkerchief and washes his face, roughly rubbing his nose the wrong way, and lets him go. Every step of the process is eagerly watched by the delighted spectators.

He is succeeded by a woman who is put through the same heroic treatment, and exhibits like fortitude. And so they come; and the dentist after every operation waves the extracted trophy high in air, and jubilate as if he had won another victory, pointing to the stone statue yonder, and reminding them that this is the glorious day of Saint Antonino. But this is not all that this man of

science does. He has the genuine *elixir d'amour*, love-philters and powders which never fail in their effects. I see the bashful girls and the sheepish swains come slyly up to the side of the wagon, and exchange their hard-earned francs for the hopeful preparation. Oh, my brown beauty, with those soft eyes and cheeks of smothered fire, you have no need of that red philter! What a simple, child-like folk! The shrewd fellow in the wagon is one of a race as old as Thebes and as new as Porkopolis: his brazen face is older than the invention of bronze, but I think he never had to do with a more credulous crowd than this. The very cunning in the face of the peasants is that of the fox; it is a sort of instinct, and not an intelligent suspicion.

This is Sunday in Sorrento, under the blue sky. These peasants, who are fooled by the mountebank and attracted by the piles of adamantine gingerbread, do not forget to crowd the church of the saint at vespers, and kneel there in humble faith, while the choir sings the *Agnus Dei*, and the priests drone the service. Are they so different these from other people? They have an idea on Capri that England is such another island, only not so pleasant; that all Englishmen are rich, and constantly travel to escape the dreariness at home; and that, if they are not absolutely mad, they are all a little queer. It was a fancy prevalent in Hamlet's day. We had the English service in the Villa Nardi in the evening. There are some Englishmen staying here, of the class one finds in all the sunny spots of Europe, *ennuyé* and growling, in search of some elixir that shall bring back youth and enjoyment. They seem divided in

mind between the attractions of the equable climate of this region, and the fear of the gout which lurks in the unfermented wine. One cannot be too grateful to the sturdy islanders for carrying their prayers, like their drum-beat, all round the globe; and I was much edified that night, as the reading went on, by a row of rather battered men of the world, who stood in line on one side of the room, and took their prayers with a certain British fortitude, as if they were conscious of performing a constitutional duty, and helping by the act to uphold the majesty of English institutions.

PUNTA DELLA CAMPANELLA.

THERE is always a wild excitement about mounting donkeys in the morning here for an excursion among the hills. The warm sun pouring into the garden, the smell of oranges, the stimulating air, the general openness and freshness, promise a day of enjoyment. There is always a doubt as to who will go; generally a donkey wanting; somebody wishes to join the party at the last moment; there is no end of running up and down stairs, calling from balconies and terraces; some never ready, and some waiting below in the sun; the whole house in a tumult, drivers in a worry, and the sleepy animals now and then joining in the clatter with a vocal performance that is neither a trumpet-call nor a steam-whistle, but an indescribable noise, that begins in agony and abruptly breaks down in despair. It is difficult to get the train in motion. The lady who ordered Succarina has got a strange donkey, and Macaroni has on the wrong saddle. Succarina is a favorite, the kindest, easiest and surest-footed of beasts, — a diminutive animal, not bigger than a

frieze sheep; old, in fact grizzly with years, and not unlike the aged, wizened little women who are so common here: for beauty in this region dries up; and these handsome Sorrento girls, if they live, and almost everybody does live, have the prospect, in their old age, of becoming mummies, with parchment skins. I have heard of climates that preserve female beauty; this embalms it, only the beauty escapes in the process. As I was saying, Succarina is little, old, and grizzly; but her head is large, and one might be contented to be as wise as she looks.

The party is at length mounted, and clatters away through the narrow streets. Donkey-riding is very good for people who think they cannot walk. It looks very much like riding, to a spectator; and it deceives the person undertaking it into an amount of exercise equal to walking. I have a great admiration for the donkey character. There never was such patience under wrong treatment, such return of devotion for injury. Their obstinacy, which is so much talked about, is only an exercise of the right of private judgment, and an intelligent exercise of it, no doubt, if we could take the donkey point of view, as so many of us are accused of doing in other things. I am certain of one thing: in any large excursion party, there will be more obstinate people than obstinate donkeys; and yet the poor brutes get all the thwacks and thumps. We are bound to-day for the Punta della Campanella, the extreme point of the promontory, and ten miles away. The path lies up the steps from the new Massa carriage-road, now on the backbone of the ridge, and now in the recesses of the broken country. What an animated picture is the donkeycade,

as it mounts the steeps, winding along the zig-zags! Hear the little bridle-bells jingling, the drivers groaning their "a-e-ugh, a-e-ugh," the riders making a merry din of laughter, and firing off a fusillade of ejaculations of delight and wonder.

The road is between high walls; round the sweep of curved terraces which rise above and below us, bearing the glistening olive; through glens and gullies; over and under arches, vine-grown, — how little we make use of the arch at home! — round sunny dells where orange orchards gleam; past shrines, little chapels perched on rocks, rude villas commanding most extensive sweeps of sea and shore. The almond-trees are in full bloom, every twig a thickly-set spike of the pink and white blossoms; daisies and dandelions are out; the purple crocuses sprinkle the ground, the stamens exquisitely varied on the reverse side, and the petals of bright salmon color; the large double anemones have come forth, certain that it is spring; on the higher crags by the wayside, the Mediterranean heather has shaken out its delicate flowers, which fill the air with a mild fragrance; while blue violets, sweet of scent like the English, make our path a perfumed one. And this is winter.

We have made a late start, owing to the fact that everybody is captain of the expedition, and to the Sorrento infirmity that no one is able to make up his mind about any thing. It is one o'clock when we reach a high transverse ridge, and find the headlands of the peninsula rising before us, grim hills of limestone, one of them with the ruins of a convent on top, and no road apparent thither, and Capri ahead of us in the sea, the only bit of land that catches any light;

for as we have journeyed the sky has thickened, the clouds of the sirocco have come up from the south; there has been first a mist and then a fine rain; the ruins on the peak of Santa Costanza are now hid in mist. We halt for consultation. Shall we go on and brave a wetting, or ignominiously retreat? There are many opinions, but few decided ones. The drivers declare that it will be a bad time. One gentleman, with an air of decision, suggests that it is best to go on, or go back, if we do not stand here and wait. The deaf lady, from near Dublin, being appealed to, says that, perhaps, if it is more prudent, we had better go back if it is going to rain. It does rain. Water-proofs are put on, umbrellas spread, backs turned to the wind, and we look like a group of explorers under adverse circumstances, "silent on a peak in Darien," the donkeys especially downcast and dejected. Finally, as is usual in life, a compromise prevails. We decide to continue for half an hour longer, and see what the weather is. No sooner have we set forward over the brow of a hill than it grows lighter on the sea horizon in the southwest, the ruins on the peak become visible, Capri is in full sunlight. The clouds lift more and more, and still hanging overhead, but with no more rain, are like curtains gradually drawn up, opening to us a glorious vista of sunshine and promise, an illumined, sparkling, illimitable sea, and a bright foreground of slopes and picturesque rocks. Before the half-hour is up, there is not one of the party who does not claim to have been the person who insisted upon going forward.

We halt for a moment to look at Capri, that enormous, irregular rock, raising its huge back out of the sea, its back broken in the middle, with the

little village for a saddle. On the farther summit, above Anacapri, a precipice of two thousand feet sheer down to the water on the other side, hangs a light cloud. The east elevation, whence the playful Tiberias used to amuse his green old age by casting his prisoners eight hundred feet down into the sea, has the strong sunlight on it; and below, the row of tooth-like rocks, which are the extreme eastern point, shine in a warm glow. We descend through a village, twisting about in its crooked streets. The inhabitants, who do not see strangers every day, make free to stare at and comment on us, and even laugh at something that seems very comical in our appearance; which shows how ridiculous are the costumes of Paris and New York in some places. Stalwart girls, with only an apology for clothes, with bare legs, brown faces, and beautiful eyes, stop in their spinning, holding the distaff suspended, while they examine us at leisure. At our left, as we turn from the church and its sunny *piazza*, where old women sit and gabble, down the ravine, is a snug village under the mountain by the shore, with a great, square, mediæval tower. On the right, upon rocky points, are remains of round towers, and temples perhaps.

We sweep away to the left round the base of the hill, over a difficult and stony path. Soon the last dilapidated villa is passed, the last terrace and olive-tree are left behind, and we emerge upon a wild, rocky slope, barren of vegetation, except little tufts of grass and a sort of lentil; a wide sweep of limestone strata set on edge, and crumbling in the beat of centuries, rising to a considerable height on the left. Our path descends toward the sea, still creeping round the end of

the promontory. Scattered here and there over the rocks, like conies, are peasants, tending a few lean cattle, and digging grasses from the crevices. The women and children are wild in attire and manner, and set up a clamor of begging as we pass. A group of old hags begin beating a poor child as we approach to excite our compassion for the abused little object, and draw out centimes.

Walking ahead of the procession, which gets slowly down the rugged path, I lose sight of my companions, and have the solitude, the sun on the rocks, the glistening sea, all to myself. Soon I espy a man below me, sauntering down among the rocks. He sees me and moves away, a solitary figure. I say solitary; and so it is in effect, although he is leading a little boy, and calling to his dog, which runs back to bark at me: Is this the brigand of whom I have read, and is he luring me to his haunt? Probably. I follow. He throws his cloak about his shoulders, exactly as brigands do in the opera, and loiters on. At last there is the point in sight, a gray walk with blind arches. The man disappears through a narrow archway, and I follow. Within is an enormous square tower. I think it was built in Spanish days, as an outlook for Barbary pirates. A bell hung in it, which was set clanging when the white sails of the robbers appeared to the southward; and the alarm was repeated up the coast, the towers were manned, and the brown-cheeked girls flew away to the hills, I doubt not, for the touch of the sirocco was not half so much to be dreaded as the rough importunity of a Saracen lover. The bell is gone now, and no Moslem rovers were in sight. The maidens we had just passed would be safe if there were.

My brigand disappears round the tower; and I follow, down steps, by a white wall, and, lo! a house, — a red, stucco, Egyptian-looking building, — on the very edge of the rocks. The man unlocks a door and goes in. I consider this an invitation, and enter. On one side of the passage a sleeping-room, on the other a kitchen, not sumptuous quarters; and we come then upon a pretty circular terrace; and there, in its glass case, is the lantern of the point. My brigand is a light-house keeper, and welcomes me in a quiet way, glad, evidently, to see the face of a civilized being. It is very solitary, he says. I should think so. It is the end of every thing. The Mediterranean waves beat with a dull thud on the worn crags below. The rocks rise up to the sky behind. There is nothing there but the sun, an occasional sail, and quiet, petrified Capri, three miles distant across the strait. It is an excellent place for a misanthrope to spend a week, and get cured. There must be a very dispiriting influence prevailing here; the keeper refused to take any money, the solitary Italian we have seen so affected.

We returned late. The young moon, lying in the lap of the old one, was superintending the brilliant sunset over Capri, as we passed the last point commanding it; and the light, fading away, left us stumbling over the rough path among the hills, darkened by the high walls. We were not sorry to emerge upon the crest above the Massa road. For there lay the sea, and the plain of Sorrento, with its darkening groves and hundreds of twinkling lights. As we went down the last descent the bells of the town were all ringing, for it was the eve of the *fête* of St. Antoino.

CAPRI.

"CAP, signor? Good day for Grott." Thus spoke a mariner, touching his Phrygian cap. The people here abbreviate all names. With them Massa is Mas, Meta is Met, Capri becomes Cap, the Grotta Azzurra is reduced familiarly to Grott, and they even curtail musical Sorrento into Serent.

Shall we go to Capri? Should we dare return to the great Republic, and own that we had not been into the Blue Grotto? We like to climb the steeps here, especially towards Massa, and look at Capri. I have read in some book that it used to be always visible from Sorrento. But now the promontory has risen, the Cap di Sorrento has thrust out its rocky spur with its ancient Roman masonry, and the island itself has moved so far round to the south, that Sorrento, which fronts north, has lost sight of it.

We never tire of watching it, thinking that it could not be spared from the landscape. It lies only three miles from the curving end of the promontory, and is about twenty miles due south of Naples. In this atmosphere distances dwindle. The nearest land, to the north-west, is the larger island of Ischia, distant nearly as far as Naples; yet Capri has the effect of being anchored off the bay to guard the entrance. It is really a rock, three miles and a half long, rising straight out of the water, eight hundred feet high at one end and eighteen hundred feet at the other, with a depression between. If it had been chiselled by hand and set there, it could not be more sharply defined. So precipitous are its sides of rock, that there are only two fit boat-landings, — the *marina* on the north side,

and a smaller place opposite. One of those light-haired and freckled Englishmen, whose pluck exceeds their discretion, rowed round the island alone in rough water, last summer, against the advice of the boatman, and unable to make a landing, and weary with the strife of the waves, was in considerable peril.

Sharp and clear as Capri is in outline, its contour is still most graceful and poetic. This wonderful atmosphere softens even its ruggedness, and drapes it with hues of enchanting beauty. Sometimes the haze plays fantastic tricks with it, — a cloud-cap hangs on Monte Solaro, or a mist obscures the base, and the massive summits of rock seem to float in the air, baseless fabrics of a vision that the rising wind will carry away perhaps. I know now what Homer means by "wandering islands." Shall we take boat and sail over there, and so destroy forever another island of the imagination? The bane of travel is the destruction of illusions.

We like to talk about Capri and to talk of going there. The Sorrento people have no end of gossip about the wild island; and, simple and primitive as they are, that Capri is still more out of the world. I do not know what enchantment there is on the island, but whoever sets foot there, they say, goes insane or dies a drunkard. I fancy the reason of this is found in the fact that the Capri girls are raving beauties. I am not sure but the monotony of being anchored off there in the bay, the monotony of rocks and precipices that goats alone can climb, the monotony of a temperature that scarcely ever, winter and summer, is below 55° or above 75° Fahrenheit in-doors, might drive one into lunacy. But I incline

to think it is due to the handsome Capri girls.

There are beautiful girls in Sorrento, with a beauty more than skin deep, a glowing, hidden fire, a ripeness like that of the grape and the peach which grow in the soft air and the sun. And they wither, like grapes that hang upon the stem. I have never seen a handsome, scarcely a decent-looking, old woman here. They are lank and dry, and their bones are covered with parchment. One of these brown-cheeked girls, with large, longing eyes, gives the stranger a start, now and then, when he meets her in a narrow way with a basket of oranges on her head. I hope he has the grace to go right by. Let him meditate what this vision of beauty will be like in twenty years.

The Capri girls are famed as magnificent beauties, but they fade like their mainland sisters. The Saracens used to descend on the island, and carry them off to their harems. The English, a very adventurous people, who have no harems, have followed the Saracens. The young lords and gentlemen have a great fondness for Capri. I hear gossip enough about elopements, and not seldom marriages, with the island girls, — bright girls, with the Greek mother-wit, and surpassingly handsome; but they do not bear transportation to civilized life (any more than some of the native wines do); they accept no intellectual culture; and they lose their beauty as they grow old. What then? The young English blade, who was intoxicated by beauty into an injudicious match, and might, as the proverb says, have gone insane if he could not have made it, takes to drink now, and so fulfils the other alternative. Alas! the fatal gift of beauty.

But I do not think Capri is so dan-

gerous as it is represented. For (of course we went to Capri) neither at the marina, where a crowd of bare-legged, vociferous maidens with donkeys assailed us, nor in the village above, did I see many girls for whom and one little isle a person would forswear the world. But I can believe that they grow here. One of our donkey girls was a handsome, dark-skinned, black-eyed girl; but her little sister, a mite of a being of six years, who could scarcely step over the small stones in the road, and was forced to lead the donkey by her sister in order to establish another lien on us for *buona mano*, was a dirty little angel in rags, and her great, soft, black eyes will look somebody into the asylum or the drunkard's grave in time, I have no doubt. There was a stout, manly, handsome little fellow of five years, who established himself as the guide and friend of the tallest of our party. His hat was nearly gone; he was sadly out of repair in the rear; his short legs made the act of walking absurd; but he trudged up the hill with a certain dignity. And there was nothing mercenary about his attachment: he and his friend got upon very cordial terms; they exchanged gifts of shells and copper coin, but nothing was said about pay.

Nearly all the inhabitants, young and old, joined us in lively procession, up the winding road of three-quarters of a mile, to the town. At the deep gate, entering between thick walls, we stopped to look at the sea. The crowd and clamor at our landing had been so great, that we enjoyed the sight of the quiet old woman sitting here in the sun, and the few beggars almost too lazy to stretch out their hands. Within the gate is a large paved square, with the govern-

ment offices and the tobacco-shop on one side and the church opposite; between them, up a flight of broad stone steps, is the Hôtel Tiberio. Our donkeys walk up them and into the hotel. The church and hotel are six hundred years old; the hotel was a villa belonging to Joanna II. of Naples. We climb to the roof of the quaint old building, and sit there to drink in the strange Oriental scene. The landlord says it is like Jaffa or Jerusalem. The landlady, an Irish woman from Devonshire, says it is six francs a day. In what friendly intercourse the neighbors can sit on these flat roofs! How sightly this is, and yet how sheltered! To the east is the height where Augustus, and after him Tiberius, built palaces. To the west, up that vertical wall, by means of five hundred steps cut in the face of the rock, we go to reach the table-land of Anacapri, the primitive village of that name, hidden from view here; the mediæval castle of Barbarossa, which hangs over a frightful precipice; and the height of Monte Solaro. The island is everywhere strewn with Roman ruins, and with faint traces of the Greeks.

Capri turns out not to be a barren rock. Broken and picturesque as it is, it is yet covered with vegetation. There is not a foot, one might say a point, of soil that does not bear something; and there is not a niche in the rock, where a scrap of dirt will stay, that is not made useful. The whole island is terraced. The most wonderful thing about it, after all, is its masonry. You come to think, after a time, that the island is not natural rock, but a mass of masonry. If the labor that has been expended here, only to erect platforms for the soil to rest on, had been given to our country, it would have built half a dozen

Pacific railways, and cut a canal through the Isthmus.

But the Blue Grotto? Oh, yes! Is it so blue? That depends upon the time of day, the sun, the clouds, and something upon the person who enters it. It is frightfully blue to some. We bend down in our row-boat, slide into the narrow opening which is three feet high, and, passing into the spacious cavern, remained there for half an hour. It is, to be sure, forty feet high, and a hundred by a hundred and fifty in extent, with an arched roof, and clear water for a floor. The water appears to be as deep as the roof is high, and is of a light, beautiful blue, in contrast with the deep blue of the bay. At the entrance the water is illuminated, and there is a pleasant, mild light within; one has there a novel subterranean sensation, but it did not remind me of any thing I have seen in the "Arabian Nights." I have seen pictures of it that were much finer.

As we rowed close to the precipice in returning, I saw many similar openings, not so deep, and perhaps only sham openings; and the water-line was fretted to honey-comb by the eating waves. Beneath the water-line, and revealed here and there when the waves receded, was a line of bright red coral.

THE STORY OF FIAMETTA

AT vespers on the fête of St. Antonino, and in his church, I saw the Signorina Fiametta. I stood leaning against a marble pillar near the altar-steps, during the service, when I saw the young girl kneeling on the pavement in act of prayer. Her black lace veil had fallen a little back from her head; and there was something in her modest attitude and graceful

figure, that made her conspicuous among all her kneeling companions, with their gay kerchiefs and bright gowns. When she rose and sat down, with folded hands and eyes downcast, there was something so pensive in her subdued mien, that I could not take my eyes from her. To say that she had the rich olive complexion, with the gold struggling through, large, lustrous, black eyes, and harmonious features, is only to make a weak photograph, when I should paint a picture in colors, and infuse it with the sweet loveliness of a maiden on the way to sainthood. I was sure that I had seen her before, looking down from the balcony of a villa just beyond the Roman wall, for the face was not one that even the most unimpressible idler would forget. I was sure, that, young as she was, she had already a history; had lived her life, and now walked amid these groves and old streets in a dream. The story which I heard is not long.

In the drawing-room of the Villa Nardi was shown, and offered for sale, an enormous counterpane, crocheted in white cotton. Loop by loop, it must have been an immense labor to knit it; for it was fashioned in pretty devices, and when spread out was rich and showy enough for the royal bed of a princess. It had been crocheted by Fiametta for her marriage, the only portion the poor child could bring to that sacrament. Alas! the wedding was never to be; and the rich work, into which her delicate fingers had knit so many maiden dreams and hopes and fears, was offered for sale in the resort of strangers. It could not have been want only that induced her to put this piece of work in the market, but the feeling, also, that the time never again could return when she would

have need of it. I had no desire to purchase such a melancholy coverlet, but I could well enough fancy why she would wish to part with what must be rather a pall than a decoration in her little chamber.

Fiametta lived with her mother in a little villa, the roof of which is in sight from my sunny terrace in the Villa Nardi, just to the left of the square old convent tower, rising there out of the silver olive-boughs, — a tumble-down sort of villa, with a flat roof and odd angles and parapets, in the midst of a thrifty but small grove of lemons and oranges. They were poor enough, or would be in any country where physical wants are greater than here, and yet did not belong to that lowest class, the young girls of which are little more than beasts of burden, accustomed to act as porters, bearing about on their heads great loads of stone, wood, water, and baskets of oranges in the shipping season. She could not have been forced to such labor, or she never would have had the time to work that wonderful coverlet.

Giuseppe was an honest and rather handsome young fellow of Sorrento, industrious and good-natured, who did not bother his head much about learning. He was, however, a skilful workman in the celebrated inlaid and mosaic wood-work of the place, and, it is said, had even invented some new figures for the inlaid pictures in colored woods. He had a little fancy for the sea as well, and liked to pull an oar over to Capri on occasion, by which he could earn a few francs easier than he could saw them out of the orange-wood. For the stupid fellow, who could not read a word in his prayer-book, had an idea of thrift in his head, and already, I suspect, was laying up liras

with an object. There are one or two dandies in Sorrento who attempt to dress as they do in Naples. Giuseppe was not one of these; but there was not a gayer or handsomer gallant than he on Sunday, or one more looked at by the Sorrento girls, when he had on his clean suit and his fresh red Phrygian cap. At least the good Fiametta thought so, when she met him at church, though I feel sure she did not allow even his handsome figure to come between her and the Virgin. At any rate, there can be no doubt of her sentiments after church, when she and her mother used to walk with him, along the winding Massa road above the sea, and stroll down to the shore to sit on the greenward over the Temple of Hercules, or the Roman Baths, or the remains of the villa of C. Fulvius Cunctatus Cocles, or whatever those ruins subterranean are, there on the Capo di Sorrento. Of course, this is mere conjecture of mine. They may have gone on the hills behind the town instead, or they may have stood leaning over the garden-wall of her mother's little villa, looking at the passers-by in the deep lane, thinking about nothing in the world, and talking about it all the sunny afternoon, until Ischia was purple with the last light, and the olive terraces behind them began to lose their gray bloom. All I do know is, that they were in love, blossoming out in it as the almond-trees do here in February; and that all the town knew it, and saw a wedding in the future, just as plain as you can see Capri from the heights above the town.

It was at this time that the wonderful counterpane began to grow, to the continual astonishment of Giuseppe, to whom it seemed a marvel of skill and patience; and who saw

what love and sweet hope Fiametta was knitting into it with her deft fingers. I declare, as I think of it, the white cotton spread out on her knees, in such contrast to the rich olive of her complexion and her black shiny hair, while she knits away so merrily, glancing up occasionally with those liquid, laughing eyes to Giuseppe, who is watching her as if she were an angel right out of the blue sky, I am tempted not to tell this story further, but to leave the happy two there at the open gate of life, and to believe that they entered in.

This was about the time of the change of government, after this region had come to be a part of the Kingdom of Italy. After the first excitement was over, and the simple people found they were not all made rich, nor raised to a condition in which they could live without work, there began to be some dissatisfaction. Why the convents need have been suppressed, and especially the poor nuns packed off, they couldn't see; and then the taxes were heavier than ever before: instead of being supported by the government, they had to support it; and, worst of all, the able young fellows must still go for soldiers. Just as one was learning his trade, or perhaps had acquired it, and was ready to earn his living and begin to make a home for his wife, he must pass the three best years of his life in the army. The conscription was relentless.

The time came to Giuseppe, as it did to the others. I never heard but he was brave enough: there was no storm on the Mediterranean that he dare not face in his little boat; and he would not have objected to a campaign with the red shirts of Garibaldi. But to be torn away from his

occupations by which he was daily laying aside a little for himself and Fiametta, and to leave her for three years, — that seemed dreadful to him. Three years is a long time; and, though he had no doubt of the pretty Fiametta, yet women are women, said the shrewd fellow to himself, and who knows what might happen, if a gallant came along who could read and write, as Fiametta could, and, besides, could play the guitar?

The result was, that Giuseppe did not appear at the mustering-office on the day set; and, when the file of soldiers came for him, he was nowhere to be found. He had fled to the mountains. I scarcely know what his plan was, but he probably trusted to some good luck to escape the conscription altogether, if he could shun it now; and, at least, I know that he had many comrades who did the same, so that at times the mountains were full of young fellows who were lurking in them to escape the soldiers. And they fared very roughly usually, and sometimes nearly perished from hunger; for though the sympathies of the peasants were undoubtedly with the *quasi* outlaws rather than with the carbineers, yet the latter were at every hamlet in the hills, and liable to visit every hut, so that any relief extended to the fugitives was attended with great danger; and, besides, the hunted men did not dare to venture from their retreats. Thus outlawed and driven to desperation by hunger, these fugitives, whom nobody can defend for running away from their duties as citizens, became brigands. A cynical German, who was taken by them some years ago on the road to Castellamare, a few miles above here, and held for ransom, declared that they

were the most honest fellows he had seen in Italy; but I never could see that he intended the remark as any compliment to them. It is certain that the inhabitants of all these towns held very loose ideas on the subject of brigandage; the poor fellows, they used to say, only robbed because they were hungry, and they must live somehow.

What Fiametta thought, down in her heart, is not told: but I presume she shared the feelings of those about her concerning the brigands, and, when she heard that Giuseppe had joined them, was more anxious for the safety of his body than of his soul; though I warrant she did not forget either, in her prayers to the Virgin and St. Antonino. And yet those must have been days, weeks, months, of terrible anxiety to the poor child; and if she worked away at the counterpane, netting in that elaborate border, as I have no doubt she did, it must have been with a sad heart and doubtful fingers. I think that one of the psychological sensitives could distinguish the parts of the bed-spread that were knit in the sunny days from those knit in the long hours of care and deepening anxiety.

It was rarely that she received any message from him, and it was then only verbal and of the briefest; he was in the mountains above Amalfi; one day he had come so far round as the top of the great St. Angelo, from which he could look down upon the *pians* of Sorrento, where the little Fiametta was; or he had been on the hills near Salerno, hunted and hungry; or his company had descended upon some travellers going to Pæstum, made a successful haul, and escaped into the steep mountains beyond. He didn't intend to become a

regular bandit, not at all. He hoped that something might happen so that he could steal back into Sorrento, unmarked by the government; or, at least, that he could escape away to some other country or island, where Fiametta could join him. Did she love him yet, as in the old, happy days? As for him, she was now every thing to him, and he would willingly serve three or thirty years in the army, if the government could forget he had been a brigand, and permit him to have a little home with Fiametta at the end of the probation. There was not much comfort in all this, but the simple fellow could not send any thing more cheerful; and I think it used to feed the little maiden's heart to hear from him, even in this downcast mood, for his love for her was a dear certainty, and his absence and wild life did not dim it.

My informant does not know how long this painful life went on, nor does it matter much. There came a day when the government was shamed into new vigor against the brigands. Some English people of consequence (the German of whom I have spoken was with them) had been captured, and it had cost them a heavy ransom. The number of the carbineers was quadrupled in the infested districts, soldiers penetrated the fastnesses of the hills, there were daily fights with the banditti; and, to show that this was no sham, some of them were actually shot, and others were taken and thrown into prison. Among those who were not afraid to stand and fight, and who would not be captured, was our Giuseppe. One day the *Italia* newspaper, of Naples, had an account of a fight with bri-

gands; and in the list of those who fell was the name of Giuseppe —, of Sorrento, shot through the head, as he ought to have been, and buried without funeral among the rocks.

This was all. But, when the news was read in the little post-office in Sorrento, it seemed a great deal more than it does as I write it; for, if Giuseppe had an enemy in the village, it was not among the people, and not one who heard the news did not think at once of the poor girl to whom it would be more than a bullet through the heart. And so it was. The slender hope of her life then went out. I am told that there was little change outwardly, and that she was as lovely as before; but a great cloud of sadness came over her, in which she was always enveloped, whether she sat at home, or walked abroad in the places where she and Giuseppe used to wander. The simple people respected her grief, and always made a tender-hearted stillness when the bereft little maiden went through the streets, — a stillness which she never noticed, for she never noticed any thing apparently. The bishop himself when he walked abroad could not be treated with more respect.

This was all the story of the sweet Fiametta that was confided to me. And afterwards, as I recalled her pensive face that evening as she kneeled at vespers, I could not say whether, after all, she was altogether to be pitied, in the holy isolation of her grief, which I am sure sanctified her, and, in some sort, made her life complete. For I take it that life, even in this sunny Sorrento, is not alone a matter of time.

THE COMPANION OF PARADISE.

BY HENRY A. MILES.

[THERE has come down to us quite a body of Hebrew legends, which have attracted little notice, but are worthy of study. Many of them are far more beautiful and instructive than the legends of the Roman Catholic Church. These deal largely in astounding miracles; while the Hebrew legends are more frequently founded on natural events, and offer no violence to probability. Beautiful aspects of Divine Providence, a sweet and tender humanity, the duty of cheerful resignation and trust, take the place of the wild stories of saints with which the "Golden Legend" abounds; while we are occasionally surprised at the simple and beautiful manner in which are suggested glimpses of what we call, at the present day, the most advanced spiritual truth.

We offer to our readers a little story of this kind. It is found in "*Christiani ed Ebrei Nel Medio Evo*," by Prof. Giuseppe Levi, published in Florence in 1866, from the celebrated press of Monnier, in that city. We translate from the Italian the legend which is called "The Companion of Paradise."

Our aim has been to present the *story* in its essential facts, without any attempt at a lexicographical translation. We have therefore felt at liberty to omit some sentences, to blend others together, and, while we follow the order of events, to give, in the idiom of our own language, a narrative which we think will reward attention.]

RABBI SOLOMON of Worms had reached his sixtieth year. He was now employed wholly in the thought of heaven and eternity. Passing in review the sacred studies and honored works of his long life, he would at times abandon himself to a ravishing confidence of being welcomed after death among the blessed, and admitted to taste eternal felicity. In the

ecstasy of his hope he would imagine himself as already in heaven, seated on a throne of gold, crowned with gems, at a banquet of celestial joys, for which no human tongue has name.

But at that banquet the blessed sit opposite one another, two by two; and the souls of each couple are mingled together as one, so that they have one sense, one joy, for eternity.

Who will be his companion at that celestial feast?

The desire to know this took such a hold upon the mind of Rabbi Solomon, that he could not abandon it. It accompanied him in all his studies, in his watchings and dreams, without one moment of respite. Of course, God alone could reveal to him that grand secret of heaven; so to God he applied himself devoutly. By long fasts, and protracted and fervent prayer, he tried to obtain the favor so dear to him.

One night it seemed in his sleep that there stood before him a female form of angelic aspect; and a voice which sounded more than human said to him, "Your companion of paradise shall be Abraham Ben Gerson, called the Righteous, in Barcelona."

"Abraham Ben Gerson!" said Rabbi Solomon to himself, when he awoke. "This is a strange thing. I do not know such a man, and never heard of him."

Now, the good rabbi had imagined that his companion would be one of those great doctors whose fame then filled the Hebrew world. Only such a person was worthy, as it appeared to him, to be at his side in heaven. And that name, so obscure, so un-

known, sounded in his mind as an affront.

"Never mind," at length he said to himself. "This may be one of those learned men who through great modesty jealously hide from the world their wisdom, and the sanctity of their works, and in the secrecy of domestic life pass all their days in sacred study."

So in imagination he represented his future companion as a venerable old man, with his long beard covering his breast, leaning on his elbow over the sacred writings, worn, wasted, and fleshless, through fasting and prayer, absorbed late at night in profound and devout meditation.

Then there entered into his mind an ardent desire to know in this world that holy old man who was to be his inseparable companion in eternity, and to form here one link in that interminable chain which would there forever join them together. He resolved to go to Barcelona to find his predestined companion.

Arrived in that city, he made immediate inquiries for one Abraham, called the Righteous. But no one could give him the least account of such a person. Among the Hebrews of that place there were many who bore the name of Abraham; but no one of these could merit the title righteous.

Rabbi Solomon was bewildered. "So the celestial vision has mocked me! But perhaps my future companion so hides the sanctity of his life that no perfume of it has got abroad. I will inquire farther. I do not see how I can be mistaken."

Accordingly he said to the first person he met, who, for reverence of this rabbi's vast learning kept his eyes fixed on the ground and his head bowed down, "We will omit the title

righteous, which may be the source of some mistake. Pray tell me if you know one Abraham Ben Gerson?"

"Abraham Ben Gerson!" said the man in reply, with a voice of great surprise, mingled with disdain. "Abraham Ben Gerson! Is it of him, most renowned rabbi, that you speak? Do you want any account of that fellow? Who could possibly give to him the title righteous? Oh, holy rabbi, you can have nothing to do with him! A wretch! He calls himself a Hebrew, but he is worse than a Gentile. He never puts his foot into the synagogue. He eats — horrible to say — flesh prepared by the Christians. It would be better if he were baptized. There would be one hypocrite less."

"This my companion in paradise!" said Rabbi Solomon, seized with an indefinable fear. "Companion in paradise! My God! Have I been, without knowing it, a great sinner? Could it be of a companion in hell that the celestial vision spoke?"

An icy chill ran through his veins. He was upon the point of despair, when a new thought comforted him. "May not this be a great sinner," he said to himself, "who is destined to become a great saint? Oh if the Lord has reserved to me the grace to conduct this wanderer to salvation! What glory, what triumph!"

Full of this thought and hope, he went in search of the house of Abraham Ben Gerson. "Can you tell me where he lives?" he said to one he met in the way. The man walked with him a short distance, and then pointing with his finger said, "There, that is his house."

The rabbi looked and wondered. He beheld before him a vast palace of splendid magnificence, even externally. In a spacious court-yard were

sumptuous equipages, which had brought affluent and noble guests. Many servants in rich livery stood in readiness to welcome visitors and friends. As he entered the palace, all the pomp of human grandeur seemed to be before his eyes.

Wondering and hesitating, he did not dare to advance. "What display, what splendor, for a son of exiled Israel! What part have I here? How can I be welcomed, I a humble teacher, in the midst of all this superb magnificence? Better withdraw than expose myself to the raillery of the proud."

But, as he turned to depart, some of the servants who had observed him came forward, and, with the humble and respectful manners with which they served princes, begged him to present himself to their master, and to open his thoughts without hesitancy.

Rabbi Solomon, re-assured, said that he wished to speak to Abraham Ben Gerson; and upon this he was at once conducted into a large, rich hall, where he was told he would have to wait only a moment or two before he would have the desired interview.

"My companion in paradise!" he said. "He? He has his paradise here in this world. No mortal can enjoy two. No: I will no more think of him as my companion in heaven. At least may he be worthy so vast earthly bliss. I will hope. There is still time. Oh if it might please God to make me an instrument, though so unworthy, of the repentance of this man!"

Soon Abraham Ben Gerson entered. He was of high and majestic stature, of a noble and somewhat youthful aspect. He came forward with outstretched hand to meet his visitor, and welcomed him with a cordiality so

frank and affectionate that the rabbi was at once charmed.

"I repute it a great honor to have you for my guest. Your piety, your learning, your sanctity, are well known to me, and are a precious gem, the like of which I have not in all this pomp that surrounds me. I should be the most happy of men, could I add this to the gold and jewels that here abound. The compassion of God is great, and I will not despair of this favor."

Rabbi Solomon looked at him with an air of profound surprise, to which these last words added an emotion of tenderness. Uttering a deep sigh, and with eyes brimming with tears, which he tried in vain to suppress, and with a voice full of grief, he at length said, "Then you do not despair? You have reason. We should never doubt the divine mercy. It may yet reach you. But, alas!—pardon my boldness,—the path you pursue does not conduct to hope, but to desperation. You desire the gem of purity and holiness; but your conduct, the tenor of your life, your unpardonable freedoms, your audacious transgressions"—

Don Abraham, without the least sign of anger or disturbance, with a gentle and friendly tone of voice, interrupted him by saying, "Do you believe, then, that I am on the road to perdition?"

"Alas!" said the rabbi, "my heart is overwhelmed with grief. You are indeed on that road; nor can you possibly be saved without a potent energy of will, without a sincere and thorough repentance, without a radical change of life."

"My good rabbi," said Don Abraham, smiling, "you inspire me with fear; or rather, let me say it frankly, you think you will inspire it. And

yet my conscience is unshaken in its trust. But tell me, I pray you, what is the true road to heaven?"

"There is but one way that leads to heaven," replied the rabbi. "It has been clearly traced by all our doctors from the beginning,—devotion, prayer, fast, sacred studies, charity."

"No," interrupted Don Abraham, with a certain decision of tone. "No; the way is not one, but many. You, my revered master, mortify yourself with fasts and studies. Your lips utter only prayers and holy words. Your heart has no palpitation for earthly enjoyments. This is well. You are a saint. It is an honest life, even this, and very profitable to you, though less profitable to others. Your path will undoubtedly conduct you to heaven. But let us not deceive ourselves. The road to that felicity does not run solely in rigorous rites, in mortifications of the flesh, in idle prayers. God has opened many ways to bring poor mortals to himself; and perhaps that which I pursue, though it is not yours, may run parallel with yours, and we both meet at the same goal."

"What horrors!" thought Rabbi Solomon. "There is no hope of saving this man. And this fellow my companion in paradise! No. It must have been some mocking vision I had. A malign spirit has deluded me."

At that moment a servant entered and said to Don Abraham, "Sir, there is a poor woman without, who earnestly begs to speak with you."

"Why have you made her wait?" said Abraham. "Admit her instantly."

"Then he is not proud," thought the rabbi, glad to find one good quality in the man.

A woman, poorly dressed, with eyes full of tears, entered precipitately, and casting herself at the feet of Abraham said in accents of unutterable grief, "Oh, my lord, save my son!"

"Save your son? How? Speak! If gold will do it, my gold is yours."

"Then he is charitable," thought the rabbi; "and 'charity saves from death,' saith the wise. But he profanes the sacred rites, treads under foot the prescriptions of the law"—

"No," said the woman. "Gold cannot save him. Alas, my only son dies! I cannot survive him. The only comfort of my life! he dies he dies!"

"But speak. Explain yourself. Is he sick? What can I do for him?"

"Ah, he is sick indeed! He loves to desperation a young woman of a poor family, and they have exchanged their vows, and friends have given their benediction,—all but the father; for he, dazzled by the prospect of wealth, has promised her to a rich lord. She is silent, but death is in her soul. My poor son—my God! my God! if you were to see him! In a few days he is so changed that he seems already a corpse."

"What is the name of your son?"

"Abraham Ben Manuel."

"What is the name of the damsel?"

The woman hesitated to answer, and looked down.

"Speak. Tell me freely."

"Rebecca Emmanuel."

Don Abraham instantly turned pale. He staggered as if unable to support himself. Falling upon a seat that was near, he covered his eyes with both hands. He remained for some time in a silence which no one dared to interrupt.

At length he aroused himself, as if by a strong resolution, and showing his face, now lined with tears, he said to the woman, "Leave me for the present. I will not forget your son."

Remaining alone with the rabbi, he said, in a tone of the utmost grief, "This is indeed a great trial which God sends me. Do you know who that Rebecca is? She was to be my bride."

"And do you love her?"

"Do I love her? Who could help loving her? Poor young man! I know well how much to pity you. She is the lily of Jericho, and the rose of Sharon. She is the flower and light of my life. Take her from me, and what is left? Nothing but darkness, desolation, and bitterness of heart. Poor young man, how much I pity you! But we are all unhappy together. Pardon, my good father, my raving and delirium."

"You have need to be alone, and I will leave you."

"But will you return? Perhaps — perhaps — I shall have need of your offices. Will you come at once when I call?"

The rabbi promised and departed.

After a few days a select company was gathered in one of the halls of Don Abraham. Every thing breathed perfumes and flowers and joy. It was a marriage. Among the guests was our rabbi.

Don Abraham came in, as pale as death, and gave his hand to a young woman, beautiful as an angel.

"Behold Rebecca," he said with a trembling voice to the company. "Behold the spouse. Signor Rabbi, will you record the nuptial vows?"

Rabbi Solomon complied. He asked for the name of the maid.

"Rebecca Emmanuel," was the reply.

"And your name?" he said to Don Abraham.

"Ah!" sighed the unhappy man. "You want the name of the destined husband. It is Abraham Manuel. Record it so. I am here only to offer the nuptial gifts. Write, my good master, and give me your hand; for I leave suddenly, and you will not see me again for some time."

The rabbi, overcome with his feelings, cast himself into the arms of Don Abraham and wept. "No, no! I am unworthy," he said, "to have such a companion in paradise."

A N U R S E R Y R H Y M E.

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

ALL the bells were ringing,
 And all the birds were singing,
 When Molly sat down crying
 For her broken doll.
 O you silly Moll!
 Sobbing and sighing
 For a broken doll,
 When all the bells are ringing,
 And all the birds are singing.

The Examiner.

THE December "Examiner" will find its readers busy in the pleasant task of choosing Christmas presents. Perhaps we can furnish a few hints to direct wavering minds in this great field of kindly activity.

Thus: Of all presents, that wise and silent servant, a book, is one of the very best.

For thoughtful people, that perennially recurring book, a magazine, is the most useful one. It is a book always growing in and of the most vividly living thoughts of the time.

First of all, then, present yourself with one year's subscription to — well, it's the same thing; we can't be misunderstood, and it looks more modest — some first-class magazine.

But as to books, commonly so called, for other people; — which to choose?

The range is great. From picture-book to encyclopædia. "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" costs \$1.75. "The Encyclopædia Britannica," a work no better in its kind, by the way, than the other, costs a hundred and twenty dollars. We say nothing of mere fancies, how enticing soever. By one musty-minded man, a little, ungainly, black-looking sextodecimo (the Bay Psalm Book, original edition) would be valued far above rubies. A novel-reading girl would doubtless see a vast and inexpressibly gorgeous vista of paradisiac delight in a full set of Messrs. Harpers' series of cheap novels, — three hundred and fifty or more in number. Our African washer-woman would find a delusive though ecstatic belief of future luck in the solemnly prophetic pages of the Egyptian Dream-book. But tastes differ too widely for our poor knowledge. Here have been six suggestions; and there are twelve hundred million human souls. It would be easy to prepare a symmetrically graded list of one hundred good books for gifts, or twelve hundred. But what are they among those millions?

We may at most advert to a few of the gift-books which are announced for the season. Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Sons offer the

“Artists’ Edition” of the poems of Thomas Hood, an elegant quarto, with seventeen illustrations; “The Gallery of Landscape Painters,” being twenty-four highly finished steel engravings from paintings by American artists, with descriptive letter-press.

D. Appleton & Co. have a new edition of Dana’s excellent “Household Book of Poetry;” “The Fountain,” by Mr. Bryant, a companion volume to “The Sower” of last year, and with similarly delightful illustrations.

James R. Osgood & Co. will issue the first illustrated edition of Longfellow’s complete poetical works, with more than two hundred and fifty engravings; “Edwin Booth in Twelve Dramatic Characters,” a large quarto volume, containing twelve portraits of Mr. Booth in his tragic and comic characters, drawn in costume by Hennessy and engraved by Linton, with a biographical sketch by Winter; a luxurious large quarto edition of Bret Harte’s best known California sketches, with full-page illustrations by Eytinge; a small quarto collection of poetry for the young, selected and edited by Mr. Whittier, and profusely illustrated, entitled “Child Life;” illustrated editions of Bret Harte’s poems, and of Mr. Warner’s delightful “Summer in a Garden.”

A notable group of these gift-books is announced by Messrs. Roberts Brothers. One of these is the posthumous work of the fanciful and graceful genius Paul Konewka; twenty delicately cut silhouettes, the designs taken from the “Falstaffiade,” or “Falstaff-cycle,” as Mr. Kurz in his introduction calls the Falstaff plays, and together entitled “Falstaff and his Companions.” The remarks of Mr. Kurz are sensible enough, and are unusually well Englished by Prof. Shackford. The explanatory selections are what they should be; the silhouettes have all the mysteriously given perspective, and the vivid grace and spirited individuality which Konewka conjured so strangely into the jet-black masses that would have been mere lumps under a common hand.

Miss Rossetti’s “Sing Song” is for the sovereigns, — for Philip, my King; and the other Kings and Queens of Hearts who are throned in high chairs and in cribs throughout the great Realm of Childhood. One hundred and twenty songs has this lady sung before these august persons, and as many are the designs with which Mr. Arthur Hughes has adorned them. Amongst them all we confess to a preference for the terrific Cat-o’-nine-tails at p. 12, a feline

“*Katterfelto*, with his hair on end

At his own wonders.”

who charges infuriatedly down into the forefront of the picture, his

eyes blazing with insane terror at the novemplication of his cattish appendix. As we have ourselves introduced these poems to the world, our readers will need no elaborate discussion of them.

Lord Houghton's "Good-night and Good-morning" is just six pretty little stanzas, which in themselves are a graceful little nursery rhyme; but which Walter Severn has imbedded in as many exquisitely designed and finished full-page etchings in copper, each containing a picture for its stanza and an illumination. These etchings are unusually soft and lovely in effect, and yet have much breadth and vigor of drawing; so that the illustrations are even more enjoyable by grown folks than the text by the children. The heavy tinted paper and the pleasantly ornamental binding are an appropriate vehicle for the thoughts of author and artist.

Mrs. Richard S. Greenough's "Arabesques" is an ornamented 16mo volume, containing four wild fancies, quite powerful enough to be gathered under half of Mr. Poe's well-known title. Our readers will remember one of them, which appeared in the "Locket" for 1870, entitled "The Princess's Story."

Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton's "The Unknown River" (named in our November number, p. 607), reprinted in a somewhat smaller size than the original, but with all the original illustrations themselves, will be welcomed by lovers of art. Its thirty-seven illustrations, etched by the writer on the spots, have the unmistakable verisimilitude of portrait work, and, though of unequal merit, are in many cases very satisfactory indeed; especially in respect of that soft, moonlight-like translucency of atmosphere which properly printed etchings render so well. The text is an unaffected, pleasant, sketchy narrative of a voyage whose kind is of late years comparatively common, insomuch that there exists as a recent but recognized European "differentiation," as Mr. Herbert Spencer would evolutionarily say, a class of "canoemen." Such voyages are among the most pleasant possible of travellers' experiences, as we well know from the experience of a certain trip down the uppermost hundred miles of the Connecticut River, years ago, and before Mr. MacGregor's Rob Roy canoe and its kind were ever heard of. That same hundred miles is such an almost uninterrupted panorama of wild and endlessly varied wealth, crowded with picturesque river, meadow, forest and mountain, as would be the delight of an artist—or his despair. And we have always wondered that the painters have not discovered it.

"The Sermon on the Mount," illuminated by Messrs. Hudsley, illustrated by Rolf, and chromo-lithographed by Tymms, is a splendid

folio volume, finely bound in illuminated cloth, gilt. It contains the text of this divine summary of human morals and religion in a beautifully printed Old-English letter, each page within a rich and fanciful chromo-lithographed design, exquisitely printed, and all agleam with gold and silver, vermilion and purple and blue, sprays and blossoms and arabesques and escutcheons, and all manner of pretty things.

Retzsch's "Outline Illustrations to Shakspeare," third edition, with text by Boettiger, von Miltitz, and Ulrici, is a fair and solid oblong folio, richly and gravely bound, having a hundred and one plates. Of these, praise is superfluous. They are not so widely known in America as Retzsch's illustrations to Faust and to the "Song of the Bell;" but they deserve to be. They are intrinsically worth a hundred-fold more than the famous and big but not great Boydell engravings, for instruction and suggestion about Shakspeare.

Even this list is the merest specimen. To name and describe the good gifts of literature that this day await happy recipients and still happier givers, would occupy a whole book. We may perhaps have afforded a convenient suggestion or two.

MASSON'S LIFE OF MILTON.¹

AFTER twelve years' waiting, Mr. Masson carries on his great work on Milton through six hundred pages, and five years more of the poet's life. In the preface he promises the third volume, or rather vol. ii., part 2, very soon, and implies plainly, that, if the public had shown any great eagerness, they might have had these volumes sooner. It is very hard to find fault with a man who has deserved so well of us all as Mr. Masson, and yet the poor public does not quite merit his sarcasm. His first volume did not satisfy us; and it did not satisfy us on Hesiod's principle, that the

half is much more than the whole. The fault of that book was its terrible *length*; and herein vol. ii. is even a worse offender, — six hundred pages and only five years! Two great volumes, and not down to the battle of Marston Moor! If he can make so much of what is perhaps the least eventful part of Milton's life, what will become of the contest with Salmasius, the secretaryship, the second and third marriages, and the publication of his great poems; filling up in all thirty-four years?

Mr. Masson must have read and laughed over Macaulay's delicious criticism on Dr. Nares, for swelling his life of Burleigh beyond all bounds; but his own error is precisely the same. He has used his life of Milton as a stalking-horse for giving us his entire speculations on that im-

¹ The Life of John Milton, narrated in connection with the ecclesiastical, political, and literary history of his time. By David Masson, M.A., LL.D., &c., &c. Vol. II. 1638-1643. Macmillan & Co., London and New York. 1871. Pp. 608.

mensely voluminous subject, the quarrels of Charles I. and his people.

This overburdening his work, this sandwiching in with the biography of Milton a more than equal amount of "ecclesiastical, political, and literary history," through long chapters where Milton's name is scarcely mentioned, was justly found fault with by the readers of vol. i., and in his new preface he enters into a defence of it. Mere lives of Milton we had in plenty, he says, already; but a history of Milton and his times no one had written. Now, the first statement is hardly fair: there was no biography of Milton at all worthy of the subject; and one would have thought that a man devoted as Mr. Masson is to literature strictly so-called could have performed no dearer labor of love than writing such a life, embodying, and also spiritualizing, the great mass of valuable researches of two hundred years on Milton's personal history, to which he has himself not meanly contributed; and adding just so much of the history of the time as could show what Milton's share in it was, and no more.

Or if Mr. Masson wished to write a history of England under the early Stuarts, he might have done a great work. Hume is still but half corrected, in spite of Macaulay, Hallam, Carlyle, Forster, and Sanford. It would be an eminently worthy work for one great Scotchman to remodel the edifice that another great Scotchman built, in accordance with the juster demands of this age.

But no. Mr. Masson has conceived that he can combine both these objects into one; and accordingly he has overlaid his biography with a mass of historical disquisition that would just as well apply to the life of Pym, Hampden, Cromwell, Selden, or Whitelocke, as that of Milton; and at

such length! Let us take for instance the first chapter of this new volume. He tells us, in Milton's own words, that the poet's return to England from Italy was exactly at the outbreak of the "*Second Bishops' War*," or was caused by the king's breaking peace with the Scots on grounds connected with religion. Accordingly we must have, in a chapter of seventy-one close octavo pages, the whole history of the *first Bishops' War*, the intrigues of Hamilton and Argyle, and the fortunes of the Solemn League and Covenant in Scotland — all happening while Milton was in Italy, visiting Galileo, and musing under Virgil's tomb! We can understand how Mr. Masson's Scots blood glows at the history of the necessities and distresses of the saints; and his chapter on the Bishops' War is learned, lively, eloquent. It would be admirable as a detached essay; good in a history of Scotland; admissible in a history of England; but it is a mere waste of paint and paper in a life of Milton.

Let us look at the other end of the volume. Milton's religious views, in common with those of many of his countrymen, passed from Presbyterianism into Independency. Accordingly for *ninety-nine pages* we have a history of Presbyterianism and Independency in England, including the emigration of the Scrooby Church, and the assembly of divines at Westminster! Most valuable in a general ecclesiastical history; and indeed it goes hard with a son of the Pilgrims to object to any thing that so exalts the fame of his ancestors; but alas! — ten pages would have said all that these one and hundred seventy contain bearing on the life of Milton.

It is not too much to say that three-fifths of this volume might be

cut out without injuring its value as a life of Milton in connection with the history of his time.

This prolixity is the more to be regretted, because, when Mr. Masson does get upon Milton's personality, he shows himself fully impressed with the beauty and gravity of the subject. His treatment of the precious MSS. in Trinity College, which contain Milton's first sketches of sacred poetry, in the form of tragedies, is very thorough and interesting. His translation of the Latin poems into English hexameters we cannot equally commend; and indeed must express ourselves as adherents of the old orthodoxy, now become heresy, that it is impossible satisfactorily to adapt the English or *any* modern language to the ancient metres. True, the Germans claim to have done it; and perhaps they have; but somehow or other, to read the "Spazier Gang" after the "Fasti," is to us like leaving the railroad at the last country station, and driving over a corduroy road in an old-fashioned stage.

Mr. Masson is again too lengthy about the Long Parliament; but the characters of the leaders in that great assembly were far more vital to Milton and to England than some others he describes; and his pictorial skill is displayed to much effect. In the first year of the meeting of the Long Parliament, when Milton was established in London, his head full of great literary projects, and intending to take no more part in controversy than every patriotic Englishman should, the abuse of the episcopate called on the friends of purer religion for an active defence. We need nothing more ancient or more friendly than Hon. R. C. Winthrop's speech at Plymouth in 1870 to convince us how

utterly corrupt and bigoted were the rulers of the Church of England in 1640. On their side Bishop Hall, on the other a union of five Presbyterian divines, whose initials were joined to make the strange word Smectymnuus, began a pamphlet war. Milton was early drawn into it, from his personal interest in his old schoolmaster, Thomas Young, the third of the five. Mr. Masson has managed this part of his book accurately and pleasantly. He quotes from Milton's anti-episcopal pamphlets, liberally but with great judgment, and chiefly such passages as bear on the events and place of Milton's life, showing how entirely he was forced into the quarrel, and how little his antagonists appreciated him. In fact, he was too great for it; an inferior man would have done it better; and the natural severity of his style sometimes is quite swept away by the torrent of indignation to which the force of controversy swells such a soul as his.

It is almost impossible for us to realize, even when we read them, the virulence of language which the discussions of those times assumed. That any man should fill a religious pamphlet with translations of Rabelais' foul appellatives, and jest on Bishop Hall's dirty stockings, is incredible; that any one should think of such things who had no personal ambition to serve, no weakness of argument to disguise, and no private pique to gratify, seems impossible; and for Milton to descend from his seraphic elevation of soul to such depths sounds like an enemy's invention; but there the pamphlets are, in black and white.

When the war breaks out, Mr. Masson is again too long; but his account of Milton during the siege of London is good; and we recommend

to our readers his discussion of the sonnet beginning "Captain, or colonel, or knight in arms," on pages 487 and 488, as exceedingly witty. He begins well in his account of Milton's married life; and might indeed have completed it, but for that oppressive ecclesiastical history which uses up his last one hundred pages. As it is, the lovers of Milton will still resort to the "Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell," the charming work of that

"Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail."

But that for which we are expressly indebted to Mr. Masson is his true and warm estimate of Milton's character. We cannot feel that even the most enthusiastic critics hitherto have done justice to him, at least as regards the purity and loftiness of soul which he sustained from very early youth. It has often been remarked how various and extraordinary were his early personal advantages at the time he came from Italy. It has also been remarked what an exceptional complication of distresses he endured after the restoration; and it has been somehow implied, that his spirit was chastened by them to a sanctity not possessed by it at first. Such may be the course of most men; but such is a most inadequate and unjust idea of Milton. He was the same absolutely untarnished, angelic being at college, in travel, under the republic, under Cromwell, in the gay exuberance of youth, in the full force of manhood, as he was in blindness, obloquy, and poverty, under the monarchy. His later years had doubtless given him more experience of men, greater store of reading, and loftier graces of style. But we can see no reason, as far as the tenderness and holiness of

the sentiments are concerned, why "Paradise Lost" and "Samson Agonistes" might not have been written in the same year as "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso."

Macaulay has very appropriately compared the muse of Milton in the dissolute era of Charles II. to his own Lady in "Comus," surrounded by the rabble rout of semi-bestial monsters. But he might have added to the force of the comparison by pointing out, that, like that same poem of "Comus," Milton's severe chastity belonged to his tender years, and was the virgin purity of his soul, not needing the fires of affliction to blanch it. In his early controversies, his opponents thinking that, in accordance with our detestable maxim, "Boys will be boys," he must be like the rest, attempted to fasten on him the charge of what are commonly called by a miserable euphemism "youthful indiscretions." His reply, calm at once and indignant, — confident to men, modest towards God, — can never be too often copied. But, as it is too long to be copied here, we will refer our readers to Mr. Masson's extract from it in his first volume, pp. 282-4 (238-40 of Gould & Lincoln's edition), or better to the original, through whose voluminous pages if they hesitate to wade, they will find it most attractively set forth in St. John's select prose works of Milton, vol. i. fifty-third and following pages.

We regret also that want of room compels the omission of Mr. Masson's admirable comments on Milton's vindication of his purity of life, beyond a few sentences. "It is without exception," he says, "the profoundest thing Milton has told us about himself. It is the principle of the necessity of moral purity, of a conscience void of offence, to a life of the

highest endeavor or highest achievement in any walk whatever. It is the principle that courage or magnanimity presupposes self-respect. . . . On this principle, and not on any modification of the opposite theory, — the 'wild-oats' theory we ventured to call it (in vol. i), — Milton avows that his own life had been consciously framed."

In other words, Milton was a *Puritan*; and, though many have known the fact, it has been to them merely an indication of which of the two parties in English politics he belonged to; but no English biographer has caught the true meaning of it. Perhaps Mr. Masson has first given it true prominence because he is a Scotchman. A New-Englander could have seen it as well; but New-Englanders, as a whole, know Milton better from his poetry. But since Puritanism was put down in England, purity, alas! to a great extent, went with it; and it has been almost impossible since Milton died, a space of nearly two centuries, to find an Englishman to appreciate the grand mystery of godliness, — that all sin, at all ages, is hateful, and that the surest augury of a noble manhood is a stainless youth. The same moral obliquity on this point that has prevented England from ever giving us a perfect translation of Virgil has thrown a chill over her admiration for the loftiest character in her literary history; so that too often she holds him as a man in less esteem than Shakspeare, of whom we know nothing, and Bacon, of whom we know worse.

But we children of the Puritans may honestly claim Milton as the grand exponent of our own morality. And we take leave with respect of Mr. Masson, regretting his prolixity, but honoring the thoroughness of his re-

search, and the elevation of his tone, and feeling, that, if he has bestowed all his tediousness on us, it is worth a good deal more than many people's vivacity.

A DOMINICAN ARTIST.¹

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE REV.
PÈRE BESSON OF THE ORDER OF
ST. DOMINIC.

THIS is an interesting sketch of the life of a modern Dominican artist, who has been exceeded by none in his pure devotion to the work he undertook when he assumed the white robe of that order. The Order of St. Dominic, whose spirit of missions had for many years been sadly neglected till revived and filled with new life by Père Lacordaire and others, was greatly strengthened by the acquisition of the young artist, who, in his zeal and fervor, emulated the good deeds of the founder. The life of the Dominican artist of the nineteenth century carries us back in thought to the lives of Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolomeo, the artists of that order in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Angelico da Fiesole, who has since obtained by the holiness of his life the title of "*Il Beato*," the Blessed, was, as Vasari tells us, one who might have lived a very agreeable life in the world, had he not, impelled by a sincere and fervent spirit of devotion, retired from it at the age of twenty, to bury himself within the walls of a cloister; a man with whom the practise of a beautiful art was thenceforth a hymn of praise, and every creation of his pencil an act of piety and charity; and who, in seeking only the glory of God, earned an immortal

¹ Rivingtons, London. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. 1870.

glory among men. Unlike that of his brother artist, the life of Fra Bartolomeo was spent in the world, for a time at least. Mrs. Jamieson says, "He was an enthusiast, and a devoted admirer and disciple of Savonarola." "In a fit of perplexity and remorse, caused by an eloquent sermon of Savonarola, he joined with many others in making a sacrifice of all the books and pictures which related to heathen poetry and art, on which they could lay their hands. Into this funeral pyre, Bartolomeo flung all his paintings which represented profane subjects or the human figure undraped; and he almost wholly abandoned the practise of his art for the society of his friend and spiritual pastor." After the torture and burning of the unhappy Savonarola, Bartolomeo, "struck with horror at the fate of his friend, — a horror which seemed to paralyze all his faculties, — took the vows, and became a friar of the Dominican Convent of San Marco. He passed the next four years in the austere seclusion of his convent, without touching a pencil;" but he was induced to resume his painting by the superior of his convent. In a visit he made to Rome he was so impressed with the immense progress made by his friend Raphael in their mutual art, that he returned to Florence, leaving behind him two unfinished pictures, which Raphael found time to complete. "It is said that while Raphael was finishing one of them, the head of St. Peter, two of his friends, cardinals, not remarkable for the sanctity of their lives, stood by him, and thought either to compliment him, or perhaps rouse him to contradiction, by criticising the work of Bartolomeo; one of them observed that the coloring was much *too* red. To which Raphael replied, with that

graceful gayety which blunts the edge of a sarcasm, "May it please your eminences, the holy apostle here represented is blushing in heaven, as he certainly would do were he now present, to behold the church he founded on earth governed by such as you."

Lacordaire wrote to Madame Swetchine, in May, 1840, "The young painter who copied the Madonna della Quercia has joined us. We had no expectation of this at present, on account of his mother, for he is an only child; but she herself has urged him to follow his vocation. I went to their house all unknowing, and needed but to stoop and gather this lovely floweret. He is a very miniature Angelico da Fiesole, with an infinitely pure, good, simple soul, and the faith of a saint. His name is Besson." Charles Jean Baptiste Besson was born at Besançon, April, 1816. We are told that his childhood "was almost idyllic in its simplicity." And with his widowed mother he continued to live in a most simple and quiet manner at Paris and sometimes at Rome. Besson chose painting as his "expression of truth and art; but he delighted in the study both of architecture and sculpture, and became a practised modeller. A painter should be familiar with art in all its branches, he was wont to say." Though intimate with many artists who had not the strong, firm belief he cherished, "he found enough to satisfy his wishes in art and philosophy, and was never for a moment led astray by the temptations and seductions which Paris offers to a young man, free and independent like Besson."

His devotion to, and affection for, his mother was most unusual and touching; and even in his noviciate at Basco, "the novice deep in Thomas

Aquinas could find sympathy for the death of his mother's pet dog; for all the little annoyances consequent on her change of abode in Paris; and for every trifling detail concerning her health." That mother had suffered terribly in giving up her only child to the Church; but, feeling it to be his ardent desire, she finally asked him to devote himself to the service of the Church, saying, "I know your wish, and I will not be a hinderance to your happiness. You shall be quite free; and I myself ask you to follow the religious life. I have but a few years to live: I only ask to go where you go; and, if you are happy, I shall be happy too." He took the final vow in 1842. As he was passionately attached to his art, he entreated Père Lacordaire to destroy all his sketches and studies. But "the Father had no mind to perpetrate such barbarities," and gave them away. Besson wrote his mother that he feared to give the Lord half a heart when he had promised him one whole and undivided. He told the Father "he would give up painting forever, and never touch a brush again, unless obedience should call him to do so."

His biographer says, "Père Besson took great pains with his sermons, thinking them well out first, and then writing notes which were afterwards to be expanded as thoughts presented themselves to his mind." He was never a great orator; but his sermons were artist-like in their clearness of outline, their abundant imagery, and their warmth of color and feeling. His action, in which the great charm of his oratory lay, was peculiar, and consisted more in an undefinable humility and gentleness, in the purity and sympathy expressed in his countenance, than in energy of manner. A Lorraine peasant once expressed

this by saying, "He need not talk: he converts one only by looking at one." Later on, when preaching in Rome, people who did not understand French used to come to his sermons "to look at him;" and a French soldier was overheard exclaiming to his comrades, "That man is just a speaking crucifix!" But Père Besson never accepted any credit to himself, when, as often happened, his sermons wrought powerfully on men's hearts. Thus, after a mission, he writes Père Dauzas, "I have been often amazed at the easy access I have found to people's souls, and, to tell you the truth, it has half frightened me; for though it is a gift of God's grace, like all else, there is so little corresponding grace in me."

The work he liked best, and which was most congenial, was when it fell to his lot to give retreats to religious communities. Having been requested by Père Jaudel to give the usual evening instruction which was that night on the Judgment, he felt incapable of preaching at so short notice, — only two or three hours; and afterwards some one said to him, "Well, Father, your Judgment was not very long or very severe! You soon led us on to Paradise!" "*Que voulez vous?*" he answered. "I cannot help it. I do not think I shall ever be able to preach those great and awful truths."

After a time he began to paint again, and prepared some cartoons for windows at Santa Sabina, that had long been walled up, and he wished to restore them; but the biographer says, "It was hard enough to meet the daily calls. The *économé* of the convent had too much difficulty in paying the baker to have any surplus for brushes and colors! The revenues of Santa Sabina (in Rome) were not

more than sufficient for four or five religious, and now there were more than fifty to be fed." Père Besson writes to a friend, "Your alms have come opportunely, for the poor Padre Suidaco is at his wit's ends with fifty religious to feed. He makes his cabbages go as far as he can, but that is but sorry work with an empty purse; and whatever comes in has no time to spare,—it is soon gone again." They struggled on, "not, however, without episodes wherein their faith was severely taxed. Thus one day the baker announced his determination not to supply any more bread to the convent, unless his bill was paid before sunset." The Father in charge of these matters came to the prior with the tidings. "Well," replied Père Besson, "he has a right to his money; we must pay him." "But, Father, there is not a *scudo* in our purse." "Very well; go into church, and kneel before the altar of the Blessed Virgin until the money comes." The procurator obeyed; and in about three-quarters of an hour the porter called him to see a person, who brought money enough to defray half the debt. "He went to the prior, saying, 'I should suppose the baker would be satisfied with this, and wait for the rest.' 'Do you suppose that the Blessed Virgin does things by halves in that way?' asked Père Besson. 'Go back into the church, and wait for the rest; and we are informed, that, not long after, more than the required sum was brought,' which was a fortunate event for the credit of the Blessed Virgin.

Père Besson undertook the restoration of the Chapter Hall of San Sisto; and he was visited there, while at work, by "Pio Nono," who entered into conversation with him, ending, "As a man, I am not worthy to grind

your colors, or to be your lay brother here at San Sisto; but as Pope, I feel very differently, *sento in me un pezzo enorme*." Perhaps at that time he already had the wish he has since shown, to be considered infallible.

After various important positions and journeys taken in the interest of his order, Père Besson offered to go to the Eastern Mission in Armenia and Persia, which had its headquarters at Mosul and Mar Yacoub. The biographer says, "It was an act of great sacrifice on his part, for he was warmly attached both to Rome and to those among whom he lived; while, as we know, his artist spirit was not smothered under the monk's habit, and he would fain have completed his paintings at San Sisto." But all such thoughts he set aside; he had, contrary to the examples of his artist prototypes, sunk the artist and his desires in the high calling he had chosen. He sailed for his Eastern mission, and pursued his journey by water and land, till, after a very fatiguing season of travel and many discomforts, he reached Mar Yacoub. There he was actively employed in the relief and cure both of body and soul, praying, and nursing the sick; and, as he had some medical experience, he performed cures occasionally. When asked if he had not effected some that were miraculous, he would smile, and say, "Certainly, if *le bon Dieu* would perform miracles, I should be very glad to make use of the opportunity." He used to tell, laughingly, how once he really thought he had worked a miraculous cure by means of homœopathy. A native woman brought her child to him, with its gums grievously affected by scrofula. He gave her certain remedies; and, at the end of a week, the mother returned with her little girl,

all fresh and rosy, without a symptom of disease. The father was delighted. He called his brethren together to see the wonderful cure, and it was not until the unwelcome intervention of his interpreter that the truth was discovered. Through him, the poor mother, who was perplexed at the general excitement she occasioned, explained that this child was the twin sister of the one she had brought before, and had never been ill."

Père Besson returned from the East in the spring of 1858, after a stay of two years: he was needed in France, where his presence soon settled some differences that had arisen between Père Lacordaire and Jaudel. Affairs in the East did not prosper after his departure; and, after a time he desired to return, "even if he were to die there alone in some lonely village." At first the Pope refused his consent, but at length gave him permission; and in 1859 he departed on his self-imposed mission to Mosul, never to return. His excessive labors, and the responsibility which devolved on him, finally overpowered him; and in 1861 he died, worn out with exhaustion and a fever which he took while nursing those of his flock, both Christian and Mussulman, who were suffering from it.

BRET HARTE.

No one can give a fair judgment of the works of Bret Harte,¹ or a rational prophecy of his future career as an author, without carefully considering the influences under which his genius has developed.

In the year 1854, when scarcely

¹ *The Luck of Roaring Camp, and other Tales. Condensed Novels. Poems. By Bret Harte. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1871.*

more than a boy, Bret Harte left his home in New York, and sailed for San Francisco; not with any wild idea of coming back in a few years a millionaire, but with the modest hope of earning a living. Finding San Francisco already peopled with fortune-seekers of all sorts, he pushed on to the interior, and sought the mining-regions. Though brave of heart and strong in courage, he was too fine of fibre for the rough delving of the gold-diggers; and believing, in his youthful enthusiasm, that, even in the semi-savage country to which he had penetrated, he should find some minds that hungered and thirsted for learning, he opened a school; and, not meeting with much encouragement in that occupation, he afterwards set up a newspaper, which soon shared the fate of the school. These intrusive shapes of civilization were not likely to be very welcome among people who cared more for nuggets than news, and rated muscle a good deal higher than brain; but nothing daunted, when the rôles of schoolmaster and editor were "played out," the stout-hearted and plucky youth tried his hand at the more enlivening business of express-agent. At last, after much unsuccessful experimenting, he concluded that he had not struck the right vein, and returned to San Francisco, where he has since resided.

It was in this rough yet hardy school of experience that Mr. Harte gathered the materials for his destined work.

Refined by nature, and instinctively pure and noble, he carried with him into the miner's camp and the rude pioneer settlement an influence that overcame the coarseness and vulgarity that pervaded them. In the midst of rough, sinful men

and women, with them but not of them, viewing them in the light of his own clear soul, he was able to see some latent good, some half-hidden nobleness, some possible heroism, even in the worst and weakest of them. His keen eye noted every trick and trait of the outer man, while his quick sympathy read as easily the impulses and motives of the inner nature, and his retentive memory stored away the portraits and sketches, to reproduce them faithfully when the time was ripe.

The severe discipline of these early days doubtless did the future author good service, in throwing him upon his own resources, and compelling him to a manly independence of thought and action; helping him, too, to acquire a conciseness of style and a simple directness of treatment, as rare as they are admirable.

Bret Harte has done much to civilize and refine California; it is not unlikely that California has done as much for him, by saving him from an over-refinement that would have sacrificed his best strength, and deprived him of his truest power.

In one of the finest of his poems, "Dickens in Camp," Mr. Harte gives us a very suggestive picture, that will serve well to illustrate this point:—

"Till one arose, and from his pack's scant
treasure

A hoarded volume drew;
And cards were dropped from hands of
listless leisure
To hear the tale anew;

And then, while round them shadows
gathered faster,

And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the
Master
Had writ of 'Little Nell.'

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the
reader

Was youngest of them all;

But, as he read, from clustering pine and
cedar

A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the
shadows,

Listened in every spray,

While the whole camp with 'Nell' on
English meadows

Wandered, and lost their way."

The "hoarded volume," treasured in the scanty pack, conned by the blazing camp-fire, and mused over in lonely wanderings, was worth more to the young Californian than the whole Astor Library would have been in New-York City.

The poem is a sincere and tender tribute to the "Master" whose death was indeed a loss to the new author to whom he would have been so true and cordial a friend.

All successful authors, especially the poets and romance-writers, are liable to be, at first, both overpraised and undervalued.

Bret Harte, appearing at once in both characters, receives more than his full share of praise and criticism. "He writes of low life, and vulgar, wicked people!" says Miss Prim. "He is imitative," cries Criticus; "he copies the style of Longfellow in his serious poems, and the method of Dickens in his stories." "We cannot but hope he will turn his powers to some account in future," says John Bull, bringing up the rear, and condescendingly patting the young Californian on the head. On the other hand, the sudden and wide popularity of some of his dialect poems, the score of imitators, trying to keep his track (and limping a long way behind him), the enthusiastic praises and eloquent prophecies

lavished upon him, must have astonished, more than any one else, the modest and unpretending author.

To a very large class of admirers Bret Harte is known simply as the author of that remarkable bit of quiet satire popularly called "The Heathen Chinese," but entitled by himself "Plain Language from Truthful James." This is the piece that has run through the newspapers like the cry of "fire!" through a country village; it has furnished more neat phrases and apt quotations than any other poem of the present century; almost every line of it has passed into the current coin of everyday talk; it has been illustrated by an enterprising Chicago artist, and copies of the illustrated version are sold on the cars at a third of the price of the entire volume of poems; and yet it is far from being Mr. Harte's best.

It probably owes much of its popularity to the lucky hit it made in coming out just as the question of "Chinese cheap labor" was in the height of agitation; something, too, to the fact that it gave us the first appetizing taste of the fresh, savory style of the new writer.

To the more discriminating class of readers Bret Harte is familiar as a skilful magazinist, fine poet, and wonderful story-teller. In all these characters he has achieved rare success.

"The Overland Monthly," that was dying in obscurity when he first laid his magnetic hand upon it, owes its life to him: the doctors do not hesitate to pronounce a fatal relapse inevitable if he withdraws from it. It is difficult to imagine what that magazine will be deprived of his contributions, which have been all along the head and heart, the body and soul, of

it; but Mr. Harte has outgrown the "Overland," and is destined to be something more than a magazinist.

In the region of pure poetry, he has given us some things we would not willingly part with; two or three clearly-outlined, fresh-tinted descriptive pieces,—such as "Madroño," and "Grizzly;" and a few poems of tender sentiment,—"Dickens in Camp," "The Pea of Starr King," and that pensive, charming little reverie "To a Sea-bird." But his best success as a poet has been, thus far, in that borderland between prose and poetry which combines the choicest features of both kingdoms. His dialect poems shine out so conspicuously in the foreground, that we are in danger of overlooking the really good things that the author has clustered together to support them. The best of the poems "in dialect"—"Dow's Flat," "Chiquita," "Cicely," and "Jim"—belong to the same school as the sketches; they are wrought of the same unique material, possess the same striking characteristics, and are finished in the same masterly manner: the difference is only in measure and rhythm. Bret Harte is pre-eminently a story-teller, and a story-teller of the very highest order.

His four sketches, "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Tennessee's Partner," and "Miggles," are in themselves sufficient to sustain the statement.

How gradually and surely these magical stories get possession of us! Attracting us first by their novel vernacular and their vivid portraitures, holding us by a strong dramatic interest that never flags, and mastering us, at last, by some subtle sympathy, some touch of nature that thrills to the very depths of heart and soul!

One of the many good things to be said of Mr. Harte is, that his sympathies are always with the best side of human nature, and his leaning is instinctively towards the true and noble. In "The Luck of Roaring Camp," the way in which the poor little waif, stranded upon the rough shore of the rude camp, gradually regenerates the settlement, satisfies not merely our æsthetic sense, but appeals powerfully to our faith in human hearts. In marked contrast to this is the tendency of a popular poem called "Little Breeches," written by the most successful of Mr. Harte's disciples, in which "Little Breeches," the four-year-old child of a Western farmer, is represented as an inveterate tobacco-chewer, and being lost on the prairie in a snow-storm, and finally discovered in a sheepfold, greets his anxious father with an hilarious call for a "chaw of terbacker." Such an outrage upon the purity of babyhood *may* be possible in Illinois, but the subject hardly seems to come within the range of poetry; and the father's confession of faith in the angels, which follows this startling revelation, seems slightly out of harmony with his mortal experiences.

Although by no means destitute of imagination, Mr. Harte belongs to the realistic rather than the ideal school of writers; his greatest success has been in describing what he sees and knows, and his most striking characters are evidently drawn from life: "Oakhurst," "Jack Hamlin," "Tennessee's Partner," "Miggles," "Miss," are all as clear and finished as photographs; and even many of his minor characters, such as "Yuba Bill," "Sandy Morton," "David Fagg," and "McSnagley," have all the faithfulness of portraits.

Truth to nature is obviously the essential characteristic, an absolute requirement, of this school, whether in literature or art; its boundary lines are clearly drawn, and we detect and resent any overstepping.

The poet's eye may "glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven," his imagination may body forth "the form of things unknown;" and when his pen "turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," — we accept the shadowy creation, and take it for granted that the poet is right about it; but when the author deals with live men and women, that eat and drink, and walk the streets, we begin to be critical, and to feel that we can meet him on his own ground.

When "the blessed damozel leans out from the gold bar of *heaven*," and the poet assures us that "she had three lilies in her hand, and the stars in her hair were seven," we do not for a moment entertain the thought that she *may* have had five lilies in her hand, or that the stars in her hair could possibly have been eleven. We are ready to admit that Dante Gabriel Rossetti has been there and knows; but when we come to "Truthful James," and "Sandy Bar," we are inflexible as Shylock in our demands; we are disposed to question the heroic self-abnegation of "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," and to criticise the meeting of "Tennessee" and his "Pardner" in the land of shades.

It is just at this point that Bret Harte has received the sharpest and perhaps the truest criticism. The only charge of any weight that has yet been brought against him is that of a tendency to sentimentality. Dealing, as he does, with persons whose real feeling lies deep, and only

comes to the surface in emergencies, with men and women whose daily life seems actually at variance with the whole world of poetry and sentiment, the wonder is, that, in attempting to present to us the heroic side of his characters, he has so rarely strayed over the light barrier that separates the solid ground of true sentiment from the marshy, treacherous land of sentimentality. That he can tread bravely and securely the firm earth of the former kingdom, he has abundantly shown; that it is his native ground, and that he can be lord of it and of himself, we fully believe. Indeed, fidelity to nature seems to be a controlling power with our author; he paints neither villains of blackest dye, nor angels of dazzling purity, but contents himself with flesh-and-blood men and women, with natures of blended good and evil, — not so seraphic as to be beyond our grasp, never so depraved as to be below the reach of our sympathy. With the greatest temptation to fall into the sensational school of fiction, with rare opportunities to exaggerate and distort, this young writer has remained true to his best instincts, and in all essentials has kept faith with the eternal laws of fitness.

With what rare skill he manages the mining dialect! not revelling in its vulgarity, nor exaggerating its habitual profanity, but appreciating its homely yet poetic imagery, and acknowledging the strength of its "Sabre-cuts of Saxon speech," — using it as a needful accessory in his work, but keeping it always subordinate to his sincere purpose and his fine artistic sense. Perhaps in no single particular is the difference between Bret Harte and his numerous imitators so marked, as in this use of the California vernacular. If we

could ever hesitate between the concise, pure, clear-cut work of the master, and the diffuse, exaggerated bungling of the apprentice, this distinction alone would serve to settle the question.

As a humorist, Harte has, and is likely to hold, his own special place in American literature. His humor differs from Lowell's in its wider range and larger scope, though it resembles it in its thorough mastery and admirable use of dialect speech; it is neither so broad nor so universal as the gushing good-nature of Mark Twain; nor is it (thank Heaven!) dependent for pith and point upon bad spelling, like much mere masquerading that passes for humor in these days; it suggests, more than any thing else, the genial, persuasive humor of Dickens, springing, like his, from a generous heart, and blended, like his too, with the true pathos of a large and charitable soul. It has, however, its own strong and sure characteristics, — solidity, brevity, and piquancy; it keeps within the bounds of moderation, and never becomes clownish or grotesque; it excites a quiet smile oftener than a broad laugh; it does not consist in exaggerated description or in absurdities of expression, but seems to lie chiefly in the author's quick sense of the humorous element in scenes and situations, united to a wonderful aptness in making us see it with his eyes.

In the "Condensed Novels," a collection of amusing imitations of celebrated novelists, Mr. Harte shows to great advantage both his keen insight, and his power of concise, condensed expression.

This power of condensation, combined as it is with great dramatic vigor, gives Bret Harte an immense

advantage over ordinary writers. What may he not do, with two such forces so rarely united!

Why should there not be in him the making of a great dramatist? Certainly he can write plays.

Is not "Jim" a complete drama in three acts? Scene, properties, *dramatis personæ*, and the whole gamut of human emotions, and all in the space of two minutes!

It may be, that, more than humorist or poet or novelist, Bret Harte is destined to be the dramatist of the New World.

EMILY S. FORMAN.

THE KARAITES.

THESE JEWS,¹ of whom not much is generally known, are the Protestants of Judaism. Dr. Rule sums their doctrines in a few sentences thus:—

"God only is to them the fountain of authority. . . . Submission to human authority in matters of faith and religious duty, unless that authority be manifestly supported by Divine Revelation, they justly consider to be no better than blind and servile superstition. They pay unbounded reverence to the Written Law of God, contained in the Old Testament. They utterly reject what is called the Oral Law, and is now contained in the Talmud."

But little has been known about them. Dr. Rule enumerates four works as nearly the whole historical and expository literature of the subject. His own book is the first English one wholly devoted to it.

Yet as an independent reforming sect, existing in social organization

¹ History of the Karaite Jews. By William Harris Rule, D.D. 12mo. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1870.

and living faith with more or less definiteness since before Christ; as not only Unitarians, but as Protestants, as Congregationalists, or rather Independents, as Radicals, they are an interesting race, most interesting to those who best love free thought, free speech, sound reasoning, practical morality, and living faith.

Like all other religionists, the Jews have had sects. These Jewish sects, like all others, have arisen from the variation which individual characters embroider upon some main web of doctrine; and, like other sects, may be best classed as Conservative and Radical, as to activity; as philosophical, mystic, or materialist as in mental character, and so on.

Dr. Rule's book is chronological in its order, discussing successively the rise, history, and present condition of the Karaites,—or "Sons of the Reading" (i.e., of the reading, for authoritative doctrine, of the Old Testament only), as they call themselves,—and contains a sufficient account of their beliefs as well as their history. It is a faithful and straightforward piece of work, done in the plainest and clearest way, interspersed with curious anecdotes, and is a valuable addition to English literature.

The substance of Karaism (Karaite means "Reader") may be traced among the Jews nearly a century before Christ. Simon the Just, about two centuries earlier, is usually said to have closed the canon of the Hebrew Scriptures. Down to almost that time, there was no rule of faith outside the Scriptures,—no "oral law" or Talmud. The origin of Jewish sects was within the four centuries between the last of the prophets and the first of the evangelists; a period when formalism was usurping

the place of faith, and the comments of the rabbins the place of the Law itself. Early in this period arose the *Sadokim*, or Sadducees, — followers of Sadok, with whom the Karaites have often improperly been confounded, in spite of their diametrical opposition in beliefs.

The Karaites begin to appear as a definite sect, though not yet by name, in the time of Alexander Jannai or Jannæus (died B.C. 77), about the same time with the Pharisees (“separated persons”). As between the two great rabbis, Hillel and Shammai, of whom the former was traditionist and the latter scripturalist, and whose period reaches through the first decade of the Christian Era, the Karaites held with the “House of Shammai.”

The period of the New-Testament history does not yet bring us to the separate organization of the Karaites by name, although there are clear indications of the existence of a class of Jews who held more closely than others to the Scripture. Converts to Christianity were more frequent from these.

While Christianity was passing through its early growth, Judaism was stiffening and drying into its Talmudical phase, which was definitely determined at the completion of the Talmud by the publication of it as a whole in the year 506, at Pumbeditha.

Up to this time, we find no Karaites by name; but only classes of Jews believing substantially the doctrines afterwards called Karaite. The first mention of them by name dates about the middle of the eighth century, when Karaite Jews in large numbers are found settled among the Chozars, a powerful agricultural nation established north of Caucasus and north-west of the Caspian; in the

Crimea, indeed, and in other parts of southern Russia, where they have ever since abounded more than anywhere else. The Crimean Karaites told Kohl the traveller that their ancestors had a grant of protection from Mohammed, who died A. D. 632. Many Crimean gravestones have undoubted Karaite inscriptions dating back to A. D. 330, and thereabouts; and it has even been believed that such had been found dated in the sixth year of the Christian Era.

There is much reason to believe that it was a Karaite, named Akha, of Babylonia, who, in the first half of the sixth century, first framed a system of accent and vowel points for Hebrew. This system was simpler and less complete than the usual one, which was invented about A. D. 570, by Mokha, a rabbi of Tiberias, and by his son Moses, called “the Pointer.” Dr. Rule gives a fac-simile of part of a MS. of the tenth century, at Odesa, with these earlier Assyrian or Babylonian points. They were written above the consonants instead of under them, and were after a little time only used by the Karaites.

Ahnan, a learned and energetic rabbi, born at Beth-tsur, near Jerusalem, and said to be of the lineage of David, studied in Babylonia about the middle of the eighth century, and A. D. 761 settled at Jerusalem, where he remained until his death, four years afterwards, having been an earnest and widely-efficient teacher of Karaism. At his death, Karaite Jews were to be found in considerable numbers wherever there were any Jews; and for three or four hundred years the post he had held as chief rabbi was successively filled by other heads of the Karaite denomination, first at Jerusalem and afterwards at Cairo.

Besides southern Russia, there were noticeably large communities of Karaite Jews during several centuries, down to the seventeenth, in Jerusalem, Egypt, Tartary, Lithuania, and Spain, which last Dr. Rule considers to have been the "Sepharad" named in Obadiah, and where he believes there were independent and liberal-minded Jews, even from the time of Solomon. They have, however, always been decidedly a minority; at present, their largest communities are in the south of Russia; and in the Crimea are found the ancient cemeteries already referred to. The Karaites of to-day seem to be steadily decreasing, both in numbers, in wealth, and in intelligent religious fervency. Their history is apparently almost completed in acts. Its records are scanty and scattered; for ages of persecution from Christians and from Talmudist Jews have broken up their communities and dispersed their collections.

Dr. Rule gives an affecting account of the religious and patriotic love and zeal of the Karaite Rabbi Abraham Firkowitsch of Eupatoria in the Crimea, whose efforts secured the establishment of a Karaite Hebrew press at Eupatoria, and who travelled extensively in the East, collecting ancient Karaite MSS. These he left with a brother in religion, in learning and in enthusiasm, Rabbi Abraham Pinsker in Odessa, who studied, arranged, transcribed, and edited from them, printing as much as he could afford. The manuscripts themselves, known as the Firkowitsch MSS., are now part of the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg.

Did space permit, this account would be fitly ended by some account of the doctrinal position and social condition of the Karaites, and by some of

the curious anecdotes and facts with which Dr. Rule illustrates points in his narrative, and traits of Jewish character and learning; but all that can be done is to refer to the book. Nor, unfortunately, is it probable that a reprint of it could be issued with profit in this country. One single item may be noted: The Karaites, while they avoid uttering the "incommunicable name of God" in ordinary secular conversation, have not so profound a horror of doing so as the Talmudists, and in their religious readings of the Scriptures they do actually regularly utter it. Their pointing of it is peculiar, and seems to give an additional light upon the much-vexed question of its proper sound. This, Dr. Rule represents by the orthography *yahvái*.

THE DEVIL.

THIS monograph¹ is translated from M. Réville's pamphlet, which was almost identically the same as his article in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" of January, 1870. At least one American publisher, a most worthy gentleman, has declined to reprint the little book. But it is impossible to admit that the Devil is too sacred to be talked about, or that the question of his existence may not be argued on two sides.

Dr. Réville utterly disbelieves in the existence of any such a being as the Devil. He attempts no exhaustive treatment of the subject, and for fuller discussion refers to "an encyclopædia of all that concerns the subject," recently published by Professor Roskoff of the University of Vienna.

¹ The Devil; his Origin, Greatness, and Decadence. From the French of the Reverend Albert Réville, D.D. 12mo. London: Williams & Norgate. 1871.

He gives a summary view of the chief points of a history of the belief in a personal devil, and indicates how this historical testimony tends to prove that the doctrine is not Christian, but is a relic of a naturalist dualism, an importation from heathenism first into Judaism, and thence into Christianity; and that its existence is already almost over as a part of Christian doctrine, and still more as a living motive in the hearts of Christians. The translator's preface adds some very pertinent exegetical queries to the discussion.

The origin of the belief in a personal devil, M. Réville thinks, was that dualism which so naturally erects the beneficent and the hostile phenomena of nature into the realms of two gods, one good, the other evil. Such were Ahriman and Ormuzd; and there are striking similarities between this Persian belief and the belief in both a devil and a God. Azazel may be a relic of an early Jewish dualist belief. Later, the business of accusing was imagined to have been put into the hands of one of the "sons of God," as a sort of prosecuting attorney; and then this "Satan" (i.e., accuser or adversary) was gradually charged with the business of "tempting," "hardening the heart," &c., previously executed by Jehovah himself. Lastly, this "Satan" assumed the shape of a sort of leading opponent of the Messiah.

As for Christ's teachings, in this point as in others, he, and the apostles too, used such language as suited the mental condition of their hearers, and to some extent referred to a "Satan" or "adversary." Jesus does not, however, make belief in a devil a condition of admission into the kingdom of God. "The teaching of Jesus and Paul does not anywhere

combat the belief in the Devil, but tends to do without it."

In the first ages of Christianity, the belief in evil spirits gained much ground. Heathen gods were made demons of; Manicheism owed its wide success to the tendency of the age to suppose a presiding power at the head of evil. Having been the adversary of the Messiah among the Jews, he became the adversary of Christ among the Christians. A theory widely prevalent from about A.D. 200 was that Christ had entered hell, and freed the souls there, by force. Then followed the idea that Christ had first ransomed the souls of all men by delivering himself to the Devil instead, and had then departed, leaving the Devil fooled out of his victims. Yet he remained useful as a sort of barathrum to threaten sinners with.

Then the idea of his visible mingling among human beings came to be much believed; and this belief culminated in the long period of trials and executions for witchcraft; for the whole system of witches, witchcraft, and search and punishment for it, was firmly keyed upon the central notion of the Devil himself. It is the witchcraft period—say from A.D. 400 to A.D. 1650, or perhaps 1700—that Dr. Réville reckons as the epoch of the Devil's greatness. Judicial murders for witchcraft, after having been practised with horrible energy for many centuries, the most bloody era of all being three hundred years from a little before A.D. 1400, gradually ceased during the eighteenth century; the last three judicial executions for witchcraft having been at Landshut in Bavaria in 1756, at Seville in 1781, and at Glarus in Switzerland in 1783. In 1858 an

English mob murdered a woman as a witch; and at this present time there are not a few poor old women in England who are believed by their neighbors to have sold themselves to Satan, and to practise malignant and destructive arts upon those who incur their anger.

Protestantism, by elevating the conception of God, by removing the notion of supernatural powers in the clergy, by doing away with exorcisms, by general enlightenment of the reason, has steadily tended to remove from men's minds the idea of a devil, and to leave one God, a good and kind one, instead of the two, one good and the other evil. The doctrines of regeneration by divine grace have also aided to relieve men from the fear of a devil. It is coming to be believed that evil is the result of human imperfection; that humanity is capable of infinite improvement; that man, seeking to cure the evil within him, is sure of help from God; but that within God there is neither room nor employment for a devil.

NARRATIVE OF A FRENCH VOLUNTEER.

WE find a parallel to the famous "Battle of Dorking," in the "Récits d'un Soldat," by Amédée Achard, published lately in the "Revue des Deux Mondes;" only the latter has the more terrible interest of reality. It purports to be extracts from the notebook of a French volunteer, "the recital of a soldier who tells simply what he has seen, what he has done and felt, himself," — "its least merit that of sincerity."

The confusion and utter want of system in bringing together the army of France is precisely similar to that described about London in the "Bat-

tle of Dorking." The volunteer finds the same difficulty in finding his regiment on his way from Paris, and meets with the same carelessness in the provisions of supplies and arms for the soldiers. He finally enrolls himself among the Third Battalion of Zouaves, in Sedan, just before its capture.

The departure of the Emperor from Sedan is vividly described: —

"In the morning the town was encumbered with soldiers with every variety of weapon, assembled in confusion in the streets and public squares. This multitude, no longer bound by any ties of discipline, was swarming everywhere. Soldiers wearing rags of uniform strayed about at random; it was rather a herd of beasts than an army. Suddenly there was a movement through this mass. A carriage appeared, drawn by six horses. A man in civilian costume, wearing the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor, was seen. A shiver passed through our ranks. It was the Emperor. He flung on either side the cold glance so well known to Parisians. He wore a wearied expression; but none of the muscles of his pale face moved. All his attention seemed absorbed by a cigarette he was rolling between his fingers. What he was going to do was little suspected. At his side and in front of him three generals exchanged words in a low tone. The calèche moved on slowly; there was both terror and anger around this carriage which was taking away an empire.

"A *piqueur* in green livery preceded it. Behind came *equerries* laced with gold, — the same retinue with which he was wont to appear at Longchamps in the days of the prize-races. Scarcely two months between. Every head was turned to see Napoleon III. and his staff. One voice cried, '*Vive l'Empereur!*' One voice alone. All this armed, silent crowd had a vague presentiment of a catastrophe. One man rushed forward and seized by the legs a dead body, stretched across the street, and flung it aside. The calèche passed on. I was

breathless. When I saw no longer him who was to be called the man of Sedan, a deep sigh relieved my breast. He who had said, '*L'empire, c'est la paix,*' had disappeared in war.

"The spectacle that Sedan then presented, after the departure of the Emperor, was distressing. Imagine a city of some thousands of souls invaded by a routed army. The soldiers lay asleep in the corners of the streets. No more orders; no more commands. Families were weeping before the doors of their homes, that had been visited by bombs; there was a swarming of men everywhere; they were, like myself, stupefied by this terrible *dénouement*. I wandered at random through the town, meeting faces I knew here and there. Exclamations escaped from our lips, then deep sighs. The report began to spread that the Emperor had surrendered at King William's headquarters. The soldiers, furious, spared him no epithets. It was a crime that he was still living. Nor did the officers treat him more gently. Those who had seen him pass — and the number was great — in his calèche, with four horses, were questioned. The story of the cigarette roused explosions of anger. 'A Bonaparte!' they said.

"About two o'clock, a corporal of my company informed me that the Zouaves who occupied the Porte de Paris had received orders to rally what remained of the regiment.

"The next day, I shall never forget it, there was affixed everywhere the proclamation of General de Wimpffen, who had signed the capitulation of the town and the army. We were all prisoners of war.

"There was no longer restraint, or discipline; the army was, as it were, wild with passion. Enormous groups stopped at the places where the placard was put up; imprecations arose. That word, since so abused, *treason*, flew from mouth to mouth. We were given up, — sold! After having been food for the cannon, the soldier was now food for money; so many men, so much gold. A terrible murmuring filled the town. The generals were no longer saluted. Bands passed, vociferat-

ing, along the streets, and struggled in this enclosure too narrow for the crowd. There were here and there swaying masses of cuirassiers, hussars, artillery-men, dragoons, men of the line. A wild intoxication everywhere. One word filled my brain, — prisoner! and I had made a campaign of three days.

After a painful march, and imprisonment in an island formed by a bend of the Meuse, the prisoner succeeded in making his escape, and returning to Paris in time to enrol himself in the army of defence before the siege.

The narrative goes on to tell the series of marches and counter-marches of the army before Paris, the dreary waitings and disappointments, lack of provisions, exposure to cold, and the incessant tempest of bombs from the Prussians, all in the neighborhood of Paris, in places full of the happier associations of other days.

"It would be impossible to express what passed within me, as, with chassépôt upon my shoulder, in company with some thousands of soldiers, I went through that charming piece of country, with every corner of which I was familiar. My eyes looked forwards, but my thoughts went back.

"The immobility to which we were condemned is one of the most insupportable things that can be imagined. It constitutes, I know, one of the essential virtues of every army, a constancy and *sang-froid* in danger; but what anxiety, and above all what irritation. The nerves gain the mastery, and one has shivers under one's skin, that depart only to return.

"One morning at dawn a circle was formed, and the famous proclamation of Gen. Ducrot was read to the companies of soldiers. What silence everywhere! On reaching the celebrated passage, 'I shall not return to Paris, except dead or victorious,' a sudden sob interrupted the captain's voice. He lifted his hands to his eyes, unable to see longer. I was

near him. I finished this reading with a nervous voice, trembling with emotion. There was a shudder through the ranks.

“General Ducrot is not dead, nor was he victorious. Yet must we impute to him as a crime some futile words written with too much precipitation? It was a little the fashion of the day; a sort of mania, that took possession of generals as well as street orators and national guards. All took to speaking, and were willing to enter into superb engagements that events did not always permit them to keep. Death often will not answer those who appeal to it. Ten times Gen. Ducrot has charged bravely at the head of his troops, and as many times have the bombs fallen around him without reaching him. However it may be, the words of Gen. Ducrot were grand; they electrified everybody; they flattered the national pride. It is something of a fault of France that she lavishes words upon every occasion; she loves them, she pays herself with fine sentences, and believes all is safe when brilliant phrases sound in her ears; but afterwards, when the French awake in face of a sad and naked reality, they cry out that there is treason.”

But, alas! each day showed that the circle narrowed that was marked out by the bombs of the Prussians, and finally the armistice was signed. The severest trial came at the close. The regiment was brought back into Paris.

“It was to be disarmed. A terrible dejection overwhelmed us. What, so many dead, yet we must lose all, even our guns! Our last military hour was passed at Belleville, where our patience was put to a rude trial. The same men who later were to raise so many barricades against the army of Versailles after having repulsed the Prussian army, lounged about our barracks, rallying us with rude insults. ‘Here are the *chassepôts* again. Let us hide them. They are going to be taken from you.’ Without the intervention of the officers the exasperated *Zouaves* would have chastised many of these wretches severely. The

abominable spirit which burst forth into explosion on the 18th of March, was already fermenting in this gangrened corner of Paris.”

OPINIONS OF EDGAR QUINET.

THE writers of to-day in France are laying the blame of the present demoralization upon the Second Empire. It is interesting to see that this opinion is not formed “after the fact,” or taken up merely by way of attacking a fallen government. The journal kept by Mme. Edgar Quinet during her husband’s years of exile,¹ shows that this was the opinion of the most prominent men of France during the last eighteen years, and that many of these “*proscrits*” for this reason were unwilling to accept any amnesty which should allow them to return to France, and at the same time give any sanction to the acts of the government. Such a book is an answer to the questions, “What is it that Louis Napoleon has done to demoralize his country?” “And on what is such blame founded?”

Mme. Quinet compares the *Coup-d’Etat* of Dec. 2 to St. Bartholomew’s Eve.

“Our history is, in reality, but the history of persecutions of civil and religious liberty, — a wheel of Ixion indeed! In the sixteenth century, St. Bartholomew’s Eve; in the seventeenth, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; in the eighteenth, the eighteenth Brumaire, crowning the Revolution; in the nineteenth, the 2d of December. What continuity in the path of slavery!”

“What terrible commentaries to-day illumine St. Bartholomew’s Eve! We meet still the same men, the same ferocities, at the distance of three centuries!”

¹ *Memoires d’Exil.* (Bruxelles Oberland.) Par Mme. Quinet. Troisième Edition. 1869.

Memoires d’Exil. Nouvelle Série. Par Mme. Quinet. Paris. 1870.

"In the sixteenth century a religious principle was the cause of all this. In other epochs it is the ambition of one man or the rage of re-actionaries that has produced these bloody acts. They are modern *coups-d'état*, accomplished by temporary functionaries who had sworn fidelity to the legitimate sovereign.

St. Bartholomew's was an act of ferocity of a barbarous epoch; while modern *coups-d'état*, ferocious acts also, have brought the most advanced civilization into barbarism. They efface in one night every vestige of liberty, even the memory of a pretended advance in gentleness of manners."

St. Bartholomew's Eve cost the life of thirty thousand Protestants. The *Coup-d'Etat* proscribed eighty thousand Frenchmen. The number of the dead will never be known. The massacre of St. Bartholomew's lasted three nights. How many years is that of the 2d of December to last?

"It is clear that a *régime* of corruption so universal and so prolonged must end by drawing in even the party which represents uprightiness; the elements of moral decomposition in the democracy must end by gaining the mastery over the vital principle.

"After his arrival in France, as soon as Louis Bonaparte, the new deputy, took a place on the seats of the National Assembly, Edgar Quinet incessantly pointed him out as the permanent peril of the Republic. He knew too well the Bonapartist spirit not to unravel its secret designs and their rapid accomplishment in a future near at hand. In September, 1848, I heard Edgar Quinet say, in speaking of M. Louis Bonaparte, 'He is the boa-constrictor who is to interlace all France by degrees in his folds.'

"Finally, the cruel experience of these eighteen years of financial disaster, of increasing deficit, has established the irrefutable axiom, that the true source of riches is liberty; that an emperor costs a hundred times more in a day than a president of a republic, and that it would need a period of five thousand years for a Lin-

coln or a Grant to absorb the sum that Louis Bonaparte has taken to himself during eighteen years. You have before you the example of the most prosperous and most powerful republic in the world. Why, then, elaborate systems and new Utopias? Found the French citizenship upon the same rock on which Washington built the citizenship of America."

Mme. Quinet records the conversations of Edgar Quinet upon the state of France, with his friends and fellow-exiles. These are connected with little sketches of their life of exile in Belgium and Switzerland, in which there is, perhaps, a little too much of landscape writing. But here and there are charming pictures of scenery, carefully described with details of botany as well as art. The books are interesting, as displaying the liberal mind of Edgar Quinet in religion as well as politics.

RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE IN GERMANY.

IF boldness of speculation and rashness of conclusion are to be taken as proof, the mantle of the Chevalier von Bunsen has fallen upon his son. In his new work upon the unity of religions, Herr Ernst von Bunsen finds that the Semites were not a pure stock; that the Jews were a mixed race, and had Aryan and even Turanian blood; that the priestly caste in all races is substantially the same; and that David and Jesus, not less than Adam, were about as much Aryan as Semite. The Christian idea of salvation came in this way from India, and was not original in Judea. (Berlin, 1870, pp. viii. 668.)

The new edition of the famous Commentary on Genesis, by Dr. Tuck, printed on fine paper, will be welcomed by all biblical scholars. Not

many alterations are made in the text of the former edition; but it has the advantage of some new observations of Tuck himself in his Oriental studies, and some valuable appendices of both the editors, — Dr. Arnold, who died before his work was done, and Dr. Merx, his learned successor. Tuck's Commentary is really the best that Germany has produced on that most obscure and heterogeneous of all the biblical books. He has been engaged for years on a geography of Palestine, which will probably supersede all other works of that kind. (Halle, 1871, pp. cxxii. 506.)

That the stories of the Hebrew Patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, are not stories of real men, but only Hebrew myths, many German writers have maintained. Dr. A. Bernstein, in his account of them (Berlin, 1871, pp. vi. 95), goes farther, and holds that they are "political" fiction, intended to represent facts of the later Hebrew history. Abraham stands for the kingdom of Judah, while Jacob stands for the kingdom of Israel. Isaac has no special significance, and little is said about him. Laban and Mesopotamia mean the kingdom of Assyria. All the characters of the Genesis are merely the people of the two later kingdoms; and in the glorification of Abraham, and the cunning and falsehood of Jacob and Rachel, we see the vindication of the Southern kingdom by one of its champions. Such treatment of the Hebrew legends is only an extreme application of the "tendency" theories of the Tübingen school of critics.

The Catholic soundness of Prof. Rohling is unquestionable. Yet, in his new translation and exposition of the Psalms (Munster, 1870, pp. 470), he follows the rationalists Hitzig and Ewald rather than the re-

ceived Roman authorities. He is a brave and original thinker, and speaks his mind without fear or prejudice. If the rest of the "Bible work" which he has undertaken shall show the same spirit, it will help the instruction in biblical science of the Catholic seminaries, and aid the new movement in the Catholic Church.

"The Evangelist of the Old Testament." This is the fanciful title of a work by Herr L. Seinecke on the later Isaiah. He takes the chapters of the book, forty to sixty-six, as the work of one hand, and considers them together. The writer is a genuine gospel herald, as he has so much to tell about the "servant of God." But Seinecke is by no means orthodox in his exposition of prophecy, and does not find any Jesus of Nazareth in the utterances of the Hebrew seer. The "servant of God" is not any single man, but the whole people Israel. While some of Seinecke's critical opinions are open to questions, his general treatment of the theme, especially of the influence of this unknown writer upon the other Hebrew prophets, is satisfactory. (Leipsic, 1870, pp. x. 300.)

The second volume of Dr. Julius Fuerst's *History of Biblical and Jewish Hellenistic Literature* (Leipsic, 1870, pp. xviii. 645) can hardly be said to fulfil its promise, as it ends with the return of the Jews from their exile, and neglects the rich Talmudic period. With all its merits of learning and eloquent phrase, it has serious defects. The author assumes too much for the literal exactness of the biblical stories; takes the Book of Ruth as a genealogy; accepts as genuine the song of Jephthah's daughter; and treats in a superficial way the prophetic office and writings.

Some of his analogies of names are far-fetched.

While Fuerst's History is elaborate and for scholars, Dr. Martin Schultze writes a work of the same kind for those who are not Hebrew scholars. He cannot be safely trusted in all his statements. With many of the best critics he is not familiar, and he mistakes in his conclusions from the arguments of others. He absurdly allows that the Israelites were in Egypt a thousand years, and that their Jehovah came from Egypt; says that Samuel was a "high-priest," and that Jeroboam made Baal the national God. This in the revelation of the Moabite Stone! His judgments concerning the Books of Job and Isaiah are far from accurate. (Thorn, 1870, pp. xii. 207.)

One of the remarkable treatises of sacred philology of the present year is the small volume of Dr. Conrad von Orelli, a pupil of Heischer and Delitsch, on the Hebrew synonyms for time and eternity. By a comparison of words and phrases, Orelli shows the delicate shades of meaning in the Hebrew expression of these common conceptions; how many kinds of time are shown, and what kind of eternity. For instance, 'Onah is incoming time; 'Eth is time which meets; Cheled, time which waits; Mæd, fixed time. (Leipsic, 1871, pp. viii. 112.)

And Professor Delitsch himself, one of the masters in the Semitic tongue, has undertaken to translate the New Testament into Hebrew both for scientific and practical ends. He hopes in this translation to establish more clearly the intimate connection between the old and new covenants, and to do something for the hard-pressed Jewish mission, which spends so much time and money in convert-

ing to the gospel a single member of the race of Jacob. The first instalment of the translation is the letter of Paul to the Romans. The basis of the text is the well-known London translation; but this has been carefully revised, and is illustrated by notes from the Talmud and the Mid-rasch. The New Testament has been several times translated into Hebrew, but never by a scholar like Delitsch. (Leipsic, 1870, pp. vii. 123.)

For facility of confident blundering, the small tract of Dr. John R. Tobler, V.D.M. (Zurich, 1870, pp. iv, 50), seems to bear the palm. His theory concerning the source of the evangelical history is the wild theory of an original Hebrew Gospel by John, of which he seems to have found a German translation. Some of the renderings of that original Gospel which he gives are as "peculiar" as the ways of the "heathen Chinese."

In his "Sinai and Golgotha," Ludwig Noack fairly earned his title of "crazy theologian," though there was method and much entertainment in his madness. In his new work about Jesus Christ, in two parts, he outdoes himself in extravagance, both of style and statement. In a future number we may give a fuller account of this remarkable production, and some specimens of the latest form of German criticism. Among commentators, Noack is what Richard Wagner is among musical composers; and he looks confidently to the coming time to vindicate and honor his fantastic method.

Dr. William F. Gess, Professor at Basle, has set himself to solve the problem of the Person and Work of Christ. His first volume (Basle, 1870, pp. 355) examines the words of Jesus about himself, as they are reported in the Gospels. Gess assumes the au-

thenticity of all the Gospels, rather preferring the chronology of John. He holds that Jesus was at once Son of man and Son of God, and that he grew into Divinity by the fulness of his humanity. The spirit of his inquiry is honest and free, and he has no sectarian or dogmatic purpose to accomplish.

Prof. A. Sabatier writes in French his work upon the Apostle Paul. Yet it is really a German work, not only as it is published in Strasburg, which has now become a German city, but as it is thoroughly German in its ways of investigation and in its style of criticism. It is far from being orthodox. He calls it "A Sketch of a History of Thought." It is an attempt to show how Paul got his evangelical doctrine, and how it was developed in his mind. Sabatier divides Paul's work into three parts; the missionary period; the conflict with the Judaizing Christians; and the contest with the Gnostic asceticism. As a fresh and original work on a worn theme, the book is acceptable. It makes one regret the losses of that rare library by the aid of which it was written, — losses which are among the saddest calamities of the war. (Strasburg, 1870, pp. 296.)

Dr. J. C. K. von Hoffman is an excellent verbal critic, very acute and painstaking; but he has no large appreciation of his work as a commentator. His merits and defects are alike evident in his exposition of Paul's letter to the Ephesians. He fails to mark the real motive of the letter, or to see its bearing on the Epistle to the Colossians, or to meet fairly the difficult question of its authenticity. (Nordlingen, 1870, pp. vi. 291.)

A much finer specimen of verbal acute criticism is that of Hitzig's

small tract of thirty-six pages, in which he shows in the examination of the names Evodia, Syntyche, Clement, and Archippus, in the Epistles to the Philippians and Colossians, that the passages where these names occur could not have been earlier than the reign of Trajan, and are interpolations, if the Epistles are received as genuine. Yet the ingenious reasoning fails to convince. These names are real names in the Greek Inscriptions. Hitzig complains that those who dispute his views will not read classical history or study the Old Testament.

A very common statement of the High Churchmen, which is sometimes repeated at meetings of the Bible Society, is, that "if the New Testament were lost, it could be restored from the writings of the Fathers." Something of this sort Dr. H. Roensch undertakes to show in what he calls the New Testament of Tertullian (Leipsic, 1870); in which he brings together all the passages of the New Testament which are quoted by the African fanatic. The positive quotations are in one column, the allusions to passages in another. It is singular, that in the works of this one writer so large a part of the New Testament can be traced, all the more that Tertullian did not accept the canon as we have it. Nearly all the *antilegomena* are doubted or denied by him.

The third volume of J. P. N. Laud's *Anecdota Syriaca* has just been published at Leyden. It contains the works of an unknown Syrian, — twelve books, of which most of the first is lost. The second book begins with the legend of "The Seven Sleepers," followed by the church history of the fifth and sixth centuries. The third book follows Zachariah of Mitylene, whose Greek work, except in a

few fragments, is lost. The author is monophysite in his faith. Nearly all of his history is of the Orient. He tells interesting things about Arabia and the Himyarite martyrs; and the story that Almandhir of Hira sacrificed four hundred nuns to the goddess Alazza. In the tenth book there is a description of Rome. The twelfth book has an account of the geography of the earth, as the writer says, prepared by Ptolemy Philometer one hundred and fifty years before the birth of Christ. The credulity of the writer is excessive, and his book is a "wonder-book."

Liturgy and the service of the mass has such a place in the Romish system, that we cannot expect a scholar of that communion to allow it a late origin. Dr. Ferdinand Probst, in his work on the "Liturgy of the First Three Centuries" (Tubingen, 1870, pp. xii. 420), finds that the Lord's Supper was always a sacrament, and that the first table which Jesus used was an altar. Liturgy in the Church began when the first disciples were around their Master. James had a liturgy; Mark had a liturgy; and liturgies are recognized in the Scripture and in the earliest writings of the Fathers of the earliest time. The theory here forces the facts, and makes obscure allusions mean more than an outside view can see them to mean.

Wonders in theological writing will never cease while such men as the Great Pope Innocent III. are proved to be wholly other than they have been reported to be. Will it be believed that F. F. Reinlein, a Protestant preacher, not only defends the persecutor of heretics, and champion of the extreme Papal claim, but finds in the treatise *De contemptu mundi*, a sound Protestant doctrine, classes this pope with Martin Luther as a preach-

er of the truth, and makes him a model of wisdom and piety? According to Reinlein, Innocent had wonderfully clear views of human depravity, and of the evangelical scheme of salvation. The present volume is only the first part of the complete work. (Erlangen, 1871, pp. iv. 68.)

In these days of convent suppression, chronicles of the cloister would seem to be of small value. Yet dwellers on the German Rhine study and print them. Hermann Keussen is an enthusiast in this study. His second part of the *Chronicon Monasterii Campansis* (1870, pp. 329-450) is a very queer collection of details of convent life in the Middle Age, the miracles, the controversies, and, above all, the saintly lives of eminent abbots.

And a still larger work by Professors Miklosich and Mueller (Vienna, 1871, pp. xiv. 441), tells of the acts of the Greek monasteries and churches. The authors have unearthed the treasures of the convents in Asia Minor, and have discovered rich materials for the history of the Eastern Church. But it will be hard to make the dull superstitions and duller strifes of that church fascinating to a Western student.

The very learned work of Dr. J. H. Krause, on the sacking of Constantinople in the thirteenth century and the fifteenth by Crusaders, by Nicene Greeks, and by Turks (Halle, 1870, pp. xxiv. 228), is marked by a polemic tone, and is partial in its uses of authorities. Its view is not that of a candid inquirer, but of a partisan. It gives, nevertheless, a graphic description of the attacks upon the Byzantine capital, and brings out matter which has been hidden in inaccessible manuscripts.

Dr. Ferdinand Piper's ponderous

"Introduction to Monumental Theology" (Gotha, 1867, pp. xxi. 910) is a fine proof of the result of patience and plodding, even in small hope of sympathy. To the popular feeling, upholstery and architecture may demonstrate orthodoxy; but scientific theology will not confess that such proof is valid or convincing. The truth of a doctrine cannot be fixed in the shape of arches, or in painting upon walls. Lot's wife proves nothing of the nature of the Lord, or his relations to his people. Symbols express traditions, but never establish truth. "Monumental theology" is a ridiculous phrase.

In the great doctrines of Justification and Reconciliation; once so exciting in theological discussions, there is now evidently little interest, even among believers of the old school. But Herr Albrecht Ritschl, disregarding the spirit of the age, gives a volume, which is only the first of a series, to the history of these dogmas, and shows us the philosophers of the Middle Age, especially Abelard, as the pioneers of the Reformation in this matter. Among other merits of Ritschl's work is his candid admission that Socinianism has done service in establishing just views of justification.

Has the satisfying and complete life of the great reformer, for which evangelical Germany has so long prayed and waited, at last been written? Many will say that the work of Henry Lang (Berlin, 1870, pp. viii. 340) meets all the demand, and tells all that needs to be known of the religious character of Martin Luther, as monk, as reformer, and as church organizer. It is enthusiastic in tone, yet as free from bias and calm in the statement of facts as any work can be from the stand-

point of the author. The admirers of Luther, not content with exalting his work as reformer, preacher, and translator of the Bible, are sometimes moved to claim for him eminence as the ablest of all Christian philosophers. An unknown writer, who calls himself Theophilus, issues the first instalment of a work which shall vindicate for Luther this right and dignity. But intelligent Protestants will be as slow as vindictive Catholics to concede to the impulsive, changeable and fiery Saxon the philosophic mind. (Hanover, 1870, pp. iv. 183.)

The second part of Dr. Otto Krabbe's *Life and Influence of David Chytræus* (Rostock, 1870) is more untrustworthy than the first part. The author is patient and honest in purpose, but is timid, re-actionary, and anxious to identify the opinions of Chytræus with those of Luther. His book is not of the higher critical kind, and does not give Chytræus his proper place in the movements and issues of his age.

F. W. Ecklin's *Lectures on Blaise Pascal* (Basle, 1870, pp. vi. 178) make a pleasant volume to read, and give a good picture of the man and his influence, but are wanting in critical insight; in this respect, far inferior to the work of Dreydorff, which the author does not seem to have used. The conclusion of the book, that Pascal was at heart a Protestant, and became openly so before his death, is directly contradicted by the words of the great Jansenist. Pascal was always a faithful Catholic, though he used his wit against the abuses, and dared to try by reason some of the dogmas, of the Church doctors. He was as true a Catholic as Strossmayer or Döllinger to-day.

A year ago we noticed the first portion of Schenkel's edition of Dr.

Rothe's Dogmatics, from manuscripts left by the learned professor. The lively controversy which Prof. Schrader's strictures upon that work stirred up is not likely to cease, now that the second part has appeared (Heidelberg, 1870, pp. vi. 352), and shows the same faults,—interweaving of Latin quotations in the text, liberties taken with Rothe's manuscript. This part specially discusses the doctrine of Redemption, the influence of Jesus in saving men from the woes of earth and from the pains of hell.

The dogmatic treatises of Dr. Julius Mueller (Bremen, 1870, pp. xv. 468) recall the old strifes between the parties of separation and of union, and the hopeless attempt to make a reconciling creed between the old and new orthodoxy. Mueller is on the middle ground, and can harmonize the strife if any one can. Either party may claim him; but the time for compromise has gone by, and interest in the question has died out.

The great work on Anthropology of Dr. Theodore Waitz has been completed by Dr. George Gerland, and five volumes have already been published by Fischer of Leipsic. The sixth will appear in the present year. The first treats of the unity of the human race and the natural state of man; the second of the negroes and their kindred; the third of the wild Americans; the fourth of the half-civilized Americans; the fifth of the Malays and Polynesians; and the sixth of other Polynesians. We include anthropology among theological works; for has not Dr. Carl Werner, in his solid book, "Speculative Anthropology from the Christian Philosophical Standpoint" (Munich, 1870, pp. xii. 46), shown as a good Catholic that the best anthropology is in the Christian traditions? He allows a large value to scientific

investigations, yet tries by metaphysics to offset their conclusions. His style, metaphysical, yet comparatively clear, is better for the German than the English reader.

A. Bastian publishes an interesting tract on the Buddhist Cosmology (Berlin, 1870, pp. 40), in which the resemblance of Buddhist to Christian ideas appears, and the strange vagaries into which fancy separated from fact will lead philosophers. He notes, however, as an honorable peculiarity of the educated Buddhists, that they are willing to give up their fables, when the facts of science seem to disprove these.

Dr. Fritz Schultze, in a volume of moderate size (Leipsic, 1871, pp. 292) attempts to explain Fetichism, and show how far it extends, and how it is to be distinguished from other forms of idolatry. He errs, we may think, in including the worship of suns and planets by this designation.

The Origin of the World, in itself a purely scientific question, has now become the chief question of all religious assemblies. C. S. Cornelius, in his prize essay (Halle, 1870, pp. xiv. 210), takes the side of the old faith, that the world is not self-existent or eternal, but was created in time. He proves this of the solar system, then of the earth itself, and finally of its organized life. His arguments are not novel. But the style, arrangement, and spirit of the book are admirable. Cornelius honors Darwin, but holds that his theory is not yet proven.

The eleventh volume of Dr. Graetz's general History of the Jews (Leipsic, 1870, pp. xii. 638) covers the century between the time of Mendelssohn and the Revolution of 1848. Like all of Dr. Graetz's writing, it has passionate

invective against Christianity and excessive praise of orthodox Judaism; hatred for Germany and love for France; overweening estimate of the service and genius of the Jewish scholars and writers, and frequent blunders in the statement of historic facts. Graetz is a very different historian from Geiger or Jost.

Rationalism in England is really the subject of a tract upon Dr. Samuel Clarke's Life and Doctrines by Robert Zimmerman (Vienna, pp. 88). In seven chapters the author describes the influence of Herbert and Shaftsbury, and then the work of Clarke in establishing the ground of natural religion, his controversy with Leibnitz, and his moral philosophy. It is singular that an Austrian should appreciate so well an English work.

We may append to these notices in this day of woman's rights, a mention of the four lectures by Dr. Zapp on the History of German Women. (Berlin, 1870, pp. xii. 216.) Zapp holds to the household sphere of woman, and makes her the complement of man. He justifies his position by examples first from the Middle Age, then from the Reformation, then from the eighteenth century, and finally from the last thirty years. Some of his instances are hardly illustrations of his thesis.

JOHN WOOLMAN'S JOURNAL.

THAT most charming spiritual autobiography, which Emerson, Channing, and Lamb praised with the whole heart, has at last come to us in attractive shape, with an introduction by Whittier showing the inestimable services rendered by the Friends to human freedom.

Among the many traits which Woolman's simple words impress, first

of all is his unaffected humility. He hides himself in the skirts of his Master's garments. He feels that it is the Spirit speaking through him as far as he has any utterance. He declares that when he does not give voice to the Word it is because he has not wholly surrendered to the divine will. While his heart is thrown freely open with all its struggles, sorrows, and fears, almost nothing is said in the Journal of worldly matters, of business success, of public honor or fireside joys. Even to the last his "freedom of meeting" seems to him a gift from above, secured by his yielding himself up to the Spirit, the answer given to his fervent entreaty for aid. In England, where the American Friend finds at first a chilling reception succeeded by general favor, he writes, "Next day, I had a meeting which through the *strengthening arm of the Lord* was a time to be thankfully remembered." And at Sheffield he says, "I was at sundry meetings last week and feel inward thankfulness for the divine support which hath been graciously extended to us."

There was never more touching apology for excessive zeal than where he writes of one day, that, being under a strong exercise of the Spirit, he stood up and said more than was required of him. Sensible of his error, he was afflicted some weeks without any light or comfort. But he remembered God; and in the depth of his distress the Comforter was sent to him and he felt forgiven.

Again, in his public condemnation of lotteries, he made a reply to an ancient Friend which seemed to himself uncharitable. After some close exercise and hearty repentance, he stood up in meeting, repeated what he had said, but condemned the manner

of its utterance. And, as this was spoken "in some degree of creaturely abasement after a warm debate, it appeared to have a good savor amongst us."

In one of his severest sicknesses he only felt thankful that God had taken hold of him with his chastisements. There was no desire in him for health until the design of the correction was answered. As he lay thus in abasement and brokenness of spirit, he felt as in an instant an inward healing in his nature, and from that time grew better.

Another grand feature of his character was earnest sympathy for all suffering: for the oppressed negro, the neglected sailor, the overworked post-boy, the heathen native of America.

"Having for many years," he writes, "felt love in my heart towards the natives of this land who dwell far back in the wilderness, whose ancestors were formerly the owners of the land where we dwell, and who for a small consideration assigned their inheritance to us, I believed some of them were measurably acquainted with that divine power which subjects the froward will of the creature." And so, in 1763, he takes his life in his hand and goes forth among them, his heart being so enlarged in the love of Christ, that the "affectionate care of a good man for his only brother in affliction did not exceed what he felt for them."

And with this love mingled much humility. A concern arose, he said, to spend some time with the Indians that he might understand their life and the spirit they live in, if haply he might receive some instruction from them, or they might in any degree be helped forward by his following the leadings of truth among them. Then he was led into a close inquiry

whether he had kept clear from all things connected with war either in this land or in Africa; and his heart was deeply concerned that in future he might keep steadily to the pure truth, and walk in the plainness and simplicity of a sincere follower of Christ. And he rather bewailed the outward prosperity of the English because the seeds of great calamity were being sown and growing fast on this continent. Nor had he words sufficient to set forth his longing that those placed along the coast, who have tasted the love and goodness of God, would arise in the strength thereof, and like faithful messengers labor to check the growth of these seeds, that they might not ripen to the ruin of posterity.

But the grand distinction of Woolman's life was that wonderful tenderness of conscience about matters not adjudged, even by leading Friends, with which he wanted to walk through an evil world unspotted with its mire, and ever striving to clear its foulness away.

Many were the embarrassments and frequent the reproaches to which this fastidiousness subjected him. First of all obliging him to abandon a profitable trade because his mind was too much "cumbered with worldliness." Then distressing him day and night at wearing dyed garments because the coloring was hurtful to the substance, though when conscience drove him to a white beaver his brethren thought the hat an affectation, as they were the height of fashion just then. Next his inability to accept the hospitality of slavekeeping friends lest he should seem to countenance oppression. Again "tossing him as in a tempest" about taking passage to the West Indies in a ship maintained by trading in rum. By and by, when he was

sick with pleurisy, preventing him from resorting to a doctor lest it should be interfering with the divine will; believing, that, if it were God's purpose to raise him up through outward means, some sympathizing Friends would be sent to minister to him, — as proved to be the case.

The most extraordinary decision of all was Woolman's refusal to take passage in the cabin of an English packet-ship because of its superfluity of workmanship, exposing himself to the discomforts of the steerage through a stormy voyage, and separating him from his fellow-travellers; compelling him, too, to travel through England on foot because the post-horses were driven so hardly; inducing him even to order his letters through some other medium because the postboys were obliged to suffer so much in the hard winter nights.

We smile at these scruples, at his refusal, for instance, to take money for the board of the soldiers quartered upon him; but to such we owe such steps of progress as the emancipation of the slave, and such advances in humanity as the changed condition of the sailor. And, so far from society's suffering any harm from these moral enthusiasts, had such delicacy of moral feeling prevailed, Christianity would have been centuries in advance of its present position, and the millennium of human brotherhood would be visibly at hand.

The introduction by Whittier shows the remarkable services rendered by the Friends to the cause of freedom. Earlier in the field than any other sect, perfectly united in their testimony, demonstrating their sincerity by their sacrifices, — to them, more than any other single body, is due the triumph of human emancipation, in Russia, in Hayti, and in America.

SIR G. C. LEWIS.

THE well-executed steel portrait opposite the titlepage of this work¹ gives the impression of great sense, penetration, goodness, steadiness, judgment, and wisdom. Those were the leading traits in Sir G. C. Lewis's character. With more ambition, he would have been prominent among recent English rulers. As it was, he was the valued and trusted friend and confidential adviser of more than one of them. He held more than one public office, it is true; but either as a means for extending his own knowledge, or because the office sought him, — not from any political ambition.

These letters, published chiefly for the sake of establishing a memorial of their author, show his modes of thought and the tendencies of his mind. They are so chosen as to be almost entirely devoid of manifestations of affection or emotion. The writer's life extended from 1806 to 1863. He was thoroughly educated, studied law, and was called to the bar; was an excellent linguist, an advanced scholar in philology, history, and political economy; an able thinker and writer; at different times member of parliament, commissioner for various public purposes, and cabinet minister. The few extracts and remarks here given sufficiently show whether or not there is meat in the book.

The Irish. — “Before I went to Ireland I had very strong opinions as to the influence of *race* on the Irish character. But when I came to look at things more nearly, and to see all the demoralizing influences to which they have been and are subjected, I

¹ Letters of Sir George Cornwall Lewis. Bart. Edited by his brother, Rev. Sir G. F. Lewis, Bart. 8vo. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1870.

asked myself whether a people of Germanic race would have turned out much better; and I really could not answer in the affirmative." (After observing that in Tipperary and Killenny, the two most disturbed counties in Ireland, the people are Teutonic and not Celtic in physique; and that in Cork, a very quiet county, the opposite is the case:) "*Cæteris paribus*, I would rather have a German than a Celt, and a Protestant than a Catholic; but I have no doubt that a peasantry of Catholic Celts may be so governed and placed under such moral influences as to be peaceable, industrious, and contented; and I have no doubt that a peasantry of Protestant Germans might, if properly oppressed and brutalized, be made as bad as the Irish."

Newspaper writing. — "Dr. Stoddart, once editor of 'The Times,' and endued with all the pestilent habits of mind and conduct engendered by newspaper editing."

Englishmen abroad (apropos of the English officials at Malta). — "If an Englishman is to preserve any vestige of sympathetic feelings towards his own countrymen as such, he should certainly never see them out of England."

French law-drafting. — "It must be confessed that they do their legislative work in a most masterly manner in France as compared with England. There are certainly now men in France who can draw laws in a manner in which laws could not be drawn in England. If the French were guided in practice by rather better *maxims*, they would run us a very hard race in most things, and would excel us in many." This accords with a widely-received belief that the French intellect is superior,

as a scientific instrument, to the English intellect.

Public business. — "It is fortunate that the concerns of individuals are managed with a little more prudence than those of nations; otherwise most men would be beggars before they were thirty."

Pickwick (then just out, in 1837). — "It is an imitation of Theodore Hook's novels, with descriptive passages imitated, half in jest, half in earnest, from the descriptions in Walter Scott's novels. The wit (if such it is to be called) chiefly arises from caricature, broad farce, and practical jokes. Its popularity, though rapid and extensive, will, I think, be short lived."

An Ideal Church. — "A church which does not act on the maxim '*compelle intrare*,' but which treats every man as a member, unless he refuses to be so treated; which views every man as a Christian, as the State views every man as a subject."

These extracts are from the first 107 pages of the book, which has in all 249. Lastly, it has the blessing of a sufficient index.

THE NILE.

M. LAPORTE's account of a voyage up the Nile is a happy contrast in French literature to the sad subject of the war, which fills naturally all the books published now in Paris. This appeared just before the siege,¹ and is a very attractive account of the delightful voyage of the Nile, told in a simple, lively way. The book, too, is handsomely printed, and in its purple covers agreeable to look at as well as to read, and possesses the great virtue of not being too long.

¹ *L'Égypte à la Voile.* Par Laurent Laporte. Paris. 1870. Boston: Schoenhof & Moeller.

Fine Arts.

THE last exhibition in the gallery of the Boston Athenæum had remarkable value for students. It collected the best illustrations of Copley from all parts of New England, and brought together several works of Allston which have not been exhibited lately. Of the more remarkable pictures we print a critical notice from a thoroughly competent pen.

COPLEY, STUART, AND ALLSTON.

THE Copleys are this year very interesting. There are many poor and carelessly-painted pictures among them, but there are some of great excellence. Among these last I notice No. 243, of Mrs. Catherine Osborne, wife of Epes Sargent, jun., 1764. A lady with a sharp riding-whip and a keen expression of countenance, in the best manner of this artist. Not only is the gold embroidered riding-dress done justice to, but the face as well, and it is full of character. Copley excelled in faces where a sharply-defined character showed itself. Then he exerted his great powers. Where there was not much character, he was a careless painter. Such subjects did not interest him. He would not even paint their dresses well.

No. 242. The Red Cross Knight. From "The Faerie Queen," book i. canto x. Three figures in costume. This is a poor picture, interesting only as containing portraits of the son and daughters of the painter.

The former, who here shows in armor, afterwards became Lord Lyndhurst.

No. 246. Madam Catherine Hay, — a charming portrait of a lady who is still remembered by some of us. This was the face that Copley loved to paint, — dark eyes, full of life and gay fire, and the whole face consenting to the same expression; a good, merry, capable soul.

No. 252. John Hancock. This, too, is a very good picture, and historically valuable. It is to be wished that the house of Gov. Hancock had been as well preserved. It was poor economy that the city or the State did not buy and preserve it as an historical monument. As John Hancock was a central figure in our Revolutionary history, so the house stood in the most commanding position that Boston affords, and was so built as to be capable of standing a few hundred years longer. It might have been well used as a Governor's office. These remarks are not out of place, even in a criticism on Boston pictures; for the house in question

might be called a Boston work of art, of the old time.

No. 217, called a sketch. Stuart. This is a masterly sketch of an old lady's portrait, just rubbed in, and to those who love art more valuable than a finished picture. This is evidently done at one sitting. The old face slightly indicated in dead color has a touch of tenderness in its broken tints. The outline of the picture is firmly given. The background and curtain are rubbed in with color, showing the angles of the cap and those of the ruffles of the dress as they break the outline. The ground of the canvas, a neutral tint, makes the cap and dress; and yet we see the whole finished picture as it might have been, and so enjoy the pleasure of a suggestion.

No. 219. Mrs. J. P. Davis and Mrs. Bernard Henry. This portrait of two sisters by Stuart is in his best manner. Two heads, lightly painted, so much alike that they may be twin sisters, but contrasted in expression; one full of sweet gravity, the other of tender gayety; a whole history is written here of their future and of their past. Unlike most of Stuart's pictures, to see it well you must see it near; from the middle of the room it is not particularly attractive, but draw near and you will not soon leave it. These clear hazel eyes so full of innocence and truth, the soft brown hair lightly curling round the pure foreheads, the unlikeness in likeness, "the modest charm of not too much," all unite to make an attraction that strongly holds us. These heads lose something of beauty from having too heavy eyebrows, which one can see is a family trait; and this little blemish is suggestive of domestic complications, and obstructions in love's channels, and so

gives additional interest to this charming portrait. The execution is delightful. The airy yet firm touch, the tender yet decided tints, could have been given by no hand but that of Stuart; and one may say, that, if he had finished it more, he would have injured its beauty. We should have loved it less.

No. 108. Benjamin West, after Sir Thomas Lawrence, by Leslie. This is a highly respectable, well-painted portrait, and a good likeness of the venerable painter. But we should hardly notice it if we had not seen that other portrait of the same person by Allston, which hangs not far off, and which is as precious a representation of an old man's head as art ever made. It is little more than the head and shoulders; the edge of a hand is seen, no more. The drawing, color, chiaroscuro, gradation, all are perfect — that must be in a portrait by Allston; but the indrawn expression, as if life, feeling its feeble hold on the flesh, had concentrated itself, is something more than masterly. You see the remaining spark of intellect shining in the half-closed eyes; the look has nothing of the look of imbecility, but of the soul collecting its powers to a point, — and in this lies the art of the truly great portrait painter; he has done all else that art demands, and then he paints the very look in a face, — that look which is the soul made visible, and of all things which the eye can see in this world there is nothing so spiritual. In that look, soul and body meet, and thus is soul made visible to the eye of flesh.

No. 210. Elijah in the Desert, fed by Ravens. Allston. This is an ideal desert; no life is in the landscape; rocks and ground are of a strange burnt color; a very dead tree in the

middle stretches its brown arms against the sky; the very clouds look dried up, and, though still looking like sky and clouds, have a shrivelled appearance as if the sun had been too much for them. Below the tree you see, when you look for it, the form of the prophet kneeling among the rocks which lie in chaotic ruin about the foreground, and a raven flying towards him to feed him. This raven is relieved against a river which looks as dry as every thing else, and its dark color almost swallows the raven. There is one thing that could be wished different; and that is, the raven on the tree holding a piece of bread in his beak. One could almost wish this bird turned out of the picture, though he appears in the virtuous act of bringing food to the prophet. He is too conspicuous, — looks, in fact, too much like the crow in the fable, and so greatly injures the otherwise purely imaginative character of this grand picture, which we are glad to learn has been given to the Art Museum.

No. 211. *Belshazzar's Feast*. Allston. It is always painful to see this picture in an exhibition, because, as is well known, it was never intended to be shown in its present state. The great artist, who was unhappily overtaken by death while in the act of making important changes in the design, would have been grieved to the soul if he had thought it possible it should ever be made public in the way it is. That it should be preserved as a precious treasure, with other treasures of the same sort, in an art museum, and for the use of students alone, would be a most desirable thing; but we hope this custom of exhibiting year after year, in company with small finished pictures, this canvas, which has neither the

beauty of a sketch nor of a finished picture, and the scale of whose figures requires a whole room to itself, may be discontinued.

No. 213. *Rosalie*. Allston. A purely imaginative head in a grandly simple style. This figure belongs to the highest rank; to that rank of works of art which possess the power to raise the beholder above common life and thoughts. To such we should be grateful. We may see ten thousand pictures, and some very good ones, not a single one of which shall possess the power I speak of. It is magical, strongly drawing us, yet so subtle that insensitive persons do not feel it. When many years ago by a happy fortune there were collected nearly fifty of Allston's works in a well-lighted room, — a room large enough, and not too large, — then it was seen that pictures may have a magnetic power. The room was so highly charged with the magnetism of these pictures, that I suppose no one failed to feel it. This quality is rare, especially rare in modern pictures. The works of the great Venetian masters are full of it. Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Bellini, Paris Bordone, and one might name many more of that school whose works possess this virtue. The Roman school had less of it, though none of the great masters were wanting in it. In the early masters of the Florentine school there is something of it, but their virtues are mostly of another kind.

No. 212. *Miriam*. Allston. This spirited singing figure is, we are sorry to see, much injured. We remember seeing it forty-seven years ago in the first Athenæum Exhibition, and then it was in perfect freshness. It is something to have a truly excellent and beautiful picture last so

long, but it might have lasted longer. The two Jews' heads by Allston in the present exhibition are as fresh as when they were painted and as admirable.

COURBET.

72. La Curée. Feeding the Hounds. G. Courbet. This is a wonderfully strong picture; strong with nothing whatever of showiness about it. Showiness is not exactly the word; but it is difficult to find a word that expresses that worst quality that a picture can possess,—I mean the looking as if it were painted to be looked at. No doubt that is the legitimate intention; and yet what charm can compare with that one finds in objects so represented that they have that quality of nature that makes us look for them instead of having them look out for us. In this delightful picture we have the hunter blowing his horn, the whole figure instinct with the action that possesses it; and it is as if on hearing the sound one looked for the source, and had to search through the flickering shadows of the trees for it. So with the other figures, and the hounds, so naturally approaching their prey, full of eagerness and yet half afraid to touch it. Nothing can exceed the ease and perfection of the drawing of these figures, dogs, trees, every thing in the picture, unless it is the wonderful force and modesty of the color and light and shade,—a most admirable study for our artists. Let us hope that the career of Courbet as an artist is not closed by his career as a Communist.

BYRON IN PROFILE.

LORD BYRON sat for his bust to Thorwaldsen, the great sculptor, at Rome, in the year 1817, at the request of his friend, Sir John Cam Hobhouse,

afterwards Lord Broughton. This bust, as late as 1820, had not been received in England; for Murray writes to Lord Byron to inquire about it. Thorwaldsen seems to have made but two copies of it. These two were in his studio in 1821; and one of them, the best, became the property of Mr. Joseph Coolidge of Boston, then travelling in Italy. It was selected for him by a young artist of merit, Trentanove, a *protégé* of Canova; and Thorwaldsen, at the request of Mr. Coolidge, though somewhat reluctantly, consented to engrave his monogram upon it, containing the capital T beneath the cross of the A. This bust, now in Boston, is the one spoken of by Lord Byron, July, 1821, in the journal called "Detached Thoughts," vol. v., page 200, of Moore's "Life of Byron." The other became the property of Ronchetti, the famous Milanese boot-maker of Napoleon, and was subsequently given by his son to the Ambrosian Library in Milan, where it may now be seen. It is the one spoken of by Mr. Walton, and is certainly inferior in merit to the one in Boston.

Both of these busts show the curious duality of expression which has often been remarked in the two profiles of the same head. We owe to Mr. Richard Greenough the remark, that one profile of Franklin shows him as the philosopher, and the other as the humorist; and the diversity is preserved in his admirable bronze statue of Franklin.

Mr. Charles M. Walton has sent to us his impression of this diversity as he noted it in the Ambrosian Library bust.

I looked, and saw the handsome, well-known face. There is sufficient truth of likeness, transfused with the mental life of the man; a counte-

nance that wears the habitude of thought. This may not be said of the common portraits of Byron. That which hangs in one of the cloisters of the Armenian Convent at Venice, and which is a type of the best-known pictures of him, is not quickened with intellectual expression. It is a frank, animated face, without a trace of the traditional scowl on the brow and scorn in the lip; and the head is tossed up in a buoyant, airy way, as though the world was not in the least irksome to him. Yet such is the "havior of his visage" at the very hour he was studying Armenian "because," as he says himself, he "wanted something craggy to break his mind on." An odd niche for his picture, one might think. But there is no sign of severe pietism, no gloom, about those cloisters, — those charming sunny cloisters, where the Armenian monks may stroll at evening, and watch the colors fade from the sky behind the domes of Venice. The canal which divides their Retreat from the gay life of the Piazza was perhaps too wide for the scandal of his dissolute life to float over. Those polite and unascetic brothers doubtless had pleasant memories of Byron, and hung his portrait there.

In the bust before us there is a slight look of trouble about the brow. There is no sense of doubt or insecurity, however, but pride and confidence in his tenure of fame. On surveying the profile, I was startled to find that the two sides of the face, in spite of the general correspondence of outline, exhibit two entirely diverse characters. This is apparent especially about the mouth. On one side is seen the seraphic nature, on the other the malign. It is not a Janus with two faces; but one face with two distinct expressions. These are not

commingled, or blended, with one dominating the other, as we often see in life, but separate in place. Here are obvious signs of these two spirits that have seemed to grow up in him side by side, always at strife, and neither able to subdue. This hint allows us to speculate on the duality of his nature; as though his mind were a province under the sway, like Sparta, of two kings, with the difference that these are at cross purposes. These expressions are manifestly *essential* to the man. They tell of permanent traits of character. Look on the cheek from the right side, and you are entranced with the delicate beauty of the outline, and the almost seraphic purity of expression that lives about the mouth and brow. No one, indeed, would ever accuse Byron of possessing a sanctified or chastened beauty. But here are shown natural goodness, tenderness, grace. The beauty of humanity that has never been sullied.

Step to the other side, and there is displayed the malign. Not coarse and positive, but lurking in the midst of beauty; the beauty of diabolism. It is not glaring to the idle spectator, — the artist's name is proof for that, — but is to be seen by him who may, and easily legible by any discerning eye. The demoniac inward forces have been at work, but have not changed much the fresh outline. Byron was unquestionably selfish and cruel, yet there is no brutality visible here. It is wickedness, with an incurable look of derision and scorn of things in general, which seems to say that nothing can reconcile him to his species. In describing the realistic portrait-bust of some Roman Emperor in the Capitol, it is easy to tell its character and main impression; but in this work of Thorwaldsen, how

shall we speak of the general effect and power of the whole, where no such thing can be felt? Here are his best and most lovely qualities represented, — his best spirit is shining through. But there I am forced to recognize the satanic nature; and, on viewing the full front, I see merely a thoughtful countenance.

Was it to Thorwaldsen's inward vision alone that Byron wore this double aspect? From what he knew of him, did an idea of his dual nature grow in the artist's mind, and did his imagination interpret the trifling lines of the face to give this expression? Day by day did this deepen, until what was at first only a half meaning became so obvious that the sculptor was compelled to give his idea an external reality? When the lines become thus legible and instinct with a certain meaning, the true artist lifts his petrifying mallet and fixes it forever. To him may be sometimes granted that touch of "celestial temper" which probes the hidden soul.

This may have been in Byron's face, yet not so clearly written that he who runs may read. Or it may have been there only when he settled into silence and thought. In this case, the artist to whom he sat would be the only one of his biographers who could give us his countenance; for it seems that in his interviews with his friends he was mostly on exhibition, — generally talkative, in which event the face could not wear utterly dissimilar expressions. In life, we may see in the human face a commixture of joy and sorrow; a blending of even vanity and benevolence, chasing each other closer than sunlight and shadow in a brook, and uniting in a somewhat confused expression in the countenance. The

painter makes a synthesis of the differing emotions. His brush reduces them to unity, and makes them tend to one effect. But the sculptor may work upon his clay on one side, then turn the frame around and construct a wholly different creature, that may not be seen from the front or from the other side. A wart or a wrinkle here, and none beyond, is well enough in its way, and we are duly thankful for care and correctness. Any earnest realist may reproduce such accidentals with fidelity to nature. We would not spare Cæsar's baldness, nor Caracalla's frown. But to detect contradictory characters, or two different natures, in the face of a man so given over to mystification as Byron was, is a triumph of physiognomy.

Lady Blessington, writing to "The New Monthly Magazine" near forty years ago, gives her conversations with Lord Byron. "You will believe me mad," said he one day, "when I tell you that I seem to have *two* states of existence, — *one* purely contemplative, during which the crimes, faults, and follies of mankind are laid open to my view (my own forming a prominent object in the picture); and the other *active*, when I play my part in the drama of life, as if impelled by some power over which I had no control, though the consciousness of doing wrong remains." This passage, recently read, is a striking confirmation of what the bust reveals; and Lady Blessington herself says, "Byron is a strange *mélange* of good and evil, the predominancy of either depending wholly on the humor he may happen to be in."

On reading lately what Lady Byron said to Mrs. Stowe, "It is the angel in him, my dear, which I believe will one day redeem him," I had only to refer my memory to the pro-

file of the right side to recognize how his wife might cherish such faith. The full face bears no traces of mental anguish, nor should we guess even at his infamous profligacy. Handsome and thoughtful it is, with no perceptible hint at his intellectual power. That fire and energy of mind, together with his prodigious force, find no index in the calm beauty of this countenance. So perhaps Thorwaldsen has touched the limits of portrait-sculpture in the bust before us. In his rôle of detective of beauty, this artist could be conveniently pagan or Christian, as the case required; but he never forgot the sovereign charm of grace.

In this case, as an idealist artist, his business is to show some essential character. But suppose he shows *two* essential characters, or natures! If, then, he has given truth and beauty, and has bestowed on the marble such a vital glow as pervades this, we can only yield our admiration, and say, "There's magic in the web of it."

C. M. W.

A QUARTETTE IN COUNCIL.

ENGLISH OPERA.

"FOR my part," said the Colonel as he arose from his seat in front of the fire, "I don't care for your fol-da-rol singing in the slightest. It is not to be compared with a good, pretty ballad plainly sung. You will find out too, Miss Daisy, before you are half as old as I am, that not only the most popular, but the best singers, are those who sing in English, who pronounce plainly, and who utterly neglect such tuneless jargon as that German thing you all profess to like so well." Having said this, old Col. Brocklehurst marched out of the room with the air of a man who had settled a question beyond appeal.

Emily looked at Daisy and laughed; but the latter young lady saw nothing amusing in the Colonel's oration, and by the way of reply gave the in-offensive arm-chair in which he had been sitting a push that sent it spinning across the hearth.

"Don't let your angry passions rise, Daisy," said Philip, coming in from the doorway where he had been standing for some minutes listening to the discussion, "it is bad for your mental health."

"It is all very well," she answered with warmth, "for you and Emily to take the Colonel's attacks so calmly, for they are not personally directed towards you. When Emily plays he never dreams of criticising her; but you know how constantly he asks me to sing, and then for thanks I get: 'You must not be offended, Miss Daisy, but' — and then follows a deluge of trivial, ignorant criticism."

"It is all for your good, my child," replied Emily.

"That may be; but, even if I am sick, I prefer calling in my own physician. Volunteer quacks are not to my taste."

"Softly, softly, Daisy," now said Gustave, speaking for the first time in ten minutes, something unusual for him. Daisy flushed up, and then said half laughing, "Well, I am too strong in my expressions, I know; but I am so fretted by the continual lecturing I receive."

"I am not surprised at that, Daisy," said Philip, who was always ready to make peace or supply a reason. "The Colonel is certainly not well-informed on music, and very aggravating in his attacks on you. He deserves all you say, but we do not like to hear *you* say it."

"Well, I will be good; and, if the Colonel would only stick to gun-cotton

and the days of Madison and Jerome Bonaparte, I would like him very much."

"I tell you what you can do, Daisy: the next time he asks you to sing, let Emily play the air and you recite the words. Sense, not sound, seems to be his object."

"I hardly understand his strong liking for English opera, if distinctness of words is his object; for I am sure he cannot understand half of it."

"That is one of the delusions people indulge in about English opera. 'It is so nice,' they say, 'to have it in our own language and so understand it;' and then, as an illustration of how nice it is, they buy more librettos than are ever sold for German or Italian opera."

"I never understand any thing except the recitative or some spoken dialogue. The arias might as well be sung in Chinese, while the choruses are far beyond my comprehension."

"For that matter, you remember, Phil," said Gustave, "how the chorus in English opera sang 'Der Freischütz' last winter; they knew nothing of English, and so they sang German and Italian."

"At once?" asked Daisy.

"Yes, at times; but the Bridal Chorus was distinctly Italian, while the Hunter's Chorus was as good German."

"That reminds me, Daisy," said Emily, "of the performance we saw several seasons ago of 'Faust,' where Frederici responded in German to *Faust's* Italian vows."

"When, as you said, such good proof was given of the fact that love knows no language, it really proves that what we really want of the libretto is the sense of the situations, not the detail of words," said Philip.

"As far as my own taste is concerned," said Emily, seating herself in the chair the Colonel had vacated, "I much prefer listening to sweet unknown sounds, and letting my imagination supply the words, than be offended by bald, unmeaning English."

"Yes," replied Daisy, "*Che dici*, you remember, Emily?"

"*Lassa*," responded Emily.

"*Favella*."

"*Indarno parlo Adalgisa epianse*."

"Now, you all think that is very fine and pretty. But listen to it in English. *What tidings?*"

"*Bitt' rest*."

"*Tenburden*."

"*The pleadings of Adalgisa were bootless*. Now, that is not half as bald as some phrases, for there is sense in it. Think how much prettier the repetitions of *che, si, la, amor*, and such sounds, are than our English synonymes."

"Your Norma example is decidedly unpoetical."

"It is very funny to me," said Emily, "to think of any one's singing such words as 'Bitt' rest.'"

"But, putting aside the puerile translation, if you make good your objection to the literalness of the libretto, then all nations should have the advantage of having opera in a foreign tongue; and Italians, in that case, would, I suppose, have it in English."

"They would not be silly enough for that," said Daisy: "it is not pleasant enough for the ear."

"I read the other day, in a book treating upon the next world, that English is the court language of heaven; so, if it is sweet enough for angels, it ought to do for Italians."

"I never disliked the sound of English in singing," said Gustave.

"I do. I have always felt, that, if I must use a libretto, I would prefer pleasing my ear by Italian instead of racking it by hissing English," replied Daisy.

"It is a difficult language to sing, I confess, or it is for me; but my German education may have something to do with that. I always have a respect for any one who can sing 'Hail Columbia,' for instance."

"That certainly is not easy to make music of by the glibbest of singers."

"But to come back to our *moutons*, the Colonel would say that librettos ought to be dispensed with, for all singers should pronounce clearly."

"Some of them do. Parepa does in English. Johannsen's German was very fine," said Gustave.

"Parepa, or Madame Rosa — let us be respectful! — may do so in a classic ballad, like 'Five o'Clock in the Morning;' but it is impossible in a quick, passionate aria."

"This is all well enough," said Emily, "and of course beyond question, as *we* all agree upon the subject; but I have a still stronger, a fundamental objection to English opera, that has not yet been mentioned. That is, that there is no such thing!"

"I heard you talking to Mr. Anderson some time ago upon the subject," said Philip, "and thought, after such a thorough lecture as you received on the subject of being hypercritical, you would not say much again about English opera, at least."

Emily laughed. "It would have made me feel badly if I had not been used to being 'put down.'"

"I cannot but agree with him," Daisy said; "for it certainly seems to me that the Parepa-Rosa troupe, for instance, are giving English opera."

"They give opera in English, not English opera. The translation of the words of the work cannot alter its nationality. Jean Paul in English must still remain German."

"I do not think that the mass of people fancy that it does naturalize it. I think they simply mean that it is given in English."

"Pardon me, Gustave, but it seems to me that is just what they do think. For instance, how often the newspapers speak of our obligations to Mrs. Richings-Bernard for her spirit in establishing English opera in this country. They use this term in contradistinction from German or Italian."

"As far as the newspapers are concerned, you are right, I think."

"Don't you also agree that it is only from them that we can get the sense of the popular opinion?"

"Hardly," said Daisy. "They have, or the critics, I mean, have, some knowledge of the subject."

"Precious little!" ejaculated Gustave.

Philip smiled; for this was one of Gustave's sore points, as Daisy very well knew.

"It is true," he said, "that as a body they do know little enough. Youth, crudeness, a liking for melody, and an immature style and positive expression of opinion, really seem to be the only qualifications required of our newspaper critics; but constant hearing, and even the little thought their articles require, must have some educating influence upon them."

"Maybe it must, but it don't," replied Gustave paradoxically. "But, leaving the critics alone, it seems to me that the popular idea of English opera is that it is *not* Italian, nor German, but English, and so reflects credit upon our nationality and the

progress of music among us," said Emily.

"You use the term 'English' as applying to us as an English-speaking people, not in any limited sense?" said Philip, who anticipated Gustave's question.

"Certainly I do. But even if we class England and the United States together, — and we have kindred musical tastes — we cannot boast of English opera."

"But we have such operas as 'The Bohemian Girl' and 'Rip Van Winkle,' written in English for English-speaking audiences. They certainly deserve the title."

"In that sense they do; but they do not belong to a distinctively national school, and this is the foundation of my argument. Music, to be national, must express the individuality of the people; and this these so-called English operas do not."

"But then opera rarely does," said Gustave. "To get the really national characteristics of a people as expressed in music, you must take the 'folk-songs,' not opera."

"Certainly you must, especially if you want the peculiar scales, intervals, and rhythms native to the people; but opera is also an out-growth of nationality."

"I agree with you, Emily," said Philip. "There, for instance, is the opera of 'Der Freischütz:' now, can there be any thing more German than it is, or more Italian than some of Rossini's operas?"

"Or more Parisian than 'Robert,' which was not written by a Frenchman, but a German?" said Gustave, with an air of triumph.

"I should be overwhelmed, I suppose," replied Emily, laughing; "but I fear I am not."

"No; for women, you know, never know when they are beaten."

"I do not in this instance, my child, for you illustrate instead of demolish my argument. I do not mean that opera must limit itself to the national characteristics of the composer or of the people; but that it must in some degree express them. That what is French is not English. In this case 'Robert' and 'The Huguenots' could have been written by no one but a German under Parisian influences. They unite German learning and massiveness of conception, with the dramatic tendencies of the French; and all the translations in the world will not make English opera out of them."

"You class them as French opera?"

"Certainly. They illustrate French thought to some degree, with much German education. Thought, however, supplies the coloring. Now 'The Bohemian Girl,' 'Lurline,' and 'Rip Van Winkle' are in no way affected by London or New-York life, thought, or feeling, and can as easily be sung in Italian or German as English."

"You ignore the ballad character of much of the music of these operas. That certainly is English."

"Yes; but it is the adaptation of one school to another, not a necessity of operatic music."

"I have often speculated," said Philip, "whether we ever can have English opera. In going back to the origin of it, you will find it following miracle plays, growing among people who naturally turned to the drama and music combined."

"But we are certainly fond of music, and especially of opera."

"Certain classes of us are, — the higher classes. It is an educated taste."

"That is proved," added Emily,

“by the fact that our working-people rarely resort to the opera for recreation. They much prefer the theatre.”

“As for that, Emily,” said Daisy, “you said last night that Handel’s oratorios were much more characteristic of the Anglo-Saxons than any operatic music written; and you know these are rarely if ever patronized by the working-classes.”

“Perhaps I should have said they were characteristic rather of Protestantism. But such elaborate forms of musical thought and feeling are lost upon people who lack musical education, even if they have musical feeling.”

“You allow a margin here for our liking for ballads. You do not mean that we are not a musical people in any respect?” said Daisy.

“No; for you know I hold to it that America will yet be the musical country of the world; and this is one great reason why I am so heartily in favor of the study of the art in the public schools.”

“Curiously enough,” said Philip, “we come back now to where we started — to the Colonel; he is a real American in his tastes. We may as individuals love melody and harmony for their own sakes; but there can be no doubt but that the true American likes sound in proportion as it illustrates sense.”

“Yes; for while we must listen to Nilsson with interest, and feel her power in every thing she sings, she touches the heart of her audience only when she sings some ballad of our own.”

“It has always struck me,” said Gustave, — “although now this may be an argument on your side! — that the full sweetness, the individuality, of Nilsson’s voice was always better developed in her simple Swedish

songs than in any thing else she sings.

“More so than in *Marguerite*?” asked Daisy.

“Much more. She shows her great resources, her fine voice, her culture, and her dramatic talent in this; but there is something wonderfully touching in the way she sings these ballads. It is the difference made by a charming woman between her parlor and her sitting-room. She entertains so delightfully, that you can conceive of nothing better than being her guest, until you see her in the family circle, when you would wish to be her kinsman. This is what I think of Nilsson. When I hear her in opera she delights me, but in her ballads she satisfies me.”

“Very neatly said,” rejoined Philip. “You deserve something better than a troche for such a pretty speech; but I have nothing else, so I offer it to you with the thanks of the company.”

“Nilsson always inspired Gustave; he never grows flowery upon any other subject,” said Daisy.

Gustave laughed, but made no reply; he was accustomed to their jokes upon his enthusiasm.

“There could be much said upon the reason why we have no opera,” resumed Emily, “and among the points we would have to touch upon would be the opposition made by so many religious classes to it.”

“But the same objection is made by them to the drama,” replied Daisy; “still you could not say we have no native drama.”

“Hardly, but there is something in my reason, although I cannot now think it out; but I would offer as a suggestion that the Scots, most rigid of all people, and one of the most musical, have never made any approach to operatic music.”

"I hardly think you can find any foundation there for your argument. Their music is pathetic not dramatic, but I am quite sure you will not find the reason in their religion. It rather springs from the same cause that makes a swan white and a crow black."

"Well, it is only a suggestion, Philip," replied Emily, "but I mean to think my meaning out."

"If that don't hold, it applies somewhere else?" asked Gustave.

"Certainly it does."

"Now let me suggest something," said Daisy. "Is it possible that the decline of Italian opera, for it certainly has suffered, can be owing to the dearth of Italian singers?"

"Going over to the enemy!" remarked Gustave in a distinct aside.

"Perhaps. But I want to make a distinction here," said Emily, "and what you say suggests it. When I condemn English opera on account of the falseness of its pretensions to the name, I do not mean that it is impossible for an individual to enter fully into a part. Any passion or sentiment common to humanity can certainly be expressed by any one who possesses the appreciation of the feeling and the power of expression."

"I go a little farther yet, Emily," replied Philip; "for it seems to me that, every thing else being equal, any individual would do best in the productions of their own country."

"As Nilsson does," said Daisy softly to Gustave.

"For instance, you admire Booth's Hamlet more than you do Fechter's."

"I cannot see what nationality has to do with that," said Daisy. "You are beyond my depth. I see a difference; but it is personal, not national."

"No foreigner has ever satisfied

me in Shakspeare. Janauschek's *Lady Macbeth* is great; but there is an intangible something about Charlotte Cushman's performance of that part that the German never has in hers."

"That is because they play it so differently."

"It may be a fancy of mine, Daisy, but it is not merely the conception of the part to which I allude. It is an identification."

"Did you ever hear any troupe but a German give 'Der Freischütz' satisfactorily?" asked Emily.

"No," replied Daisy.

"That illustrates what I mean. This is a purely German work, with choruses so national, that Weber has been charged with founding some of them upon folk-songs. Other troupes may sing the music well; but the atmosphere, so to speak, is foreign to them. Now, when a German sings it, he is at home, and he expresses the sentiment differently."

"Good people," said Gustave, taking out his watch, "do you know what time it is? It is after twelve, and I shall have no beauty-sleep."

"I certainly need some kind," said Daisy, "and I am going to bed now."

"Stop a minute," said Gustave, as she passed out of the door with Emily.

"Are you going to the rehearsal tomorrow afternoon?"

"I may come for a little while; but I have an engagement that will take some of my time, and you know my part is very short and simple."

"Come if you can."

"Take Mrs. Perkins's advice," said Philip.

"What is that?"

"Don't you remember what she told me? Don't wait to concoct yourself, but come in at any time quite promiscuous-like. Good-night."

L. S.

Record of Progress.

THE calamity which has destroyed so large a part of the city of Chicago arrests the progress of some of the greatest experiments of our time in the science of life in cities. It is to be hoped that we shall derive from it some lessons of value for the future.

1. We had no place in America which had made on a large scale such liberal provision for the homes of laborers as had Chicago. While the laboring man in Boston is glad if he can secure for four hundred dollars, annual rent, a proper home for himself and family, the land arrangements in Chicago are such, that by paying a small ground rent, a workman may build for himself a house; and the prices of lumber are such, that many a man lives, or lived, in a comfortable frame house, which had not cost him more than four hundred dollars. In that city there are and were miles upon miles of streets made up of these "seven-roomed houses," many of them costing more than the minimum price we have named, but many of them such as gave a comfortable home, not without some conveniences, free from the annoyances of fellow-lodgers, for the same sum which in older cities working-men pay for the year's rent of their habitation.

No wonder that Chicago was a favorite city for workmen.

Such a system extends very widely the area covered by a city. If a conflagration comes, it extends terribly the surface for its havoc. Such houses make no resistance to fire. We trust, however, that for all that, the plans for rebuilding the city may be made with steady reference to the preservation of a system which is too essential, and in every regard too admirable, to be abandoned. Provision can be made against the havoc of fire. But when workmen are piled together in their homes, as they are in the lower parts of New-York City, no provision can be made which will keep one in ten of their children from dying every year.

2. The fire supplies some curious and somewhat unexpected testi-

mony as to the use of wooden pavement covered with asphalt in a city largely built of wood. It is little more than a year since, after careful inquiry, the City Council of Chicago ordered ninety miles of this pavement. It certainly answered their daily purposes admirably well, but a new report is now necessary as to its condition after fire.

3. It would be Utopian to ask that every block of buildings in a large city might be isolated and protected by trees and open ground. But the Chicago conflagration certainly enforces the value of trees in cities, and rescues them from that contempt through which they are generally disregarded. The havoc which is made in the growth of ornamental trees, by the careless laying of gas-pipes, and by the exigencies of building, is really like the destruction of a breakwater against the tide. It is one more argument for the construction of the Cluster-House, such as is suggested by Mr. Monahan in "The People's Monthly," that, between the blocks, there is given opportunity for the planting and preservation of trees.

4. All these suggestions, and almost all other suggestions with regard to life in cities, require such systematic improvement of the means of passenger transportation in cities, as Mr. Frederic Law Olmsted so wisely and steadily urges. The present system of horse-railroads is too absurdly inefficient to satisfy any intelligent people, except as a make-shift for the moment. The rebuilding of Chicago may, we trust, result in some improvements in that line, equal to those by which the citizens of Chicago have distinguished themselves when they turned their attention to other kindred subjects.

In creating their stock-yards,

In the system of their grain-elevators,

In the arrangements for working-men's houses which we have described,

In lifting their warehouses to a proper level for drainage,

In the facilities of their grain-exchange,

In their water-tunnel under Lake Michigan, and

In the establishment of Riverside, the men of forecast and enterprise in Chicago have set to America the highest examples yet given in so many lines of important enterprise. If in rebuilding their city they can make arrangements for an adequate system of passenger travel, they will gain what they have not now, and the example will be of more value than any one of those which we have described.

WORKING-MEN'S HOMES.

IN a recent address before the Quincy Homestead Association, Hon. Josiah Quincy stated a number of facts and figures which have much value as practical statistics on the subject of cheap homes for working-men.

The Association before which Mr. Quincy spoke, and of which he is the manager, has not arrived at the purchasing point, but is advancing towards it. It has been formed by a sifting process, candidates for membership being subjected to "a careful examination of their characters, wishes, and prospects."

It numbered, at the time of the address, fifty; and several hundred, as it appeared, were ready to join if they could. Such a gathering of catechumens speaks well for the prospects of the elect body. The precaution of ascertaining character before admission to the organization is as near being a guarantee of subsequent thrift as the conditions of humanity permit. There is great comfort to the student of real political science in witnessing a practical junction of the ethical with the merely sociological element. When this interfusion becomes universal the dismal will become the happy science; for in its other departments, as well as in that of sociology proper, the recognition of right and wrong will inspire a kindly human soul into a system which thus far has never been any thing better than a cold and grim machine.

The following is the main portion of Mr. Quincy's address; it cannot be abridged and ought not to be mutilated:—

"Many of the regular members have already deposited two hundred dollars each in the savings-banks, and

placed the books in my hands, to be used in payment for the land whenever it is selected. Should the Association increase, as I am led to believe it will, to one hundred members, I shall have in my hands twenty thousand dollars in cash, which will give me great advantages in negotiating for land. It is not difficult to find a location in the country easily accessible by railroad to the city. In response to an advertisement I had offers of more than fifty different pieces of land at various distances and at various prices. In some cases the owners of real estate have offered it without cost, looking for remuneration to the increased value of other lands by the location of a thriving village in their vicinity. The farther we go from the city the cheaper the land and the larger the lot for a garden obtained for the same money. A man who lives on a steam railroad fifteen miles from the city is, for all practical purposes of time and convenience, as near as one living three miles from his work, but who is obliged to depend on his own legs or a horse-car for his means of locomotion. From interviews I have had with the directors of several of the railroads, I feel confident, that, when we have decided on a location, they will either give a free ticket for several years to the head of each family, or run a cheap train morning and evening for the accommodation of the village.

"I believe that the managers of our railroads are coming to realize the importance of building up villages by liberal reductions of fares. The enlightened policy of the Old Colony Railroad is even now creating one of the most beautiful and thriving settlements in the vicinity of Boston. The hills at present called Wollaston Heights in the town of Quincy, which

President John Adams used to say commanded finer views than any he had seen in Europe, are being covered with houses with a rapidity almost unprecedented. While a part of this success is doubtless owing to the able management of those controlling this settlement, and their guarantee that the community shall never know the nuisance of a grog-shop, a large portion must be attributed to the directors of the railroad, who promised a free ticket for three years to each householder, provided fifty houses should be built. In three years the number of passengers between Wollaston Heights and Boston increased over four hundred per cent, and the income of the road from the families and friends of the householders over three hundred. The following are official returns.

		Passeng's. Income.	
For the year ending	June 30, 1869	3,376	\$146.19
" " "	" " 1870	8,617	1160.70
" " "	" " 1871	14,654	1892.80

"When the arrangements are made with the railroads, and the style and cost of the buildings decided, the financial question remains. That small houses in the country sell for much more than they cost is evident from the great numbers that are going up in every direction around the city. If I am rightly informed, houses that cost with the land from fifteen to eighteen hundred dollars, sell for from twenty-five hundred to three thousand dollars; and I have heard of cases where savings-banks have loaned more than the whole cost of such buildings and considered the security ample. The managers of savings-banks are trustees, and they would be false to their trusts if they loaned their money without adequate security. As far as it concerns us, their investments are limited by law to loans on real estate and on the obliga-

tion of an individual, with two satisfactory guarantors. Most capitalists will lend two-thirds of the value on an estate on mortgage if the signer of the note is considered responsible.

"Now, what is the security your Association proposes? Let us take as an illustration the smallest house that would probably be constructed. The principle of course applies to houses of any cost.

"In the model tenement houses an apartment consisting of a parlor, a kitchen, a chamber and a recess for a bed, with certain privileges in the cellar, rents for three dollars and fifty cents a week, or one hundred and eighty-two dollars a year. A house with far greater accommodation can be built by an association for one thousand dollars, the interest on which, at eight per cent, is eighty dollars. A single house of this class would cost twelve hundred and fifty dollars, and would sell for more than its cost. If a single house can be built for \$1,250, builders will contract to build fifty at a discount of from twenty to twenty-five per cent.

"Fifty houses at \$1,250 would be \$62,500; at twenty per cent discount they would be built for \$50,000, or \$1,000 apiece. The hundred dollars paid in would reduce the amount of the loan required to \$900 on each house, or \$45,000 in the aggregate, or about two-thirds of the value of the houses, supposing them to be worth only the \$62,500, which would have been their cost if built singly.

"Savings-banks are authorized to lend on the note of an individual with two sureties. You propose to give a note, a mortgage, and fifty sureties, — and those not men who to-day are supposed to be worth a million, but who, by a turn in the stock-market, may to-morrow be bankrupts. The

income of the men you propose is during their lives as certain as the continued necessities of mankind and in case of death the 'Unity Mutual Life Insurance Company,' of which most of you are members, will furnish the means for paying up his rent and securing the property to his family.

"This Association proposes to build fifty houses of a better class, which if erected singly would cost \$2,000 each, or \$100,000; assuming that there would be a discount of twenty-five per cent, as I am assured by builders would be the case if contracted for together, the cost would be \$75,000; of this each member pays down \$200, or \$10,000 in the aggregate, reducing the amount required on mortgages to \$65,000, or about two-thirds of the value of the houses if erected singly, — assuming that you obtain the money at seven per cent, and receive interest on your deposits as before. According to the following statement, the debt would be reduced in two years to one-half of the value of the houses, estimating them at the cost if erected singly, and the whole debt extinguished in a little more than six years :

Build fifty houses at \$1,500 each. . . .	\$75,000
Pay \$200 down on each house. . . .	\$10,000
	<hr/>
	\$65,000

Interest at 7 per cent is \$4,550,	
FIRST YEAR.	
Rent of each house at \$5 per week, or	
\$230 a year, is.	\$13,000
Interest on deposits, say 3 per cent	390
	<hr/>
Income.	\$13,390
Less interest on \$65,000 at 7 per cent 4,550	8,840
	<hr/>
	\$56,160

SECOND YEAR.	
Rents and income as before. . . .	\$13,390
Less interest on balance of loan at	
7 per cent.	3,931
	<hr/>
	9,459
	<hr/>
	\$46,701

THIRD YEAR.	
Rent and Income as above. . . .	\$13,390
Less 7 per cent interest on balance	
of loan.	3,239
	<hr/>
	\$10,121
	<hr/>
	\$36,580

FOURTH YEAR.	
Rents and income as above. . . .	\$13,390
Less 7 per cent interest on balance	
of loan.	2,560
	<hr/>
	\$10,830
	<hr/>
	\$25,750

FIFTH YEAR.	
Rents and income as above. . . .	\$13,390
Less 7 per cent interest on balance	
of loan.	1,802
	<hr/>
	\$11,588
	<hr/>
	\$14,102

SIXTH YEAR.	
Rents and income as above. . . .	\$13,390
Less 7 per cent interest on balance	
of loan.	991
	<hr/>
	\$12,399
	<hr/>
	\$1,703

SEVENTH YEAR.	
Rents and income as above. . . .	\$13,390
Less 7 per cent interest on balance	
of loan.	123
	<hr/>
	\$13,267
Surplus.	\$13,267
And debt extinguished.	

"When a location is selected, and arrangements made with the railroads for free tickets or reduced fares, and not until then, the members will be called upon for an assessment to pay for their house-lot, which will not exceed the amounts proposed. Each member will receive a deed and give a bill-of-sale mortgage on his own house for the amount he requires, — in one of the before-mentioned cases for nine and in the other for thirteen hundred dollars, — the money to be received as the work progresses, so as to keep the lender always secured. In addition to the individual responsibility of the signer of the note, *the members of the Association agree to be jointly and severally responsible that the debt and interest, in the shape of rent, shall be paid regularly on each and every note at the times and in the amounts agreed.* In case of neglect of an individual the bank would at the request of the officers of the Association, sell under the mortgage, the purchaser paying the surplus if any, to the original owners. Such an arrangement would require the bank to keep but one account until the end of each year, when the interest would be deducted and

his proportion of the surplus of the deposits indorsed on the note of each individual.

"As by this plan no member parts with his money until he has a deed of his house-lot, and as the payments of rent are made directly to the lender, there would seem to be hardly a possibility of loss.

"In the foregoing calculation I have made no addition for insurance, taxes, and the railroad-ticket for the owner of the house. My object is to render all that the tenants do as simple as possible, so that they may have no responsibility but that of paying their rent as it accrues. To provide for this I should propose that in addition to the payment of the interest there should be deducted from the amount paid in a sum equal to the insurance and taxes, and after one-half of the value of the house is paid, a further sum sufficient to pay for the railroad-ticket. This would postpone the ultimate payment for the house, but would simplify in a great degree the duty of the tenant.

"A friend of mine, who has studied what is called the labor question with some attention, comes to the conclusion, that one of the most practicable ways of protecting a man's rights as a laborer is to protect his rights as a capitalist. The working-man who denies himself, and lays by part of his wages, should command the best business intelligence to secure him a productive investment. While walking through streets of magnificent stores and luxurious dwellings, we ask the question, Who furnishes the money for this lavish expenditure? A great part of it is supplied by the savings-banks. And these banks represent the surplus not only of the mechanic and artisan, but also of the hod-carrier and the washer-woman.

Now, it is recognized by all other banks, that he who keeps a large deposit has a good claim to a discount. Should his bank refuse a capitalist such an accommodation he would at once transfer his account to another. The laboring classes in Massachusetts have on deposit over one hundred millions of dollars! There is a competition among savings-banks to attract depositors. It should be determined among their patrons to withdraw their deposits from such banks as refuse to lend to persons of moderate means upon good security, and to place them in those that will offer the working-man this important aid.

"The homestead of the laborer is the best form in which capital can be invested. It pays a large percentage, and is of the highest advantage to the State and the individual by elevating the family relation, upon which the prosperity of both must depend. I therefore maintain that the working-man who lays by something every year should be able to buy *credit* with his savings. And I am confident that an association such as you have formed — a company of working-men of honorable character and responsible for each other — can offer the amplest security."

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH THE DEAD?

THAT provision in the testament of Prince Puckler, Muskau, recently deceased, relative to the disposition of his remains, is significant, and will, it is to be hoped, draw general attention to a subject which has been too long ignored. The prince commanded that after his death his body should be either burned, or destroyed by chemical agencies; and gave, as his

reasons for this unusual request, his conviction that sanitary laws demand the institution of such a custom, and also his desire to avoid the desecration of his remains through future disinterment.

Americans, who are accustomed to see large spaces devoted to burial-places, and to whom the idea of want of room is almost unknown, can form no just conception of the difficulty of disposing of the dead in Europe. And, as population increases, the problem becomes daily more hard to solve. It is evident that the present system of interment cannot continue much longer, without constant and serious injury to the physical health and moral refinement of the people.

The mourner, or the sympathizing stranger, who visits the park-like enclosure of Mount Auburn, is soothed into a tender melancholy as he looks around upon the scattered graves beneath those embowering shades; nay, not only would the carefully kept cemeteries of our large cities almost make one in love with death, but every village graveyard and country burial-place upon remote hillsides offers at least the promise of inviolable sanctity for every separate portion of human dust committed to its care.

Of course, this pleasant prospect for the dead is rendered possible only through the limited population of the living; and the pressure of the dilemma which now rests so heavily upon the Old World is only a question of time in the New. Even now public attention is beginning to be aroused to the fact that cemeteries, in order to be innocuous to the living, must be situated far from their abodes; while it is difficult to determine the distance at which springs of water can remain untainted.

And if this be true of our wide,

free spaces, what must be the state of the crowded surfaces of Great Britain and the continent of Europe? It is only within the present half-century that the dead of London have been buried outside the city limits: an arrangement rendered actually necessary by the horrible condition of the churches, the cellars of which were full of bodies, and of the churchyard, the earth of which was used over and over again until it was fat with corruption.

Dickens has drawn a forcible picture of this disgraceful state of things in "Bleak House," where he describes how the authorities bear "off the body of our dear brother here departed to a hemmed-in churchyard, pestiferous and obscene, whence malignant diseases are communicated to the bodies of our dear brothers and sisters who have not departed. . . . Into a beastly scrap of ground, which a Turk would reject as a savage abomination, and a Caffre would shudder at, they bring our dear brother here departed, to receive Christian burial." Already the new cemeteries are filling up so fast that other means must soon be devised for the disposal of the harvest which death reaps daily out of a population of more than three millions. And since there is not now land enough in England to nourish the living inhabitants, and the population is steadily increasing, how can more be spared for the dead?

In many continental cities it is customary to keep a large pit open in the cemetery, in which the dead of the poorer classes are deposited until the pit is full, when it is closed and another opened. In Naples, a barren hillside at a short distance from the city is transformed into a burial-place containing three hundred and sixty-five tombs. One of these is opened

every day; and, after the interments are all made, quick-lime is thrown in and the tomb closed until the recurring anniversary. In Switzerland the graves are depopulated every ten years, and the remains hastily gathered together and buried without ceremony in a heap. In Germany a family burying-place, instead of embracing a large lot of ground, consists of one deep grave capable of holding several coffins, one above another. Not only so, but old graves are continually being opened to receive new occupants. Even the solid blocks of granite which serve as monuments in the old cemeteries of Nuremberg, and which it would seem nothing less than an archangel's trump could stir, are, in this our day, pried up by the desperate sextons to give shelter to the dead for whom there is no other place. In the old Jewish cemetery in Prague, the graves were originally dug deep enough to hold six coffins one upon another, and when the enclosure had become full, new earth was brought, and the ground filled in to a sufficient depth to allow of a tier of graves above the original surface. This device was resorted to at several different periods until, about a century ago, the city government forbade any more interments; and the spot is now resorted to as one of the curiosities of Prague. The path leading from the gate is several feet lower than the artificial terrace, and the upright memorial-stones are crowded close together in every direction, so that most of the graves appear to be represented each by several tombstones, standing one behind the other.

In view of the embarrassment which is everywhere felt by this condition of things, and the mischief which is not less real, though it may not always be so palpable, it would seem

that the public mind should be aroused to a consideration of the evil, that it may be led to desire a change in the prevalent customs.

There is no doubt that the proximity of the dead is injurious to the living, and it is equally certain that in crowded cemeteries which continue to be used for burial the dead are not removed beyond the power of doing injury. Casper Hauser's abnormally sensitive nerves were so affected by the taint of death in the air in the neighborhood of St. John's Cemetery in Nuremberg, that in passing by he was seized with a chill, succeeded by a burning fever and profuse perspiration, followed by dimness of vision which lasted for several days. The slow poison exists for others as well, although its presence cannot generally be detected.

From an æsthetic standpoint also, the present custom is to be severely condemned. The affection which prompts mourners to make frequent pilgrimages to the place of graves, where they may adorn with fresh flowers the stone "which covers all that was a friend," is worthy of all honor, and must be treated as a sacred thing; but it is impossible that tender memories of the departed should not be mingled with a horrible consciousness of the loathsomeness of corruption, when it is remembered that these graves which true love has washed with tears must open to receive other dust, and that in a few years the dear remains must be disturbed to make room for other claimants of the soil.

In the light of such experience, how grand and solemn is Homer's description of the incrementation of dead heroes! how pure and peaceful appear the modest *columbaria* of Rome and Pompeii!

There is but one, if indeed there be any, way in which the dead can be buried without harm to the living, and that is by using the surface of the soil at once for purposes of cultivation. Wherever, through accident or design, those crops which require strong nourishment have been allowed to grow in ground which covers animal remains, as on the field of Waterloo and other similar places, the harvest has always been bountiful and exceptionally good.

As a subsequent fertilizer of the soil which has once sustained him, man, being dead, may yet speak in fields of waving grain and vines loaded with healing fruit; but so long as fallow graveyards are allowed to pollute the earth he will continue to be sown "in corruption, to be raised in corruption, an avenging ghost at many a sick-bedside."

The ancient Romans, to whom all later civilization owes so much in the way of just laws and suggestions of practical utility, burned their dead. It is significant, too, that they borrowed this custom from an older people, not in the infancy of their nation, but only after the increase of population had demonstrated the impracticability of interment; while it is a fact, that of all the plans devised by human beings in all parts of the world, and under all varieties of climate, habits, and religions, for the final disposal of dead bodies, that of burning is at once the safest, the cleanliest, and the least repulsive to the natural tenderness of the survivors.

There is something in the nature of fire peculiarly attractive to the human mind, which aspires and longs for purity; and, were it not for the influence of custom, there can be no doubt that it would be less painful to see the dear remains of a friend ex-

hale with the flame and smoke of a funeral pyre, than to give them over to the foul odors of the tomb and the slow frettings of the noisome worm.

There are also, in these days, other agents which do the work of fire with greater swiftness and secrecy. Joseph II. of Austria, partly from sanitary reasons, partly with the desire of putting an end to the lavish expense bestowed upon funeral ceremonies, made a law that the dead throughout his dominions should be sewed up in sackcloth and laid in pits, with a sufficient quantity of quick-lime to cause a speedy disappearance of all corruptible matter; but the decree created such an outcry that he judged it wisest to rescind it.

Only a short time ago, the novel experiment was successfully made of using petroleum as a disinfecting and incremating agent. One of the battle-fields of the recent war in Europe had become a source of apprehension through the horrible stench arising from the multitude of hastily buried men and horses. As it was impossible to attend to each separate case, the authorities drenched the whole field with petroleum, and afterwards set fire to it. The flames were intense, and continued long enough to produce the desired effect.

It is the general belief of Christendom in the resurrection of the body, that has done more than any thing else to establish and uphold the prejudice in favor of burial in the earth; and that will be the strongest obstacle in the way of any sanitary reform in this direction. This belief, like most others founded on faith and not on reason, is entirely illogical; and, if held at all, ought not to depend in the least upon outward circumstances.

For the body that is buried is, in process of time, no less dispersed and

lost amid new combinations of matter than the body that is dissolved at once by flame, or devoured by chemical arts. And when one thinks of the thousands of human beings who annually perish by accidents of fire and flood, and of other thousands who, dying in hospitals and prisons, pass from the hands of the dissecting surgeons to the swift oblivion of the lime-pit, there remains no reason why other millions of dead should appropriate to themselves a good share of the earth's surface which is needed for the sustenance of the living.

Many persons can remember the cry of horror raised against the friends of Shelley because they burned his body instead of burying it. But in that instance circumstances and the laws of the land left them no alternative; and who dare assert that the mournful watch of the three friends over the funeral pyre of their gifted comrade, on the lonely shore of the sea that had too early quenched his glorious spark of life, was less sacred and solemn than the usual parade of burial in a Christian congregation; or that his ashes, reverently gathered, with his steadfast heart that would not burn, was not as tender a memorial for the survivors as the thought of a grave in which corruption is gradually doing its hideous work?

Even considering the cast-off garment of man's mortality as a fertilizer of the soil, in which character alone it has any right to a place in the living world, this end can be best attained by subjecting the body to the action of fire. By this purifying agent all noxious elements are destroyed, and the residue is a substance harmless to man and beneficent to plants. There exist on the coast of Great Britain establishments

for the reduction of human bones to manure; and ship-loads of this ghastly freight are carried from the overstocked cemeteries to supply the factories, and through them the markets, with the needed commodity.

It would be less shocking to the feelings of the community if, instead of this secret, disgusting traffic in dead men's bones and all uncleanness, mankind would acknowledge themselves bound to be benefactors of their species in death as well as in life, and, having provided that through the purifying agency of fire their flesh should never see corruption, to the injury of the human race, would cheerfully bequeath their ashes for its benefit, through the greater strength of vegetable life.

No man dieth, any more than he liveth, to himself; and, either as a helper or a hinderer, must each one of us leave the record of his whole being upon the destiny of humanity.

E.

SEARCH FOR THE VICTORIA REGIA.

OBIDOS, Jan. 16.

DEAR MINNIE, — Since my arrival on the Amazon I have inquired in each place and on board of all the steamers, of every one I met, where the *Victoria Regia* could be found. But the answers I received were any thing but satisfactory. Everybody said there were great quantities of them. Some said 'twas not the season, and no one could say with any certainty where they were to be found; only day before yesterday, talking with an old Englishman who has spent forty-three years on the river, I ascertained that in some lakes near here the plant had been seen, and I resolved to find it or get my feet wet in the attempt.

So, after much preliminary conversation, I embarked yesterday morning at ten, A.M., in a montaria (*vide* Fletcher), in company with the Lieutenant of Police and the Notary Public of this town, two Indians to paddle, sardines, bread, cheese, and wine for the inner man, my Spencer rifle for unknown Amazonian monsters, and myself as chief of the party, and started on my search for the *Victoria Regia*, a fine specimen of which now stands before me in an immense china vase. I mention this fact at once, that you may not remain in any cruel suspense as to the result of our expedition.

The day was fine, and the clouds dense (cloudy days are considered fine on the Amazon); and our Indians sent our canoe swiftly along under the banks of the great river, stopping only once every five minutes to make an immense cigar out of native tobacco and tascui (the inner bark of a tree) which they gravely smoked while they paddled our light canoe.

The land here at Obidos is the highest on the lower Amazon, say thirty to forty feet high, and is composed of Tabatinga clay (which varies in color from a light pink to a deep purple), and a vermilion sand or earth. The banks, being cut away by the current, expose all their strata to the view, while above our heads they are clad in foliage of the most vivid and tropical green. Parrots and other birds chattered among the trees, seldom showing themselves through the density of the foliage. In the water near the shore grew a bush with leaves much like the acacia, only smaller, and bearing a flower like one of those little worsted balls that ladies make to adorn their hoods, of a deep pink. This plant was so extremely sensitive, that if in passing

we touched just the extremity of a bough, every leaf on that limb closed immediately and seemed entirely bare.

We had been told that the lake where the desired flower was to be obtained lay on the land of a certain Sr. Silva; so after a pull of an hour or so we arrived at this house, and landed to inquire; ascended the bank slimy with the rich Amazonian mud; passed under trees like umbrellas, so dense was the foliage, and full of the nests of the Brazilian mocking-bird, who chattered, screamed, and whistled at us in all the feathered tongues. As we approached we saw a dozen or so of half-nude Indian and Negro women leaving their occupations, and taking refuge behind the houses. We clapped our hands, invoked a blessing in Brazilian fashion upon the house and its inhabitants; and an old woman, the wife of said Silva, invited us into a room with floor and walls of earth, thatch of palm-leaves, and elegantly furnished with four hammocks, a bow and arrows, and a tin dipper. We accepted her hospitality; and after the customary compliments made the necessary inquiries, and were informed that in their lake the only specimens to be found were of a diminutive kind, much like our own pond-lily. As this was not what we were in search of, we took a drink of muddy water, returned to our canoe, woke up our Indians, and proceeded. 'Twould be a very long story to recount the numerous houses at which we stopped to inquire, and always with the same luck. No one knew; but each one thought that in the next lake, a mile or so farther on, we should find some.

We stopped, and examined the Colonia de Obidos, a settlement intended by the Brazilian Government

to be a home for retired soldiers, and which has cost some hundred thousand dollars, now falling into ruin and decay, with trees growing in the church, and only a few Indians inhabiting the unroofed houses.

When we were about nine miles from the town the sun suddenly broke out in all its glory and heat, and we were glad to retire under the tolda or canopy of our canoe. Soon after we came to an igarapuy (*vide* Mayne Reid), into which we entered, and, after proceeding a short distance, encountered some men cutting wood, of whom we again made our customary inquiries; and this time were told that in a lake only a short distance off the great Mogul had been seen only a few days previously, but, as the creek leading into the lake was very much filled up with grass and weeds, we had better take their boy as a guide and go through the woods, which we accordingly did; and jumping from the canoe the little naked Indian with his bow and arrows took the lead, I with my rifle followed hard after, and the others brought up the rear.

Once in the woods the scene changed; and, instead of the broiling rays of the sun, it was dark, damp, and with a musty smell, resembling the descent from noonday into a cellar. 'Twas the first time I had penetrated the woods on the low islands formed of river mud, and the scene was strange indeed. Gigantic trees of fantastic shapes, knotted, gnarled, and twisted; ferns and undergrowth of enormous size, and so dense that with great difficulty we could force our way through them. In the occasional opening, where a tree had been felled and the sun had penetrated, grass with stalks thicker than one's thumb and higher than one's head,

and among, around, and over all the lianas twined and twisted, binding all the vegetation together in one mass of cordage; and the whole scene impressed one forcibly and not particularly pleasantly with a sense of alligators, boa-constrictors, and all kinds of creeping and crawling things.

The heat was intense, the air stagnant; clothes seemed insufferable, and my rifle increased in weight with every step; and still the Indian boy pushed on, turning and avoiding the impassable parts as though every inch of the primeval forest was familiar to him.

Once we had to pass a muddy creek, over which extended the half-burnt trunk of a mammoth tree; the boy leaped lightly over, clinging to the trunk with his bare feet like a bird. I paused, looked around, across, below, where I saw the heads and vile little eyes of three alligators gazing hungrily at me out of the mud and water in which they were lying, took my rifle in both hands like a balance-pole, and pushed over, expecting every step that my muddy boots would slip, and I should be precipitated into the slime below. I should think we had gone on in this way for a mile and a half when the boy said, "There they are;" and, looking ahead, I saw a large open space in the forest, covered with high grass. More eagerly I pushed on, gained the open, forced my way through the high grass to the shore of a small pond, and — EUREKA! The *Victoria Regia* lay before me.

In spite of heat, dirt, and fatigue, I *did* feel enthusiastic, and gave utterance to some exclamations, which, as nobody present understood, have not been correctly reported, and I spare you the inflection. What I did do, however, was to give the boy a knife,

in case of alligators, and send him at once into the pond to cut with care a leaf, and bring it ashore, and then a bud. Flowers there were none open.

Do you remember the Blockade Umbrella I bought just before leaving home? That and my rifle were the only things I had to measure with. I gave the preference to the more peaceful implement; and if you will go to Shute's on Washington Street, and get the length of one of his Blockade Umbrellas, price five dollars, and then multiply that by three and a half (the length I mean, not the price), you will have almost the exact diameter of the leaf that lay before me.

I will not attempt to describe it. 'Twould be in vain, and it has already been done; but, in examining the under side of the leaf, I saw at a glance how Paxton took his idea of the Crystal Palace from the structure of this leaf. After admiring sufficiently while the boy scraped the thorns from the stem of the bud (for both flower and leaf are abundantly provided with sharp thorns resembling the thistle), I took my prize; and we retraced our steps, found our canoe, woke up our Indians, and paddled down stream towards home, which I reached about five, P.M., hot, sunburnt, weary, my clothes soaked with perspiration, and hungry as a bear. I gave my bud to one of the girls, who put it in water, and after a refreshing bath sat down to dinner; and, while enjoying it, I heard a report behind me (where the bud was) like that of a gun, — I mean a very small potato pop-gun, — and, lo! the bud had burst and was rapidly opening. In the course of half an hour it was a perfect flower of a pure white like our pond-lily, with the centre leaves of rose color gradually growing deeper till

the centre was of a brilliant carmine; and, contrary to my expectations, it had a most delicious fragrance, as nearly resembling that of a ripe pineapple as any thing I can compare it to.

In the evening we had a great many visitors, who knew where I had gone, and came round to see what success I had met with. It does not take much to get up an excitement in these small places. I exhibited my flower with some pride, and was told that it was of a very rare kind, but smaller than the others. There are, as near as I can ascertain, three kinds. 1, yellow with black centre, common and very large. 2, rose colored, common and but little smaller; and 3, the white with red centre, which is like mine. I find they do not keep long. Mine this morning had lost the purity of its white leaves, and now exhibits quite a withered and dilapidated appearance; but, as it dries, red veins are making their appearance in the white leaves so that it looks like a Spitzenberg apple.

The size of mine when fully open was just about as large round as a *large* dinner-plate, and the stem the thickness of my thumb.

IOWA COLLEGE.

OF the fifty or sixty institutions projected under the name of college (or university), in Iowa, the oldest, by a number of years, is IOWA COLLEGE; organized in 1847, opened at Davenport in 1848, and removed to Grinnell, Poweshieck County, in 1859. Iowa was a territory when it was founded. Several others projected earlier, as well as many projected later, have ceased to be; some have changed their form or organization; but this

institution, based originally on the New-England academy and college plan, by New-Englanders, has only grown and enlarged. It has now some features of method which have been developed from experience.

Earlier than any State institution, it received young ladies, properly qualified, to college classes. In 1857 a number of young ladies were admitted at Davenport to the freshman class. When the college was reopened at Grinnell, all the departments and courses of study were opened to young ladies. Nothing but advantage has resulted from this arrangement, both in respect to scholarship and deportment.

The founders could not establish a female seminary, nor could the friends of the college attempt it, and hope at the same time to endow the college. The expense of other teachers, buildings, apparatus, endowments, &c. &c., could be saved by the union. The trustees were not clear on other points; but experiment has brought clearness. The simple rule of Horace Mann, for the relations of the two classes of students, has been practically observed: Free intercourse in the presence of instructors, and for all objects of education; otherwise, save at specified times and by permission, none. Most of the young ladies have pursued a three-years' seminary course, called the Ladies' Course; two, however, have gone through the college Classical Course, and several others are now doing so. As the grade of preparation among young ladies for entering the institution rises, — and there is a slow and steady movement upward, — such cases will multiply. It has not been found that young ladies, *equally prepared*, were at all behind young men, in the more

difficult collegiate studies, — mathematics, languages, science, or philosophy.

Scientific education is placed on a par with classical education; a four-years' course being arranged for each. For several years the college did what is quite common at the West, — allowed students preferring it to drop the ancient languages from the Classical Course, completing the remaining studies in three years; and called this abbreviated and inferior curriculum a "Scientific Course." The present course under that name is quite different, and very full; keeping pace with the Classical to the end of the sophomore year, in some studies; though French is substituted for the freshman Latin (three terms), and chemistry for Greek; while German is substituted for the sophomore Latin (three terms), and physiology, comparative physiology, and botany, for the sophomore Greek. All the mathematics, belles-lettres, physical science, political science, logic, moral science, and metaphysics of the junior and senior Classical years, are pursued by Scientific juniors and seniors, with the addition of integral and differential calculus, surveying with practice, qualitative and quantitative analysis, natural history, physics, and civil engineering. Some of these last are optional or alternative.

There are now three regular courses of study in the college, — the Collegiate (Classical and Scientific), the Ladies', and the Academy. From necessity, an English department, without prescribed course of study, is for the present maintained; and some "normal" students are classed with the English students.

GEO. F. MAGOUN.

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