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THE CHAUTAUQUAN

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Promotion of True Culture. Organ of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.

Vol. III.
February, 1883.
No. 5.

Theodore L. Flood, D.D., Editor
The Chautauqua Press

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The Chautauquan.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE PROMOTION OF TRUE CULTURE. ORGAN OF THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

Vol. III. FEBRUARY, 1883. No. 5.

Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.

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REQUIRED READING
FOR THE
Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle for 1882-83.

FEBRUARY.

HISTORY OF RUSSIA.

By Mrs. MARY S. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER VII.
GALITSCH AND THE GREAT REPUBLIC OF NOVGOROD.

We have briefly traced the history of the principality of Kief and that of its rival, Suzdal. Another powerful state, in the twelfth century was Galitsch, the modern Gallicia, the Red Russia of former days, a region south of Poland. This province, peopled by the Khorvats, or white Kroats, had ever remained Slavonic in nationality. Its princes were elected by popular assembly, and retained their dominion by its consent. The intercourse of Galitsch with her neighbors, Hungary and Poland, led to the formation of a powerful aristocracy, which succeeded, first, in controlling the popular assembly, and later in superseding it by an assembly composed exclusively of nobles. When Iaroslaf Osmomuisl, the same whose praise is sung in the song of Igor, put away his wife, Olga, for his paramour, Anastasia, the nobles compelled him to burn the latter alive, to banish her son, and to recognize Olga's Vladimir as the rightful heir. The young prince, however, followed in the dissolute ways of his father, and went so far as to take for his second wife the widow of a priest, in defiant violation of a law of the Greek Church. The boyars summoned him to deliver the woman over to punishment. The prince, alarmed, fled to Hungary with his family and his treasure; and though in the vicissitude of events, he was recalled after a time, and bore rule for some years before his death, his dominions passed to Roman, prince of Volhynia, whom the Gallicians had invited to bear rule over them when Vladimir had fled from the realm.

This Roman was no easy-going, light-hearted prince of the usual Slavonic type, but a southern Andrei, a stern hero, visiting vengeance upon his enemies and striking terror into the barbarians. The Gallician boyars who had opposed him were put to death by slow torture. To some who had escaped from the country he promised pardon, but upon their return he confiscated their possessions and procured their condemnation to death. He was wont to say: "To eat your honey in peace you must first kill the bees." He put to flight the Lithuanian tribes of the north, and harnessed his prisoners to the plow. This act of subjugation is commemorated in the folk song: "Thou art terrible, Roman; the Lithuanians are thy laboring oxen." The report of his stern valor reached the ears of Pope Innocent III, who sent missionaries to bring him over to the Papal Church, and who promised by the sword of Saint Peter to make a great king of the Gallician-Volhynian prince. In the presence of the envoys, Roman drew his own sword from its scabbard and asked: "Is the sword of Saint Peter as strong as mine? While I wear it by my side I need no help from another." He met his death in an imprudent, unequal combat, during a war with Poland, in 1215. The chronicle of Volhynia names him "the Great," "the Autocrat of all the Russias;" and the chroniclers generally extol him as a second Monomakh, a hero who "walked in the ways of God, who fell like a lion upon infidels, who swooped like an eagle upon his prey, who was savage as a wild-cat, deadly as a crocodile."

A more magnanimous hero was Roman's son, Daniel, whose youth was roughly schooled in adversity. To his principality came Mstislaf the Bold, son of that Mstislaf the Brave, whom we have seen defying the tyranny of Andrei Bogoliubski. The younger Mstislaf was a knight errant, riding hither and thither in search of adventures. He wedded his daughter to the young Daniel, and virtually bore rule in Galitsch till his death in 1228. In wars with the Hungarians, the Poles, the Tartars, Daniel demeaned himself as the worthy son of a mighty sire, and toward the Gallician boyars, whose turbulence had endangered the state, he used a repressive, though not so severe a policy as that pursued by Roman. The Mongol invasion, that overthrew all the Russian governments, ruined Galitsch for the time, along with the others. Daniel did his best to support his shattered country, but was compelled, as a matter of personal safety to take refuge in Hungary. When permitted to return to the desolated principality, he invited thither a vast number of Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, upon whom he conferred abundant privileges as an inducement for them to remain in a depopulated country. The last named people, alien, tenacious, obnoxious to all Christian civilizations, an isolated race wherever their restless fate and their love of gain lead them to emigrate, have proved a disturbing element in Russian nationality. Incapable of assimilation, or unwilling thereto, their population of three millions have no interests, no

sympathies with the rest of the nation, save in the intercourse connected with barter, or the stewardship of estates. A continual source of irritation and antagonism, they are "the Polish scourge" of the empire. The hospitality extended to them by Daniel Roman is regarded as the one mistake of his otherwise sagacious administration.

Unable to cope with the all-devouring Mongols, although he made repeated efforts to check their advances, Daniel took part in various European wars, always with brilliant success. The Hungarians spread the fame of the order of his troops, their oriental weapons, the magnificence of their prince, whose Greek habit was broidered with gold, whose caparisons glistened with richly-chased metals, and with jewels, whose saber and arrows were of marvellous workmanship. His warriors were equipped with short stirrups, high saddles, long caftans, or robes, turbans surmounted by aigrets, sabers and poniards in the belt, bows slung at the shoulder, and arrows in the quiver. Their coursers were fleet as the east wind. [242]

Daniel was among the last of the Russian princes to render submission to the Khan of the Horde. "You have done well to come at last," said Batui, when the prince presented himself at the Tatar court. The khan waived the humiliations usually put upon the princes at their reception; and seeing that the mare's milk offered his vassal was distasteful, gave him instead a cup of wine. The Gallician-Volhynian, however, was ever feverish under the hard yoke of the Mongols. The civil conflicts of his youth, the ruin of Russia by the Mongols, and the European wars that filled his later years, left him no repose. In a more propitious era his rare powers could have rendered enduring service to his states. As it was, he could not so much as save his own Galitsch from the arrogance of a foreign conqueror. Upon his death it passed to other princes of his family, vassals of the khan, and two centuries later it was lost to Russia, by absorption into the kingdom of Poland. Its fate is unique; for with this exception, no integral state of the early Russian realm has ever become the permanent possession of aliens.

Unique, also, is the history of the wide and glorious principality of Novgorod, the political center of the Russia of the Northwest, the Slavic home of liberty. Its name shines upon the brief but resplendent roll of free nations with Sparta, Arragon, Switzerland. Nay, in the magnitude of its extent, in the exaltation of its freedom, it is not shamed in comparison with our own republic. The sentiment of liberty is traceable from the beginnings of history. During long periods in the earlier epochs, it lay concealed, a spark covered in ashes; but has ever re-kindled in an auspicious time, lighting horizon and zenith with its effulgence. Under the subjections, the servitudes of the ancient empires, the Hebrew theocracy conserved this inextinguishable aspiration of the race. If certain of the Hebrew kings oppressed their subjects, they found them ready for protest and for revolt. When the Roman empire laid its yoke upon the world, the Hebrews of Palestine chose national extinction to national thraldom, and perished by the talons of the Roman eagles. Even then stood ready the new races of the North to catch the falling torch, and to bear it aloft in their sinewy hands. In the mediæval darkness, it glowed, a beacon-light from the summits of Arragon in Spain, and from the peaks of Switzerland. But before Switzerland had a name, when Arragon was scarcely more than a name, Novgorod, by the frozen lakes, far in the wilds of an unknown country, unexplored, untrodden by any civilized people—Novgorod, hidden in its northern nights, was cherishing a freedom such as the republic of the Netherlands cherished in the sixteenth, and the republic of America cherishes in the nineteenth century. To the Slavs of Ilmen belongs the proud distinction of guarding intact through more than six hundred years the instinct for freedom inalienable to the Slavic race. The unrest, the ferment of the Russias to-day, may be traced back to the glorious history, the pathetic surrender of Novgorod the Great; and those who seek to read hopefully the signs of the times, look for the day not far distant, when the venerable "My Lord, Novgorod," shall receive again his banished bell with weeping and with acclamations; when again his citizens shall assemble in the court of Iaroslaf, and shall proclaim liberty to all his children gathered within his vast and ancient borders.

As we have written, the Novgorodians, Slavs of Ilmen, were the people who founded Russian unity, by the call of Rurik. When he came to them, their city contained a hundred thousand inhabitants, and was the capital of a realm that had a population of three hundred thousand. At least three centuries must have been required for the making of such a state; nor is it improbable that some of the aboriginal Finns known to Herodotus (B. C. 500) mingled with the Slav emigrants who passed the confines of Asia in the fourth Christian century. Ethnologists are of opinion that the early Novgorodians, like the other Russians of all time, are a composite race. The earliest chronicles of the city describe it as divided by the Volkhof, and situated on a vast plain in the midst of dense forests. The river runs northward, from Lake Ilmen to Lake Ladoga. On its right bank rose the cathedral of Saint Sophia, built by Iaroslaf the Great; the Novgorodian kreml, or acropolis, enclosing the palaces of archbishop and prince, the quarter of the potters, and the zagorodni, or suburbs. Here, in 1862, amid national solemnities and festivities, was dedicated the monument to Russian unity, that ennobles a thousand years of Russian history. The left bank contains the court of Iaroslaf, the quarter of commerce, as also those of the carpenters, and the Slavs, *par eminence*. In the earlier centuries it possessed also a Prussian, or Lithuanian quarter; and hither resorted merchants from all parts of the Orient. In the fourteenth century, the city was enclosed by ramparts, formed of gabions, strengthened at frequent intervals by stone towers. Portions of these defences still remain, attesting this immense extent originally. The cathedral, scarred by the wars of eight centuries, still preserves within the vivid hues of its frescoes, its pillars adorned with figures of saints painted upon golden backgrounds. From the interior of the dome, bends the divine form of Our Lord; beneath him hangs the banner of the Virgin, borne upon the ramparts in times of extremity, for the strengthening of the souls of the besieged, or to

strike dismay into the souls of the besiegers. From the cupola, the light falls dimly upon the tombs of the mighty Iaroslaf, the holy Archbishop Nikita, whose prayers once extinguished a conflagration, of Mstislaf the Brave, the hero who defied Andrei Bogoliubski, and of many another captain and saint.

This principality was to old Russia what New England was to our Republic in its initiative period: a center of commerce, a hive of industry, the home of the national freedom and religion. It possessed seven large tributary cities, among them Pskof and Staraïa-Rusa, (old Russia.) Its five provinces covered the whole of Northern Russia, as well as Ingria, beyond the Urals. Among these provinces were Permia on the upper Kama, a land rich in gold and other precious minerals, and traversed by a road leading through a mountain pass; a road connecting Russia with the commercial centres of northern Asia, with Persia, China and India; Russian Lapland, the country of dried fish, reindeer, and fur-bearing animals; Ingria, Karelia, and the ancient, wealthy countries of Esthonia and Livonia. The principality of Novgorod included an area seven times that of our New England. In the capitol were held two large annual fairs; the trade in corn, flax, and hemp, especially from the twelfth to the fifteenth century, made it a commercial entrepôt of such importance as to give rise to the Russian saying, “Who can prevail against God and Novgorod-Viliki!” (the great). Its population was four hundred thousand; ranking it in this respect, at the time, among the chief cities of christendom. When Sviatoslaf, grandson of Rurik, conqueror of the Danubian Bulgarians wished to reside in the sunny land of Kief, and govern “My Lord Novgorod the Great” by deputies, the vetché of that city sent him the message: “If you do not wish to reign over us, we will find another prince;” nor would they rest content with a lesser personage than Sviatoslaf’s son. Sviatopolk, another grand prince, essayed to force his son upon them. “Send him here if he has a spare head,” said the Novgorodians. In truth the princes knowing the curbs put upon their personal power in this republic, coveted rather, the lesser appanages. Vsevolod Gabriel, discontented with his freemen, left the city to reign at Pereiaslavl. After a time he signified his wish to return, but the citizens declined the proposal. “Prince, you violated your oath to die with us,” said they; “you sought another principality: go now where you will.” Some years later he effected a temporary accommodation with them, but again abandoned his post. Whereupon in a great vetché, wherein were represented Pskof and Ladoga, sentence of condemnation was read against the renegade Vsevolod. “He had no compassion upon our poor; he attempted to establish himself at Pereiaslavl; at the battle of Mont Idano he and his drujinas were the first to flee before the men of Suzdal; he was unstable, sometimes uniting with the prince, sometimes with the enemies of Tchernigof.” Vsevolod was banished from the realm.

The Novgorodians were ever ready to cite from the code of Iaroslaf, granted them, as they aver, by that law-giver, and guaranteeing them large privileges. No authentic traces of this code have been discoverable; but the people conferred their own privileges. The *vetché*, summoned by the great bell in the court of Iaroslaf, was the virtual sovereign. By its pleasure the princes of the state were nominated, elected or dethroned. If a prince opposed the will of the *vetché*, the citizens “made a reverence, and showed him the way out.” Before its tribunal he could stand accused. If he persisted in an oppressive course, he was put in durance. In like manner the *vetché* elected and deposed the archbishops of the republic, decided for peace and war, conducted the trial of state criminals, and all the other important business of government. Decisions were obtained not by majority, but by unanimity. If the minority stood out stubbornly, the majority summarily threw them into the Volkhof; for with all their wealth, pride and freedom, the Novgorodians retained an occasional trace of their barbaric origin. Commercially, their city was the glory of Russia. Large numbers of the people were occupied in the trade of the Dneiper and with Greece, and still larger numbers with the trade of the Volga and the East. The soil of the lake region is marshy, sandy, and sterile; the cause of frequent pestilences to its relatively dense population who are also the prey of famines, since their supplies have to be brought from afar. In prehistoric centuries, Novgorod maintained a commerce with the Orient, attested by the coins and jewels exhumed from the barrows of the Ilmen. It exchanged iron and weapons for the precious metals procured from the Ural mines by the Ingrians. It bought the fish and wares of the Baltic Slavs. In the twelfth century, this northern metropolis had a market and a church for the merchants from the Isle of Gothland,[A] and in this isle arose a Variag church, attended by Novgorodian families. The city had likewise a large German market, fortified with a stockade. The Germans had the monopoly of all the western trade; no Russian being allowed, by the terms of their compact, to sell German, English, Walloon, or Flemish products. Hydromel, works of art from Byzantium, rugs, felts, tissues from India, fabrics from the looms of Persia, tea, and curious wares from China, filled its bazars. In 1480, when Ivan III, himself, Viliki, or the Great, crippled its liberties, he despoiled it of three hundred chariots laden with silver and gold. The adventurous mercantile character and the proud, free spirit of this people, is typified in the Novgorodian Sinbad, Sadko, hero of the popular epic, who sought his fortune on the seas. A second Jonah in a storm, he plunges into the waves, and is received into the palace of the sea king, who tests his prowess in various ways, and gives him the princess of the sea in marriage. After many exciting adventures Sadko stands on the shore surrounded by piles of treasure. Yet these are nothing compared with the treasures of Novgorod the Great. “Men perceive that I am a rich merchant of Novgorod; but my city is far richer than I.”

The Church of this center of medieval freedom, was the close ally, the consort of the free State. The clergy, unlike that of the rest of Russia, were less Russian orthodox than Novgorodians. The Slavs of Ilmen were the last of the people obliged to accept Christianity; but from the twelfth century onward they refused to receive a Greek or a Kievan archbishop. They must have one of their own freemen. He was promptly elected by the *vetché*, and installed in the Episcopal palace, without other investiture. Thereafter he was revered as the chief dignitary of the republic, a

Novgorodian, as a native, while the prince, being a descendant from Rurik, was a foreigner. In public documents the name of the archbishop took precedence. “With the blessing of the Archbishop Moses, Posadnik (chief magistrate) Daniel,” etc., concludes one of their letters patent. He invariably held with the republic in its contentions with the prince; and in its wars his revenues and those of the Church were at its service. An archbishop of the fourteenth century built for the city a kreml of stone at his own personal expense. A century later the riches of Saint Sophia were given as ransom for the prisoners captured by the Lithuanians. The ecclesiastics took part in secular affairs, nor cared they for exemption from any civic duties. The laity were equally active in spiritual work. One of the chief splendors of the city lay in its magnificent churches and its well-appointed monasteries. The lives of the saints of the republic are voluminous; the miracles all redound to her glory. One of them records that the Lord Christ appeared to the artist who was to paint the interior of the dome of Saint Sophia, and charged him: “Represent me not with extended but with closed hands, for in my hand I hold Novgorod; and when my hand is opened, the end of the city is nigh.”

Not less national was the literature of the Great Republic. The life of the city, of its princes, boyars, merchants, is given in its monastic chronicles. The epics recite the exploits of Vasili Buslaévitch, the boyar who, with his drujina, held the bridge of the Volkhof against all the muzhiki, the rabble of the city. Many such an iron-hearted adventurer, marking his trail as he journeyed, knowing neither friend nor foe, went forth from this brave, happy, proud community into the trackless wastes of Vologda, Archangel, and Siberia.

During not less than five hundred years the Slav republic, greater in extent than any other except our own, maintained intact the freedom of its barbaric founders, the emigrant Slavs who ended their wanderings by the borders of the lakes. Its conquest by the Mongols is one of the mournfulest chapters in history. An avenging though inadequate sequel to it is “The flight of a Tartar Tribe” as recorded by DeQuincey.[B]

“To live is not merely to breath, it is to act; it is to make use of our organs, senses, faculties, of all those parts of ourselves which give us the feeling of existence. The man who has lived longest is not the man who has counted most years, but he who has enjoyed life most. Such a one was buried a hundred years old, but he was dead from his birth. He would have gained by dying young; at least he would have lived till that time.”—*Rousseau.*

A GLANCE AT THE HISTORY AND LITERATURE OF SCANDINAVIA.

By L. A. SHERMAN, Ph. D.

IV.—THE EDDAS: LATER SWEDISH HISTORY.

We have reserved to the last to speak of the religious books of the early Norsemen,—the Elder and the Younger Edda.

The Elder Edda, it has been often said, is the Old Testament of the Norseman’s faith. This is not because of its surpassing age, for the Younger Edda was compiled perhaps as early. The name was suggested because, in the first place, it is composed mostly in verse. It also tells the story of man’s creation, and the limit of his existence on the earth; it prophesies the final destruction of the universe and the genesis of a new heaven and a new earth. It is not a religious history of mankind in early ages; it is rather a biography of the gods, a register of their exploits and wisdom. In its present form it dates probably from the middle of the thirteenth century, but no one knows when its different parts were first composed. It consists of various distinct treatises, which were never united or considered together, until they had almost perished from the memory of the race. After the Scandinavians ceased to be idolaters, the old stories about Thor and Odin lost their charm, and were at length forgotten; only in the far off and dreary Iceland they were still told to enliven the winter evenings, and keep up the memory of life in the old Fatherland of Scandinavia. Even here they began to drop out of mind, when some quaint clerk put what he could remember of them together under the name of Edda (or “great-grandmother”). Some of the chapters are imperfect and fragmentary, showing they were caught and fixed in writing in the nick of time. There are many difficulties in the interpretation, and hints abound that the compiler took liberties with his materials and somewhat idealized his version. It was a Christian hand which copied out the legends, and here and there it wrote Christian sentiments and thought.

The oldest and most important chapter of the Elder Edda is the Völuspá, or Sibyl’s Prophecy. It is addressed to Odin, describing the meeting of the Æsir (or Northern deities), the origin of the human race, and the destruction of men and gods at Ragnarök.[C] We will here transcribe a couple of stanzas as specimens of the form of the old Norse or Icelandic original, and add a close translation:

STANZAS 66 AND 68.

Text.	*Translation.*
66. Hittask Æsir	66. The Asas meet
Á Ithavelli	On the wold of Ida
Ok um moldwinur	And of the earth engirdler
Mátkan dæma;	Mightily judge;
Ok minnask war	And call to mind
Á megindóma	Their [bygone] greatness
Ok á Fimbultys	And the ancient runes
Fornar runar.	Of Fimbultyr.
68. Munu ósánir	68. Then shall the acres
Akrarvaxa,	Unsown bear harvest,
Böls mun alls batna,	All ill is amended,
Mun Baldr koma;	Balder is coming;
Búa weir Häthr ok Baldr	Dwell Hader and Balder
Hropts sigtoptir	In Hropt’s blessed dwellings
Vel valtívar.	In friendship the wargods.
Vituth ér enn etha hvat?	Know ye ought yet, or what?

From another chapter of the Elder Edda—that called Hávamál, and the most interesting after the Völuspá—we we will quote also a specimen. The whole chapter is made up of such proverbs or reflections, said to have been indited by Odin himself:

’Tis far out of the way
To an ill friend,
Though he dwell by the roadside;
But to a good friend
Is the path short,
Though he be a great way off.

Thou shalt move on,—
Shalt not be a guest
Always in one place:
The well-beloved becomes odious
If he sit long
In the house of another.

Among the other divisions of the first Edda we will mention the mystical Vafthruthnismál, or words of Vafthruthnir in reply to Odin, who has made inquiry about the cosmogony and chronology of Norse theology; the Grimnismál, or sayings of Grimnir, which describe the imprisonment and maltreatment which Odin suffered at the hands of King Geirröd; the Thrymskvitha, or lay of Thrym, who stole Thor’s hammer, and refused to restore it unless Freyja were given him to wife: by a device of Thor he is slain and the hammer recovered; the Alvismál, a learned dialogue between the dwarf Alvis and Odin. Deserving of separate mention is the famous Vegtams-kvitha, or Vegtam’s lay. Odin has been troubled with dreams concerning Balder, the helpless god, and applies to a Nala, or Sibyl, for their interpretation. Finally we will name the Völundarkvitha, or Song of Wayland. This contains the story of his toils and adventures at the court of Nidud, a Swedish king.

The Younger Edda is written in prose, and is believed to be the compilation, for the most part, of Snorre Sturleson. It must then have been put together about the same time as the Elder Edda, for Snorre was murdered in the year 1241. The materials of the Younger Edda, as of the Elder, are legends concerning the earth-life of the gods. It begins with a sort of preface, which repeats the story of the first chapters of Genesis, as far as the confusion of tongues. The narrative then abruptly shifts to Troy, and from Priam to Saturn and Jupiter. From Memnon, a Trojan prince and son-in-law of Priam, the author next traces the genealogy of Odin, whom he assigns to the nineteenth generation after Priam. Odin possessed the gift of knowing the future; and becoming aware that great renown awaited him in the north regions, set out to find them, with a large company of followers. They reach first Saxland, which they stop to subjugate, and over the conquered lands Odin leaves three sons to bear rule. Then the army of eastern conquerors begins again to march. They occupy Denmark, then Sweden and Norway. Sweden was at that time ruled by a king named Gylfe, who submitted to Odin without battle. From this country Odin selected the site for a city, which he called Sigtown (city of Victory). With this account of the origin of the Scandinavian chieftains and deities, the first part of this Edda closes.

The second portion, or Deception of Gylfe, is full of the most interesting myths of the Teutonic religion. This Gylfe is the king of Sweden mentioned in the introduction, who repairs to the court of the Æsir to find out the secret of their power. He disguises himself and asks admittance to the hall of the gods. They recognize him, and make him the victim of ocular illusion. The hall is so high he can scarcely see the top, and the shingles on the roof are golden shields. Gylfe is admitted, and engages in conversation with Odin himself, who is called Har. Gylfe asks all manner of questions about the various deities, the creation of the world and of man, the steed of Odin, Frey’s famous ship, the life of the gods in Valhall, and the final destruction of all things at

Ragnarök. Har answers patiently, and in detail, until Gylfe proceeds to inquire about the new order of things that should spring up after Ragnarök. Har gives him a short answer, and unceremoniously closes the dialogue. The illusion of the city and gold-roofed hall vanishes, and Gylfe finds himself alone on a desolate plain. He returns to his home, and tells what he has heard and seen. In this way, fables the author, the race of Northmen became possessed of their knowledge of divine things.

The other important portions of the Younger Edda are the Discourse of Brage, the Skaldskaparmál, and the Hattatal. Brage is the northern Apollo, and never opens his lips except to utter words of wisdom. His discourse is mythologic and supplemental to the Gylfaginning, or Delusion of Gylfe. The Skaldskaparmál is also partly narrative, partly a digest of the rules and principles to be followed in composing verse. The Hattatal is merely an enumeration of the various meters employed in Icelandic poetry.[D]

We will now resume with Sweden. It will be remembered that we know much less of Sweden in early times than of Norway or Denmark. The Swedes did not join, so far as is known, the viking expeditions which ravaged the south and west of Europe. They robbed and oppressed the Finns and other tribes living near them on the north and east, and sent forth the bands of Varangians which conquered Russia and threatened Constantinople. Thus they came less in contact with France and Britain, and left no foreign record of their internal history. We are told, doubtfully, of various sovereigns who ruled Sweden in the tenth century, and of one Erik Sejrsöl, who humbled Denmark. This king died in 993, leaving an infant son Olaf, the “Lap-King.” In boyhood he was brought under the instruction of an English missionary and baptized into the Christian faith. Olaf’s reign was a stormy one, partly on account of the hostility of the Swedes to the Christian religion, partly on account of a bitter quarrel with Norway. Olaf was at best a very ill Christian. He broke his solemn word pledged to his subjects, and came near losing his crown in consequence. After his death the new religion had a harder struggle than ever, and at times seemed virtually extinct. For the next hundred years anarchy and idolatry prevailed together. With the accession of Sverker Carlson, in 1135, both evils ceased, and Sweden was enrolled among the faithful subjects of Rome. King Sverker’s religion, however, seems rather an affair of temperament than of choice. Like the Anglo-Saxon King Ethelwulf, he was incapable of energetic action. On Christmas eve of the year 1155 he was murdered by his servants while on the way to mass. Erik the “Saint” succeeded, who made the Christian religion respected at home as well as feared abroad. He added Finland to the royal domains, and established an archbishop’s see at Upsala. Thus Sweden was put fairly on the road to civilization and prosperity.

The Sverker dynasty continued in power until 1250, then giving way to the Folkungar line of kings. A century later, under the rule of Magnus Smek, a revolution occurred which set upon the throne Count Albrecht, of Mecklenburg, nephew of the deposed Magnus. This did not bring peace or quiet, and upon the invitation of one of the contending factions, Margaret, Queen of Denmark and Norway, invaded the country and captured the Swedish throne. She was succeeded by her nephew, Erik of Pomerania, who married Philippa, daughter of Henry the Fourth of England. Erik proved utterly incapable of managing the three kingdoms his aunt had united, and after a quarter of a century of civil war lost the allegiance of each of the three. Denmark and Norway chose for their ruler Erik’s nephew, Christopher of Bavaria, and Sweden was induced to ratify their choice. Upon his death, in 1448, the Oldenburg line, in Norway and Denmark, begins with Christian I. This king attempted to subjugate Sweden, but Karl Knudson, her marshal king, succeeded in keeping his crown. After his death, Hans, son and successor to Christian I., won Sweden by the aid of German mercenary troops. Again Sweden shakes off the Danish yoke, and again is subjugated by Christian II. At length in 1523 Gustaf I., known commonly in history by the title of Gustavus Vasa, liberated Sweden forever from foreign domination. But foreign domination was scarcely worse than the domestic tyranny of the nobles and the clergy. Gustaf set himself the task of breaking down this also. In his twenty-seven years of rule he established the reformed or Lutheran faith, elevated the peasantry, developed the resources of the country, replenished the national treasury and created a navy and army of defence.

Thus was established the Vasa line, destined to remain in power until the time of Napoleon. Gustaf was succeeded by his son Erik, a young man of promise, who is most easily remembered for having been a suitor for the hand of the English queen, Elizabeth. He soon fell a victim of insanity and resigned the crown to his brother John. The latter king, who attempted to restore Catholicism, proved almost as great a failure. Sigismund and Charles IX continue the line, when we reach the famous name of Gustavus Adolphus (Gustaf Adolf II.) This king, the most accomplished prince of his age, came to the throne in 1611. He had at once to measure his strength against Denmark, Poland, and Russia, but found no difficulty in adjusting with each an advantageous peace. It was a reign like Elizabeth’s in England: there was ability on the throne, there was wise counsel beside it, and the people loved and confided in both. As soon as the pressing affairs of his government were adjusted Gustavus determined to go over to Germany and assist the Protestants in their struggle with the Catholic league. At the head of only 15,000 Swedes he assumed the leadership of the Protestant cause, and won the important battles of Leipsic and Lützen,—the latter at the cost of his life. The Swedes have never ceased to cherish the memory of their hero king, who combined the most generous and chivalrous impulses with a bravery not unworthy of the viking age.

The death of Gustaf II was the first of a succession of calamities to Sweden. The cause of the German Protestants ceased to prosper, and the Swedish co-operation was abandoned. The late king had left no heir except a daughter Christina, whose administration ended in disgrace. The

reign of Charles X followed, 1656-1660, four years of disorder and unprofitable drain upon the national resources. A regency followed, for Charles XI was but four years old. After assuming the reins of government, he suffered various defeats, and lost for Sweden many of her former conquests. Like the first Gustavus he was the friend of the lower orders, and by their aid overcame the power of the nobility and made himself an absolute sovereign. After his death in 1697, his son, Charles XII, succeeded at the age of fifteen. The rival powers of Denmark, Poland and Russia, thinking it a favorable opportunity to crush Sweden, formed a league with this intent. Charles at once proved himself equal to the occasion by forcing Denmark to conclude peace, and defeating an army of 50,000 Russians with 8,000 Swedes. Poland was next attacked and King Augustus driven from his throne. Charles then made the same mistake of moving upon Moscow in the winter, which broke the power of Napoleon a century later. Defeated by Peter the Great at Pultowa, Charles retreated to Bender in the dominions of the Sultan. Here he was for a time imprisoned, but at length escaping returned to Sweden in safety. For a time he seemed likely to regain the prestige he had lost, but the fatal "shot" which pierced his brain at the siege of Friedrichshall, in 1718, crushed the hopes of Sweden. From a dictatorial position in the politics of Europe, she had fallen to the rank of a third-rate power. Though thus the occasion of his country's ruin, Charles XII is the idol of every Swede. How fondly the memory of his age ("Den Karolinska Tiden") is still cherished in Sweden, we shall see in our next paper.

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY.

Teutones (Tútonēs). Ul´filas (u like oo). Al´aric, Theod´oric. Pyth´eas. *Dönsk tunga* (Dernsk toong´-a). Siegfred (Seeg´fred). Norrœnamál (Norrāna maul). Frode (Frŏ´dā). Harald Haarfager (Harald—*a* as in *father*—Horfager) Reykiavik (Reī´kiavik´.) Blodœxe (Blooderxā). Erik Graafell (Er´ik Grófell). Bielozero (Bē´ĕloz´ero). Iz´borsk. Ruotsalaíset. Bjarne (Byar´nā; first *a* as in *father*). Njál (Nyaul). Völuspá (Vérloospaú). Ragnarök (Rágnarérk). Freyja (Freiya). Upsála (u like oo).

[To be continued.]

PICTURES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

By C. E. BISHOP.

V.—THE BATTLE OF PANCAKE CREEK.

"Decisive battles of history" are such because of long trains of events that lead up to them and explode there. Those events form one of the most interesting studies of historical philosophy; an understanding of them is necessary to an intelligent reading of subsequent changes. One of these culminating points and turning points was the Battle of Bannockburn, fought June 24, 1314, between the Scotch under King Robert, "the Bruce," and the English under the ill-starred King Edward II.

Edward I had been a great fighter. He fought the Scotch so persistently that his tomb bears the vain-glorious inscription, "Here lies the Hammer of the Scots." He died, worn out, in a Scotch campaign (1307), enjoining on his son, it is said, the pleasant duty of boiling all the flesh off his father's bones and carrying them at the head of the army until Scotland should be crushed. Then he might celebrate at once the funeral of Scotland's freedom and of its "Hammer." Edward II very wisely disregarded this barbarous dying request. He at once abandoned the Scotch war.

Seven years of peace followed, during which Scotland was drilling and gathering strength under Bruce, while England was torn and weakened by internal quarrels between the king and his dissolute favorites on one side, and the lawless and tyrannical barons on the other. By the fall of 1313 the Scotch had cleared the English garrisons out of all their castles save Stirling, and that, the key to the borders, they besieged. "Its danger roused England out of its civil strife to a vast effort for the recovery of its prey." The army gathered to this task comprised thirty thousand horsemen, and seventy thousand English, Welsh, and Irish footmen, raw, undisciplined, disorderly; while Bruce's army numbered only thirty thousand, nearly all on foot, but they were inured to war and reckless fighters, those wild clansmen.

The little burne (brook) of Bannock (pancake) runs through a swamp near the rock on which Sterling Castle stands. Bruce chose his position, as he fought the battle, with a genius for arms which showed him to be the first soldier of his age. On his right flank was the creek and marsh, on the left the ledge of rocks and castle, in the rear a wooded hill. The ground in front was cut up by patches of forest and undergrowth and swamp-holes, so that no large body of the enemy at once could come at him. This robbed the English of much of their advantage of numbers. Other precautions, it will appear, took away also the superiority of his enemy in the matter of cavalry.

The battle which took place here has been much written and sung about, but rational explanations of its surprising outcome are hard to find. We may seek them in the disorganization and disaffection of the English army and the incapacity of its command; in the contrary circumstances on the Scotch side; and in four striking reverses which befell the English. But as these reverses were due to superior generalship and better fighting on the Scotch side, we may as well put the credit where it belongs, with Bruce and his compatriots.

The first of these four reverses took place the night before the general engagement. Edward had sent ahead a detachment of eight hundred knights to relieve the besieged English in Sterling Castle, and hold it as a base of operations. To send so weak a force upon so important a task marked the incapacity of the English generalship at the outset. But the movement was well executed, for the first Bruce knew the squadron was on his flank and between him and Sterling. Riding up to Earl Randolph, his nephew, who had been cautioned against this very manœuvre, he cried, “Randolph, you are flanked. A rose has fallen from your chaplet.”

Randolph was an English settler in Scotland and was distrusted by the Scotch; but he made a brave stand against the English. He formed in the order of Hastings—a hollow square—the front rank kneeling, the next stooping, the inside line erect, their spears a perpendicular wall of bristling steel. Around this square and on these points the English cavalry circled and broke and were used up. Lord Douglas, though a personal enemy of Randolph, when he saw him sore beset, chivalrously asked leave to go to his assistance. “No,” declared Bruce, “I’ll not break my lines. Let him redeem his own fault.” He did—and a few defeated horsemen galloped away to King Edward to report the first English repulse. Bruce’s stern decision not to break his order of battle, even at the risk of a defeat of Randolph, is the key to his successful control of the undisciplined Scotch, and to his victory.

Early in the day of the 24th the English host came in sight. Edward rode out with his body-guard to reconnoitre. The first sight that met his eyes was an aged priest, bare-footed, walking along the Scotch lines and all the rough soldiers on their knees.

“See,” said the confident king, “They kneel, they cry for mercy.”

“Yea,” said Sir Ingeltram de Umfraville, “they cry for mercy, but it is to God, not to you.”

Presently came Bruce riding a little Scotch pony along the lines, giving his men their last directions and words of cheer. English chivalry, in the person of Sir Henry de Bohun, thought this an opportunity for cheap glory. Chivalry, with all its pretense of fairness, took odds when it could, and de Bohun in full armor, on a heavy Flanders steed, thundered down on Bruce. Dextrously dodging Bohun’s spear, Bruce rose in his stirrups and, as his enemy careered past with a great circle in the air he brought his axe down full on Bohun’s head. The axe was shattered by the tremendous blow, while helmet and skull were cleft and the brilliant knight rolled in the dust. A great shout from the Scotch hailed this feat; a damp silence among the English hailed this defeat No. 2. “The Englishmen had great abasing,” says old Barbour. As for Bruce, when his chiefs reproached him for the risk he had taken, he only looked ruefully at the fragment of the axe-handle in his hand and muttered, “I have broken my good axe.”

It is at this moment, just before the battle, that Burns puts into the mouth of Bruce the most inspiring battle-hymn ever written:

Scots wha hae wi’ Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce hae often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory.
Now’s the day and now’s the hour;
See the front o’ battle lour.
See approach proud Edward’s power,
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave,
Wha can fill a coward’s grave,
Wha sae base as be a slave,
Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland’s king and law
Freedom’s sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa’
Let him follow me.

By oppression’s woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurper low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty’s in every blow!
Let us do or die!

In the battle which now began, the wisdom of Bruce’s plans appeared. His small cavalry force he placed in hiding at the right for flank operations on the dreaded English archers. To cope with the more dreaded English men-at-arms he had dug all the solid ground along his line full of pits, set them full of sharp stakes, and covered all fairly with boughs and turf. His baggage, horses and camp impediments were parked behind the hill in his rear; the wagoners and servants (“Gillies”) there secreted were destined to play an important part in this singular battle—a part so signal that the hill has ever since been known as Gillies Hill.

The English attack began, as expected, in the assault of archers. It made havoc among the Scotch with their bull's-hide bucklers for their only protection. "Now we'll cut their bow-strings!" cried Edward Bruce to the Scotch horsemen in cover, and forthwith they were hewing and sabering among the English yeomen, who, having no small arms wherewith to fight hand to hand, were helpless to resist this attack. They were stampeded and hurled back a confused mass upon the English army. Defeat No. 3.

The appearance of Scotch horse in the engagement was a surprise to the English. To meet it they ordered a charge of their own cavalry. Down the narrow passages they thundered, a galling fire of Scotch arrows in their faces.

Rushing, ten thousand horsemen came,
With spears in rest and hearts on flame,
That panted for the shock;
Down, down in headlong overthrow,
Horseman and horse the foremost go,
Wild floundering on the field.

Loud from the mass confused the cry
Of dying warriors swells on high,
And steeds that shriek in agony.
They came like mountain torrent red,
That thunders o'er its rocky bed;
They broke like that same torrent's wave
When swallowed by a darksome cave,
Billow on billow rushing on
Follows the path the first has gone.[E]

"Some of the horses that stickit were," says Barbour, "rushed and reeled right rudely." The fall of the horse in the pits was complete with hardly a blow from the Scotch. As yet Bruce's line had not been touched; Bruce's brain more than Scotch brawn had won thus far.

The grand charge of Edward's body-guard, three thousand steel-clad knights, the pick of English chivalry, was now ordered to redeem the day. They charged the line of Scotch spearmen and axmen with great fury and effect—"Sae that mony fell down all dead; the grass waxed with the blude all red."

The Scotch knights, until now held in reserve, were led by Bruce himself, and a most desperate struggle took place, all the forces left on both sides being engaged. "And slaughter revelled round."

Just at the moment when the victory hung trembling in the balance, a strange apparition turned the English pause into a panic. The Scotch wagoners and camp-followers, impatient of inactivity, had hastily armed themselves with such knives, clubs, and rejected weapons as were at hand, improvised banners of tent cloth and plaids, and came marching over the hill, fifteen thousand strong. They made a "splurge" and a racket, in inverse ratio to their real formidableness; but coming directly after the staggering attack of Bruce's reserves, they had all the appearance to the English of large reinforcements.

"When they marked the seeming show
Of fresh, and fierce, and marshaled foe,
The boldest broke away."

Thus the cooks and hostlers precipitated the English defeat and panic. Edward would have thrown himself away in a personal effort to turn the defeat, but Sir Giles de Argentine seized his horse's bridle and led him out of the fight. Having despatched him and a few faithful comrades toward the coast, De Argentine said, "As for me, retreating is not part of my business;" and plunging into the fight, hopelessly and uselessly, was slain. The king by hard riding reached Dunbar and escaped by sea to London.

The retreat was more disastrous to the English than the battle. The bare-legged, bare-headed, bare-armed Scotch, with their long knives, drove their enemies in large numbers into the river Forth; and Barbour says the Bannock creek was so choked up that one might walk dry-shod from bank to bank on the drowned horses and men. The English loss was ten thousand; among them twenty-seven nobles, two hundred knights and seven hundred esquires, while twenty-two nobles and sixty knights were made prisoners. The pursuit continued for miles, every step marked by blood and booty. Those old knights went soldiering in great style; their military establishments were enormous and rich. The English camp was taken, with great booty in treasure, jewels, rich robes, fine horses, herds of cattle, droves of sheep and hogs (great eaters, those old English!), machines for the siege of towns, wagon loads of grain and portable mills; the train of wagons which carried the treasure into Scotland was sixty miles long. The king's tent and treasure were captured, including the royal signet-ring. One prisoner was a talented Carmelite friar whom Edward had brought along to celebrate his anticipated victory in verse; but Bruce compelled him to buy his own release by writing a poem glorifying the Scotch victory instead.

But a greater spoil than all this was found in the ransom of captive knights and nobles. While the common soldiers were ruthlessly put to death, the wealthy were carefully spared and well treated. This was not done so much from the spirit of chivalry as from a spirit of speculation; wealthy prisoners were the prize for which many great battles were fought. An explanation of the large number of prisoners of this class is found in this fact, and in the additional one that a heavily-armored knight, if once dismounted, could not run away; if once thrown to the ground he was about as helpless as a turtle turned on his back. If a poor Scotchman stumbled over one of these dismounted ironclads his fortune was made—provided the prisoner or his friends had one. All to do was to cut the strings of his helmet, set your knife against his throat, and make a good bargain for taking it away again. [248]

The victory of Bannockburn, besides enriching Scotland, forever secured her independence. It confirmed the fighting qualities of the Scots, in pitched battle, before the world. It got them the permanent alliance of France against England, out of which grew those long double wars which cost England so dearly, and prevented her finally conquering either country. Ever England was in the situation of the bear which, when she attacks the French hunter, finds his Scotch mastiff on her haunches. It gave Scotchmen a new respect among the English, and it no longer was said an English yeoman carried twelve Scots under his green jacket; so that to war on Scotland became less a pastime with English soldiers. For three hundred years, under the influence of the independence thus sturdily maintained, Scotch character grew as strong and self-respecting as that of England, so that the union between the two countries finally took place as a partnership of equals, rather than upon the conditions under which the lion and lamb are sometimes said to lie down together—the lamb inside the lion. A different relation existed between England and Ireland, with all the consequences of shame to one and suffering to the other that the world has for centuries seen.

Bannockburn was one of the most decisive battles of the world.

[To be continued.]

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY THE REV. J. H. VINCENT, D. D.

[*February 4.*]

SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS LIFE OF THE ISRAELITES FROM SAUL TO CHRIST.

By W. F. COLLIER, LL.D.

During this period the state of *social life* among the Jewish people underwent a very great change. An immense flow of wealth into the country took place. Through intercourse with other countries, many new habits and fashions were introduced. The people lost not a little of their early simplicity of character and life. A splendid court had been set up, and a splendid capital built. Commercial relations had been established with remote parts of the world. A great stride had been taken in the direction of luxury and refinement.

There was now a standing army, a large staff of civil officers, and a vast number of menial servants in the country. Besides the ass, the horse and the mule were now introduced as beasts of burden; chariots and splendid equipages were set up; and many persons assumed the style and bearing of princes. Private dwellings underwent a corresponding change, and all the luxuries of Egypt and Nineveh became familiar to the Hebrews.

But was all this for good? It appears as if the nation, or its leaders, now struck out a new path for themselves, in which God rather followed than preceded them, giving them, indeed, at first, a large measure of prosperity, but leaving them more to their own ways and to the fruits of these ways than before. This, at least, was plainly the case under Solomon. The vast wealth circulated in his time over the country did not bring any proportional addition, either to the material comfort, or to the moral beauty, or to the spiritual riches of the nation. There can be no doubt that “haste to be rich” brought all the evils and sins which always flow from it in an age of progress toward worldly show and magnificence.

It appears from the Proverbs that many new vices were introduced. Many of the counsels of that book would have been quite inapplicable to a simple, patriarchal, agricultural people; but they were eminently adapted to a people surrounded by the snares of wealth and the temptations of commerce, and very liable to forget or despise the good old ways and counsels of their fathers. The Proverbs will be read with far greater interest, if it be borne in mind that this change had just taken place among the Hebrews, and that, as Solomon had been instrumental in giving the nation its wealth, so, perhaps, he was led by the Spirit to write this book, and that of Ecclesiastes, to guard against the fatal abuse of his own gift.

The practice of soothsaying, or fortune-telling, was common among the Jews at the beginning of this period. The prevalence of such a practice indicates a low standard of intellectual attainment. It seems to have had its headquarters among the Philistines (Isa. ii:6); and very

probably, when Saul drove all who practised it from the land, he did so more from enmity to the Philistines than from dislike to the practice itself. It continued, as Saul himself knew, to lurk in the country, even after all the royal efforts to exterminate it. (I Sam. xxviii:7.) Probably it never altogether died out. In New Testament times it was evidently a flourishing trade. (Acts viii:9; xiii:6.) All over the East it was practised to a large extent, and the Jewish sorcerers had the reputation of being the most skillful of any. It was the counterfeit of that wonderful privilege of knowing God's mind and will, which the Jew enjoyed through the Urim and Thummim of the high-priest. Those who would not seek, or could not obtain, the genuine coin, resorted to the counterfeit.

In *literary and scientific culture* the nation made a great advance during this period. In a merely literary point of view, the Psalms of David and the writings of Solomon possess extraordinary merits; and we can not doubt that two literary kings, whose reigns embraced eighty years, or nearly three generations, would exercise a very great influence, and have their example very largely followed among their people. David's talents as a musician, and the extraordinary pains he took to improve the musical services of the sanctuary, must have greatly stimulated the cultivation of that delightful art.

What David did for music, Solomon did for natural history. It need not surprise us that all the uninspired literary compositions of that period have perished. If Homer flourished (according to the account of Herodotus) 884 years before Christ, Solomon must have been a century in his tomb before the "Iliad" was written. And if it be considered what difficulty there was in preserving the "Iliad," and how uncertain it is whether we have it as Homer wrote it, it can not be surprising that all the Hebrew poems and writings of this period have been lost, except such as were contained in the inspired canon of Scripture.

There were, also, great *religious* changes during this period of the history. Evidently, under Samuel, a great revival of true religion took place; and the schools of the prophets which he established seem to have been attended with a marked blessing from heaven. Under David the change was confirmed. In the first place, the coming Messiah was more clearly revealed. It was expressly announced to David, as has been already remarked, that the great Deliverer was to be a member of his race. David, too, as a type of Christ, conveyed a more full and clear idea of the person and character of Christ than any typical person that had gone before him.

It is interesting to inquire how far a religious spirit pervaded the people at large. The question can not receive a very satisfactory answer. It is plain that even in David's time the mass of the people were not truly godly. The success of Absalom's movement is a proof of this. Had there been a large number of really godly persons in the tribe of Judah, they would not only not have joined the insurrection, but their influence would have had a great effect in hindering its success. The real state of matters seems to have been, that both in good times and in bad there were some persons, more or less numerous, of earnest piety and spiritual feeling, who worshipped God in spirit, not only because it was their duty, but also because it was their delight; while the mass of the people either worshipped idols, or worshipped God according to the will, example, or command of their rulers.

But the constant tendency was to idolatry; and the intercourse with foreign nations which Solomon maintained, as well as his own example, greatly increased the tendency. Under Solomon, indeed, idolatry struck its roots so deep, that all the zeal of the reforming kings that followed him failed to eradicate them. It was not till the seventy years' captivity of Babylon that the soil of Palestine was thoroughly purged of the roots of that noxious weed.

During six hundred years that constituted the kingdom of Israel from the close of Solomon's reign to the total captivity, the same spirit of luxury and taste for display prevailed.

In regard to wealth and property, the moderation and equality of earlier days were now widely departed from. Isaiah denounces those who "join house to house, and lay field to field, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth." Notwithstanding, some men, like Naboth, stood up bravely for their paternal rights; and even in Jeremiah's time, the old practice of redeeming possessions survived. (xxxii:7.) Many of the people lived in elegant houses "of hewn stone" (Amos v:11), which they adorned with the greatest care. There were winter-houses, summer-houses, and houses of ivory. (iii:15.) Jeremiah describes the houses as "ceiled with cedar and painted with vermilion" (xxii:14); and Amos speaks of the "beds of ivory" and luxurious "couches" on which the inmates "stretched themselves." (vi:4.)

Sumptuous and protracted feasts were given in these houses. Lambs out of the flock and calves from the stall had now become ordinary fare. (vi:4.) At feasts, the person was annointed with "chief ointments;" wine was drunk from bowls; sometimes the drinking was continued from early morning, to the sound of the harp, the viol, the tabret, and the pipe. (Isa. v:11, 12.) The dress, especially of the ladies, was often most luxurious and highly ornamented. Isaiah has given us an elaborate picture of the ornaments of the fine ladies of Jerusalem. He foretells a day when "the Lord would take away the bravery of the ankle-bands, and the caps of net-work, and the crescents; the pendants, and the bracelets, and the veils; the turbans, and the ankle-chains, and the girdles, and the smelling-bottles, and the amulets; the signet-rings, and the nose-jewels; the holiday dresses and the mantles, and the robes, and the purses; the mirrors, and the tunics, and the head-dresses, and the large veils." (Isa. iii:18-23.—*Alexander's Translation.*)

A plain, unaffected gait would have been far too simple for ladies carrying such a load of artificial ornament: the neck stretched out, the eyes rolling wantonly, and a mincing or tripping

step completed the picture, and showed to what a depth of folly woman may sink through love of finery. Splendid equipages were also an object of ambition. Chariots were to be seen drawn by horses, camels, or asses, with elegant caparisons (Isa. xxi:7); the patriarchal mode of riding on an ass being now confined to the poor.

There are some traces, but not many, of high intellectual culture. Isaiah speaks of “the counselor, and the cunning artificer, and the eloquent orator,” as if these were representatives of classes. We have seen that one of the kings of Judah (Uzziah) was remarkable for mechanical and engineering skill. Amos refers to “the seven stars and Orion,” as if the elements of astronomy had been generally familiar to the people. On the other hand, there are pretty frequent references to soothsayers and sorcerers, indicating a low intellectual condition. The prevalence of idolatry could not fail to debase the intellect as well as corrupt the morals and disorder society.

Very deplorable, for the most part, are the allusions of the prophets to the abounding immorality. There is scarcely a vice that is not repeatedly denounced and wept over. The oppression of the poor was one of the most flagrant. Amos declares that the righteous were sold for silver, and the poor for a pair of shoes. From Hosea it appears that wives were bought and sold. The princes and rulers were specially blamed for their covetousness, their venality, their oppressions, their murders. (Isa. i:23; x:1. Hosea ix:15.) Impurity and sensuality flourished under the shade of idolatry. In large towns there was a class that pandered to the vices of the licentious. (Amos vii:17.) Robbery, lies, deceitful balances, were found everywhere. Even genuine grief, under affliction and bereavement, had become rare and difficult; and persons “skillful of lamentation” had to be hired to weep for the dead!

The revivals under the pious kings of Judah, as far as the masses were concerned, were rather galvanic impulses than kindlings of spiritual life. Yet it can not be doubted that during these movements many hearts were truly turned to God. The new proofs that were daily occurring of God’s dreadful abhorrence of sin, would lead many to cry more earnestly for deliverance from its punishment and its power.

In the disorganized and divided state into which the kingdom fell, rendering it difficult and even impossible for the annual festivals to be observed, the writings of the prophets, as well as the earlier portions of the written word, would contribute greatly to the nourishment of true piety. The 119th Psalm, with all its praises of the word and statutes of the Lord, is a memorable proof of the ardor with which the godly were now drinking from these wells of salvation. Increased study of the word would lead to enlarged knowledge of the Messiah, though even the prophets themselves had to “search what, or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ and the glory that, should follow.” One great result of the training of this period was, to carry forward the minds of the faithful beyond the present to the future. In the immediate foreground of prophecy all was dark and gloomy, and hope could find no rest but in the distant future. The shades of a dark night were gathering; its long weary hours had to pass before the day should break and the shadows flee away.

[*February 11.*]

CHRIST AND THE APOSTLES.

The great central event in all history is the death of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. The centuries circle round the cross. Hundreds of stately figures—some in dazzling lustre, some in deepest gloom—crowd upon our gaze, as the story of the world unrolls before us; but infinitely nobler than the grandest of these is the pale form of Jesus, hanging on the rough and reddened wood at Calvary—dead, but victorious even in dying—stronger in that marble sleep than the mightiest of the world’s living actors, or than all the marshalled hosts of sin and death. Not the greatest sight only, but the strangest ever seen; for there, at the foot of the cross, lie Death, slain with his own dart, and Hell vanquished at his very gate. [250]

All that have ever lived—all living now—all who shall come after us, till time shall be no more, must feel the power of the cross. To those who look upon their dying Lord with loving trust, it brings life and joy, but death and woe to all who proudly reject that great salvation, or pass it unheeding by.

The details of that stupendous history—his lowly, yet royal birth—his pure, stainless life—his path of mystery and miracle—his wondrous works, and still more wondrous words—his agony—his cross—his glorious resurrection and ascension—all form a theme too sacred to be placed here with a record of mere common time, or blended with the dark, sad tale of human follies and crimes. Rather let us read it as they tell it who were themselves “eye-witnesses of his majesty”—who traced the very footsteps, and heard the very voice, and beheld the very living face of incarnate love. And remember, as you read, that history is false to her noblest trust if she fails to teach that it is the power of the cross of Christ which alone preserves the world from hopeless corruption, and redeems from utter vanity the whole life of man on earth.

Wildly, and blindly, and very far, have the nations often drifted from the right course—there seemed to be no star in heaven, and no lamp on earth; but through every change an unseen omnipotent hand was guiding all things for the best: soul after soul was drawn by love’s mighty attraction to the cross; light arose out of darkness; a new life breathed over the world; and the

wilderness, where Satan seemed alone to dwell, blossomed anew into the garden of God.[F]

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After Christ—the apostles. “On the fifteenth day after his death, beginning in Jerusalem, the very furnace of persecution, they first set up their banner in the midst of those who had been first in the crucifixion of Jesus, and were all elate with the triumphs of that tragedy. But what ensued? *Three thousand souls* were that day added to the infant Church. In a few days the number was increased to *five thousand*, and in the space of about a year and a half, though the gospel was preached only in Jerusalem and its vicinity, ‘multitudes both of men and women,’ and ‘a great company of the priests, were obedient to the faith.’ Now, the converts being driven, by a fierce persecution, from Jerusalem, ‘went everywhere preaching the Word;’ and in less than three years churches were gathered ‘throughout all Judea, Galilee, and Samaria, and were multiplied.’ About two years after this, or seven from the beginning of the work, the gospel was first preached to the Gentiles; and such was the success, that before thirty years had elapsed from the death of Christ, it spread throughout Judea, Galilee, and Samaria; through almost all the numerous districts of the lesser Asia; through Greece and the islands of the Ægean Sea, the seacoast of Africa, and even into Italy and Rome. The number of converts in the several cities respectively, is described by the expressions, ‘*a great number*,’ ‘*great multitudes*,’ ‘*much people*.’ Jerusalem, the chief seat of Jewish rancor, continued the metropolis of the gospel, having in it *many tens of thousands of believers*. These accounts are taken from the book of the Acts of the Apostles; but as this book is almost confined to the labors of Paul and his immediate companions, saying very little of the other apostles, it is very certain that the view we have given of the propagation of the gospel, during the first thirty years, is very incomplete. In the thirtieth year after the beginning of the work, the terrible persecution under Nero kindled its fires; then Christians had become so numerous at Rome, that, by the testimony of Tacitus, ‘*a great multitude*’ were seized. In forty years more, as we are told in a celebrated letter from Pliny, the Roman governor of Pontus and Bythinia, Christianity had long subsisted in these provinces, though so remote from Judea. ‘Many of all ages, and of every rank, of both sexes likewise,’ were accused to Pliny of being Christians. What he calls ‘the contagion of this superstition’ (thus forcibly describing the irresistible and rapid spread of Christianity), had ‘seized not cities only, but the less towns also, and the open country,’ so that the heathen temples ‘were almost forsaken,’ few victims were purchased for sacrifice, and ‘a long intermission of the sacred solemnities had taken place.’ Justin Martyr, who wrote about thirty years after Pliny, and one hundred after the gospel was first preached to the Gentiles, thus describes the extent of Christianity in his time: ‘There is not a nation, either Greek or barbarian, or of any other name, even of those who wander in tribes and live in tents, among whom prayers and thanksgivings are not offered to the Father and Creator of the Universe by the name of the crucified Jesus.’ Clemens Alexandrinus, a few years after, thus writes: ‘The philosophers were confined to Greece, and to their particular retainers; but the doctrine of the Master of Christianity did not remain in Judea, but is spread throughout the whole world, in every nation, and village, and city, converting both whole houses and separate individuals, having already brought over to the truth not a few of the philosophers themselves. If the Greek philosophy be prohibited, it immediately vanishes; whereas, from the first preaching of our doctrine, kings and tyrants, governors and presidents, with their whole train and with the populace on their side, have endeavored, with their whole might, to exterminate it; yet doth it flourish more and more.’... In connection with the moral power and vast extent of this work, it should be considered, that among those who were brought to the obedience of Christ were men of all classes, from the most obscure and ignorant to the most elevated and learned. In the New Testament we read of an eminent counselor, and of a chief ruler, and of a great company of priests, and of two centurions of the Roman army, and of a proconsul of Cyprus, and of a member of the Areopagus at Athens, and even of certain of the household of the Emperor Nero, as having been converted to the faith. Many of the converts were highly esteemed for talents and attainments. Such was Justin Martyr, who, while a heathen, was conversant with all the schools of philosophy. Such was Pantænus, who, before his conversion was a philosopher of the school of the Stoics, and whose instructions in human learning at Alexandria, after he became a Christian, were much frequented by students of various characters. Such also was Origen, whose reputation for learning was so great that not only Christians, but philosophers, flocked to his lectures upon mathematics and philosophy, as well as on the Scriptures. Even the noted Porphyry did not refrain from a high eulogium upon the learning of Origen. It may help to convey some notion of the character and quality of many early Christians—of their learning and their labors—to notice the Christian *writers* who flourished in these ages. Saint Jerome’s catalogue contains one hundred and twenty writers previous to the year 360 from the death of Christ. The catalogue is thus introduced: ‘Let those who say the Church has had no philosophers, nor eloquent and learned men, observe who and what they were who founded, established, and adorned it.’ Pliny, in his celebrated letter to Trajan, written about sixty-three years after the gospel began to be preached to the Gentiles, expressly states that in the provinces of Pontus and Bythinia many of all ranks were accused to him of the crime of being Christians. We have now prepared the several facts that constitute the materials of our argument. Here is an unquestionable historical event: the rapid and extensive spread of Christianity over the whole Roman empire in less than seventy years from the outset of its preaching. Has anything else of a like kind been known in the world? Did the learning and popularity of the ancient philosophers, powerfully aided by the favor of the great and the peculiar character of the age, accomplish anything in the least resembling the success of the apostles? It is a notorious fact that only one of them ‘ever dared to attack the base religion of the nation, and substitute better representations of God in its stead, although its absurdity was apparent to many of them. An attempt of this kind having cost the bold Socrates

his life, no others had resolution enough to offer such a sacrifice for the general good. To excuse their timidity in this respect, and give it the appearance of profound wisdom, they called to their aid the general principle that it is imprudent and injurious to let people see the whole truth at once; that it is not only necessary to spare sacred prejudices, but, in particular circumstances, an act of benevolence to deceive the great mass of the people. This was the unanimous opinion of almost all the ancient philosophical schools.' No further proof is needed that such men were incapable of effecting anything approximating to the great moral revolution produced in the world by the power of the gospel. How different the apostles! boldly attacking all vice, superstition, and error, at all hazards, in all places, not counting their lives dear unto them so that they might 'testify the gospel of the grace of God.' But where else shall we turn for a parallel to the work we have described? What efforts, independently of the gospel, were ever successful in the moral regeneration of whole communities of the superstitious and licentious?" (McIlvaine's Evid., Lect. IX.) This excellent writer adds, in a note: "The early advocates of Christianity, in controversy with the heathen of Greece and Rome, were accustomed to dwell with great stress upon the argument from its propagation. Chrysostom, of the fourth century, writes: 'The apostles of Christ were twelve; and they gained the whole world.' 'Zeno, Plato, Socrates, and many others, endeavored to introduce a new course of life, but in vain; whereas Jesus Christ not only taught, but settled, a new polity, or way of living, all over the world.' 'The doctrines and writings of fishermen, who were beaten and driven from society, and always lived in the midst of dangers, have been readily embraced by learned and unlearned, bondmen and free, kings and soldiers, Greeks and barbarians.' 'Though kings and tyrants and people strove to extinguish the spark of faith, such a flame of true religion arose as filled the whole world. If you go to India and Scythia, and the utmost ends of the earth, you will everywhere find the doctrine of Christ enlightening the souls of men.' Augustine, of the same century, speaking of the heathen philosophers, says: 'If they were to live again, and should see the churches crowded, the temples forsaken, and men called from the love of temporal, fleeting things, to the hope of eternal life and the possession of spiritual and heavenly blessings, and readily embracing them, provided they were really such as they are said to have been, perhaps they would say, "These are things which we did not dare to say to the people; we rather gave way to their custom than endeavored to draw them over to our best thoughts and apprehensions."'"

"After the death of Jesus Christ, twelve poor fishermen and mechanics undertook to teach and convert the world. Their success was prodigious. All the Christians rushed to martyrdom, all the people to baptism: the history of these early times was a continual prodigy."—*Rousseau.*

Now what explanation can be given of this impressive fact,—the rapid conquest of Christianity over ancient religions, priests, magistrates, and all the passions and prejudices of the people? There is but one explanation: the spirit of God influenced the hearts which he had made to embrace his truth. To establish Christianity on the earth, he was pleased to exert a power which, to the same extent, future ages have not witnessed. Christianity in her strength, with so many earthly advantages in her favor, accomplishes far less than Christianity in her infancy, with every worldly influence against her. "There is reason to think that there were more Jews converted by the apostles in one day, than have since been won over in the last thousand years." (Jacob Bryant, 1792.) Compare the results of modern missionary efforts (which, indeed, have accomplished enough to stimulate to greater exertions) with the fruits of the preaching of the Apostle to the Gentiles! When more energy, more prayer, and greater faith shall be devoted to the conversion of the world—both Jews and Gentiles—we may confidently look to the Lord of the harvest for more abundant fruit.[G]

[*February 18.*]

THE BIBLE AND OTHER RELIGIOUS BOOKS.

By Rev. GEO. F. PENTECOST, D. D.

The most casual reader of the Bible, if he have any serious thoughtfulness of mind, must remark its unique and extraordinary character, differing as it does in its structure and matter, its spirit and style, from all other books. Side by side, the best and most celebrated of them, its incomparable superiority is almost instantly recognized. Here and there there have been found passages from other books that have been thought to compare favorably with some of the sublime teachings of the Bible. But it has been remarked that even when the precepts and moral teachings of both early and later ancients are found in the Bible, especially in the teachings of Jesus, they "receive a different setting, and a more heavenly light is in them. A diamond in a dark or dimly lighted room is not the same thing as a diamond in the track of a sunbeam."[H] The simplicity and naturalness of the Bible are most striking. Where else can be found such graphic pictures of paternal and domestic life? The straightforward delineation of its most conspicuous characters; its record of the sins of God's people with the same impartial pen as is used for the setting forth of their virtues; its lofty moral tone; its sublimity of thought; as well as its superhuman authority, all bespeak its unique character. For like the Master, of whom it is the constant and consistent witness, its words are with authority. It never speculates or halts in its teaching, but drives straight to the mark in its ever recurring "Thus saith the Lord," in the Old Testament, and in the "Verily, verily, I say unto you" of the Master.

I met a young man some months ago in the inquiry-room in Hartford, and I said to him, as to others whom I met there nightly, "Well, my young friend, are you a Christian?" He replied, "I am

not; but I am an inquirer after truth.” “What is your trouble?” I asked. “Why,” said he, “I do not know *which* Bible to believe, or whether they are all alike to be believed, each one for what it is worth.” “What do you mean?” I replied. “I do not understand you; there is but *one* Bible.” “Oh, yes, there are many Bibles. There are the Vedas and the Zend-Avesta and the Koran, but I do not count much upon the Koran; the others, however, are very ancient books, and contain the religion of the larger part of the inhabitants of the earth.” I found he had been reading Mr. Max Müller’s studies in comparative religions, and was much taken up with the idea that the Bible, especially the Old Testament scriptures, was only a Jewish version of the “more ancient” religions [252] of Aryan races. I was at first disposed to ignore his difficulties and pass him by, but on second thought I felt it to be my duty to try and meet them. And since then I have found a great many persons who, while they are in no sense students or scholars, have read some book or magazine article by which they have been innoculated with the thought that the Bible is only one of many equally ancient and equally trustworthy religious books. And so it may be well just here to have our attention called to the difference between the Bible and these two of the more famous books. The Vedas are a very ancient collection of sacred hymns addressed to the fancied gods of nature, and make no pretension to be in any sense a revelation. They are the outpourings of the natural religious sentiment. The Zend-Avesta is an ancient *speculation* into the origin of things. It does not pretend to be a *revelation* of the truth, but only a human effort to account for and explain things that are seen. But the Bible differs from both in a most marked manner. The Bible is the *revelation of God and the history* of creation, the origin of things and of man, showing God to be the creator and author of all, and our relation, not to nature, but to him. Now the difference between a speculation and a revelation is this: One is an effort of the human mind to account for things seen, and so make discovery of the things that are not seen; an effort to leap from the earth outward and upward into the presence and mystery of the unseen and eternal. The other is a positive *statement of the truth* out and downward from God to man. We notice that the Bible, when speaking of God, never gives an *opinion*, never speculates. It always, in simple and majestic measure declares, as in the opening sentence of the Bible, “In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.” That is so utterly different, both in matter and manner, from any sentence ever framed by philosopher or religious speculator, that it almost goes without saying that these could not have been the words of man, they are the words of God spoken by man as he was moved of God to speak, in order that man might have the *truth*, and have it *at once* and simply, in a single breath.

The majestic sweep of the first chapter of Genesis is so great, packing away in a small compass the entire account of the creation of the world and all things therein, that on its face it bears the stamp of God rather than man. Think, if you can, of any human philosopher dashing off with a few bold strokes of his pen such an account of creation. If you want to read the finest specimen of human speculation and argumentation on record, turn to the divinely preserved debate between Job and his three friends recorded in the Book of Job, II, xi to xxxii. How the battle between Job and his three friends rages through those thirty chapters, until, weary with the conflict, they give over their arguments, drawn from observation, tradition and law. Nothing was settled, until, exhausted, they all sat face to face defiant and unconvinced each by the other. Then it was that Elihu (xxxii: 7), moved by inspiration, set the *truth* before them all. The result was that they were dumb (15), for they had but “darkened counsel by words without knowledge” (xxxviii:2); and Job was humbled before God, saying, “Behold I am vile, what shall I say unto thee? I will lay my hand upon my mouth. Once have I spoken; but I will not answer; yea, twice; but I will proceed no further” (xl:4, 5). This book is a striking and remarkable illustration of the difference between speculation and revelation. And as it is supposed that the Book of Job is the most ancient book in the Bible, if not in the world, this fact alone would go far to clear up the perplexity that exists in the minds of some as to their comparative worth and the true relation existing between ancient writings and the Bible.

[*February 25.*]

THE BIBLE AND SCIENCE.

By Rev. GEORGE F. PENTECOST, D. D.

Many, especially among the younger and partly educated portions of every community, are troubled with what they term the scientific difficulties of the Bible. We can only hint at this point. Because the Bible is not a speculation as to the origin of things, but an authoritative statement of the truth from God to man, it does not follow that its revealed truth is unphilosophical. And so, because the Bible does not contain a scientific account of creation, and is not written in the terms of the modern scientists it does not follow that the Bible is scientifically inaccurate in its statements. It must be borne in mind that the Bible was written ages before the birth of the modern sciences. And had it been written in scientific language it would have been to the people then living, and even to the great mass of people now living, an utterly unintelligible book—as most scientific books are unintelligible except to the educated few.

There can be no greater mistake than to suppose, for an instant, that any well ascertained fact of science has yet been shown to be in conflict with the Scriptural account of creation. We are aware that the assertion to this effect is often made; but such assertions have never been proved. Indeed, it is becoming more evident every day that science and revelation are drawing nearer together; that is, drawing nearer, in her domain to the truth as revealed in the Word of God. But were this not so, and were it shown that there was a real and thoroughly demonstrated error in

the Bible account of creation, so that we must needs honestly give up Moses and the Bible, to whom should we go for the truth? We might adapt the words of Joshua and say (xiv: 15), "And if it seem evil unto you to believe the Bible, choose ye this day whom ye will believe, whether the pantheistic or materialistic philosophers who speculated before the rise of modern science, or the atheistic, theistic, or agnostic scientists;" for there be some who say science teaches there is no God, and some who say there must be God, and others who say we can not know if there be a God. Certainly science is at present on a wide sea of discovery in many boats, guided, each boat, by the *theory* of its particular occupant. Two things are certain: (1) Neither philosophy nor science has succeeded thus far in impeaching the accuracy of the Bible statement; (2) they have as yet reached no common ground of agreement among themselves. So that the Christian need not, as yet, (and I am sure he never will) be in any fear from the assaults of the students of science. It is indeed no new experience for the Bible to meet the shock of skepticism. For centuries it has been the object of attack, always fierce and relentless, and for centuries it has endured and beaten back its assailants. As a granite rock in the sea meets and hurls back into the ocean the fierce waves that roll in upon it, so the Bible has met and beaten back by the power of its immovable and eternal truth all its assailants. Like a rock in the sea rooted in a great submarine but unseen formation, it has sometimes seemed to be overwhelmed by the surging fury of the waves, but it has ever emerged unshaken and triumphant; the only effect has been to sweep away some human theological structure or false system of interpretation built upon it, but not growing out of it.

In this connection it is well to bear in mind that skeptical scientists have of late become far less haughty in their criticisms of the Bible, and far more humble in their estimate of their own knowledge (as it becomes every student, whether of science or theology, to be); for says an eminent scientific writer on the rights and duties of science: "It becomes science to confess with much humility how far it falls short of the full comprehension of nature, and to abstain conscientiously from *premature* conclusions. The rapid progress of discovery in recent times only makes more plain to us the fact that the extension of our knowledge *implies the extension of our ignorance*, that everywhere the progress of our knowledge leads us to unsolvable mysteries. It would be easy to furnish illustrations from every branch of science; but geology and biology are very fertile in them." It has seemed due to many honest but uninformed minds, especially among the young, to say so much by way of recognition of their new-found difficulties, and also by way of indicating the outline of answer. [253]

The Bible is not a scientific, but a *religious book*, intended not to inform the scientific and philosophic understanding, but to instruct the religious intelligence of man in those things that make for the life that now is, and that which is to come (I Tim., iv:8). What a blessed fact it is that we thirsty mortals can drink a glass of pure water and quench our burning thirst without having to know the chemical analysis of water, or how it was originally created. We are thirsty beings, and if our thirst is not slaked we shall die. Meantime we find water is provided; it is offered to us, and we are told it will slake our thirst, that it was provided in nature for that very purpose, and without stopping to have it analyzed, we drink it and live. We thus experimentally prove it to be water, and that all that was claimed for it is true. We likewise are religious beings, and if we do not find truth, and love, and happiness, and regeneration, and eternal life, and resurrection, we shall die and perish. God's word is brought to us; it contains truths, or at least statements and promises that stand over against these spiritual hungerings and thirstings just as food and drink stand over against the hunger and thirst of the body. We take hold by faith of these promises, and the hunger and thirst of our souls are satisfied. We know the truth of the Bible, therefore, not by metaphysical or intellectual demonstration, but by experimental proof, as real in the sphere of our religious nature as scientific demonstration is real in the realm of matter. Two and two make four, that is mathematics; hydrogen and oxygen in certain proportions make water, that is science; Christ and him crucified is the power and wisdom of God for salvation, that is revelation. But how do you know? Put two and two together, and you have four; count and see. Put hydrogen and oxygen together, and you have water; taste and prove. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. Believe and thou shalt know. The last is as clear a demonstration as the others.

As a practical necessity we do not have to know the mysteries involved in our own being, and in all the provisions of nature made for our well-being on the earth. It is well to understand the chemistry of food and drink; but it would not only be unwise but might be fatal for us to postpone eating and drinking until we had mastered the chemistry. And so again we may derive great satisfaction and benefit in discovering a philosophical and scientific adjustment of revelation; but we would be consummately foolish if we refused to believe—and thus practically to demonstrate, by believing—the truth of God's word, until we had found the philosophical and scientific adjustment of it.

Our Lord said when he was in the world, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes" (Matt. xi:25). God does not reveal himself and his truth to the wisdom of the philosopher or to the prudence of the scientist, but he is easily found by child-like faith. "For after that, in the wisdom of God the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe. For the Jews (the scientists) require a sign, and the Greeks (the philosophers) seek after wisdom; but we preach Christ and him crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called (believers), both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.... Not in enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power: that your faith should not

stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God” (I Cor., i:21-24; ii:4, 5, *et seq.*). While philosophers and scientists have been disputing and treading over and over again the dreary paths of pantheism and materialism, trying to put God in a crucible or under a microscope, millions of souls in the ages past, and thousands in the daily present, have been and are finding God and Christ and salvation, to the joy and rejoicing of their souls; living in the power of an endless life even here; some meeting death triumphantly even at the stake, and others peacefully passing into the presence of him whom, having not seen on earth, they have yet known by faith and the power of his presence in them.

The engineers who directed the work of the Hoosac Tunnel started two gangs of men from opposite sides of the mountain. So accurate was their survey that when they met midway in the mountain, the walls of the excavations approaching from the different starting points joined within less than an inch. The practical working of the bore proved the scientific accuracy of the survey. Man, starting from the side of his human spiritual need reaching out and upward toward God, is met by the revelation in Christ coming out and downward from God, a revelation which exactly fits and covers his need. This perfect match between the human need and the heavenly supply is the perfect proof of the Divine origin of the Bible. Just as color is intuitive to sight, harmony to the musical sense, beauty to the sense of the beautiful, so is God’s word intuitive to the spiritual consciousness. Coleridge was wont to say: “I know the Bible is true because it finds me.”

[*End of Required Reading for February.*]

GRACE.

By B. W.

There is grace in the leaves of the unfolding rose,
In the calm of the floating swan,
In the bend of a river that swiftly flows,
And the bridge of a single span.

There is grace in the sweep of a midnight sky,
In the bounds of a wild gazelle,
In the measures of music rolling by,
And the tale which the poets tell.

There is grace in the round of that baby’s arm;
In the form that is bending to kiss;
There is grace in all ways that quietly charm
And that silently waken bliss.

But the grace which most deeply enamors my heart
Is the bearing of Jesus to me;
—How quietly he with all riches could part,
A man and a Savior to be.

In him is more fulness of all I call grace,
Than the eye or the heart e’er possessed.
His knowledge is heaven, wherever the place;
His beauty, my quietest rest.

WHAT GENIUS IS.

By JAMES KERR. M. A.

We will now consider what genius is, and, more particularly, whether it is an inborn or an acquired power.

On this much debated question there are, so to speak, two schools of thought, diametrically opposed to one another, and each pushing its views to an extreme, as if there were no middle way in which the truth may be found.

On the one hand, genius is held to be a kind of inspiration, which accomplishes its object without training or effort. No culture is needed; no special education whatever. Shakspere warbled “his native wood-notes wild” spontaneously. The songs of Burns are the outpourings of untaught genius; and no culture or education could have improved them in the slightest degree. They are like the song of the lark, free and spontaneous. But all this, we know, is an ideal dream. Shakspere, besides reading the volume of human nature which lay open before him, and which he made all his own, read many books, and took much pains with his writings. And as for Burns, he received a training of no ordinary kind. To say nothing of the volume of human nature spread out before him, from his youth upward, and which, like Shakspere, he read with penetrating

glance, he perused with critical care the literary compositions of others, by which his mind was disciplined and his taste refined.

How far the greatest writers are from being perfect in themselves, and how much they are indebted to other aids, let one say who is entitled to speak with authority on such a subject. The great German writer Goethe thus speaks: “How little are we by ourselves, and how little can we call our own! We must all accept and learn from those that went before us, and from those that live with us. Even the greatest genius would make but little way if he were to create and construct everything out of his own mind. The world influences us at each step. The artist who merely walks through a room and casts a glance at the pictures, goes away a wiser man, and has learnt something from others. My works spring not from my own wisdom alone, but from hundreds of things and persons that gave the matter for them. There were fools and sages, long-headed men and narrow-minded men, children, and young and old men and women, that told me how they felt and what they thought. I had but to hold out my hands and reap a harvest which others had sown for me.... Many a time I am told that such and such an artist owes all to himself. Sometimes I put up with it; but sometimes, too, I tell them that he has little reason to be proud of his master.”

But though the slightest reflection suffices to show that there can be no inborn genius which accomplishes its ends in full perfection without education or training of any kind, there will still remain among most of us a vague belief to the contrary. It is more congenial to the popular taste to imagine that genius is an immediate gift from heaven, owing all to its divine source, than that it requires in any degree to be aided and supplemented by less sublime means.

On the other hand, many contend that genius is wholly an acquired power, using such arguments as the following: It is constantly found that the habit of taking pains ever accompanies what we call genius. In actual fact the two are ever found united. Where the one is present the other is present also. Where the one is absent the other also is absent. May not the one be the cause of the other? Then look at the effect of education in improving our intellectual powers. Look at the effect of education and constant practice in making the mind alert, and capable of doing well whatever it does often! Nor must it be forgotten that it is not one part only of man’s education that is to be considered, but every part. Everything that happens to us, everything that affects us, from the first dawn of our existence, is part of our education. When the Queen and Prince Albert were taking counsel together about the education of their children, a sagacious friend whom they consulted, to their surprise insisted strongly on this point, that a child’s education begins “the first day of his life.” Impressions are made on the infant mind going farther back than we can trace them. All these impressions, all the influences that surround us, from our first entrance into life, are a part of our education.

All this may be true; but there is perhaps some danger of our attributing too much importance to education. There are natural differences of intellectual power among men altogether apart from the education they receive. Some minds are strong by nature and in their very organization, while others are uncommonly weak.

Some are naturally so stupid and weak in the head that nothing can be made of them, let their education be continued ever so long. One day, when calling at the Bank of Scotland in Edinburgh, I stood beside a man, who was depositing some money, whose intellect was of this low type. The teller asked him if he wished to lift the interest of the money lying to his credit for the past year. He just answered, “Let it lie.” Then the teller handed him a paper to sign. He said, “I canna do’t.” Feeling interested in the man, I advised him to go to a night school, at least to learn to sign his name. He replied, “I hae been at it four years, and I canna do’t.” Of course, of such a man nothing could be made. No amount of education could ever make him a genius, or even raise him above mediocrity in any branch of learning.

But if we take minds of a higher order, is it not possible that education acting upon them may be attended with happier results, and may ultimately produce that beautiful, that rich and rare type of mind which we call genius? Such was the opinion of Dr. Johnson. In his “Life of Cowley,” and with reference to the boyhood of the poet, Dr. Johnson says: “In the window of his mother’s apartment lay Spenser’s ‘Fairy Queen,’ in which he very early took delight to read, till, by feeling the charms of verse, he became, as he relates, irrecoverably a poet. Such are the accidents which, sometimes remembered, and perhaps sometimes forgotten, produce that particular designation of mind, and propensity for some certain science or employment, which is commonly called genius. The true genius is a mind of large general powers accidentally determined to some particular direction.”

Nor was this a mere passing thought with the great moralist; it was his confirmed belief. More than once we find the same idea repeated in his conversations. Thus, on one occasion, he is reported to have said: “No, sir, people are not born with a particular genius for particular employments or studies, for it would be like saying that a man could see a great way east, but could not west. It is good sense applied with diligence to what was at first a mere accident, and which by great application grew to be called by the generality of mankind a particular genius.”

If Dr. Johnson’s view is correct, we ought surely to meet with far more men of genius in the world than we do! There is no want of such as possess “large general powers,” and yet men of genius are rare. They are like angel’s visits, few and far between.

Dr. Johnson’s argument has been repeated in every variety of form. One says genius is untiring patience. Another says it is a great capacity for taking trouble. Another says it is simply hard

work. But again we may ask, If genius is what such writers represent it to be, why are not men of genius more frequently met with?

Nor can it be said their lot forbids or that opportunities are wanting. What with the multiplication of books, and the general extension of education among all classes, knowledge now unrolls her “ample page” to every eye, and yet our embryo Miltons remain mute and inglorious, and the fairest flowers of genius, with rare exceptions, are still born to blush unseen, and waste their sweetness on the desert air.

Such being the case, may we not reasonably suppose that something more is needed for the production of genius than “large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction?”

In one sense, indeed, Dr. Johnson’s views may be not far from the truth. If by the word genius we mean transcendent genius, such as is found in our Shaksperes and Miltons, his definition can not be considered as otherwise than defective. But we do not always confine the word to this strict meaning. In a looser sense there are various types of genius. One star differeth from another in glory. If only a few occupy the higher places, and reach, so to speak, the topmost round of the ladder, a vastly greater number—a multitude which no man can number—may occupy lower places, and cluster on the lower rounds, sighing in vain to reach the highest. If Dr. Johnson had only in view this lower type of genius, his definition may be considered as fairly correct. To attain this station little more may be needed than “large general powers,” supplemented by persevering effort.

But in order to reach the highest rank of transcendent genius something more is needed, and that something we may call *aptness of nature*. Bacon, after giving some examples of extraordinary skill acquired in bodily exercises, says: “All which examples do demonstrate how variously, and to how high points and degrees, the body of man may be, as it were, moulded and wrought. And if any man conceive that it is some secret propriety of nature that hath been in these persons which have attained to those points, and that it is not open for every man to do the like, though he had been put to it; for which cause such things come but very rarely to pass; it is true, no doubt, that some persons are apter than others; but so as the more aptness causeth perfection, but the less aptness doth not disable.”

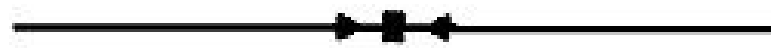
Bacon here hits the exact point. And what he says applies not to the physical powers only, but to the intellectual powers also. A greater degree of “aptness” is necessary to “perfection,” to the highest excellence in any study or pursuit, though less “aptness” may lead to eminence of a high though less perfect kind.

We speak of Napoleon’s military tact or aptness which he had from nature, and which he so greatly improved by practice. He combined aptness of nature with persevering study, and it was the two combined which for so many years chained victory to his chariot wheels.

In like manner the great writer has a literary tact or aptness, the gift of nature, and which he greatly improves by study and practice. The two qualities of aptness and persevering study go hand in hand, and the one is as indispensable as the other in order to reach the highest excellence.

This leads us to what appears to be the best definition of genius that can be given. Genius of the highest type may be defined to be “a special aptitude developed by special culture.” Special aptitude is the germ of genius, and is the gift of nature. Special culture is the means by which this natural gift is fully developed and so vastly improved.

May we not suppose that the poet Burns had this definition in his eye when he said: “I have not a doubt but the knack, the aptitude to learn the muse’s trade, is a gift bestowed by him who forms the secret bias of the soul; but I as firmly believe that excellence in the profession is the fruit of industry, labor, attention, and pains!”



ARIZONA.

By Rev. SHELDON JACKSON, D. D.

Arizona is a land of constant surprises. In its natural phenomena it is the paradise of the scientist, antiquarian, and tourist. Its deep cañons are the open book of geology; its vast prehistoric ruins alike stimulate and baffle the antiquarian, and its marvelous scenery, its flora, remnants of a strange people, and ancient architecture, will attract thousands of tourists.

The first portion of the United States to be settled by Europeans, it is the last developed of all our territories save Alaska.

Possessing the oldest civilization, it is just coming into contact with the new. Railway trains rattle and palace cars glide past prehistoric ruins.

With scarcely a place in history, it has been the theatre of many stirring events for three centuries: the battleground of races and civilizations.

It is preëminently the land of romance. It breaks upon the world and is connected with the

waning of the great empire of the Montezumas.

In the early enthusiasm of American exploration it is linked with fabulous stores of silver. When questioned as to the source of all his great wealth, Montezuma was accustomed to point to the north. Rumors were rife of the northern cities of Civola (cities of the bull) and Chichiticala, with their fabulous wealth; of wonderful rivers, with their banks three or four leagues in the air; of races of highly "civilized Indians, and beautiful women, fair as alabaster."

The very name "Arizona" (silver land) fired the avarice of the Spanish heart. The spark to set this enthusiasm on fire was supplied by the arrival in 1536 at Culican, in Sinaloa, of Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, with three companions, all that were left of the ill-fated expedition of Narvaez and his three hundred followers.

During nine years of untold hardship and adventure, without compass or chart, through an unknown wilderness of woods, swamps, and arid plains, and hostile tribes, they crossed the continent from Florida to California, and made known a new region and people.

His description of the "seven cities of Civola," excited alike the warrior and the priest. New conquests and fabulous wealth, and new fields for the Church started into existence expeditions of discovery and conquest. On the 7th of March, 1539, Padre Marcos de Nizza, a Franciscan monk, accompanied by Estevanico, a negro attendant, started in search of the "seven cities." They passed through the land of the Papagoes and Pimas, traversed the valley of Santa Cruz, and finally came in sight of one of the pueblos (probably Zuñi). The negro having gone in advance with a party of Indians and been murdered, the monk did not enter the pueblo, but returned to Culican.

The viceroy, Mendoza, then projected two expeditions, one by sea, under Fernando de Alarcon, and the other by land, under Vasquez de Coronado. This latter expedition started in April, 1540, with a thousand men, mainly Indians. The expedition penetrated through Arizona to the Pueblo villages on the Rio Grande, and northward to the fortieth degree of latitude.

In 1582, Antonio de Espejo explored the valleys of Little Colorado, the Verde and Rio Grande, discovering valuable mines of silver.

On September 28, 1595, Juan de Ornate asked for permission and assistance in establishing a Spanish colony in the new country, which was granted, and many flourishing missions and settlements sprang up. In 1680 the pueblos of New Mexico, and the Apaches, of Arizona, arose in rebellion and drove the Spanish from the country.

In 1698 a Jesuit missionary, Eusebius Francis Kino, left his station at Dolores, and journeying northward, commenced missions among the Cocopahs and Yuma Indians. Previous to this the Jesuit fathers seem to have established the missions of St. Gertrude de Tubac, San Xavier del Bac, Joseph de Tumacacori, San Miguel Sonoita, Guavavi, Calabassus, Arivica, and Santa Ana. The cupidity and cruelty of the priests seemed so great, that in 1757 the Indians rebelled, destroying the missions and killing most of the priests.

In 1764 an unknown Jesuit priest (probably Jacobi Sedalman) visited the country, penetrating as far north as the Verde.

In 1769 the Marquis de Croix had fourteen priests sent out to replace those killed by the Indians.

On the 20th of April, 1773, two priests, Pedro Font and Francisco Garcia, left Central Mexico, and the following spring explored the Gila River from Florence to its mouth.

In 1776-7 two Franciscan priests, Sylvester Velez Escalente, and Francisco Atanaco Dominguez, traversed Arizona, Utah, Nevada, and California. In 1776 there were eighteen missions in Arizona. At this time religious exploration seems to have largely ceased.

In 1773 the Spanish held the country south of Tucson, then called Tulquson. Unwilling to leave the rich silver mines, that brought such treasure to the Church, the priests and Spanish settlers gathered around them in their half religious and half military missions; again and again returned to the country, only to be again driven out by the Apaches, so that more than half the priests sent to Arizona were killed by the Indians. And yet the missions, through the fidelity of the Pima and Papagoes, held their own until the revolution for Mexican independence. From that time forward they languished, until suppressed by a decree of the Mexican government in 1827.

In 1824 Sylvester and James Pattie, father and son, from Bardstown, Kentucky, made up a party of one hundred adventurous frontiersmen to trap on the headwaters of the Arkansas. After many adventures in New Mexico the party broke up, and a few of them attempted to cross Arizona to the Pacific. Upon reaching San Diego they were imprisoned, and the father died in prison.

Pauline Weaver, of White County, Tennessee, penetrated Arizona as early as 1832.

As one of the results of the Mexican War, the portion of Arizona north of the Gila River was ceded to the United States February 2, 1848, and the southern portion acquired by the Gadsen purchase of December 30, 1853.

The discovery of gold in California in 1849 made Arizona a highway for the adventurous spirits that pressed across the continent to establish an empire on the Pacific coast. In 1855 the

boundary survey was completed by Major Emory and Lieutenant Michler.

In August, 1857, a semi-monthly line of stages was put on between San Antonio, Texas, and San Diego, California. This was followed in August, 1858, by the celebrated Butterfield Overland Express, making semi-weekly trips between St. Louis and San Francisco—time twenty-two days. This was run with great regularity until the rebellion in 1861.

By act of Congress in 1854 Arizona was attached to New Mexico, and a commissioner appointed to survey the boundary.

In 1854 Yuma was laid out under the name of Arizona City. In 1857 a few mining settlements began to spring up in the Mohave country. In 1859 a newspaper was published for a short time at Tubac. The country was nominally a portion of New Mexico, but Santa Fe was far away and the Apaches ruled the land.

In 1857 and again in 1860 efforts were made in Congress to secure the establishment of a separate territorial organization.

On the 27th of February, 1862, Captain Hunter with a band of one hundred guerrillas reached Tucson and took possession of Arizona for the Confederate government. The miners fled the country. The Apaches fell upon them, murdering many of them by the way. The Mexicans rushed across the border and stripped the mines of their machinery and improvements, and the country was deserted.

Spurred by the necessities of the case Congress organized the Territory of Arizona, February 24, 1863. From that time to 1874 the history of the Territory was one of fierce struggle with the Apaches, whose power was finally broken by General Crook, when scarcely a warrior capable of bearing arms was left living.

And yet the wild career of the fierce Apache was not an unmingled evil. He kept back the Spanish settlements and thus prevented the land from being covered with large Spanish grants, which are proving so injurious to the adjoining countries of New Mexico and California.

Since the settlement of the Apache the progress of the country has been steady and uninterrupted, and especially rapid since the advent of the Southern Pacific Railroad, in 1878-9. By the census of 1880 it has 40,400 population as against 9,658 in 1870, besides some of the semi-civilized tribes of Moquis, Pima, Papago and Maricopa Indians. These tribes have from the beginning been the friend of the white man, and in many critical periods the white man’s only protection from the incursions of the wild Apache.

During the earlier days of California emigration many a man lost and perishing on their plains was taken to their homes, nourished into strength and sent on his way rejoicing—for all of which they have never received any adequate return from the American people or government. Schools have lately been established among them by the Presbyterian Church.

The Indian population in the Territory numbers 20,800. In 1880 there were six banks and nineteen newspapers—six of which were dailies. The Roman Catholics had five churches and seven priests. The Mormons thirty-five churches, one hundred and seventy-eight high priests and five thousand members. The Presbyterians two churches and two ministers. Protestant Episcopal one church and one minister.

In 1882 the Protestant working force in the Territory consisted of half-a-dozen Methodist ministers, two or three Baptists, two Episcopalians and three Presbyterians.

In 1880 there were 3,089 school children, and the school expenditures amounted to $21,396. The production of gold and silver in 1880 was $4,500,000. In the same year there were 145,000 head of cattle and 1,326,000 head of sheep in the country.

Arizona has an area of 114,000 square miles—about as large as all New England and New York combined. The unbroken ranges of mountains that sweep down between California and Nevada and through Utah and Colorado, in Arizona are broken up into detached ranges. Among the more remarkable of these ranges are the Peloncillo, Pinaleno, Santa Catarina, Santa Rita, Dragoon, Chiricahuas, Mogollon, White, San Francisco, Peacock, Cervat, and Hualapais. They generally have a northwest and southeast course, with long narrow valleys between them.

The two great rivers are the Gila and Colorado, with their principal tributaries, the San Juan, Little Colorado, Bill Williams, Rio Verde, and Salt rivers. The Colorado has the most remarkable cañon formation in the known world. The valleys of the San Juan, Little Colorado, Salt, and Gila rivers are agricultural valleys, with millions of acres of great fertility, producing wheat, barley, oats, cotton, tobacco, lemons, oranges, grapes, figs, etc., of which over two hundred thousand acres are now under cultivation. Portions of the valleys of Santa Crux and Gila are cultivated by the Indians. Upon the Little Colorado are many settlements of Mormons.

In the western and southwestern sections are large areas of desert land, intensely warm in summer. The northern and eastern sections are at a higher altitude, and possess a delightful climate. The climate is remarkably healthy, and with the coming of railways will be greatly sought by invalids. The Southern Pacific Railroad crosses the southern section of the Territory from west to east, and the Atlantic and Pacific the northern portion from east to west, while a branch line of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe connects the southern portion with the Gulf of California at Guymas.

The great industry of the country is silver mining, building up flourishing districts at Tombstone, Globe, Prescott, and other places. Gold, copper, and lead also abound.

THE SIX FOLLIES OF SCIENCE.

By I. D’ISRAELI.

Nothing is so capable of disordering the intellects as an intense application to any one of these six things: the Quadrature of the Circle; the Multiplication of the Cube; the Perpetual Motion; the Philosophical Stone; Magic; and Judicial Astrology. In youth we may exercise our imagination on these curious topics, merely to convince us of their impossibility; but it shows a great defect in judgment to be occupied on them in an advanced age. “It is proper, however,” Fontenelle remarks, “to apply one’s self to these inquiries; because we find, as we proceed, many valuable discoveries of which we were before ignorant.” The same thought Cowley has applied, in an address to his mistress, thus:

“Although I think thou never wilt be found,
Yet I’m resolved to search for thee:
The search itself rewards the pains.
So though the chymist his great secret miss,
(For neither it in art or nature is)
Yet things well worth his toil he gains;
And does his charge and labor pay
With good unsought experiments by the way.”

The same thought is in Donne. Perhaps Cowley did not suspect that he was an imitator. Fontenelle could not have read either; he struck out the thought by his own reflection. It is very just. Glauber searched long and deeply for the philosopher’s stone, which though he did not find, yet in his researches he discovered a very useful purging salt, which bears his name.

Maupertuis, in a little volume of his letters, observes on the “Philosophical Stone,” that we can not prove the impossibility of obtaining it, but we can easily see the folly of those who employ their time and money in seeking for it. This price is too great to counterbalance the little probability of succeeding in it. However it is still a bantling of modern chemistry, who has nodded very affectionately on it. Of the “Perpetual Motion,” he shows the impossibility, at least in the sense in which it is generally received. On the “Quadrature of the Circle,” he says he can not decide if this problem be resolvable or not; but he observes, that it is very useless to search for it any more; since we have arrived by approximation to such a point of accuracy, that on a large circle, such as the orbit which the earth describes round the sun, the geometrician will not mistake by the thickness of a hair. The quadrature of the circle is still, however, a favorite game of some visionaries, and several are still imagining that they have discovered the perpetual motion; the Italians nick-name them *matto perpetuo;* and Bekker tells us of the fate of one Hartmann, of Leipsic, who was in such despair at having passed his life so vainly in studying the perpetual motion, that at length he hanged himself.

THE CO-RELATED FORCES.

By RICHARD BUDD PAINTER.

I will give a short account of some forces which influence matter in a very powerful degree.

These are *Heat*, *Light*, *Electricity*, *Magnetism*, *Chemical Affinity* (or chemical change), and *Motion*.

Of these forces, as of those of attraction and repulsion, we again can only judge by their effects. God alone knows their cause and real quality.

Until a few years ago they were supposed to be quite different things essentially, but Grove, Joule, and others have now shown them to be so co-related as to be convertible the one into the other, and hence the brilliant theory of the “Correlation of the Physical Forces.”

To show this co-relation and capacity for transformation I will give a few examples. Rub a piece of iron briskly, or repeatedly strike it with a hammer, and it will become warm. We know from this, therefore, that motion will produce heat. Or strike a lucifer match against the box, and the rapid motion of the match against the hard surface will produce sufficient heat to cause the sensitive chemical substance at the end of the match to inflame, and so to give out heat and light. Or watch a horse trotting on a hard road at night, and sparks will every now and then fly from his feet.

This is because by the rapid forcible motion of his legs the iron of his shoes every now and then comes in contact with a stone, and a minute particle of steel being struck off with great force and rapidity it becomes red-hot, and thus presents another example of how motion can be converted

into heat.

These are instances of heat and light being produced by the motion of friction. But now let us look at the converse case, of heat producing motion.

Light a piece of coal, and set a kettle of water on it. The flames resulting from chemical change soon leap out, and flicker, and flare, and presently the water too becomes agitated, and boils with energetic motion, and steam rushes up into the air.

Place water in a proper machine, and the force you get from the chemical change of the coal causing the water to form steam, can make a railway train weighing hundreds of tons rush along the rails at a mile a minute.

These are familiar examples of how man may set in action the correlative forces, but instances abound universally in all creation where the correlative forces are constantly producing each other by mutual conversion, and affecting thereby all sorts of natural changes.

By the stimulus of heat and light, etc., received from the sun, motion and chemical change are compelled throughout nature, both animate and inanimate. As an example of the latter take the case of water.

The water of the seas and lakes, etc., being affected by heat moves by evaporation into the air, and afterward descends as rain or dew to perform the well-known and indispensable uses pertaining thereto.

Then as to the way in which light and heat produce movement and chemical change in plants and animals, I will also cite one example, selecting plants as being the most ready of illustration.

It is under the stimulation of light and heat that the plant grows and performs its functions; and astonishing to say, the rays, both of light and heat, which fall on the plant are absorbed into it and fixed there.

That is to say, the chemical changes necessitated in the plant by the light and heat, result in these factors of change being themselves incorporated with the new wood, etc., in such a way as to be retained there in union with the atoms of carbon and other constituents of the tissue and products of the plant. Thus fixed they may remain for ages, until the wood, etc., is itself subjected to change, and then either as wood or as coal (if turned into such) it will—if burnt—again give out that light and heat which it received and appropriated during growth. [258]

Hitherto I have spoken of chemical decomposition only as produced by motion, and heat, and light, but now I must give a familiar instance in which you can produce great chemical change and movement amongst atoms by simply mixing two chemicals together. Add tartaric acid to a solution of carbonate of soda and a great commotion ensues, owing to the superior affinity of the tartaric acid for the soda; and which acid displaces the carbonic acid in previous union with the soda, and the latter acid is turned out and escapes by violent effervescence.

This instance is but a typical example of chemical decomposition in general, and may occur in thousands of different ways in different chemicals, and producing not only chemical transformation, but the manifestation in many cases of heat, and light, and electricity, etc.

I will next speak of electricity and chemical affinity conjointly. The electrical spark will produce heat, light, chemical change, and movement.

Faraday showed also that electricity produces magnetism, and magnetism electricity—that indeed you can not produce the one without the other.

Again, electricity will set in motion chemical affinity or decomposition, and conversely chemical change will produce heat, light, electricity, motion, etc. To show this, place pieces of zinc and copper in an acid—that is, make a voltaic battery. The acid attracts the metal and sets up chemical action, and the result is that this chemical action by producing a change of state, sets free electricity, which being conducted by "the poles" or wires of the battery can there be made manifest in the following different ways:

Bring the poles together and heat, light, motion, etc., will be produced as witnessed in the dazzling electric light.

Or, to produce chemical change only, plunge the wires constituting "the poles" of the battery into water, and wonderful to say the molecules of water will have such motion imparted to them that they will be broken up into their constituent gases; and what is most marvelous, the oxygen will always be given off at one pole and the hydrogen at the other.

This is electrolysis or electro-chemical decomposition. Numbers of compounds in solution may have the molecular states of their atoms broken up thus, by the voltaic current, and curious to say of the atoms so dissevered, as above noted, those composing a given element will always be evolved by the same pole—the positive pole or the negative pole as the case may be. Some elements, that is to say, always appearing at the positive pole and others always at the negative.

Lastly I will say a few words specially as to motion.

We saw how the motion of striking the lucifer match produced chemical change, and light, and heat. We have seen also that chemical change—that is, the movement and change of place of the infinitely small atoms of matter—could be produced by heat, and light, and electricity; and that

chemical change could also itself interchangeably produce all these.

We have seen, too, that motion can be produced by heat—as by the production of steam which drives the engine; also that light can cause motion, as in the growth and nutrition of plants; and it remains only in this brief summary of an immense subject, to remind the reader that electricity and magnetism can also both of them produce motion, not merely amongst atoms, but even in large masses, by means of their attractions and repulsions. Rub a piece of sealing-wax or glass with cloth or silk, and the friction will cause such a change of state in the glass or wax as to set free electricity, and this force, thus made evident by motion (rubbing), can itself produce motion by attracting pieces of paper, etc.; indeed, by using well-known methods you may lift hundreds of pounds' weight.

So likewise as to magnetism; it can produce motion, as we see in the oscillation of the needle of the mariner's compass—the attraction by a magnet of iron filings, etc.

From the above short survey of this marvelous subject, it can, I hope, be understood by the reader that in the co-related forces we have a most striking—nay! miraculous instance of "continuity"—that is to say, that the force, or essence, or energy, whatever it may be and whatever you may call it, that constitutes heat, light, etc., etc., is never lost, but merely changes from one form, or kind, or state, into another, in a perpetual series of everlasting transformations, each one form being capable of producing: or changing into one or more of the others—motion, for example, being readily transformed into heat, or heat into motion, etc.

My illustrations have necessarily been scanty, and my explanations brief, but I hope I have adduced sufficient to show the unscientific that in the six correlative powers we have a protean force which is able to assume the most astounding changes and varieties of form, according to some mechanical law we are totally unacquainted with.

But what is the real nature of this force or forces?

As to this I can say but little: it is one of the mysteries of creation. Experiment demonstrates that heat and light are kindred in their mechanical constitutions, and that they consist of vibrations of a "something" which is called ether, and it seems pretty certain that this "wave theory" is correct; but why they vibrate we do not know.

Then of the nature of magnetism and electricity we know even less, and can only say they are changes of the state of "something" which produces changes in the state of other things, both of matter and forces.

Some persons have thought that whereas light consists probably of the vibrations of "ether" in a particular manner, so, that electricity and magnetism may depend also on different kinds of strain or wave motion of this same "ether,"—either of that of space, or of the "ether" that permeates all substances. But, of course, this is all hypothesis.

So, too, of "chemical affinity," we do not know exactly why it acts as it does, or what its force really consists in; we can only say that it depends on the different motions and appetencies or repulsions of the atoms of the various kinds of matter being made manifest, when such atoms are loosened from their previous condition by heat or what not, and so being rendered free, are able, through their inherent qualities and attractions, to arrange themselves afresh under the new conditions, in the order compelled by such endowed qualities and attractions.

We can only judge of motion, or force, or energy by witnessing its effects; and when we say that gunpowder or coal contain in them a store of potential energy, we only know that they do contain the capacity for producing movement and doing work. The gunpowder will, if inflamed, expand suddenly by the production of gases resulting from chemical changes induced by heat, and in such explosion will give liberty to enormous force.

And so likewise as to coal: on being subjected to chemical change by heat, it will, though in a less rapid way, give off its equivalent of force or energy; but as to what this acting force or energy really is, we know nothing more than that it is motion—and as to what potential force is, we know nothing more than that it is the capacity for movement in store.

SOME GERMAN ART AND ARTISTS.

If it is true, as Emerson affirmed, that "It never was in the power of any man or any community to call the arts into being," that "they come to serve his natural wants, never to please his fancy," then Berlin offers in her new National Gallery a fine illustration of this theory. In 1841 King Frederick William IV engaged the architect Stüler to draw a plan of a building, after the style of a Corinthian temple, which should inclose a fine room, serviceable as a lecture hall for the University, an exhibition hall for pictures, or a public audience room. They determined to locate this building just back of the Royal Museum, on the so called "Museum Island." The king died before his plan was developed. In March, 1861, the Swedish consul, J. H. W. Wagener died in Berlin, leaving as a legacy to the state his collection of pictures, which was known in the city as the "Wagener Collection," which occupied several rooms in the "Kunst Akademie." In these same rooms every two years was held the exhibition for German artists, accompanied with the never ceasing regret that the accommodations were so poor. So necessity originated the idea of

utilizing the “Corinthian Temple,” then about to be built, not for a “city hall,” according to the intention of Frederick William IV, but for an “art museum,” exclusively for German art. The thought of such a magnificent temple for their future works inspired all ambitious German artists, for it was understood that whenever anything superior was produced it should pass into the public possession, thus rendering the sale of great works possible, and establishing a connection between the artists and the State—a plan which was advocated years ago by Herman Grimm.

After it was decided to use this building for a gallery, Stüler occupied himself with the necessary architectural changes which he only completed a short time before his death. The corner stone was laid on the 2nd of December, 1867. The work advanced slowly, and was, of course, interrupted by the Franco-Prussian war. After the victories it was resumed, and grew as rapidly as all buildings did in that memorable year of 1871, when it was scarcely possible to secure a dwelling in the German capital.

It stands a grand monument to German taste and genius of the 19th century, and very appropriately contains on its proud front the simple inscription:

DER DEUTSCHEN KUNST, MDCCCLXXI.

It is said to be the finest modern gallery in Europe, and is one among the few buildings designed especially for a gallery, old palaces being utilized generally for this purpose. I doubt not, however (if European critics would believe it), that the Boston, New York and Philadelphia art museums or academies are in architectural design in many respects superior. The National Gallery in Berlin is built of the reddish Nebraer sandstone. The dimensions are 62 metres long by 31 wide. From the ground plan can be seen the extent of the flight of stairs outside, which lead to a portico. This portico is supported in the pseudo-peripteral Corinthian style. The columns extend around the entire second story of the building. Between each two is engraved the name of an architect or artist. There are four fine groups of statuary on this stairway. A door opens from the portico into the second floor of the building, which is not in keeping with the generous dimensions of the columns and stairs. The entrance adds 34 metres in length to the building.

The walls of the entrance hall or vestibule in the first floor are overlaid with red Pyrenean marble; the ceiling is metal made in the Cassetin pattern, so much used in the Dresden gallery, and is supported by four Ionic columns. On the left broad white marble stairs lead to the second floor. To the right is a large open space for statuary. The first hall runs obliquely, and rests upon twelve black Belgian marble pillars, with capital and base of gilded zinc. The walls are of a sombre yellow stucco, reflective as marble. Upon the arched ceiling is frescoed in grey the story of the “Niebelungen Lied,” which is exceedingly pretty, surrounded as it is by brilliant borders. Between the columns the wall rises in the form of arches, and in these arches the story of Siegfried is painted.

Leading from this first hall to the left is a room for statuary (II), two rooms beyond for pictures (III and IV), to the right four rooms (XIV, XIII, XII, XI,) for paintings. These again unite in an oblique hall for statuary which expands into five fan-like rooms for paintings. Ascending the stairs slowly, we can study a plaster frieze, extending around the wall from the first to the second story, representing the “Progress of Civilization in Germany.” All her great men are here, from St. Boniface and Charles the Great to Frederick William IV, and the distinguished men of his times, kings, princes, poets, scientists, philosophers, *literateurs*, philanthropists, historians, musicians, artists, architects, sculptors, all are here gracefully and ingeniously brought out with their own accessories, consciously or unconsciously working with their separate aims into one another’s hands. It is a succession of men one can well pause to study. Otho I, Ulrich von Hütten, Melancthon, Luther, Cranach, Holbein, Dürer, the great elector, Libnitz, Winkelmann, Mengs, Klopstock, Bach, Glück, Frederick the Great, Kant, Lessing, Schiller, Goethe, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Blücher, Stein, Schleiermacher, Hegel, the brothers Grimm, Humboldt, Weber, Schinkel, Tieck, Rauch, Overbeck, Kaulbach, Stüber, Cornelius, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, Rietichel Kiss, Hildebrandt—are only selected from the long list. Among all are the names of but two women! Sophia Charlotte, and Queen Louise, who make prominent the two monarchs standing by their sides. Is it not almost dazzling to see this nation growing by “its own genius into a civilization of its own?”

We must not forget, however, in the distraction of thought caused by the encounter of the representative men of eleven centuries that we are ascending the stairs of a modern gallery in search of the works of a single man, who stood at the head of his own department, and revived art in Germany in a century when the equipoise between it and other interests had been lost.

There has been much dissatisfaction expressed by critical people that the two handsomest rooms in the National Gallery have been devoted to the shadowy old cartoons of Cornelius. But we intend to enter these rooms, not with the complaints of many fresh in our memory, but in the spirit of Hermann Grimm—he who says of himself that he “regards art as the noblest fruit of human activity,” and who writes in his “Life of Michael Angelo:” “Since Michael Angelo’s death, no one has presented such vast problems to art as Cornelius, whose noble conceptions have been more powerfully and grandly embodied with increasing years. He is a painter in the highest sense. Like Michael Angelo and Raphael, he touches the intellectual life of the people on all points, and endeavors to represent that which most deeply affects their minds. Yet in spite of all, how do his efforts, and all that has resulted from them, tell upon the people? and what has been the end of the mighty power waited for through centuries? With deep shame I write the fate awarded to this man in Prussia. He is not, indeed, allowed to suffer want; an honorable, brilliant

old age has fallen to his lot. But, while for that which is called official art, the greatest sums are fixed and given, not only are there none finished of the paintings ordered of Cornelius—the cartoons of which, whenever they appear, eclipse everything else, unsightly as is their gray paper and charcoal strokes—but so much can not even be obtained in Berlin as a couple of simple walls for the cartoons of the paintings executed by him in Munich, which are kept shut up there, or go traveling around the world, appearing in Belgium, Austria and England, acquiring in these places the notoriety to which he owes his late fame. Engravings are taken from them. As photographs, they are in every hand; and in this way their influence will endure, until, perhaps, some day a museum worthy of them may be achieved, where they may find their true place, not as the ornament of a Camposants, but as the memorials of a great man." [260]

The day has arrived! The words of Hermann Grimm for his friend have not been lost, but like Ruskin's praise of Turner, have fallen into good ground. Before reaching the Cornelius Halls, the Cupola room, which is the most gorgeous in ornamental work, must be entered. At the top of nine pillars are the sitting figures of the nine muses in light polychromatic tints—so exquisitely delicate the shells of the sea seem to have furnished the colors. Between these figures the roof forms into shells, above which and encircling the dome, are painted the signs of the zodiac in brilliant colors upon a gold background. This "Cupola Saal" has four doors, one from the vestibule, the other opening into the Cornelius Halls, and the other two on either side leading into the long picture halls. I have said doors—but fortunately there are no doors in this tasteful building; costly tapestry, caught back in bewitching folds alone indicate the entrance from one room to another. The portraits of the emperor and empress are the only pictures in the Cupola Hall. Unfortunately they are not from Angelo's brush. The artist Plockhorst is comparatively unknown, and these portraits are very conventional in style.

The frescoes on the ceiling in the Cornelius Halls were done under the direction of Professor E. Bendemann, by Ernst, Fritz, Röber and William Beckmann. The Germans call it wax color, after the receipt of Prof. Andreas Müller, of Düsseldorf. The subjects are only the long catalogue of beautiful abstractions as Prophecy, Science, Genius, etc., but the color and execution show the high degree of perfection of modern frescoes. In the second hall is depicted the myths of Prometheus in this same wax color. The drawing of Prometheus' figure taken from one of Cornelius' cartoons, in Munich, is especially fine—so full of strength and fortitude. He looks a splendid type of vicarious suffering and strength of will, resisting oppression, almost ready to exclaim in Lowell's lines:

"I am still Prometheus, and foreknow
In my wise heart the end and doom of all."

In looking at this figure, and in studying carefully the cartoons, we tried to come to an impartial conclusion between the opinions of German and French writers in regard to the school of Cornelius, or the revival of German art. This began twenty years later than that of the French, under Louis David, and is said to have been undertaken in an entirely different spirit. A French author says in regard to the Germans that "instead of carrying art forward they turned back, and being not bold enough to go on to the discovery of a new future they took refuge in archaism." Every one knows that after the death of Albert Dürer, art in Germany fell asleep, that it was aroused by the rumors of a revival in France. Also that the little German colony with Overbeck directing it, did go to Rome to study the antique, but to go further with the Frenchman and say that all subsequent heads of schools—Peter Cornelius included—followed to the letter the paradoxical advice of Lanzi, "that modern artists should study the artists of the times preceding Raphael, for Raphael, springing from these painters, is superior to them, whilst those who followed him have not equalled him"—we can not, inasmuch as the statement includes Cornelius. If it had not been for the interest of Niebuhr, who was German ambassador at Rome when Cornelius was studying there, in exerting himself to get the Prussian government to give Cornelius commissions at home, he might have remained in Italy, and, like Overbeck and others, renounced the religion of his fathers, as well as all style but that anterior to the reformation. But he did go back to Germany. He may have gone to Italy with Van Eyck, Holbein, and Dürer in his mind; he may have returned with Michael Angelo and Raphael as ideals, but he certainly worked as Cornelius.

While not disagreeing with the French altogether, we can not unite with the Germans entirely in believing that "he drew the human body as though he saw it for the first time, and had never seen it painted or drawn by others." He certainly received many impressions, before going to Rome, from the old German and Netherland masters, and adding to all what he learned in Rome, this idea of total individualism seems preposterous. What one must feel in studying his works is, that he did not obliterate from his memory what he had studied from Grecian, Roman, and German Art, but he reconciled them in his own mind, and worked out in his own way results from this reconciliation, giving to Germany productions as faithful to her own instincts as ever Albert Dürer or Lucas Cranach did.

The Düsseldorf Academy was the first result. Of this school even Frenchmen have been willing to write: "The school of Düsseldorf, from Kaulbach and Lessing to Knaus, and the school of Munich, with Piloty, Adam, Horschelt, Lier, etc., by returning to picturesque truth have returned to their own times and to their own country."

The "National Gallery," as yet, has but two cartoons from Kaulbach; no painting. The fine old

“Treppen Haus,” in the Royal Museum, should be in this modern gallery to make the collection chronological, for these frescoes belong essentially to modern art, and would be in their place, leading from the Cornelius Saals, as Kaulbach was one of his favorite pupils.

As the Düsseldorf Academy is the oldest of German schools, a glance at the first artists educated there will be proper. Schadow, who was born in 1789, and who succeeded Cornelius as director of this academy, is represented by two pictures, “The Walk to Emmaus,” and a female head. One discovers at once more poetical feeling than in the pictures of his master, who delighted, like Milton, in painting

“Dread horror plumed—
Dire tossings and deep groans.”

Schadow died in Düsseldorf in 1862, leaving such pupils as Hübner, Lessing, Bendemann, etc., the latter being appointed, in 1859, his successor. Bendemann carries many honors—and paints good pictures—the gold medal from the Paris Exposition of 1837, and the medal from Vienna in 1873. He is knight of the “Order of Merit,” Fellow of the Societies at Berlin, Vienna, Munich, Cassel, Antwerp, Brussels, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Philadelphia. He belongs intimately to that class of German artists who began to modify the rigid dignity and formal tendencies of historical pictures by freedom of style and warmth of color. In this sense his great picture (now in the National Gallery), “Jeremiah at the Fall of Jerusalem,” was said to produce an epoch in art. Bendemann resigned his position as director of the Düsseldorf Academy in 1867.

Of all the Düsseldorf artists, Karl Frederick Lessing (whose style lies between the old and new school), Ludwig Knaus, and the brothers Achenbach, are the best known in America. In Cincinnati some of the best pictures of Lessing, and Andreas and Oswald Achenbach can be seen in private galleries, while in Boston and New York “The Golden Wedding” and the “Holy Family,” Knaus’s *chief-d´œuvres*, can be found. The latter picture proved to be too valuable for the Empress of Russia (by whom it had been ordered) to take,[I] and so fell into the hands of a wealthy New York lady, who was attracted toward it when it was on exhibition in Berlin two years ago. Lessing’s original sketch of “The Martyrdom of Huss,” is in Cincinnati, as well as some of Andreas Achenbach’s best marine pictures. The names of Schräder, Schirmer, Hübner, Knille, Hoff, and Gelhardt, are not so well known outside of Germany. The German artists, with the exception of Makart, who, as an Austrian, does not class himself with the northern German school, left such an indescribably blank page in the Philadelphia Exposition, owing to their indifference and timidity, and want of energy in sending off their pictures, that the American mind is sadly prejudiced against German art. The French pictures have so long crowded the market that not until some young disciples of the Munich school returned to New York several years ago, would they believe that there was such a thing as German art. And now the impression is that it all concentrates in Munich. What is to be done with Knaus, Werner, Richter, Knille, Gussow, and the other distinguished names in northern Germany?

In Knaus, to whom we have already referred, and who has been recently called to Berlin as director of one of the newly-established “Meister Ateliers,” one finds that rare accordance of the character of the man with the peculiar excellencies of his productions. His *genre* pictures reflect his own spirit. He is as genuine, unaffected, and fresh in his feelings as the children he paints.

Werner, the director of the Royal Academy of Berlin, made the designs for the Column of Victory, and has a tremendous productive power, almost equal to Makart, but he is far from possessing the luxuriant imagination and oriental instinct for color that distinguishes the latter from the artists of his day.

Gentz paints with vigor and fine sentiment oriental pictures. He has spent much time in the East, and has innumerable treasures for his house, which is one of the most attractive in Berlin.

Gustave Richter is considered by many the greatest of the German artists. He is a favorite at court, and the National Gallery is indebted to the emperor for the most wonderful picture he ever painted, “The Raising of Jairus’ Daughter.” Richter married the daughter of Meyerbeer, the composer. He paints his wife as often as Rembrandt painted “Saskia,” and in much the same style. One of the best, although less known of these portraits, is that called by the artist “Revery.”

Knille’s well-known picture of “Tannhäuser and Venus,” with its superb half-defined drapery of silk and satin, from which the faultless Venus rises, and the pellucid streams of light flow, and the flowers invested with purpureal gleams, is in the possession of the National Gallery.

Carl Becker is well liked in America, but it is doubtful, however, if the talented dwarf Menzel is ever heard of outside Germany. His countrymen are too fond of his pictures to allow them to go beyond their reach. He can paint anything and everything, from the glittering rooms of Sanssouci to the forging and rolling machine works. He has a picture of this latter class in the Gallery, where the varied lights—daylight, firelight, reflected light from red-hot iron, all fall upon the faces of the men; a feat in painting but little less remarkable than that of Rembrandt’s “*Ronde de Nuit*,” at Amsterdam.

There remains but the “Schlachten-maler,” as the Germans call them, with Camphausen at the head, whose battle scenes are multiplying in times of peace as if they were still longing for

“The smoke of the conflict,
The cannon’s deep roar.”

If one regards works of art as the necessary products of their age, these artists are following with fidelity the direction of their own times. The emperor is a soldier at heart, and Camphausen as court painter only represents his sovereign’s taste on canvas. Steffeck, Dietz, Franz, Adam, belong to this same class. When Pascal said, “How vain is painting which excites our admiration for the likeness of things, the original of which we do not admire,” Louis Vierdot calls him a philosopher, and especially a Christian, but not an artist. In looking at these battle pictures and Gussow’s burly girls and toothless old men, we prefer not to be artistic. “Ah,” said a young Munich disciple, “we do not think much of Gussow here in Munich; he is like the ceramic sensation; he will soon wear out.” But the Berlinese laugh this jealousy to scorn. They have a *genius* among them in this very sensational Gussow. He is a young man not more than thirty, who was called to Berlin from Düsseldorf to take the ladies’ class in the Berlin Academy. He teaches these enthusiastic pupils as if they were strong, rough men, preparing themselves to encounter criticism; to banish everything that reminds them of an artificial world; that they may help him to restore nature to her simplicity, and in so doing absolve themselves from all laws by which perverted ideas seek security against themselves. He says, “Paint what you see! Art is not always to seek for the beautiful. A widow in her weeds is as fine a model as a bride in her orange blossoms. Lay on the color as nature has laid it on—rough and coarse if you find it so. Draw the figure large, gross, and rude, if in so doing you can emancipate yourself from conventionalism. By force of refinement art perishes, like society. It must be refreshed once in a while by a return to barbarism!” Gussow’s pictures are like bold statements and frank confessions, and a better teacher for shrinking, undecided talent, either in man or woman, is not to be found. He is the most wonderful colorist of the age in Germany.

In conclusion, we ask if the day has not arrived in Germany, and even in Northern Germany, when she has a national art? Rome claimed at the beginning of the last century, that she was the jail of the German and Netherland artists. Paris boastingly says the same to-day; but we believe just persons, after examining into the condition of the various German schools, will admit that they have much peculiar to themselves, even if many of their artists have studied in Paris. (In a catalogue of two hundred names I find twenty-five only who ever received instruction in Paris.)

The International Geological Congress, which met at Bologna last year, decided upon the preparation of a geological map of Europe, and appointed an international committee to superintend the work. The map is to be published in Berlin. It will include the whole basin of the Mediterranean and all of Europe to the eastern slope of the Ural mountains. The river systems, the principal towns, the more important mountain-ranges, and the curves indicating sea depths, will be some of its features. The object of the committee will be to give a clear representation of geological conditions.

“When you have found the master passion of a man, remember never to trust him where that passion is concerned.”—*Lord Chesterfield.*

THE HISTORY OF EDUCATION.

By W. T. HARRIS.

IV.—PERSIA.

In sketching the history of education, I am careful not to limit my consideration to the school. The most important interest to us is a discussion of the new ideas contributed to civilization—the ideas that have come down to our own time, and that have exercised an influence on all the great national movements that have appeared on the surface of history. The true view of history looks upon it as a process by which Divine Providence educates the race. He unfolds something to each people, and does not let that revelation vanish again from earth, but causes its transmission to other nations, often by dark and mysterious providences:

“One accent of the Holy Ghost
This heedless world hath never lost.”

In Persia we have a new religious principle making its appearance, quite different from those we have met in our studies of China and India. It is the distinction between good and evil, both being regarded by the Persian as real and self-existent principles. Hence we have a negative power in the divine; for not good alone is supreme, but the good is limited by evil, and both are eternal, or at least real and actual, in the present world. The Hindu did not acknowledge the reality of evil; it was all “maya,” or illusion—a mere dream of our feverish consciousness. The whole world of nature, as well as the world of human beings, was likewise a dream that exists

only in human consciousness. It is the duty of the good Brahmin to get rid of this dream of a world, by means of abstraction and penance and mortification of the flesh. When the devotee has tortured and misused his body until he has benumbed and paralyzed it to a degree that it can not feel or perceive, then he is no longer haunted by the things of the world. They do not any longer flow into his mind through his senses, and he becomes divine, or like Brahm, who has no distinctions whatever, and hence no knowledge of anything, nor consciousness of himself. For consciousness is a distinction of the me into subject and object, the knowing and the known—I and me.

The Hindu will not regard evil as divine, or as a part of the highest principle. He goes farther than this,—he will not admit any distinctions at all as divine. He thinks all distinction is division or limitation. Limitation in God is the distinction of his infinitude. It will not do, therefore, to think God as this or that, or as not this or that, for thus we should limit him. He must be pure unity, without distinction—yes, he must be above unity, above all thought.

The Hindu, therefore, can not permit the ideas of righteousness and goodness to be applied to Brahm any more than he can admit the application of wickedness and evil. Special gods, Indra, Varuna, Vishnu, Brahma, may be righteous, but Brahm is above goodness and above righteousness, as well as above evil.

The Persian, however, does not accept such a doctrine. He believes that there is Ahura-Mazda (Ormuzd), the lord of all good, and opposed to him is Ahriman, the lord of all evil. The Persian insists on this dualism. Both principles are real; they are in perpetual conflict. This difference in religious principles causes great differences in character between the two peoples.

The Persian was an active people, making war on surrounding nations and fighting to extend the dominion of Ahura-Mazda and to gain a victory over Ahrimanes. The Hindu, on the other hand, in his education, cultivates abstract contemplation and meditation, and does not believe in wars or conflict. The child must be taught how to attain the blessedness of passivity and repose. No active duties for him—no struggles to overcome nature, to slay wild beasts or exterminate the pests of the earth, but he must be mild, and spare animal life, even in tigers, serpents, scorpions, and vermin. The Persian education fits the youth for a career of active warfare against wild beasts and all unclean animals. Clean animals are such as are in the service of light and truth and purity and cleanliness. The unclean do not serve Ahura-Mazda, but darkness and evil and filth and foulness. Unclean beasts are supposed to be tenanted by evil spirits in the service of Ahriman. Not only the horse and cow, but the hedgehog, who roams about at night when evil spirits are abroad, and the beaver, who kills the evil beings in the water, are clean animals. All scavenger animals—all carrion birds also serve Ahura-Mazda.

This principle of good and evil seems to have been at first the principle of light and darkness only. It would seem that Zoroaster converted what was a principle of nature into a spiritual principle. The religion of the Brahmins was also a religion based chiefly on the same distinction of light and darkness, in the early times before their migration from the high table-lands of Bactria, to the southeast, to the Indus valley. But the Brahmin, given to abstract thinking, ascended to the idea of a supreme unity as the origin and final destiny of his Vedic gods of the sky, while the Persian changed light and darkness to moral principles of good and evil, and made their difference more substantial than their unity.

Persian education, in the family and school, trained the youth to ride on horseback, to shoot with the bow and arrow, and, above all things, to speak the truth. This duty to speak the truth is to the Persian before all other duties, because truth is akin to clearness and light, and hence also to the good and pure—to Ahura-Mazda. Falsehood is the setting up of what is not, and hence inconsistent with reality. Hence the veil of falsehood prevents one from seeing reality, and hence it is akin to darkness. Next to truth-speaking is the practice of justice among the Persians. Like the truth, justice is self-consistent, and hence clear and simple. Justice treats each one according to his deed, returning upon him like for like. What one actually does is treated as the reality of his will, and justice is therefore a sort of respect shown toward personal reality. The thief steals property; justice says, “I respect your will; you wish to destroy the right of property, and *your* right of property shall be destroyed because it is *your* will. The people who are not thieves all will to respect the right of property, and therefore their property shall be respected. You, thief, shall lose your property, and also the ownership of your limbs: you shall go into prison, and sit still, and no longer possess the freedom of locomotion.” Injustice would make all human action uncertain and obscure, and the darkness of Ahriman would prevail.

Truth-speaking is the worship of reality. If all things and all events are only a dream, it is of no consequence to pay so much respect to them as to be scrupulous of veracity in regard to them. Hence the Hindu makes monstrous fables about things and events, and lets them become the sport of his imagination. Thus we see how deep-reaching the religious principle is, and how widely different the Persian system of education is from the Hindu.

The Chinese revere the past, and make their education consist in memorizing with superstitious exactness the forms of the past—the maxims of Confucius and Mencius. Even the vehicle of literature, the art of writing, requires prodigious efforts of memory to acquire it. “Do not exercise your spontaneity, but conform to the past. Be contented in repeating the thoughts which were uttered twenty-five hundred years ago. Make no new paths; plan out no new undertakings.” The Persian is not content with the past. He must assist Ahura-Mazda in the great contest with evil and darkness, and hence he must do something new. He must hurry to the front. Along the border-land rages the fight. The man who is content to remain within the domain

already conquered is a craven, and does nothing for the extension of the realm of light and goodness, but allows the realm of darkness and evil to hold its own attitude of defiance.

Besides truth-speaking and faithfulness to promises, the Persians prized gymnastics. All boys were trained in throwing the spear and javelin, as well as in shooting the bow and arrow and riding on horse-back. An active life is provided for. This training of the body is for real service in the world. The tortures and mortification of the body in India show a very different object.

The Persian youth were educated at home in the family, chiefly by the mothers, until the seventh year. Then the public education began, under the care of teachers venerable with age and exemplary character. From ten to fifteen years the boys learned prayers and the holy books of Zoroaster, and especially the ceremonies necessary to purification. The belief was that a person became unclean if he touched a corpse of man or of any clean animal. All clean animals became unclean at death, while all unclean animals became clean at death. For death was the symbol of conquest by the opposing power. The Persian who had become unclean must go through a tedious process of purification. It was a process of driving out the evil spirit that had taken possession of him. After various ceremonies of sprinkling himself with earth and water and gomez, he drove the evil demon from his head and body and limbs, and could now approach his fellow men once more and go near sacred fire. The formal ceremony of purification must be undertaken, not only on occasions of touching unclean things, but also at stated periods, in order to counteract unobserved pollution that might have happened. At the age of fifteen the boy put on the sacred girdle, composed of exactly seventy-two threads of camel’s hair or wool, worn day and night for protection from evil spirits. On putting on this girdle, after the ceremony of purification, the youth took a solemn vow to obey the law of Zoroaster.

The school education took place in the public market-place. There were four divisions, one set apart for the boys who had not put on the sacred girdle; another for the youth between fifteen and twenty-five years; another for those between twenty-five and fifty years, and a fourth for the old men, who came when they pleased. The second class, the unmarried youth, passed the night under arms as a police force or a garrison for defense. The boys brought with them their dinner, consisting of bread and water-cresses.

Hunting was practiced by the youth as a proper military training. The youth were compelled to live on such game as they could kill, otherwise they must go hungry. The public education was open to all classes of citizens, but only the boys and not the girls, it seems, received it.

There was special education for the nobility to supplement the public education. It was such education as pages receive by attending court and seeing the fine manners there, observing the looks and behavior of great statesmen and heroes.

The Persian was taught to spread life, plant trees, dig wells, fertilize deserts; especially it was his duty to extend the frontier and carry far and wide the dominion of the great king of Persia, vicegerent of Ormuzd.

The great monarchies of the river valley of the Tigris and Euphrates were subdued and added to the Persian empire. The wonderful cities of Babylon and Nineveh had been the wonders of the world in arts and commerce, and at times the terror of surrounding nations. Cyrus conquered Lydia, and then Babylon. Cambyses conquered Egypt. Darius and Xerxes carried war into Europe, and finally Persia receives its first check from the Greeks, who by-and-by, under Alexander, conquer the whole of the Persian empire.

The Persians were a composite people, no less than twelve tribes or nations being combined by the genius of Cyrus. There seems to have been in the tribe of the Magi a series of degrees indicating progressive culture in wisdom. There are mentioned the herbeds, or apprentices, the moheds, or journeymen, and the destur-moheds, or masters.

The river valley of the Tigris and Euphrates, and the valley of the Nile are wonderfully rich in historic material. We have learned much by means of excavations in the ruins about the ancient civilizations that prevailed there. There was another river valley farther to the north. The Oxus River, that now flows into the sea of Aral, once flowed with the Aral waters into the Caspian Sea. Great nations lived in that river valley, and terrible struggles went on between the Tartaric hordes that came in from the northeast, and Aryan and Semitic tribes on the south.

Persian influence extended with its conquests until it affected in one way or another all the nations about the Mediterranean Sea. Many are the doctrines and customs which have entered European culture, which indicate that influence. Secret societies point back to a derivation from the Persian Magi. Commonly it is some reaction that we discover. The Christian faith was obliged to defend itself often in its early career against some view of God and the world that had come west from Persia. The heresies of Gnosticism and of Neo-Platonism were chiefly of Persian origin. The endeavor to explain nature and man had led to the adoption of such theories as were hostile to the revealed truth. In the early period of the Roman emperors, the Persian worship of Mithra extended very widely among the Roman people.

What was positive with the Persians is the principle of activity, of active contest against the empire of darkness and evil. This principle has survived, we hope, and will survive, as an essential constituent of the faith of all future peoples. No compromise with evil, but its subjugation by light and truth!

THE WEARY HEART.

By Rev. FRANK S. CHILD.

Oh! weary heart, think not
 Thou art alone to-night!
Attendant spirits watch,
 Unseen by mortal sight.

Oh! weary heart, faint not!
 The Master knows thy need:
One word of sincere prayer—
 He giveth loving heed.

Oh! weary heart, yield not!
 If trials press thee sore:
An arm of might is thine,
 The Lord saith, o'er and o'er.

Oh! weary heart, believe!
 A faith that brings thee peace
Is nobler far than doubt,
 With hope's dark, dread surcease.

Oh! weary heart, rejoice!
 Love never wrought in vain;
Thou too shalt soon abide
 Where suns nor wax nor wane.

———

Oh! heart, thy weariness
 Long, long e'er this has fled;
Thou liv'st the larger life
 Though numbered with the dead.

ADVANTAGE OF WARM CLOTHING.

There are men, called chemists, who know a great deal concerning the nature of different kinds of substances, and who, in consequence of this knowledge, are able to bring about very surprising changes and effects. These men have places, termed laboratories, or labor shops, in which they work, and which are divided into distinct chambers, besides being furnished with all sorts of instruments and vessels. Sometimes liquids are put into these chambers and vessels, and there turned into solids. Sometimes both liquids and solids are converted into invisible air. Sometimes beautiful crystals, white and blue, green and red, are brought out of transparent and colorless fluids. Sometimes a few grains of dusty looking powder are made to vanish into smoke with an explosion that shakes the ground for yards; and sometimes waste rubbish is transformed into delicious scents, resembling those which are produced from the violet and the rose. Even dull, black charcoal has been changed into the sparkling and precious diamond. It would require a very large book merely to number the wonderful feats these men of science are able to perform. Chemists, indeed, in the present day can do much more by their knowledge and skill, than magicians pretended they could accomplish in the olden time.

Chemists make use of many very powerful agents in their laboratories, to aid them in carrying out their objects and plans. Among these agents there are two that stand before all the rest both in strength and in general usefulness. These prime assistants of the chemists are fire and water. The water is employed to dissolve substances whose little particles it is desired to bring closely together. When two different liquids thus formed are mixed, all the particles in the two come together and act upon one another. Fire is used to soften substances, and loosen the hold of their little particles upon each other, so that they may afterwards be readily mixed together. Water *dissolves* bodies; that is, makes them liquid by uniting them with itself. Fire *melts* bodies; that is, makes them liquid without the aid of water.

Now there is one object which the chemists often have in view, when they put different kinds of substances together, in a dissolved or liquid state, in the chambers and vessels of their laboratories; that is, to get something out of those substances, which was before hidden away in them, in order that they may turn that something to practical use. Thus the chemist mixes together saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal in the right proportions to make gunpowder. Then having rammed a charge of the gunpowder down into the tube of a gun, with a bullet on the top of a charge, he applies a spark to the gunpowder, and makes it change into smoke and vapor. Something which was hidden away in the gunpowder ceases to be concealed when it is changed into smoke and vapor, and becomes active enough to be able to drive the bullet out of the muzzle of the gun with a force that carries it through the air for a mile, and perhaps then buries it deep in the ground, or in a plank of wood. This is an instance of the way in which chemists produce

motion, by changing the state and condition of material substance.

I had occasion the other day to watch a still more interesting example of this strange result of the chemist’s skill. In a chemist’s laboratory, prepared for a particular service, I saw several small chambers of metal, half copper and half zinc, into which were poured blue vitriol and water, and an acid, a partition wall of pipe-clay standing between. The dilute acid and the zinc were slowly turning into white vitriol, which remained dissolved away in the water; but out of this new-made white vitriol there flowed a power, which was conveyed along a wire, and which made a needle, hung up on a pivot before me, twitch from side to side, almost as if it had been a living thing. I was told that this power set free in the solution, in consequence of the changes brought about there, would run along the wire to the distance of a hundred, or even of a thousand miles, and would there make another needle work and twitch in the same way. In short, I was looking at the electric telegraph at work, and learning that the agent which made the signal afar was simply a power that had been hidden away in the different substances the chemist put together in the metal chambers, and that was set free and enabled to operate in the production of independent motion, so soon as those substances acted upon one another, and altered the form and state in which each was existing.

Now, my good friend, your living body, and my own, are laboratories, in which changes of precisely the same kind are constantly brought about; your living body, and my own, are made of an enormous quantity of separate chambers and vessels, very small, it is true, but nevertheless such as can be seen quite distinctly when they are looked for with the microscope. In these small chambers and vessels different kinds of substances are thrown together, exactly as the zinc, and acid, and blue vitriol are in the laboratory-chambers of the electric telegraph. The chambers and vessels of the living laboratory lie between meshes of the supply pipes of the body, and it is indeed their minute cavities which are drenched by the circulating streams of the dissolved food (see “Value of Good Food”), and in which that dissolved food gets to be transformed into flesh and fat, gristle and bone, tendons and skin, fibres and nerves. The blood, which is pumped forth with such vigor from the heart, creeps along slowly through the smallest and furthest branches of the supply-pipes, in order that plenty of time may be given for all these changes to be worked out in the chambers of the frame. But the fibres and skin, the flesh and the nerves, when they have been built up, are also changed into waste substance by admixture with yet other ingredients which the blood brings to the little chambers. In the cavities of the living laboratory, as in those of the electric telegraph, these changes of substance lead to the setting free of agents before concealed, which agents then operate in the production of movements and of other living effects. When I now raise my arm up above my head, I am able to do so because some of the flesh of which my arm is composed, is changed into another kind of substance, the moving power being set free during the change. When I feel this hard stone which I take up in my hand, I am able to do so because some of the substance of which my body is made, is changed into another kind of material at the instant that I feel. This, then, is how strength comes out of food. The food is changed into flesh, and the flesh is converted into two distinct parts, waste substance and moving and living power. The power was originally concealed in the food, placed there by the provident hand of the Divine Author of Nature, in order that it might be forthcoming for this useful service when it was required. In simple words, material substance is destroyed in order that power may be extracted from it. Material substance, in living bodies, is turned into power. This is the mechanism by which God works in these, the most wonderful of the productions of his hands.

It will hardly be necessary, after all that has been already said elsewhere, to point out that the prime assistant of the chemist, water, acts in the living laboratory exactly as it does in the artificial ones. It loosens, dissolves, and mingles together the various substances which are to act upon one another. It is in the dissolved food, and the liquid blood, which flow into all the chambers and vessels of the living body, and which build up in them the fibres of living structure, and then transform and destroy those fibres, in order that the power there stored away may be obtained.

But it is still more remarkable that the other prime assistant of the chemist, fire, should also be employed in the living frame, in loosening its particles, and in quickening the operation of the various changes of substance upon which the production of power depends. It has been shown that in the body of a full-grown man there is as much heat produced in a single day, as would serve to make eighty pints of cold water boil, and it has also been stated that this heat is produced in the body exactly in the same way heat is produced in the steam engine; that is, by the burning of fuel. The heat is set free by the change of condition in material substance, precisely as power is procured. When the water employed in a steam engine is made to boil, the heat that causes the boiling issues from the coal, because that substance ceases to be coal, and turns into smoke and vapor. Just so the fuel substance of the body ceases to be fuel substance, starch, sugar, and fat—and turns into vapor, which is steamed away, leaving the heat which was concealed in the substance to warm the frame.

The furnace which is kept burning in the living laboratory, to quicken all the operations which are being carried forward in it, and to furnish its strength, is a slow and gentle one. It never burns quickly enough to cause light and flame, as common fires do. The body is never even raised to the heat of boiling water, which is far less than that of burning coal. It is only made of blood-heat; that is, sixty-eight degrees of the heat-scale warmer than freezing water,—in its warmest parts. Boiling water is one hundred and eighty degrees of the same heat-scale warmer than freezing water. The furnace of the living body sometimes burns a little more quickly than it

ought, then the body gets warmed into fever. Occasionally it burns considerably less quickly than it ought, then the body is chilled, and its living actions and powers are slothful and languid. Upon the whole, however, its heat is steadily kept up at pretty much what it ought to be, that is, at one hundred degrees of the scale, which gives thirty-two degrees for frost.

Now this is how the furnace of the living body is kept smouldering on in its gentle and even way. Little blasts of air are constantly puffed in upon the burning fuel. That out-and-in play of your chest as you breathe,—that is the puffing of air blasts into certain chambers of your living laboratory, to keep up its smouldering fires. The more quickly and deeply you breathe, the warmer your body becomes; and the more slowly and softly you breathe, the colder that body remains. The same action which blows a fresh wind through the living frame to clear away its impure vapors, also serves to fan its hidden flames, and keep its fuel burning. When the breathing is stopped the fires of the body go out, just as those in a common furnace do, when their air-blasts are arrested, and the body becomes dead cold.

You will remember that when the fresh air is drawn into your lungs as you breathe, it enters a large quantity of little cavities or chambers, which have, all of them, a fine net-work of the supply-pipes stretched out upon their walls; and that as the blood rushes on in its course through these supply-pipes, it sucks air into itself from the air-cavities, and carries it, in its own streams, to all parts of the living structure. Air goes with the blood to that strong force-pump, the heart, and is then pumped out with the blood to every crevice and fibre of the body. Every part of the body therefore receives, by means of the supply-pipes and in the blood, heat-fanning air, as well as supporting food.

When air reaches the living flesh and nerves, by thus flowing to them in the blood-streams of the supply pipes, it sets up those changes of substance in their structures which lead to the production of movement, and feeling, and other kinds of living power. When it reaches the dissolved fuel, contained in the blood and in the various little furnace-chambers of the laboratory, it sets up those changes in the fuel which lead to the production of warmth. The fuel is slowly burned in the blood and in the chambers of the frame, and there gives out warmth, as a fire does whilst it is burning in a grate. This warmth consequently heats the blood, and the warm blood carries its heat wherever it goes. The entire body thus becomes as warm as the blood, or nearly so.

Now, where do you think all the heat originally comes from, that is procured from burning fuel? The heat is stored away in the fuel, as one of the ingredients of its composition, until it is burned. But where was the heat obtained from, which is stored up in the fuel? Of course, when the fuel was made, that heat-store had to be supplied to it, as well as its other ingredients. First let us see when and how the fuel was made, and perhaps we shall then be able more perfectly to understand this matter of its warming qualities and power.

In the case of coal, it is not a very difficult task to trace the stored-up heat to its source. But what a surprising truth it is, which becomes apparent when the task has been performed. The heat is, so to speak, *bottled-up sunshine!* Coal is dug up from deep mines hollowed out in the earth. But at one time it was wood, growing on the outer surface of the globe, and covered with foliage which was spread out into the genial air. Traces of the leaves and stems from which it has been made, are still discovered in its substance. Long centuries ago, the vast forests containing these trees, were overthrown by some tremendous earthquake, and swept away by strong floods of water, and so the tree-stems were at last deposited in hollow basins, and were there buried up by millions and millions of tons of heavy rock and soil. There, where they were buried, they have remained, turning more and more black and dense through the process of slow decay, until they have been dug up piece-meal to feed the furnaces and fires of the existing generation of men.

Now, you know very well that trees only grow in warm weather, and in sunshine. In winter time their branches stick out stiff and bare, and do not increase in the slightest degree. But in summer time they clothe themselves with beautiful masses of foliage, and suck in from both the air and the soil large quantities of vapor, of liquid food, and of sunshine. All these they combine together into fresh layers of timber. All these therefore were buried in the ground as timber, when those old forests were overthrown which form the coal-beds. Timber cannot be made in cold weather, because heat is one of its necessary ingredients. But as all the warmth of the weather comes from the sun, it is the sun’s warmth which is stored away in the coal, and which is set free and made useful when the coal is burned.

The grand source of all warmth on the earth is that brilliant light which God has placed in the sky to rule over the day. In a summer’s day you sit down in the bright sunshine, and bask in its warmth. In winter time, when the sky is covered with clouds, and ice and snow lie thick over the ground, you place yourself indoors near the glowing fire; but strange to say, it is still the sun’s genial warmth that you experience. If the fire be of coal, it is warmth which was borrowed from the sun centuries ago. Reflect for an instant upon this marvellous arrangement entered upon, for your comfort, ages before you were yourself called into being! When those coal-making forests spread their broad masses of foliage out in the sunshine, there were no human creatures existing upon the earth; and, indeed, not even the flocks and herds, which are so essential to man’s welfare, had been framed. Neither cattle nor sheep could have found pasture on the plains which yielded them support. The great duty of those forests must have been to store up genial warmth for then uncreated generations of beings, who in due season were to appear, and to avail themselves of the provision thus made.

But suppose that you had neither fresh nor stored-up sunshine to fall back upon, and had to

depend entirely for your warmth upon that furnace which is carried about in your living laboratory, and kept alight by the puffing of your breath. Still that internal heat comes originally out of the sunshine. Just before the time when man was placed upon the earth, the beautiful family of plants was created, which fills the gardens with roses, and which yields the apple, the pear, the cherry, the plum, the apricot, the peach, the almond, the strawberry, and the raspberry. Just at the very time was planted on the globe, the vegetable tribe which furnishes the different kinds of nourishing grain, and which provides pasture for grazing animals. The fruits, the grasses, and the grain were all commissioned to extract power and warmth from the sunshine, and to store it up in such a form that the influences could conveniently be introduced into the interior of the living body. Living animals which are warmed by the fuel contained in their food, procure their heat from sunshine that was stored up, as it were, but yesterday. When animals live upon flesh, and get their strength out of the lean fibre, and their warmth out of the fat of this food, still it must be remembered that the flesh has been fed on the grass of the field just before. The main office of the plant in creation is thus to store up in a fixed and convenient form supplies of active energies which can be turned to account by animated frames. The plant effects this end by preparing the food upon which animals live;—that food which, besides keeping the body in repair, serves also to furnish it with warmth, and to give it strength and power. How admirable and beneficent is this plan, whereby the genial influence of life-quickening sunshine is economized and preserved for the service of one-half of creation, by the instrumentality of the other half!

In the far distant regions of the north, there are places on the earth to which no daylight or sunshine comes for four long months at a time. During this gloomy period the ground goes on, from hour to hour, scattering more and more of its heat, until it is almost as cold as the chill space in which the great world is poised, and has indeed more than 100 degrees of frost. The land and the water alike get covered up by one broad and thick sheet of never-melting ice and snow. There is not a leaf, or a grass blade, or a vegetable stalk any where in the wide white desolation. But there are animals and human beings, who are born and die, who maintain a prolonged existence in it. Let us just look in upon one of the households in this drear frost land, and see what the odd community is like.

In the midst of a broad snow waste, through which the sharp wind is howling with a fearful sound, there is a small mound nearly covered by the snow-drift. We perceive this mound by faint starlight, the only gleam that comes down from the sky. A few feet away from the mound we discover a small hole blocked up by a lump of snow. We move the lump aside, and stretching ourselves out at full length on the ground, we squeeze into the hole head foremost, and crawl along a narrow passage, burrowed out in the firm snow for about a dozen feet. We then find ourselves in a vault ten feet wide and fifteen feet long, and so low that we can scarcely sit upright within it. This is the inside of the mound. It is the interior of a hut, or dwelling-place, of these people of the drear frost land. The walls of the hut are built of large stones piled together, with a padding of frozen moss covered over them, and with thick ice and snow covered over the moss.

There are twelve living individuals, men, women, and children, huddled together in this close vault. They have no fire to keep them warm. Indeed, there is neither coal nor wood which they could use to light a fire, within many hundred miles. There is in one corner of the hut a broad shoulder-blade of a large quadruped laid flat, and in the hollow of this blade there is some crushed seal’s blubber, and some soft moss, with long cotton-like rootlets. The end of the moss is burning with a small, dull, smoky flame. This is the only artificial source of light and warmth within the hut.

But these people are all of them almost entirely naked; and they are dripping with perspiration, they are so warm. Outside of the hut, in the dim starlight, the air is actually a hundred degrees colder than freezing water. Yet inside, in the nearly as dim lamp light, there are almost as many degrees of warmth. The air is there as hot as the hottest summer day in England! All this heat is produced in the slow furnaces of those twelve individuals’ own living bodies. They have lost the sunshine for months, and everything around them is much colder than ice. They are living upon the flesh and blubber of seals, and sea-horses and white bears, animals which they killed before the sun went away, the meat being kept for them through their long winter by the preserving power of the frost. The sunshine of past away summers has given its heat to plants; the seals and sea-horses have fed on those plants, or upon smaller animals which have done so, and have transferred the heat into their own blubber; and now the benighted savages are getting the heat out of the blubber to keep their own flesh and blood warm and unfrozen. In that close hut, where no sunshine can come for months, the savage inmates have nevertheless abundant stores of the warmth of sunshine, which have been laid up and preserved for their service. Such care Providence takes even of these, the rude and barbarous children, whose lot he has cast in the desolate outskirts of the world!

The rude people who dwell in the cold frost-land of the north, remain warm through their long, severe winter, without the aid of artificial fires, because they economize the warmth which is produced in the slow furnaces of their bodies, and prevent it from being scattered away as quickly as it is generated. If they were to set themselves down in the open air, instead of in their close huts, the warmth produced in their bodies would be thrown off from the outer surfaces of these as fast as it was set free from the fuel. In the close huts, on the other hand, this warmth first heats the air contained within the stone walls, and is then a very long time in getting any further, and so prevents more heat from being rapidly scattered from the internal furnace.

These human inhabitants of the northern ice land have a companion in their desolate haunts,

who does not build himself a hut after their fashion, but who has instead a somewhat similar protection against the severe cold of the long northern winter, provided by nature. This creature goes upon four legs, sometimes swimming in the water, and sometimes stalking along upon the ice. He is very powerful and fierce, is armed with sharp claws two inches long, and has teeth which can bite through thick and hard metal. He is able to tear iron and tin to pieces as if they were merely paper or pasteboard, and he feeds upon seals, birds, foxes and deer, which he manages to catch by his cunning and address. This savage creature is often killed by the rude natives, who hunt him with dogs and spears, but in the absence of man he is the fell tyrant of the domain. He prowls about on the snow-wastes, destroying every living body which comes within his reach; and he remains exposed to the severest cold of the long dark winter, lying upon the ice and snow, without having his life-blood frozen by its chill power. The reason of his safety is that he wears a nature-provided great coat of very warm fur. His skin is every where covered by long shaggy hair of a yellowish-white color, which has a thick down-like under-growth closely packed beneath. This coat of soft fur is so long and thick, that it prevents the heat produced in the slow furnace of his body from escaping into the cold air. It answers the same purpose to him, that the snow-covered hut does to his human neighbors.

Men have no warm shaggy coats of this kind furnished for their use by nature, but they are enabled to supply the deficiency through the exertion of their own intelligence and ingenuity. They borrow warm covering from other creatures whenever they stand in need of such aid. Thus the rude human inhabitant of the ice land hunts and kills the bear and then before he feasts upon its flesh, he strips the fur robe from the carcass, and adapts it to his own naked body. So soon as the northern ice-people come out from their huts into the cold air, they put on coats and trousers of bear-skin, with the long sharp claws pointing out as toes to their boots. These odd savages look almost like small bears themselves when their white fur hoods are drawn over their heads, and their limbs are compactly muffled up in the claw-tipped robes which they have taken from the bodies of their prey.

Men in civilized lands do not put the skins of other animals upon their own bodies, but they do what is precisely the same thing in effect. They borrow silk from the worm, or cotton from the grass, or flax from the linen-plant, or wool from the sheep, and by their constructive skill, they spin and weave these substances into cloths, which are much more convenient than raw skins for the fabrication of garments, and which can be made as warm, when this is required. In every case, however, this artificial clothing acts in the same way as natural fur. It is warm, because it prevents the heat, which is produced in the slow furnace within the body from escaping quickly from the little chambers of the living laboratory. Clothing does not really warm the body, it merely keeps it warm; prevents it from being cooled as it would be if this covering were not placed between its surface and the outer air.

Warm bodies constantly grow colder, when situated in spaces which are more chill than themselves, provided always that there be no furnaces, quick or slow, within them, for generating new supplies of heat. They do so, because they give the excess of heat which they contain to the neighboring space, in the attempt to make it as warm as themselves. Warm bodies are always very generous, and disinclined to keep what substances near to them are less freely supplied with. If a metallic pint pot, filled with boiling water, be placed on the ground in air which has only the warmth of a March English day—some fifty degrees of the heat scale,—the water gets colder minute by minute until it remains no warmer than the air and ground which are around it. The rapidity with which warm bodies are cooled depends upon how much colder than themselves the space around them is. If one pint pot of boiling water be placed in out-of-door air that is cold as freezing water, and another be placed at the same time in a room where the air has the warmth of a mild summer day, the former will be deprived of all its excess of heat much sooner than the latter.

Warm bodies lose their excess of heat in two ways. They shoot it off into surrounding space. This is what learned men call “raying” or “radiating” it away. The sun, you know, shoots or rays its heat off to the earth, and so does the fire to your body when you stand before it. But warm bodies also communicate their heat to substances which touch them, provided those substances be colder than themselves. Place your hand upon a cold metal knob, and you will feel that your hand grows colder as it gives portions of its heat to the knob. This is what learned men call “conveying” heat.

[To be concluded.]

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

By Mrs. MARY LOW DICKINSON.

[Continued.]

Away from Boulogne-sur-Mer,—away from the treacherous sea, that laughs, as we look back upon it, tossing its white caps mischievously up to the smiling sky; away from thoughts of Thackeray, who has left the wide stretches of coast around Boulogne haunted by Claude Newcombe’s ghost, and on as fast as the “boat-train” can take us to the place where, some one

has said, “good Americans go when they die.”

There is nothing interesting in the tame, flat country; nothing novel in the farm houses, and thatched cottages, and sleepy-looking villages along the route, or in the general aspect of the people, except that the bonnet of the English peasant is replaced by the snowy cap, the frock of the English farmer by the Frenchman’s clean blue blouse. The English fog keeps its own side of the channel, and we look up into the blue sky, radiant with sunshine, with a sense of having found an old long-absent friend. Long before we arrive in Paris, even the staunchest Briton of us all marvels why she wanted to stay in London, when here, just over the water, lay this smiling and beautiful France.

And to us, as to most strangers, Paris and France are one. We shall see none of its other cities unless, moving southward, we stop at Lyons, and linger a day at Marseilles. Provincial life will come to us only in the city’s borrowed attire, as we find it in Paris, imported, and making itself at home. Nature and natural scenery can do little to captivate unless, indeed, we enter Italy by the pass of Mont Cenis, when we shall see what it is, even to a frivolous people like the French, to “lift their eyes unto the hills.” Ordinarily, nature seems here at a disadvantage, a pale, flat background for the intense artificiality of France. Her rivers seem to wind—the sluggish Seine with the rest—to show the architectural effect of her bridges, rather than to make the green banks blossom and to refresh the thirsty land. Her forests, even Fontainebleau and Versailles, what are they but the background for palaces? And even her wide, straight, dusty roads stretch on with a dreadful symmetry of commonplaceness that makes one feel as if the land had no lovely nooks, to reach which one must choose a shaded or winding way.

Once in the city, and this impression of the extreme of artificial life deepens. Everything—streets, dwellings, shops, squares, fountains, monuments—has been made as fine as it well could be; but all has been made, nothing has been let to grow; and in the monotony of construction one longs to see something that reveals individuality in its maker or itself. Humanity has the same stamp, and it is only the intense vivacity common to its various national types that gives the pleasing sense of variety. Dress, habit, bearing, manners, are singularly after one style, a better one in some respects, we will admit, than we have as yet found time to cultivate. In minor manners this is most noticeable. The ready “good morning,” and “thank you,” are on the lips of every servant and child, and the prompt “beg pardon” reconciles one to an occasional rudeness or lack of care. It is only fair to say, however, that in a crowd where an American might tread on one’s toes and never say a word, yet be most careful not to repeat the offence, the Frenchman would politely “beg pardon,” and while replacing the lifted hat, tread on the unlucky toes again. Still, there is something flattering to vanity in the easy deference that makes the waiter help you on with your overcoat with an air that thanks you for permitting him the honor, and the wheels of the traveler’s life do run more smoothly for the lubricating of French good manners. How mightily it helps the sales in the inevitable round of shopping that beguiles all womankind in Paris,—except of course, Chautauquans, good and true. American tradesmen might well learn a lesson here, and by practice take to themselves many a reluctant dollar that now stays pocket-safe, because of the gruffness or superciliousness of some airy clerk. But of all places, Paris needs no such addition as courtesy to the attractive seductions which her tasteful displays of beautiful things offer to the foreign purse. Her shop windows alone would draw one’s money up from the depths of the pocket, through the bewitchment of the eye. No matter how small the window, no matter how hideous the name of the shop—and these are of all names, from “Good Angel” to “Good Devil”—the very most and best is made of the goods to charm the eye and cause the passer’s step to halt. Halting, he is sure to enter; entering, he is sure to buy, and lucky the man or woman who escapes with a few lone rattling sous as *pour boire* for the cabman whom he hails to drive him home.

One never knows what a magnificent creature a poor mortal can become, nor has a realizing sense of his capacity for enjoying “things,” till he has been set loose in the streets of this alluring world’s bazar. Things! He, the traveler—or, possibly *she*—becomes possessed by a demon for which there is no other name than “things.” Things to eat, things to wear, things to hide away, things to give away, things to take home,—there is no end to it after it is once begun. People go out, meaning to buy nothing, and buy everything, until the playful remark of an American author that “Paris is a great sweating furnace, in which human beings would turn life everlasting into gold, provided it were of negotiable value,” seems not so far from true. Thankful indeed might be the traveler, Chautauquan or other, who, unable to gratify temptation, escapes it, as only it can be escaped, by filling the time so full that there are left no hours for the loitering amid lovely and alluring things. Virtuous, very virtuous, indeed, no doubt, was our quartette in this prudent regard. “Why should they care for shining and insidious vanities of to-day,” asked the student, “with historical Paris, and ecclesiastical Paris, and monumental Paris, and artistic Paris, with Paris, living and dead, past and present, lying about, in unctuous abundance, waiting to be rolled in sweet morsels under their tongues?” “Why, indeed?” echoed the other three, as on the night of arrival they went rattling in a four-seated cab, in which two lolled comfortably back and indulged in exclamations of delight over the brilliant city, blazing with its thousand lights, and gay with moving throngs, and the other two hung on the edge of the narrow shelf called a front seat, and longed for annihilation as to knees that there might be room for big basket, little basket, bundles and bags.

One night only for them in a large hotel in the American quarter, with the Grand Opera House before their windows, and a dozen hotels all crowded with Americans, within a quarter of a mile. Silently the sisters sit in a reception room about as large as a comfortable hall bed-room, while

the student adds their names to the very long list of Americans in the register in the office, a little den just large enough for a double desk. Then a porter, once a black-haired, brawny Breton peasant in the ever-lasting blue blouse, swings a trunk upon his shoulder, gathers up in one hand all the umbrellas and bags, which it took four of us to bring, and the *concierge*, from her own little den at the foot of the staircase, hands forth our keys with a smile that is purely French and means nothing, yet says plainer than words that she has been longing all day for our coming, and is so relieved that we are safely arrived at last. Cheered by its welcome, hollow though we know it to be, we mount the easy stairs behind the Breton and the baggage. Number fifty, one, two and three, calls the clerk to a frisky chambermaid in white apron and cap, and away she goes before with her white cap-strings flying, down the corridor. Why such speed? we question, but not for long. There are four rooms, and each room has from four to six candles—candles on bureau, mantle and table, "candles to right of us, candles to left of us, candles behind us glimmered and sputtered." With incredible celerity the white-capped maid had lighted them all. Lights are an extra in France, and when we go away to-morrow we shall find them all upon the bill, and for eighteen *bougies* it will be our duty to pay. Americans have been found, soon after our civil war, when the spirit of strife was not yet quelled, courageous enough to resist the candle swindle, and women prudent enough to take all they paid for, and to bear them away, rolled in bits of *Galignani's Messenger*, and tucked in with the best black silk. But the world still waits for the great spirit that shall successfully grapple the *bougie* fraud. Our quartette, I am ashamed to say, tamely submitted, the sisters unable to get the right proportions of sweetness and light on the subject, and the brethren remarking that some games were not worth the candles, and some candles were not worth the game. Still the rather luminous exhibition of what it would be likely to cost them to dwell in this particular quarter, helped them to see their way out, and before night of the second day they answered the tender parting smile of madame, the *concierge*, each with a touching franc, and saw their luggage in a pyramid on the top of a two-seated *voiture de place*, the brethren shrunken as to knees, to the space allotted in front of their little shelf, and away they went to dine in their little cosy sitting room of an apartment far out in the suburb of Passy, beyond the city bounds, where they paid for the parlor and bed-rooms and service less per month than it would cost for one room at any of the grand hotels.

And here they lived as nearly as possible the life of the French home. Abandoning soon the hearty American breakfast, the student learned that the brain worked well during the morning hours on its cup of coffee and its share,—a yard if you like, for bread can be bought by the yard—of bread. And away out here in Passy they found their servant, the good old woman who owned the house, yet waited upon them with her own hands, had not yet learned the trick of the hotels and cafés frequented by foreigners, but still gave them coffee such as we read about as found in Paris in "ye olden time." In common with nearly all French families, she frequented every morning the coffee-shops scattered at convenient distances throughout the whole city, and selected her coffee in just the quantity required for the day, from the freshly-roasted mass, and saw it ground and mixed before her eyes. The custom is to combine three kinds of coffee—one for strength, and two for flavor, for the morning use. Then it is neither smoked, drenched nor boiled until the result is an injurious decoction, but, placed in its perforated cup, just boiling water enough is poured upon it to swell every grain and force it to yield up its delicious first aroma; then again and again is the bath repeated, until a half a teacupful will be all the coffee prepared for a household. Now, to a tablespoonful or two of this beverage she adds a cup of milk, heated almost to a boiling point, and the liquid is fit for a king. Quite another affair is the *café noir*, made usually by boiling the residue of the breakfast coffee, and religiously let alone by the occupants of many French homes. Out of doors, after coffee, for two or three good hours of work in museums, and galleries, and palaces, and churches, and streets, wherever the city offered anything to be enjoyed or learned, and then back to breakfast at twelve o'clock in the day, a meal of meats and vegetables, salads and sweets,—a dinner really in all but soup and a name. Dinner at six, cooked by the owner of the rooms, served by her daughter, a black-eyed, tidy girl of seventeen, comprised the *menu* of the home. This was varied by an occasional raid upon the American gingerbread at the bakery of the Boulevard Malesherbes, or a visit to restaurants, where, at any price from thirty cents to a dollar and a half, according to location and appointments, one can be sure of a dinner, appetizing, clean, well-served, abundant, and so, whether one sits under the arches of the old historic Palais Royale, and takes history with his soup, and blends the gay kaleidoscopic throng before his eyes with the throngs that have filled the court in other days, or chooses his seat under the gilt and crystal of the glittering Boulevard des Italians, or boards at a pension at ten francs a day, and finds himself in a mitigated American boarding-house, where he puts a sou in the charity plate as a forfeit for every word of English spoken, or runs around in the Rue Neuve de Petit Champs, and consoles his patriotism by fish-balls and buckwheat cakes, or lets some kind, shrewd old woman buy and cook his chop, piously pilfering regularly her two sous a pound, there is no need to go hungry in Paris. Alas, that so much can not be said for the poorer classes of Parisians themselves, the laborers under whose lack of bread wrongs long suffered have so often ripened to revolutions. Let no one suppose the stimulating coffee, daintily prepared, is the drink of the laboring man of France. Happy is he who gets it once a week, and the common food on which the laborer works is soup, in which the meat is ordinarily scant enough, and the bread,—of which he can not always take as much as he would like and leave a portion of the loaf for the little ones at home;—a piece of bread with a bit of sausage, when he can afford it, makes the meal that marks the noonday pause in labor, and gives the more fortunate his *dejeuner a la fourchette*. In no city in the world is there more destitution than in Paris among the unfortunate and the deserving poor. The surface of its social life is kept so whitened that one forgets that it is like the sepulcher of Holy Writ. Only now and then, on some grand holiday, when misery may seem only a farce, only a fantastic spectacle in a pageant, is

squalor's want and beggary allowed to see the light. At all other times, the beggar's hand must hold something to sell, and the reality of want be treated as if it were sham, and crime be made to feel ashamed of nothing but the day. With the slow-coming change in public opinion, on all questions of philanthropy and morals, with the slow-coming emancipation of education, with the slow-coming freedom from priestcraft and the growth of true religious sentiment in France, there must dawn a brighter day for the masses, those enormous majorities who make the under strata of the nation's life. That it is volcanic strata, with a heart of fire that now and then heaves with its gigantic throbs the upper world, and sends forth the low rumble of suppressed lava-floods and the dull smoke of threatening revolution, is no marvel to any student of the past history and present social and moral and political conditions of France.

But it is not in these undercurrents that control national destiny that we can afford to drift our little tourist bark. What ought to be done, one can but vaguely feel; of what is being done, one may have a faint glimpse who will follow the history of the Protestant movement, and make himself acquainted with the missions in the city of Paris alone. I doubt if it would do to take our quartette too near the heart of this work, since some of them, at least, would never be willing to come away. And we can never let them leave Paris without a sight of the wonders that everybody sees. From Passy they make daily their *entree* into the city by the Avenue de la Grande Armee, and pass under the great Arc de Triomphe, that stands, the largest triumphal arch in the world, in the center of the beautiful Place de l'Etoile, from which branch like the points to a star the new beautiful avenues cut by Napoleon III in every direction, straight through miles of the most populous portions of the city. Climb the arch, a massive pile of stone larger than our largest churches, and let the eye run down the star-points. Here on the right is the most beautiful of all, the Avenue de l'Imperatrice, over three hundred feet wide, and extending to the Bois de Boulogne, the Central Park of Paris. Down this drive on any Saturday morning one may see many a cab containing a groom and bride of humble station, she in her white dress and orange wreath, going out to spend the wedding day walking and talking, and feasting at one of the many restaurants in the beautiful wood. A little earlier in the day, in the Madelaine, one might see the marriage ceremony performed. Our travelers chanced on one sunny morning to find a bride and groom before one altar, a coffin in the aisle, while at the font a priest was baptising a little child. Down this avenue to the Bois, all the finest equipages of the pleasure-lovers of Paris drift every day, and especially every Sunday. On Sunday occur the races and the military reviews. In the mornings the churches are thinly peopled with worshippers, principally women; in the afternoon the city is alive with pleasure seekers of every class. Yet let no one imagine Paris given to pleasure to be what New York or Chicago under the same conditions might be—noisy, uproarious, or rude. Everybody on the brilliant, crowded boulevards, in the Bois, all down the whole length of the Champs Elysees, is decorous, moderate, well dressed and well behaved. The whirligigs laden with little children whirl softly; even Punch and Judy, never-failing delight of childhood, are not too noisy in their quarrels. The cabmen drowse on their boxes, the horses go at a slow and steady jog. On the sidewalks the people sip their ices or their soda. There is animation, vivacity, but no rush or scramble or haste such as marks not only our work-a-day; but our holiday life. It is on the boulevards and the Champs Elysees that French leisure and pleasure may be seen at their best.

This wonderful Champs Elysees lies before one who stands at the Place de l'Etoile, in its whole length of more than two miles from the Arc de Triomphe to the beautiful Tuilleries gardens. In the daytime it is all foliage and sunshine and brightness; at night the gas-lights glitter in unbroken chains from tree to tree. From one end we can see the fountains play at the other, as they sparkle all day in the square by the old Egyptian obelisk, that marks the place of the guillotine, the memory of which changes all the brightness to gloom in the space of a single thought. Beyond, the half-ruined piles of the Tuilleries palace stand up gray and grim, as if they had not yet recovered from the astonishment and shock of their blows. Further still rise the palace and gallery of the Louvre, which some one has aptly called "the first and last fascination of Paris." We would make the fascinations plural, and include the Luxembourg gallery, which, though smaller, holds no second place in the Parisian world of art. Let no one fancy our tourists saw the Louvre in a day, or can write of it in a paragraph. What one finds there depends on what one carries in of technical knowledge, in intelligent apprehension, in sympathetic insight and appreciation. Words are not the medium for the description of pictures, or for the transmission of the sense of beauty. One should go to the Louvre once, at least, thinking of the building only. Remember that if it and the adjoining Tuilleries palace were extended their full length along the Seine, we should walk a mile to pass them. Once within, and relieved of our umbrellas, lest we forget ourselves and inadvertently "poke" some antique marble warrior, or try the point upon some crumbling mummy, we climb innumerable stairs and walk over acres of slippery, polished floors, and through rooms heavy with gilded decoration, burdened with every adornment that [270] wealth or taste could devise. The lower floors are devoted to libraries, to Egyptian, Assyrian, and Greek museums, and the upper to room after room of paintings, where one wanders at first aimless and bewildered, like a child whose Christmas riches leave it unknowing what first to enjoy. One or two sauntering visits like this, and the great pictures begin to come out from the mass, and we know which are those which belong to us by some subtle power of entering into their significance which we feel, but can not define. Then one by one they begin to lay a touch upon us, and draw us back again and again, for just one other look. How, after a little, our eyes let go, as our souls do also, of nine-tenths of the pictures, those with which we have been able to establish no line of communication, which may be, and are, doubtless, fine, only they are not for us. Then how we yield ourselves to the touch of those that have reached us through their greatness, that could not be resisted. Then we feel the pathos of Triosa's "Burial," and the

passion of despair in the writhing forms and agonized faces of his “Deluge.” Then we feel the strength in the masterpieces of David, and the exquisite delicacy and suffering and resolve in the “Ecce Homo” of Guido. Here Raphael’s genius shines upon us in the seraphic sweetness of the “Holy Family,” and Veronese’s “Marriage of Cana,” with its beauty of form and richness of color, and marvelous vigor of conception. And here is the mysterious, half-triumphant, half-timid, grace and beauty of “The Conception,” by Murillo. The longer one lingers, the more one dreads to hear the voice of the guard who calls out the time to close, and when the spell is fairly on one who loves art, he will pass from Louvre to Luxembourg, and back again from Luxembourg to Louvre, unheeding the great, gay, bustling world that is surging up and down between. At the smaller gallery, modern art and living artists are better represented than at the Louvre. Look here for De la Roche and Rosa Bonheur, and if the horrors of the French Revolution are not already coming up too often, as you pass about the city, dwell upon the anguished faces of the prisoners in the picture called “The Night Before Execution,” and I can promise you an afternight of troubled sleep. How gladly one turns from its horrors to the calm, sad strength in the face of the Christ in Ary Scheffer’s “Temptation,” rejoicing in the grand expression the artist has given to the power before which ultimately shall shrink back all the pain of the world, all the horrors and shames of sin. Between the thick walls of her silent galleries, and in the hushed air of her churches, one who had time could find a wealth of association, historical and other, that would enrich weeks spent in their examination alone.

But we cannot see all, and we can linger in but very few. We must go to the Hotel des Invalides, under whose dome lie in solemn splendor the remains of Napoleon I. We must stand for a moment, at least, in the spots made interesting by associations with history that can never be forgotten. Who would not go out of his way, for example, to hear for a few strokes the bell of St. Germain L’Auxerrois, when he remembers that it gave the midnight signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew? Who would not seek his opportunities to sit for a while under the towers of Notre Dame, or behind the porches of the Madelaine, or to rest in the rustic chapel behind the high altar of St. Roche? Here, as they should be everywhere, the churches are open all day long. The busy mother of a family on her way to market, may come in and, dropping her basket on the floor, kneel and pray for patience and strength for her round of common care. The world-weary soul may creep into the shadow of some high column, or kneel at some dim altar, and find the rest he craves. It is, at least, a spot to escape for a while into blessed stillness from the wearing turmoil of the world, and forgetting the papal altars, and the tinsel, and the gaudy images of the Virgin, and caricatures of angels, and remembering the great sea of human sin and sorrow surging forever beyond, the stranger can but be glad that the gates stand open wide.

Little time have we to linger in the most interesting, but we must surely go out to the church of St. Denis and see where, for thirteen hundred years, France has laid her royal dead. It is a drive of only five miles, and that is only a fair walk for some of our number, who would enjoy walking it every step alone, and calling up out of the past a procession of priests and courtiers bearing a dead king to his rest. Alas, that so many of them blessed France on the day they were borne to St. Denis more than in all their long, luxurious lives.

And to St. Denis is not the only little excursion that must be made from Paris. We cannot turn our faces southward without having visited Fontainebleau, and having had at least a long bright day in the palace of Versailles.

For the former excursion, only thirty-five miles from Paris, a day may be taken, though a charming little hotel outside the wood will tempt one to linger for a night, and thus secure an uninterrupted day for visiting the palace, strolling about the grounds, or driving in the charming roads through the forest.

The entire nine hundred apartments of the palace are not open for inspection, but at twelve o’clock daily a guide gathers up the waiting visitors and drives them like a flock of sheep through the apartments, many of them beautiful and sumptuous in adornment, and some neglected and forlorn. We entered by the Court of the White Horse, or the Court of Adieux, as it has been called since the time when Napoleon I there bade farewell to the remnant of his old guard before his departure for Elba. His bed-room, said to be in the same state as when he left it, and the table on which he signed his abdication, naturally claim the attention of all strollers through these halls. Within there is the jargon of the chattering people, who feel of the draperies as they pass warily over the slippery floors, the autocratic twang of the guide who means to hold us to his story until he gets us safely through and out at the door with our francs snugly stored away in his pocket. Outside there are lovely gardens and grounds, but cabmen beset us to drive in the forest, and once there, produce a new waterfall, or a high rock, or a rustic bridge, anything, everything, that a sixty-mile forest can afford for which a *pour boire* can be extracted. On the whole, we are ready on the second afternoon to return to Paris, and equally ready on the very next day to take the train for Versailles. It is only a little journey; we are there almost before we seem started, and in company with many other strangers, a few French families out for a day’s holiday, and many earnest talking deputies *en route* to the Assembly, we go up in the omnibus through the town, which now fairly hugs the palace gates, to the entrance of the great court, and before us lies the enormous but not imposing pile of the Palace of Versailles. Everybody who has never seen it knows it through pictures. We need not even quote the guide-books, and say that the great palace is over a quarter of a mile long, and cost France in money two hundred millions of dollars, to say nothing of what it cost in after-suffering to the nation and to the descendants of the king who built it as a magnificent monument to his vanity and ambition. We all know what part the Revolution played in it, and also that no government since the Revolution could take the

enormous expense of using it as a royal residence. Hence, in the time of Louis Phillipe it became a grand museum, and to-day the visitor, after exhausting himself in the effort to traverse some of the miles of walks to see the grounds, traverses miles of corridors and apartments lined with pictures, principally of French battles, and dedicated to all the glories of France. To Marie Antoinette the place of most tragic interest, to Louis Phillipe and Louis Napoleon it was simply a museum, and to France it has come to be, after the humiliation of seeing the German emperor encamped here, the seat of her new government and the stronghold of the power of the Republic.

The place of meeting of the National Assembly is in the former theater of the palace, and if one is so fortunate as to have a friend among the deputies, there is no difficulty in securing admission to any session. Ordinarily, guests are shown to boxes, from which they can look down upon the seven hundred representative men of France. The President’s seat is at one end of the hall, with before him a tribune, or platform, from which the deputies speak. On the right of the speaker are the Royalists, including Legitimists, Orleanists, and Imperialists, and on the left the Republicans. Besides these two grand divisions, there are the minor divisions of the Right and Left Center, the former wishing a constitutional monarchy, and the latter a conservative republic. One should visit the Assembly more than once to bring away anything beyond a confused sense of much animated gesticulation, violent discussion, often rising into a frenzy of speech and movement only equalled by the excitement of the Bourse. Calm talk grows to an apparent tempest of speech, for which there is no control, until it subsides of itself. Those familiar with emotional French manner will tell us that it all means nothing serious; that, notwithstanding this turmoil, all important questions are calmly discussed in party councils before they are submitted to public debate, and that the excitement is only the natural outlet of irrepressible human nature as it exists in sunny France. And it matters little with what petty bluster or serious throes she does it, if, out of her agitations, the nation comes, as she seems to be slowly doing, into larger light and truer liberty, into the grand freedom of self-control. Once there, revolutions will cease to be chronic, and regeneration, begun in the governmental center, may permeate the spiritual and intellectual, and ultimately reach even the corruption of the social life. Any influence that tends toward this, however convulsive in its action, must be welcomed by the thinking world. In her transformed palaces and half deserted churches one can but think on these things, forgetting that our business is for the present to observe and not to think. There is small time now for processes of thought, and none for opinions or conclusions. Three-quarters of the globe is before us, and even bewildering, bewitching France must be left behind.

[To be continued.]

“WE MUST NOT FORGET OUR DEAD.”

By MARY R. D. DINGWALL.

“So many of our students are in middle and after middle life; the death rate is, therefore, unusually large.”

“I will have them be with me where I am,”
Says Christ of his sainted ones;
And we give them up with sorrowing hearts,
When the Master’s summons comes.
Fold we the hands, though tasks at which they wrought
May be but half completed;
And we press the lips with a solemn thought
Of the last words they repeated.

“I will have them be with me where I am,”
Says he who o’er Lazarus wept;
And with tears we lay our loved ones away,
To sleep as Lazarus slept.
And we take up the tasks they left undone,
Sing songs they would be singing,
While we run with patience the race they run,
Bring sheaves as they were bringing.

TALES FROM SHAKSPERE.

By CHARLES LAMB.

KING LEAR.

Lear, King of Britain, had three daughters; Gonerill, wife to the Duke of Albany; Regan, wife to the Duke of Cornwall; and Cordelia, a young maid, for whose love the King of France and Duke of Burgundy were joint suitors, and were at this time making stay for that purpose in the court of Lear.

The old king, worn out with age and the fatigues of government, he being more than fourscore years old, determined to take no further part in state affairs, but to leave the management to younger strengths, that he might have time to prepare for death, which must at no long period ensue. With this intent he called his three daughters to him, to know from their own lips which of them loved him best, that he might part his kingdom among them in such proportions as their affection for him should seem to deserve.

Gonerill, the eldest, declared that she loved her father more than words could give out, that he was dearer to her than the light of her own eyes, dearer than life and liberty, with a deal of such professing stuff, which is easy to counterfeit where there is no real love, only a few fine words delivered with confidence being wanted in that case. The king, delighted to hear from her own mouth this assurance of her love, and thinking truly that her heart went with it, in a fit of fatherly fondness bestowed upon her and her husband one third of his ample kingdom.

Then calling to him his second daughter, he demanded what she had to say. Regan, who was made of the same hollow metal as her sister, was not a whit behind in her professions; but rather declared that what her sister had spoken came short of the love which she professed to bear for his highness; insomuch that she found all other joys dead, in comparison with the pleasure which she took in the love of her dear king and father. Lear blest himself in having such loving children, as he thought; and could do no less, after the handsome assurances which Regan had made, than bestow a third of his kingdom upon her and her husband, equal in size to that which he had already given away to Gonerill.

Then turning to his youngest daughter Cordelia, whom he called his joy, he asked what she had to say; thinking no doubt that she would glad his ears with the same loving speeches which her sisters had uttered, or rather that her expressions would be so much stronger than theirs, as she had always been his darling, and favored by him above either of them. But Cordelia, disgusted with the flattery of her sisters, whose hearts she knew were far from their lips, and seeing that all their coaxing speeches were only intended to wheedle the old king out of his dominions, that they and their husbands might reign in his life-time, made no other reply but this, that she loved his majesty according to her duty, neither more nor less. The king, shocked with this appearance of ingratitude in his favorite child, desired her to consider her words, and to mend her speech, lest it should mar her fortunes. Cordelia then told her father, that he was her father, that he had given her breeding, and loved her, that she returned those duties back as was most fit, and did obey him, love him, and most honor him. But that she could not frame her mouth to such large speeches as her sisters had done, or promise to love nothing else in the world. Why had her sisters husbands, if (as they said) they had no love for anything but their father? If she should ever wed, she was sure the lord to whom she gave her hand would want half her love, half of her care and duty: she should never marry like her sisters, to love her father all.

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Cordelia, who in earnest loved her old father, even almost as extravagantly as her sisters pretended to do, would have plainly told him so at any other time, in more daughter-like and loving terms, and without these qualifications, which did indeed sound a little ungracious: but after the crafty flattering speeches of her sisters, which drew such extravagant rewards, she thought the handsomest thing she could do was to love and be silent. This put her affection out of suspicion of mercenary ends, and showed that she loved, but not for gain: and that her professions, the less ostentatious they were, had so much the more of truth and sincerity than her sisters'.

This plainness of speech, which Lear called pride, so enraged the old monarch—who in his best of times always showed much of spleen and rashness, and in whom the dotage incident to old age had so clouded over his reason, that he could not discern truth from flattery, nor a gay painted speech from words that came from the heart—that in a fury of resentment he retracted the third part of his kingdom which he had reserved for Cordelia, and gave it away from her, sharing it equally between her two sisters, and their husbands, the Dukes of Albany and Cornwall; whom he now called to him, and in presence of all his courtiers, bestowing a coronet between them, invested them jointly with all the power, revenue, and execution of government, only retaining to himself the name of king; all the rest of royalty he resigned: with this reservation, that himself, with a hundred knights for his attendants, was to be maintained by monthly course in each of his daughters' palaces in turn.

So preposterous a disposal of his kingdom, so little guided by reason, and so much by passion, filled all his courtiers with astonishment and sorrow; but none of them had the courage to interpose between this incensed king and his wrath, except the Earl of Kent, who was beginning to speak a good word for Cordelia, when the passionate Lear on pain of death commanded him to desist; but the good Kent was not so to be repelled. He had been ever loyal to Lear, whom he had honored as a king, loved as a father, followed as a master; and had never esteemed his life further than as a pawn to wage against his royal master's enemies, nor feared to lose it when Lear's safety was the motive; nor now that Lear was most his own enemy did this faithful servant of the king forget his old principles, but manfully opposed Lear, to do Lear good; and was unmannerly only because Lear was mad. He had been a most faithful counselor in times past to the king, and he besought him now, that he would see with his eyes (as he had done in many

weighty matters), and go by his advice still, and in his best consideration recall this hideous rashness; for he would answer with his life, his judgment, that Lear's youngest daughter did not love him least, nor were those empty-hearted whose low sound gave no token of hollowness. When power bowed to flattery, honor was bound to plainness. For Lear's threats, what could he do to him, whose life was already at his service, that should not hinder duty from speaking?

The honest freedom of this good Earl of Kent only stirred up the king's wrath the more, and like a frantic patient who kills his physician, and loves his mortal disease, he banished his true servant, and allotted him but five days to make his preparations for departure; but if on the sixth his hated person was found within the realm of Britain, that moment was to be his death. And Kent bade farewell to the king, and said, that since he chose to show himself in such a fashion, it was but banishment to stay there; and before he went he recommended Cordelia to the protection of the gods, the maid who had so rightly thought, and so discreetly spoken; and only wished that her sisters' large speeches might be answered with deeds of love; and then he went, as he said, to shape his old course to a new country.

The King of France and Duke of Burgundy were now called in to hear the determination of Lear about his youngest daughter, and to know whether they would persist in their courtship to Cordelia, now that she was under her father's displeasure, and had no fortune but her own person to recommend her. The Duke of Burgundy declined the match, and would not take her to wife upon such conditions; but the King of France, understanding what the nature of the fault had been which had lost her the love of her father, that it was only a tardiness of speech, and the not being able to frame her tongue to flattery like her sisters, took this young maid by the hand, and saying that her virtues were a dowry above a kingdom, bade Cordelia to take farewell of her sisters, and of her father, though he had been unkind, and she should go with him, and be queen of him and of fair France, and reign over fairer possessions than her sisters: and he called the Duke of Burgundy in contempt a waterish duke, because his love for this young maid had in a moment run all away like water.

Then Cordelia, with weeping eyes, took leave of her sisters and besought them to love their father well, and make good their professions; and they sullenly told her not to prescribe to them for they knew their duty, but to strive to content her husband, who had taken her (as they tauntingly expressed it) as Fortune's alms. And Cordelia with a heavy heart departed, for she knew the cunning of her sisters, and she wished her father in better hands than she was about to leave him in.

Cordelia was no sooner gone than the devilish dispositions of her sisters began to show themselves in their true colors. Even before the expiration of the first month, which Lear was to spend by agreement with his eldest daughter, Gonerill, the old king began to find out the difference between promises and performances. This wretch, having got from her father all that he had to bestow, even to the giving away of the crown from off his head, began to grudge even those small remnants of royalty which the old man had reserved to himself, to please his fancy with the idea of being still a king. She could not bear to see him and his hundred knights. Every time she met her father, she put on a frowning countenance; and when the old man wanted to speak with her, she would feign sickness, or anything to be rid of the sight of him; for it was plain that she esteemed his old age a useless burden, and his attendants an unnecessary expense. Not only she herself slackened in her expressions of duty to the king, but by her example, and (it is to be feared) not without her private instructions, her very servants treated him with neglect, and would refuse to obey his orders, or still more contemptuously pretend not to hear them. Lear could not but perceive this alteration in the behavior of his daughter, but he shut his eyes against it as long as he could, as people commonly are unwilling to believe the unpleasant consequences which their own mistakes and obstinacy have brought upon them.

True love and fidelity are no more to be estranged by ill, than falsehood and hollow-heartedness can be conciliated by good usage. This eminently appears in the instance of the good Earl of Kent, who, though banished by Lear, and his life made forfeit if he were found in Britain, choose to stay and abide all consequences, as long as there was a chance of his being useful to the king, his master. See to what mean shifts and disguises poor loyalty is forced to submit sometimes; yet it counts nothing base or unworthy, so as it can but do service where it owes an obligation. In the disguise of a serving-man, all his greatness and pomp laid aside, this good earl proffered his services to the king, who not knowing him to be Kent in that disguise, but pleased with a certain plainness, or rather bluntness in his answers which the earl put on, [273] (so different from that smooth oily flattery which he had so much reason to be sick of, having found the effects not answerable in his daughter), a bargain was quickly struck, and Lear took Kent into his service by the name of Caius, as he called himself, never suspecting him to be his once great favorite, the high and mighty Earl of Kent. This Caius quickly found means to show his fidelity and love to his royal master; for Gonerill's steward that same day behaving in a disrespectful manner to Lear, and giving him saucy looks and language, as no doubt he was secretly encouraged to do by his mistress, Caius not enduring to hear so open an affront put upon majesty, made no more ado, but presently tripped up his heels, and laid the unmannerly slave in the kennel, for which friendly service Lear became more and more attached to him.

Nor was Kent the only friend Lear had. In his degree, and so far as so insignificant a personage could show his love, the poor fool, or jester, that had been of his palace while Lear had a palace, as it was the custom of kings and great personages at that time to keep a fool (as he was called) to make them sport after serious business. This poor fool clung to Lear after he had given away his crown, and by his witty sayings would keep up his good humor, though he could not refrain

sometimes from jeering at his master for his imprudence, in uncrowning himself and giving all away to his daughters, at which time, as he rhymingly expressed it, these daughters

> For sudden joy did weep,
> And he for sorrow sung,
> That such a king should play bo-peep,
> And go the fools among.

And in such wild sayings and scraps of songs, of which he had plenty, this pleasant, honest fool poured out his heart even in the presence of Gonerill herself, in many a bitter taunt and jest which cut to the quick; such as comparing the king to the hedge-sparrow, who feeds the young of the cuckoo till they grow old enough, and then has its head bit off for its pains. And saying that the ass may know when the cart draws the horse (meaning that Lear's daughters, that ought to go behind, now ranked before their father); and that Lear was no longer Lear, but the shadow of Lear; for which free speeches he was once or twice threatened to be whipped.

The coolness and falling off of respect which Lear had begun to perceive, were not all which this foolish-fond father was to suffer from his unworthy daughter. She now plainly told him that his staying in her palace was inconvenient so long as he insisted upon keeping up an establishment of a hundred knights; that this establishment was useless and expensive, and only served to fill her court with riot and feasting; and she prayed him that he would lessen their number, and keep none but old men about him, such as himself, and fitting his age.

Lear at first could not believe his eyes or ears, nor that it was his daughter who spoke so unkindly. He could not believe that she who had received a crown from him should seek to cut off his train, and grudge him the respect due to his old age. But she persisting in her undutiful demand, the old man's rage was so excited, that he called her a detested kite, and said that she spoke an untruth. And so indeed she did, for the hundred knights were all men of choice behavior and sobriety of manners, skilled in all particulars of duty, and not given to rioting and feasting as she said. And he bid his horses to be prepared, for he would go to his other daughter, Regan, he and his hundred knights. And he spoke of ingratitude, and said it was a marble-hearted devil, and showed more hideous in a child than the sea-monster. And he cursed his eldest daughter Gonerill so as was terrible to hear, praying that she might never have a child, or if she had, that it might live to return that scorn and contempt upon her, which she had shown to him; that she might feel how sharper than a serpent's tooth it was to have a thankless child. And Gonerill's husband, the Duke of Albany, beginning to excuse himself for any share which Lear might suppose he had in the unkindness, Lear would not hear him out, but in rage ordered his horses to be saddled, and set out with his followers for the abode of Regan, his other daughter. And Lear thought to himself, how small the fault of Cordelia (if it was a fault) now appeared, in comparison with her sister's, and he wept. And then he was ashamed that such a creature as Gonerill should have so much power over his manhood as to make him weep.

Regan and her husband were keeping their court in great pomp and state at their palace; and Lear despatched his servant Caius with letters to his daughter, that she might be prepared for his reception, while he and his train followed after. But it seems that Gonerill had been beforehand with him, sending letters also to Regan, accusing her father of waywardness and ill humors, and advising her not to receive so great a train as he was bringing with him. This messenger arrived at the same time with Caius, and Caius and he met. And who should it be but Caius' old enemy, the steward, whom he had formerly tripped up by the heels for his saucy behavior to Lear. Caius not liking the fellow's look, and suspecting what he came for, began to revile him, and challenged him to fight, which the fellow refusing, Caius, in a fit of honest passion, beat him soundly, as such a mischief-maker and carrier of wicked messages deserved; which coming to the ears of Regan and her husband, they ordered Caius to be put in the stocks, though he was a messenger from the king her father, and in that character demanded the highest respect, so that the first thing the king saw when he entered the castle, was his faithful servant Caius sitting in that disgraceful situation.

This was but a bad omen of the reception which he was to expect; but a worse followed, when upon inquiry for his daughter and her husband, he was told they were weary with traveling all night, and could not see him: and when lastly, upon his insisting in a positive and angry manner to see them, they came to greet him, whom should he see in their company but the hated Gonerill, who had come to tell her own story, and set her sister against the king her father!

This sight much moved the old man, and still more to see Regan take her by the hand: and he asked Gonerill if she was not ashamed to look upon his white beard? And Regan advised him to go home again with Gonerill and live with her peaceably, dismissing half of his attendants, and to ask her forgiveness; for he was old and wanted discretion, and must be ruled and led by persons that had more discretion than himself. And Lear showed how preposterous that would sound, if he were to go down on his knees, and beg of his own daughter for food and raiment, and he argued against such an unnatural dependence; declaring his resolution never to return with her, but to stay where he was with Regan, he and his hundred knights: for he said that she had not forgot the half of the kingdom which he had endowed her with, and that her eyes were not fierce like Gonerill's, but mild and kind. And he said that rather than return to Gonerill, with half his train cut off, he would go over to France, and beg a wretched pension of the king there, who had married his youngest daughter without a portion.

But he was mistaken in expecting kinder treatment of Regan than he had experienced from her sister Gonerill. As if willing to outdo her sister in unfilial behavior, she declared that she thought fifty knights too many to wait upon him; that five-and-twenty were enough. Then Lear, nigh heart-broken, turned to Gonerill, and said that he would go back with her, for her fifty doubled five-and-twenty, and so her love was twice as much as Regan's. But Gonerill excused herself and said, "What need of so many as five-and-twenty? or even ten? or five? when he might be waited upon by her servants or her sister's servants?" So these two wicked daughters, as if they strove to exceed each other in cruelty to their old father who had been so good to them, by little and little would have abated him of all his train, all respect (little enough for him that once commanded a kingdom), which was left him to show that he had once been a king! Not that a splendid train is essential to happiness, but from a king to a beggar is a hard change, from commanding millions to be without one attendant: and it was the ingratitude in his daughters denying it, more than what he would suffer by the want of it, which pierced this poor king to the heart: insomuch that with this double ill-usage, and vexation for having so foolishly given away a kingdom, his wits began to be unsettled, and while he said he knew not what, he vowed revenge against those unnatural hags, and to make examples of them that should be a terror to the earth!

While he was thus idly threatening what his weak arm could never execute, night came on, and a loud storm of thunder and lightning with rain; and his daughters still persisting in their resolution not to admit his followers, he called for his horses, and chose rather to encounter the utmost fury of the storm abroad, than to stay under the same roof with these ungrateful daughters; and they, saying that the injuries which willful men procure to themselves are their just punishment, suffered him to go in that condition, and shut their doors upon him.

The winds were high and the rain and storm increased when the old man sallied forth to combat with the elements, less sharp than his daughters' unkindness. For many miles about there was scarce a bush: and there upon a heath, exposed to the fury of the storm in a dark night, did King Lear wander out, and defy the winds and the thunder; and he bid the winds to blow the earth into the sea, or swell the waves of the sea till they drowned the earth, that no token might remain of any such ungrateful animal as man. The old king was now left with no companion but the poor fool, who still abided with him, with his merry conceits striving to out-jest misfortune, saying, it was but a naughty night to swim in, and truly the king had better go in and ask his daughter's blessing:

But he that has a little tiny wit,
  With heigh ho, the wind and rain!
Must make content with his fortune fit,
  Though the rain it raineth every day:

and swearing it was a brave night to cool a lady's pride.

Thus poorly accompanied this once great monarch was found by his ever faithful servant, the good Earl of Kent, now transformed to Caius, who ever followed close at his side, though the king did not know him to be the earl; and he said, "Alas! sir, are you here? creatures that love night love not such nights as these. This dreadful storm has driven the beasts to their hiding places. Man's nature can not endure the affliction or the fear." And Lear rebuked him, and said, these lesser evils were not felt, where a greater malady was fixed. When the mind is at ease, the body has leisure to be delicate; but the tempest in his mind did take all feelings else from his senses, but of that which beat at his heart. And he spoke of filial ingratitude, and said it was all one as if the mouth should tear the hand for lifting food to it; for parents were hands and food and everything to children.

But the good Cauis, still persisting in his entreaties that the king would not stay out in the open air, at last persuaded him to enter a little wretched hovel which stood upon the heath, where the fool first entering, suddenly ran back terrified, saying he had seen a spirit. But upon examination this spirit proved to be nothing more than a poor Bedlam beggar, who had crept into this deserted hovel for shelter, and with his talk about devils frighted the fool, one of those poor lunatics who are either mad, or feign to be so, the better to extort charity from the compassionate country people; who go about the country calling themselves poor Tom and poor Turleygood, saying, "Who gives anything to poor Tom?" sticking pins and nails and sprigs of rosemary into their arms to make them bleed; with such horrible actions, partly by prayers, and partly with lunatic curses, they move or terrify the ignorant country folks into giving them alms. This poor fellow was such a one; and the king seeing him in so wretched a plight, with nothing but a blanket about his loins to cover his nakedness, could not be persuaded but that the fellow was some father who had given all away to his daughters, and brought himself to that pass; for nothing he thought could bring a man to such wretchedness but the having unkind daughters.

And from this and many such wild speeches which he uttered, the good Caius plainly perceived that he was not in his perfect mind, but that his daughters´ ill-usage had really made him go mad. And now the loyalty of this worthy Earl of Kent showed itself in more essential services than he had hitherto found opportunity to perform. For with the assistance of some of the king's attendants who remained loyal, he had the person of his royal master removed at daybreak to the castle of Dover, where his own friends and influence, as Earl of Kent, chiefly lay; and himself embarking for France, hastened to the court of Cordelia, and did there in such moving terms represent the pitiful condition of her royal father, and set out in such lively colors the inhumanity

of her sisters, that this good and loving child with many tears besought the king, her husband, that he would give her leave to embark for England with a sufficient power to subdue these cruel daughters and their husbands, and restore the old king, her father, to his throne; which being granted, she set forth, and with a royal army she landed at Dover.

Lear having by some chance escaped from the guardian which the good Earl of Kent had put over him to take care of him in his lunacy, was found by some of Cordelia's train, wandering about in the fields near Dover, in a pitiable condition, stark mad and singing aloud to himself, with a crown upon his head which he had made of straw and nettles, and other wild weeds that he had picked up in the corn-fields. By the advice of the physicians, Cordelia, though earnestly desirous of seeing her father, was prevailed upon to put off the meeting, till by sleep and the operation of herbs which they gave him, he should be restored to greater composure. By the aid of these skillful physicians, to whom Cordelia promised all her gold and jewels for the recovery of the old king, Lear was soon in a condition to see his daughter.

A tender sight it was to see the meeting between this father and daughter; to see the struggles between the joy of this poor old king at beholding again his once darling child, and the shame at receiving such filial kindness from her whom he had cast off for so small a fault in his displeasure; both these passions struggling with the remains of his malady, which, in his half-crazed brain, sometimes made him that he scarce remembered where he was, or who it was that so kindly kissed him and spoke to him: and then he would beg the standers-by not to laugh at him, if he were mistaken in thinking this lady to be his daughter Cordelia! And then to see him fall on his knees to beg pardon of his child; and she, good lady, kneeling all the while to ask a blessing of him, and telling him that it did not become him to kneel, but it was her duty, for she was his child, his true and very child Cordelia. And she kissed him (as she said) to kiss away all her sisters' unkindness, and said that they might be ashamed of themselves, to turn their old kind father with his white beard out into the cold air, when her enemy's dog, though it had bit her (as she prettily expressed it), should have stayed by her fire such a night as that, and warmed himself. And she told her father how she had come from France with purpose to bring him assistance; and he said that she must forget and forgive, for he was old and foolish, and did not know what he did; but that to be sure she had great cause not to love him, but her sisters had none. And Cordelia said that she had no cause, no more than they had. So we will leave this old king in the protection of this dutiful and loving child, where, by the help of sleep and medicine, she and her physicians at length succeeded in winding up the untuned and jarring senses which the cruelty of his other daughters had so violently shaken. Let us return to say a word or two about those cruel daughters.

These monsters of ingratitude, who had been so false to their old father, could not be expected to prove more faithful to their own husbands. They soon grew tired of paying even the appearance of duty and affection, and in an open way showed they had fixed their loves upon another. It happened that the object of their guilty loves was the same. It was Edmund, a natural son of the late Earl of Gloucester, who, by his treacheries, had succeeded in disinheriting his brother Edgar, the lawful heir, from his earldom, and by his wicked practices was now earl himself: a wicked man, and a fit object for the love of such wicked creatures as Gonerill and Regan. It falling out about this time that the Duke of Cornwall, Regan's husband, died, Regan immediately declared her intention of wedding this Earl of Gloucester, which rousing the jealousy of her sister, to whom as well as to Regan, this wicked earl had at sundry times professed love, Gonerill found means to make away with her sister by poison; but being detected in her practices, and imprisoned by her husband, the Duke of Albany, for this deed, and for her guilty passion for the earl which had come to his ears, she, in a fit of disappointed love and rage, shortly put an end to her own life. Thus the justice of heaven at last overtook these wicked daughters.

While the eyes of all men were upon this event, admiring the justice displayed in their deserved deaths, the same eyes were suddenly taken off from this sight to admire at the mysterious ways of the same power in the melancholy fate of the young and virtuous daughter, the Lady Cordelia, whose good deeds did seem to deserve a more fortunate conclusion. But it is an awful truth, that innocence and piety are not always successful in this world. The forces which Gonerill and Regan had sent out under the command of the bad Earl of Gloucester were victorious, and Cordelia, by the practices of this wicked earl, who did not like that any should stand between him and the throne, ended her life in prison. Thus heaven took this innocent lady to itself in her young years, after showing to the world an illustrious example of filial duty. Lear did not long survive this kind child.

Before he died, the good Earl of Kent, who had still attended his old master's steps from the first of his daughter's ill-usage to this sad period of his decay, tried to make him understand that it was he who had followed him under the name of Caius; but Lear's care-crazed brain at that time could not comprehend how that could be, or how Kent and Caius could be the same person. So Kent thought it needless to trouble him with explanations at such a time; and Lear soon after expiring, this faithful servant to the king, between age and grief for his old master's vexations, soon followed him to the grave.

How the judgment of heaven overtook the bad Earl of Gloucester, whose treasons were discovered, and himself slain in single combat with his brother, the lawful earl; and how Gonerill's husband, the Duke of Albany, who was innocent of the death of Cordelia, and had never encouraged his lady in her wicked proceedings against her father, ascended the throne of Britain after the death of Lear, is needless here to narrate, Lear and his three daughters being dead, whose adventures alone concern our story.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Gertrude, Queen of Denmark, becoming a widow by the sudden death of King Hamlet, in less than two months after his death married his brother Claudius, which was noted by all people at the time for a strange act of indiscretion, or unfeelingness, or worse; for this Claudius did no ways resemble her late husband in the qualities of his person or his mind, but was as contemptible of outward appearance as he was base and unworthy of disposition. And suspicions did not fail to arise in the minds of some, that he had privately made away with his brother, the late king, with the view of marrying his widow, and ascending the throne of Denmark, to the exclusion of young Hamlet, the son of the buried king, and lawful successor to the throne.

But upon no one did this unadvised action of the queen make such impression as upon this young prince, who loved and venerated the memory of his dead father almost to idolatry, and being of a nice sense of honor, and a most exquisite practiser of propriety himself, did sorely take to heart this unworthy conduct of his mother Gertrude; insomuch that, between grief for his father's death, and shame for his mother's marriage, this young prince was over-clouded with a deep melancholy, and lost all his mirth and all his good looks. All his customary pleasure in books forsook him, his princely exercises and sports, proper to his youth, were no longer acceptable; he grew weary of the world, which seemed to him an unweeded garden, where all the wholesome flowers were choked up, and nothing but weeds could thrive. Not that the prospect of exclusion from the throne, his lawful inheritance, weighed so much upon his spirits, though that to a young and high-minded prince was a bitter wound and a sore indignity; but what so galled him, and took away all his cheerful spirits, was that his mother had shown herself so forgetful to his father's memory. And such a father! who had been to her so loving and so gentle a husband! and then she always appeared as loving and obedient a wife to him, and would hang upon him as if her affection grew to him: and now within two months, or, as it seemed to young Hamlet, less than two months, she had married again, married his uncle, her dead husband's brother, in itself a highly improper and unlawful marriage, from the nearness of relationship, but made much more so by the indecent haste with which it was concluded, and the unkindly character of the man whom she had chosen. This it was, which, more than the loss of ten kingdoms, dashed the spirits, and brought a cloud over the mind of this honorable young prince.

In vain was all that his mother Gertrude or the king could do or contrive to divert him; he still appeared in court in a suit of deep black, as mourning for the king his father's death, which mode of dress he never laid aside, not even in compliment to his mother upon the day she was married, nor could he be brought to join in any of the festivities or rejoicings at that (as it appeared to him) disgraceful day.

What mostly troubled him was an uncertainty about the manner of his father's death. It was given out by Claudius that a serpent had stung him; but young Hamlet had shrewd suspicions that Claudius himself was the serpent; in plain English that he had murdered him for his crown, and that the serpent who stung his father did now sit on his throne. [276]

How far he was right in this conjecture, and what he ought to think of his mother, how far she was privy to this murder, and whether by her consent or knowledge, or without, it came to pass, were the doubts which continually harassed and distracted him.

A rumor had reached the ear of young Hamlet, that an apparition, exactly resembling the dead king his father, had been seen by the soldiers upon watch, on the platform before the palace at midnight, for two or three nights successively. The figure came constantly clad in the same suit of armor, from head to foot, which the dead king was known to have worn: and they who saw it (Hamlet's bosom friend was one) agreed in their testimony as to the time and manner of its appearance: that it came just as the clock struck twelve: that it looked pale, with a face more of sorrow than of anger; that its beard was grisly; and the color a sable silvered, as they had seen it in his life-time; that it made no answer when they spoke to it, yet once they thought it lifted up its head, and addressed itself to motion as if it were about to speak; but in that moment the morning cock crew, and it shrunk in haste away, and vanished out of their sight.

The young prince, strangely amazed at their relation, which was too consistent and agreeing with itself to disbelieve, concluded that it was his father's ghost they had seen, and determined to take his watch with the soldiers that night, that he might have a chance of seeing it: for he reasoned with himself that such an appearance did not come for nothing, but that the ghost had something to impart; and though it had been silent hitherto, yet it would speak to him. And he waited with impatience for the coming of night. When night came he took his stand with Horatio, and Marcellus, one of the guard, upon the platform, where this apparition was accustomed to walk: and it being a cold night, and the air unusually raw and nipping, Hamlet and Horatio and their companion fell into some talk about the coldness of the night, which was broken off by Horatio announcing that the ghost was coming.

At the sight of his father's spirit Hamlet was struck with a sudden surprise and fear. He at first called upon the angels and heavenly ministers to defend them, for he knew not whether it were a good spirit or bad; whether it came for good or for evil. But he gradually assumed more courage; and his father (as it seemed to him) looked upon him so piteously, and as it were desiring to have conversation with him, and did in all respects appear so like himself as he was when he lived, that Hamlet could not help addressing him: he called him by his name, Hamlet, King, Father! and

conjured him that he would tell the reason why he had left his grave, where they had seen him quietly bestowed, to come again and visit the earth and the moonlight; and besought him that he would let them know if there was anything which they could do to give peace to his spirit. And the ghost beckoned to Hamlet, that he should go with him to some more removed place where they might be alone: and Horatio and Marcellus would have dissuaded the young prince from following it, for they feared lest it should be some evil spirit, who would tempt him to the neighboring sea, or to the top of some dreadful cliff, and there put on some horrible shape which might deprive the prince of his reason. But their counsels and entreaties could not alter Hamlet's determination, who cared too little about life to fear the losing of it; and as to his soul, he said, what could the spirit do to that, being a thing immortal as itself? and he felt as hardy as a lion, and bursting from them who did all they could to hold him, he followed whithersoever the spirit led him.

And when they were alone together, the spirit broke silence, and told him that he was the ghost of Hamlet, his father, who had been cruelly murdered, and he told the manner of it; that it was done by his own brother Claudius, Hamlet's uncle, as Hamlet had already but too much suspected, for the hope of succeeding him. That as he was sleeping in his garden, his custom always in the afternoon, this treacherous brother stole upon him in his sleep, and poured the juice of poisonous henbane into his ears, which has such antipathy to the life of man, that swift as quicksilver it courses through all the veins of the body, baking up the blood, and spreading a crust-like leprosy all over the skin; thus sleeping, by a brother's hand, he was cut off at once from his crown, his queen, and his life: and he adjured Hamlet, if he did ever his dear father love, that he would revenge his foul murder. And the ghost lamented to his son, that his mother should so fall off from virtue, as to prove false to the wedded love of her first husband, and to marry his murderer; and he cautioned Hamlet, howsoever he proceeded in his revenge against his wicked uncle, by no means to act any violence against the person of his mother, but to leave her to heaven, and to the stings and thorns of conscience. Hamlet promised to observe the ghost's directions in all things, and the ghost vanished.

And when Hamlet was left alone, he took up a solemn resolution, that all he had in his memory, all that he had ever learned by books or observation, should be instantly forgotten by him, and nothing live in his brain but the memory of what the ghost had told him, and enjoined him to do. Hamlet related the particulars of the conversation which had passed to none but his dear friend Horatio; and he enjoined both to him and Marcellus the strictest secrecy as to what they had seen that night.

The terror which the sight of the ghost had left upon the senses of Hamlet, he being weak and dispirited before, almost unhinged his mind, and drove him beside his reason. And he, fearing that it would continue to have this effect, which might subject him to observation, and set his uncle upon his guard, if he suspected that he was meditating any thing against him, or that Hamlet really knew more of his father's death than he professed, took up a strange resolution from that time to counterfeit as if he were really and truly mad; thinking that he would be less an object of suspicion when his uncle should believe him incapable of any serious project, and that his real perturbation of mind would be best covered and pass concealed under a guise of pretended lunacy.

From this time Hamlet affected a certain wildness and strangeness in his apparel, his speech and behavior, and did so excellently counterfeit the madman, that the king and queen were both deceived, and not thinking his grief for his father's death a sufficient cause to produce such a distemper, for they knew not of the appearance of the ghost, they concluded that his malady was love, and they thought they had found out the object.

Before Hamlet fell into the melancholy way which has been related, he had dearly loved a fair maid called Ophelia, the daughter of Polonius, the king's chief counselor in affairs of state. He had sent her letters and rings, and made many tenders of his affection to her, and importuned her with love in honorable fashion: and she had given belief to his vows and importunities. But the melancholy which he fell into latterly had made him neglect her, and from the time he conceived the project of counterfeiting madness, he affected to treat her with unkindness, and a sort of rudeness; but she, good lady, rather than reproach him with being false to her, persuaded herself that it was nothing but the disease in his mind, and no settled unkindness, which made him less observant of her than formerly; and she compared the faculties or his once noble mind and excellent understanding, impaired as they were with the deep melancholy that oppressed him, to sweet bells which in themselves are capable of most exquisite music, but when jangled out of tune, or rudely handled, produce only a harsh and unpleasing sound.

Though the rough business which Hamlet had in hand, the revenging of his father's death upon his murderer, did not suit with the playful state of courtship, or admit of the society of so idle a passion as love now seemed to him, yet it could not hinder but that soft thoughts of his Ophelia would come between, and in one of these moments, when he thought that his treatment of this gentle lady had been unreasonably harsh, he wrote her a letter full of wild starts of passion, and in extravagant terms, such as agreed with his supposed madness, but mixed with some gentle touches of affection, which could not but show to his honored lady that a deep love for her yet lay at the bottom of his heart. He bade her to doubt the stars were fire, and to doubt that the sun did move, to doubt truth to be a liar, but never to doubt that he loved; with more of such extravagant phrases. This letter Ophelia dutifully showed to her father, and the old man thought himself bound to communicate it to the king and queen, who from that time supposed the true cause of Hamlet's madness was love. And the queen wished that the good beauties of Ophelia might be

the happy cause of his wildness, for so she hoped that her virtues might happily restore him to his accustomed way again, to both their honors.

But Hamlet's malady lay deeper than she supposed, or than could be so cured. His father's ghost, which he had seen, still haunted his imagination, and the sacred injunction to revenge his murder gave him no rest till it was accomplished. Every hour of delay seemed to him a sin, and a violation of his father's commands. Yet how to compass the death of the king, surrounded as he constantly was with his guards, was no easy matter. Or if it had been, the presence of the queen, Hamlet's mother, who was generally with the king, was a restraint upon his purpose, which he could not break through. Besides, the very circumstance that the usurper was his mother's husband filled him with some remorse, and still blunted the edge of his purpose. The mere act of putting a fellow-creature to death was in itself odious and terrible to a disposition naturally so gentle as Hamlet's was. His very melancholy, and the dejection of spirits he had so long been in, produced an irresoluteness and wavering of purpose, which kept him from proceeding to extremities. Moreover, he could not help having some scruples upon his mind, whether the spirit which he had seen was indeed his father, or whether it might not be the devil, who he had heard has power to take any form he pleases, and who might have assumed his father's shape only to take advantage of his weakness and his melancholy, to drive him to the doing of so desperate an act as murder. And he determined that he would have more certain grounds to go upon than a vision, or apparition, which might be a delusion.

While he was in this irresolute mind there came to the court certain players, in whom Hamlet formerly used to take delight, and particularly to hear one of them speak a tragical speech, describing the death of old Priam, King of Troy, with the grief of Hecuba, his queen. Hamlet welcomed his old friends, the players, and remembering how that speech had formerly given him pleasure, requested the player to repeat it, which he did in so lively a manner, setting forth the cruel murder of the feeble king, with the destruction of his people and city by fire, and the mad grief of the old queen, running barefoot up and down the palace, with a poor clout upon that head where a crown had been, and with nothing but a blanket upon her loins, snatched up in haste, where she had worn a royal robe; that not only it drew tears from all that stood by, who thought they saw the real scene, so lively was it represented, but even the player himself delivered it with a broken voice and real tears. This put Hamlet upon thinking, if that player could so work himself up to passion by a mere fictitious speech, to weep for one that he had never seen, for Hecuba, that had been dead so many hundred years, how dull was he, who having a real motive and cue for passion, a real king and a dear father murdered, was yet so little moved that his revenge all this while had seemed to have slept in dull and muddy forgetfulness! And while he meditated on actors and acting, and the powerful effects which a good play, represented to the life, has upon the spectator, he remembered the instance of some murderer, who, seeing a murder on the stage, was by the mere force of the scene and resemblance of circumstances so affected, that on the spot he confessed the crime which he had committed. And he determined that these players should play something like the murder of his father before his uncle, and he would watch narrowly what effect it might have upon him, and from his looks he would be able to gather with more certainty if he were the murderer or not. To this effect he ordered a play to be prepared, to the representation of which he invited the king and queen.

The story of the play was of a murder done in Vienna upon a duke. The duke's name was Gonzago, his wife Baptista. The play showed how one Lucianus, a near relation to the duke, poisoned him in his garden for his estate, and how the murderer in a short time after got the love of Gonzago's wife.

At the representation of this play the king, who did not know the trap which was laid for him, was present, with his queen and the whole court; Hamlet sitting attentively near him to observe his looks. The play began with a conversation between Gonzago and his wife, in which the lady made many protestations of love, and of never marrying a second husband, if she should outlive Gonzago; wishing she might be accursed if ever she took a second husband, and adding that no woman ever did so but those wicked women who kill their first husbands. Hamlet observed the king, his uncle, change color at this expression, and that it was as bad as wormwood both to him and to the queen. But when Lucianus, according to the story, came to poison Gonzago sleeping in the garden, the strong resemblance which it bore to his own wicked act upon the late king, his brother, whom he had poisoned in his garden, so struck upon the conscience of this usurper, that he was unable to sit out the rest of the play, but on a sudden calling for lights to his chamber, and affecting or partly feeling a sudden sickness, he abruptly left the theatre. The king being departed, the play was given over. Now Hamlet had seen enough to be satisfied that the words of the ghost were true, and no illusion; and in a fit of gaiety, like that which comes over a man who suddenly has some great doubt or scruple resolved, he swore to Horatio that he would take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds. But before he could make up his resolution as to what measure of revenge he should take, now he was certainly informed that his uncle was his father's murderer, he was sent for by the queen, his mother, to a private conference in her closet.

It was by desire of the king that the queen sent for Hamlet, that she might signify to her son how much his late behavior had displeased them both; and the king, wishing to know all that passed at that conference, and thinking that the too partial report of a mother might let slip some part of Hamlet's words, which it might much import the king to know, Polonius, the old counselor of state, was ordered to plant himself behind the hangings in the queen's closet, where he might, unseen, hear all that passed. This artifice was particularly adapted to the disposition of Polonius, who was a man grown old in crooked maxims and policies of state, and delighted to get at the

knowledge of matters in an indirect and cunning way.

Hamlet being come to his mother, she began to tax him in the roundest way with his actions and behavior, and she told him that he had given great offence to *his father*, meaning the king, his uncle, whom, because he had married her, she called Hamlet's father. Hamlet, sorely indignant that she would give so dear and honored a name as father seemed to him, to a wretch who was indeed no better than the murderer of his true father, with some sharpness replied, “Mother, *you* have much offended *my father*.” The queen said that was but an idle answer. “As good as the question deserved,” said Hamlet. The queen asked him if he had forgotten who it was he was speaking to. “Alas!” replied Hamlet, “I wish I could forget. You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife; and you are my mother: I wish you were not what you are.” “Nay, then,” said the queen, “if you show me so little respect, I will set those to you that can speak,” and was going to send the king or Polonius to him. But Hamlet would not let her go, now he had her alone, till he had tried if his words could not bring her to some sense of her wicked life; and, taking her by the wrist, he held her fast, and made her sit down. She, affrighted at his earnest manner, and fearful lest in his lunacy he should do her a mischief, cried out: and a voice was heard from behind the hangings, “Help, help the queen;” which Hamlet hearing, and verily thinking that it was the king himself there concealed, he drew his sword, and stabbed at the place where the voice came from, as he would have stabbed a rat that ran there, till the voice ceasing, he concluded the person to be dead. But when he dragged forth the body, it was not the king, but Polonius, the old officious counselor, that had planted himself as a spy behind the hangings. “Oh me!” exclaimed the queen, “what a rash and bloody deed have you done!” “A bloody deed, mother,” replied Hamlet, “but not so bad as yours, who killed a king and married his brother.” Hamlet had gone too far to leave off here. He was now in the humor to speak plainly to his mother, and he pursued it. And though the faults of parents are to be tenderly treated by their children, yet in the case of great crimes the son may have leave to speak even to his own mother with some harshness, so as that harshness is meant for her good, and to turn her from her wicked ways, and not done for the purpose of upbraiding. And now this virtuous prince did in moving terms represent to the queen the heinousness of her offense, in being so forgetful of the dead king, his father, as in so short a space of time to marry with his brother and reputed murderer: such an act as, after the vows which she had sworn to her first husband, was enough to make all vows of women suspected, and all virtue to be accounted hypocrisy, wedding contracts to be less than gamester's oaths, and religion to be a mockery and a mere form of words. He said she had done such a deed, that the heavens blushed at it, and the earth was sick of her because of it. And he showed her two pictures, the one of the late king, her first husband, and the other of the present king, her second husband, and he bade her mark the difference: what a grace was on the brow of his father, how like a god he looked! the curls of Apollo, the forehead of Jupiter, the eye of Mars, and a posture like to Mercury newly alighted on some heaven-kissing hill! this man, he said, *had been* her husband. And then he showed her whom she had got in his stead: how like a blight or a mildew he looked, for so he had blasted his wholesome brother. And the queen was sore ashamed that he should so turn her eyes inward upon her soul, which she now saw so black and deformed. And he asked her how she could continue to live with this man and be a wife to him, who had murdered her first husband, and got the crown by as false means as a thief; and just as he spoke, the ghost of his father, such as he was in his life-time, and such as he had lately seen it, entered the room, and Hamlet, in great terror, asked what it would have; and the ghost said that it came to remind him of the revenge he had promised, which Hamlet seemed to have forgot; and the ghost bade him speak to his mother, for the grief and terror she was in would else kill her. It then vanished, and was seen by none but Hamlet, neither could he by pointing to where it stood, or by any description, make his mother perceive it, who was terribly frightened all this while to hear him conversing, as it seemed to her, with nothing, and she imputed it to the disorder of his mind. But Hamlet begged her not to flatter her wicked soul in such a manner as to think it was his madness, and not her own offences, which had brought his father's spirit again on the earth. And he bade her feel his pulse, how temperately it beat, not like a madman's. And he begged of her with tears to confess herself to heaven for what was past, and for the future to avoid the company of the king, and be no more as a wife to him; and when she should show herself a mother to him, by respecting his father's memory, he would ask a blessing of her as a son. And she promising to observe his directions, the conference ended.

And now Hamlet was at leisure to consider who it was, that in his unfortunate rashness he had killed. And when he came to see that it was Polonius, the father of the Lady Ophelia, whom he so dearly loved, he drew apart the dead body, and, his spirits being now a little quieter, he wept for what he had done.

This unfortunate death of Polonius gave the king a pretense for sending Hamlet out of the kingdom. He would willingly have put him to death, fearing him as dangerous; but he dreaded the people, who loved Hamlet; and the queen, who, with all her faults, doated upon the prince, her son. So this subtle king, under pretence of providing for Hamlet's safety, that he might not be called to account for Polonius' death, caused him to be conveyed on board a ship bound for England, under the care of two courtiers, by whom he despatched letters to the English court, which at that time was in subjection and paid tribute to Denmark, requiring for special reasons there pretended, that Hamlet should be put to death as soon as he landed on English ground. Hamlet, suspecting some treachery, in the night-time secretly got at the letters, and skilfully erasing his own name, he, in the stead of it, put in the names of those two courtiers, who had the charge of him to be put to death; then sealing up the letters, he put them in their place again. Soon after the ship was attacked by pirates, and a sea-fight commenced, in the course of which

Hamlet, desirous to show his valor, with sword in hand, singly boarded the enemy’s vessel, while his own ship, in a cowardly manner, bore away, and leaving him to his fate, the two courtiers made the best of their way to England, charged with those letters, the sense of which Hamlet had altered to their own deserved destruction.

The pirates, who had the prince in their power, showed themselves gentle enemies, and knowing whom they had got prisoner, in the hope that the prince might do them a good turn at court in recompense for any favor they might show him, they set Hamlet on shore at the nearest port in Denmark. From that place Hamlet wrote to the king, acquainting him with the strange chance which had brought him back to his own country, and saying that on the next day he should present himself before his majesty. When he got home, a sad spectacle offered itself the first thing to his eyes. This was the funeral of the young and beautiful Ophelia, his once dear mistress. The wits of this young lady had begun to turn ever since her poor father’s death. That he should die a violent death, and by the hands of the prince whom she loved, so affected this tender young maid that in a little time she grew perfectly distracted, and would go about giving flowers away to the ladies of the court, and saying that they were for her father’s burial, singing songs about love and about death, and sometimes such as had no meaning at all, as if she had no memory of what had happened to her. There was a willow which grew slanting over a brook, and reflected its leaves in the stream. To this brook she came one day when she was unwatched, with garlands she had been making, mixed up of daisies and nettles, flowers and weeds together, and clambering up to hang her garland upon the boughs of the willow, a bough broke and precipitated this fair young maid, garland and all that she had gathered, into the water, where her clothes bore her up for awhile, during which she chanted scraps of old tunes, like one insensible to her own distress, or as if she were a creature natural to that element; but it was not long before her garments, heavy with the wet, pulled her in from her melodious singing to a muddy and miserable death.

It was the funeral of this fair maid which her brother Laertes was celebrating, the king and queen and whole court being present, when Hamlet arrived. He knew not what all this show imported, but stood on one side, not inclining to interrupt the ceremony. He saw the flowers strewed upon her grave, as the custom was in maiden burials, which the queen herself threw in; and as she threw them, she said, “Sweets to the sweet! I thought to have decked thy bride-bed, sweet maid, not to have strewed thy grave. Thou shouldst have been my Hamlet’s wife.” And he heard her brother wish that violets might spring from her grave; and he saw him leap into the grave all frantic with grief, and bid the attendants pile mountains of earth upon him, that he might be buried with her. And Hamlet’s love for this fair maid came back to him, and he could not bear that a brother should show so much transport of grief; for he thought that he loved Ophelia better than forty thousand brothers. Then discovering himself, he leaped into the grave where Laertes was, all as frantic or more frantic than he, and Laertes, knowing him to be Hamlet, who had been the cause of his father’s and his sister’s death, grappled him by the throat as an enemy, till the attendants parted them; and Hamlet, after the funeral, excused his hasty act in throwing himself into the grave as if to brave Laertes; but he said he could not bear that any one should seem to outgo him in grief for the death of the fair Ophelia. And for the time these two noble youths seemed reconciled.

But out of the grief and anger of Laertes for the death of his father and Ophelia, the king, Hamlet’s wicked uncle, contrived destruction for Hamlet. He set on Laertes, under cover of peace and reconciliation, to challenge Hamlet to a friendly trial of skill at fencing, which Hamlet accepting, a day was appointed to try the match. At this match all the court was present, and Laertes, by direction of the king, prepared a poisoned weapon. Upon this match great wagers were laid by the courtiers, as both Hamlet and Laertes were known to excel at this sword-play; and Hamlet, taking up the foils, chose one, not at all suspecting the treachery of Laertes, or being careful to examine Laertes’ weapon, who, instead of a foil or blunted sword, which the laws of fencing require, made use of one with a point, and poisoned. At first Laertes did but play with Hamlet, and suffered him to gain some advantage, which the dissembling king magnified and extolled beyond measure, drinking to Hamlet’s success, and wagering rich bets upon the issue; but after a few passes, Laertes, growing warm, made a deadly thrust at Hamlet with his poisoned weapon, and gave him a mortal blow. Hamlet incensed, but not knowing the whole of the treachery, in the scuffle exchanged his own innocent weapon for Laertes’ deadly one, and with a thrust of Laertes’ own sword repaid Laertes home, who was thus justly caught in his own treachery.

In this instant the queen shrieked that she was poisoned. She had inadvertently drunk out of a bowl which the king had prepared for Hamlet, in case that being warm in fencing he should call for drink. Into this the treacherous king had infused a deadly poison, to make sure of Hamlet, if Laertes had failed. He had forgotten to warn the queen of the bowl, which she drank off and immediately died, exclaiming with her last breath that she was poisoned.

Hamlet suspecting some treachery, ordered the doors to be shut, while he sought it out. Laertes told him to seek no further, for he was the traitor; and feeling his life go away with the wound which Hamlet had given him, he made confession of the treachery he had used, and how he had fallen a victim to it. And he told Hamlet of the envenomed point, and said that Hamlet had not half an hour to live, for no medicine could cure him; and, begging forgiveness of Hamlet, he died, with his last words accusing the king of being the contriver of the mischief.

When Hamlet saw his end draw near, there being yet some venom left upon the sword, he suddenly turned upon his false uncle, and thrust the point of it to his heart, fulfilling the promise

which he had made to his father's spirit, whose injunction was now accomplished, and his foul murder revenged upon the murderer. Then Hamlet, feeling his breath fail and life departing, turned to his dear friend Horatio, who had been spectator of this fatal tragedy, and with his dying breath requested him that he would live to tell his story to the world (for Horatio had made a motion as if he would slay himself to accompany the prince in death), and Horatio promised that he would make a true report as one that was privy to all the circumstances.

And, thus satisfied, the noble heart of Hamlet cracked. And Horatio and the bystanders with many tears commended the spirit of their sweet prince to the guardianship of angels. For Hamlet was a loving and a gentle prince, and greatly beloved for his many noble and prince-like qualities, and if he had lived, would no doubt have proved a most royal and complete king to Denmark.

THE SUN-WORSHIPPERS.

By HATTIE A. COOLEY.

The great, warm, yellow western sky,
  Glows down on their eager faces;
Horizon tints of rose float nigh
  Above the landscape's graces.

The sun-god's light has power to thrill
  The priest with his victim gory;
The golden waves of sunset fill
  Each soul with their mystic glory.

But in the twilight, gray and dim,
  Both Faith and Hope are sleeping,
And not a thought goes up to Him
  Who holds the sun in keeping.

At last, on priests who sacrifice,
  On souls and altars burning,
A silent, double darkness lies,
  And hides them past discerning.

Uncounted years since then have fled,
  And buried deep the story
Of the silent nation lying dead
  Amid these ruins hoary.

The sun still shines as bright to-day,
  And glows as warm and tender
On stone-heaps gray, and dust and clay,
  As once on the temple's splendor.

And looking back we strain to see,
  Upon these crumbling pages,
A glimpse of what the world would be
  Shut out from God for ages.

C. L. S. C. WORK.

By J. H. VINCENT, D.D., Superintendent of Instruction, C. L. S. C.

The studies for February comprise Astronomy, English, Russian, Scandinavian, Biblical, and General Religious Literature.

The best authority for the pronunciation of names of distinguished persons is "Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary," by Thomas.

Prof. J. H. Worman writes us that the *oe* in Goethe is pronounced like *ea* in heard; *th* is sounded like *t*. In Mülbach the *ü* is like the French *u*.

Another explanation: The White Seal lists on page 43 of the October Chautauquan are for graduates of 1882 who have two white seals, but who did not read the "White Seal Course" for 1880 and 1881, or for 1881 and 1882. On page 55 the White Seal Course indicated is for persons who have not yet graduated, and who wish to add a white seal for the current year to their diplomas. The white crystal seal is for graduates of 1882, whether they have won the white seals

of 1880-82 or not. It is the design of the white crystal seal to keep the graduates in line and in sympathy with the current course of study. A student who did not take the two white seals of 1880-82, may take them, and also take the white crystal seal for 1882, or he may omit them, and take the white crystal seal for 1882. Does this throw any light?

A member of the C. L. S. C. writes: “I am so happy in reading ‘Packard’s Geology.’ I have not the diagrams, nor access to them, and so I am selfish enough to wish they had been in miniature and scattered through the book. Anyway, the one picture on page 41, of the Oblong Geyser, Yellowstone Park, gave me great pleasure, for here in my cabinet I have one of these same ball-like deposits from those very hot springs, Yellowstone Park, besides two other deposits in different states of compactness, also petrified and agatized wood, and obsidian, and at our limestone quarries in Chicago I have found the fossil coral as pictured on page 63.”

In reference to the use of the character “k” instead of “c” in the word Perikles, and other words, Prof. T. T. Timayenis, author of the “History of Greece,” says: “It is the custom of all scholars of the present day to reproduce as nearly as possible the sound of the Greek names as pronounced by the Greeks. To this end all Greek names beginning with ‘k’ retain that letter when translated into English, as the sound of the Greek ‘k’ is more faithfully reproduced by its equivalent ‘k.’ The idea of distorting the sound of the Greek name to such an extent as to assume to reproduce the character ‘k’ by the English ‘c’ is old, antiquated, and has been long abandoned by scholars. The rule to-day followed by scholars is as follows: Reproduce (that is to say, translate,) all Greek names into English by retaining as nearly as possible the sound of the word. This custom has always existed among the Germans. But I think it is only within the last five or six years that it has been generally accepted by scholars in England and America. I believe that the publishers of Webster’s Dictionary ought to be up with the times.” This statement of the case, may seem very bold on the part of Prof. Timayenis, but we give him the chance to express himself on the subject.

To A. B.—Yes; read the best authors in fiction when you read fiction at all.... George Ebers is recent, but stands well in his chosen field, that of old Egyptian life.... Read Scott rather than Dickens. The latter is a master in caricature and in his description of English, and especially of London, low life.... The second volume of Timayenis’s Greek *will* be taken up in ’83.

A correspondent writes from Newton, Iowa, or Missouri, or somewhere else; the postmark is so indistinct it is impossible to tell where. No name is signed, no date given; and how can I answer the question?

Some one suggests a topic (an old one) for conversation, and gives the names of what he regards as the ten greatest characters of history: Moses, David, (Confucius or Alexander the Great), Julius Cæsar, Zoroaster, Paul, Mohammed, Luther, Wesley, Napoleon.

In reply to a criticism on Prof. A. S. Packard’s book on “Geology,” the Professor says: “The person who writes you is mistaken. I nowhere say that the center of the earth is a burning mass. I do say, page 26, ‘The occurrence of volcanoes, and the wide-spread agency of heat or fire in former times, indicate the existence of large areas of melted rock or lava in the earth.’ I mean by this that under volcanic regions are lakes or reservoirs of melted rock. The globe in general is a solid sphere, solid at the center. This is a moderate and modern view. What your correspondent attributes to me is an old-fashioned and obsolete view. Let him refer to Dana’s ‘Geology’ for the latest views, or to Leconte’s ‘Geology’ for all fuller details than my humble attempt to excite an interest in the subject.”

I am anxious to purchase a copy of the Chautauqua Assembly Herald for March, 1879, Vol. 3, No. 25, and for October, 1879, Vol. 4, No. 21, also for May, 1880, Vol. 4, No. 28. Who can help me?

In response to my suggestion about reading for intellectual discipline, a correspondent says: “In the December number of The Chautauquan I noticed your item in ‘C. L. S. C. Work’ in regard to reading and re-reading certain books in the year’s course for mental discipline. I think the plan a good one, but would like to make a suggestion. I think it would be a good plan to recommend Alden’s ‘Self-Education’ to those who are taking up the studies of the first year. I got a copy of it before I joined the C. L. S. C., and, although it was one of the smallest books I ever read, yet I got more good out of it than of any other. As you advise, I read it, and re-read, and read it again, and for weeks and nearly months it was my constant companion, to be picked up in spare moments. The reason I recommend it is because there are so many members of the C. L. S. C. who have never had many educational advantages when young. To them this book is invaluable, and may be the means of helping them in their studies as it did me. To the College graduate, of course, this would be unnecessary, but to the majority of the others I think it would be of great use. I think there are too many who look upon education as knowing—accumulating knowledge—especially in this day of many books and miscellaneous reading. I think this book, if read and pondered, as you recommend, would do a vast amount of good to those who are seeking intellectual improvement.” The book referred to is Chautauqua Text-book No. 25, price 10 cents. Title, “Self-Education: What to Do and How to Do It.”

Why shall not our afflicted and faithful fellow student have a hearing in The Chautauquan? Here is what she wrote last August: “If you have time, will you say for me to the members of the C. L. S. C. that a few of the women of Hot Springs, Arkansas, are trying to establish there a Woman’s Christian National Library Association? We use the word ‘National’ because it is a place of resort for the people of the entire country, because the town is in part owned by the government, and because we seek assistance from good people everywhere. The work is in no sense a *local* one. Probably no town exists in the country having greater need in this direction. Men visit the place by thousands annually, and find almost nothing to uplift—but saloons and gambling-dens by the score. Our ladies feel that something *must* be done to make things better. Our organization has been in existence eighteen months. We have about nine hundred dollars in the treasury, and one hundred volumes of books. Better than all, on July 1st Congress passed a special act allowing us to purchase a lot on the government reservation for a merely nominal sum, so that we now have one hundred feet front on the main avenue, for which we paid one hundred dollars. Upon this we propose to put up a brick building worth ten thousand dollars, to be used for a public library, reading-room, and a hall in which to give entertainments, lectures, etc. We are working hard to accomplish this result. Any help from Chautauquans, either in donations of money, however small, or in books, will be most gratefully received. Books can be sent by mail to my address, or by freight at my expense. *One book* from one of our class may save some young man from an hour of temptation. May I not plead for a little help in trying to bring ‘life and light’ even to Arkansas. I enclose circular.

“Yours very truly,
Hattie N. Young, President Library Association.”

A member writes: “My horizon is very dark just now, but there is a quotation that I believe, ‘He is weak who can not weave the tangled threads of his existence, however strained, or however torn or twisted, into the great cable of purpose which moors us to our life of action.’”

Members of the C. L. S. C. who desire to send geological, and mineralogical and other specimens, weighing not more than ten pounds, should send to the “Museum, Chautauqua, N. Y., care of A. K. Warren, Esq.”

Members of the class of 1882, who paid all fees but did not graduate, can, by simply completing the unfinished work of their four years’ course, and reporting to the office at Plainfield, graduate with the class of 1883 or any later one. No additional fee will be required.

Encourage your neighbors to take up some of the reading of the C. L. S. C. Ask them to try the book for the current month; or the Bryant or the Shakspere Course.

The following are the addresses of manufacturers of badges for the C. L. S. C.: Mrs. Jay W. Speelman, Wooster, Ohio, and Henry Hart, Lockport, N. Y.

A student of the C. L. S. C. writes: “I have commenced the study of Greek history, but not having a good memory I find the dates hard to retain in my mind. Will you please give a plan by which our study in this line may be made easier.” It does not make much difference whether you can remember dates or not. Link men who did great things in their proper chronological order. Know that one man who did this, followed by a few years or centuries another man who did that other great thing. Use the little Chautauqua Text-book of Greek History, No. 5. Repeat its outlines, then repeat and repeat again. Get a few facts; tell them to somebody; tell them to somebody else. Talk about them; then talk more about them. The true way to memorize is to commit to memory.

When a choice volume falls into my hands I feel like calling attention of the members of the C. L. S. C. to it. Here comes a beautiful little book, with an introduction by Lyman Abbott, published by Putnam’s Sons, New York, on “How to Succeed”—in public life, as a minister, as a physician, as an engineer, as an artist, in mercantile life, as a farmer, as an inventor, and in literature. The several chapters are so many essays written by Senators Bayard and Edmunds, Drs. John Hall, Willard Parker, and Leopold Damrosch, General William Sooy Smith, W. Hamilton Gibson, Lawson Valentine, Commissioner George B. Loring, Thomas Edison, E. P. Roe, and Dr. Lyman Abbott. It is an invaluable book, and our readers will make no mistake in reading it. Price, 50 cents.

When reading a book mark on the margin every word of the pronunciation of which you are not sure, and every allusion and statement you do not fully understand. Take all such words, allusions, and statements to the local circle and ask for light, or if you have no local circle send them to “Drawer 75, New Haven, Conn.,” and I will try to get light for you from stars of one magnitude or another that shine in the heavens of the C. L. S. C.

Collect engravings and prints of every kind, from book-stalls, old books, illustrated papers and magazines, relating in any way to the reading of the C. L. S. C. in art, biography, history, natural science, etc. A picture scrap-book of this kind, filled with notes in your own handwriting, would grow in value with the years.

Probe people on the subjects in which you are interested. Get all out of them you can; and you can always get something out of everybody.

Gilbert M. Tucker, in *The North American Review* for January, speaks of "American English" in this way: "It will hardly be denied in any quarter that the speech of the United States is quite unlike that of Great Britain, in the important particular that here we have no dialects. Trifling variations in pronunciation, and in the use of a few particular words, certainly exist. The Yankee 'expects' or 'calculates,' while the Virginian 'reckons;' the illiterate Northerner 'claims,' and the Southerner of similar class, by a very curious reversal of the blunder, 'allows,' what better educated people merely assert. The pails and pans of the world at large become 'buckets' when taken to Kentucky. It is 'evening' in Richmond, while afternoon still lingers a hundred miles due north at Washington. Vessels go into 'docks' on their arrival at Philadelphia, but into 'slips' at Mobile; they are tied up at 'wharves' at Boston, but to 'piers' at Chicago. Distances are measured by 'squares' in Baltimore, by 'blocks' in Providence. The 'shilling' of New York is the 'levy' of Pennsylvania, the 'bit' of San Francisco, the 'ninepence' of Old New England, and the 'escalan' of New Orleans. But put all these variations together, with such others as more careful examination might reveal, and how far short they fall of representing anything like the real dialectic differences of speech that obtain, and always have obtained, not only between the three kingdoms, but even between contiguous sections of England itself!"

LOCAL CIRCLES.

[We request the president or secretary of every local circle to send us reports of their work, of lectures, concerts, entertainments, etc. Editor of The Chautauquan, Meadville, Pa.]

"Days come and go much more pleasantly when our time is fully occupied."—*Gessner.*

"The pleasantest society is that where the members feel a warm respect for each other."—*Goethe.*

"It is a beautiful thought, that however far one shore may be from another, the wave that ripples over my foot will in a short time be on the opposite strand."—*Humboldt.*

Maine (Auburn).—We have here in Auburn, a thriving town on the banks of the Androscoggin, a band of twenty-five enthusiastic Chautauquans. We organized November 3, 1882. We meet once in two weeks, at the houses of members, and recite fifty questions upon previous reading, as published in The Chautauquan. The questions for further study have been taken up, and will receive attention at our next meeting. The game of "Grecian History" has been tried once, with so much pleasure and profit that we shall probably have it again. Bryant's and Milton's Day have been pleasantly observed, and we also voted to observe the birthday of our own beloved Longfellow, who is peculiarly dear to New Englanders. Our circle is composed of people professional and unprofessional, denominational and literary, but all are working together with much unanimity of feeling and interest.

Massachusetts (Westfield).—Our circle is composed of three members, all graduates of class of 1882, but taking the White Crystal Seal course. Our meetings are very informal, reading either required or supplemental articles. This is a small village and we do not have lectures or concerts.

Massachusetts (Conway).—A local circle was organized in this town September 26, 1882, with twenty-five members. A few others who do not join the circle have taken up the readings. The Baptist and Congregationalist ministers are among our members. We have a board of counselors to act with the president in making meetings interesting. We are up with the required readings, and enjoy our meetings exceedingly. We meet Friday evenings at the homes of members of the Circle. We used Pansy's book, "The Hall in the Grove," to work up our interest, and some of us went to South Framingham last August, to get some new ideas; hence our success in a small hill town of Massachusetts.

Rhode Island (Providence).—A local Circle was formed in Providence in October last, and is called the Hope Circle. Starting with a membership of nineteen, we have since increased the number to thirty-three. Every four weeks we appoint a committee to conduct the exercises for the next month. We have had several lectures on geology, and propose having from time to time lectures on subjects that will interest the circle.

Connecticut (Hockanum).—A feature of the four years' reading course of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, is the observance of certain memorial days. These are made the happy occasions of literary and social festivity among the fraternity and their friends. December 9th occurred John Milton's day. It was observed by the C. L. S. C. of Hockanum, numbering about thirty members in both circles, Monday evening the 11th, in the vestry of the Congregational church. In response to an invitation from the Hockanum local circle to the local circle of the M. E. Church in Hockanum, it became the pleasant occasion of union memorial exercises. After a few well-chosen words of greeting to the sister circle by C. B. Treat, the Rev. W. P. Stoddard, president of the M. E. circle, read Job 28th and was followed by the Rev. Mr. Macy in prayer. Mr. Treat then gave a scholarly address on the "Times of Milton;" Miss Adela Risley an interesting sketch of the "Life of Milton," and Miss Ellen M. Brewer an excellent paper on the "Works of the Poet." A gem was an essay on "Comus" by Mr. Stoddard. The argument and a choice and well-rendered selection from each of the books of Paradise Lost were given by the different members of the Hockanum circle. The closing exercises consisted of extracts of pleasing continuity from "Samson Agonistes," Milton's last poetical work, given with much point by Messrs. Stoddard, Forbes, Brewer and Arnusius, Mrs. C. Hollister, and Misses Alexander and Hollister of the M. E. circle. The program closed with singing a part of the inspiring class song, entitled "A Song of To-day:"

"Sing pæans over the past!
We bury the dead years tenderly,
To find them again in eternity,
All safe in its circle vast.
Sing pæans over the past!
Arise and conquer the land!
Not one shall fail in the march of life;
Not one shall fall in the hour of strife
Who trusts in the Lord's right hand,
Arise and conquer the land!"

Immediately after a bountiful collation was served in a style most creditable to the committee in charge, and seldom has there been more genuine sociality. During the sociable, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Cornish furnished sweet music. The room was aglow with light and color, and draping and ornamentation were suggestive of sentiment, study and religion. Upon entering, the eye was instantly arrested by a superb representation of the Chautauquan's *alma mater*, "The Hall in the Grove," mounted on an evergreen wreathed easel. It was executed in charcoal, especially for the occasion, by the Rev. H. Macy, a senior at Hosmer Hall, and acting pastor of the Congregational Church. Upon being called upon he made some felicitous remarks on the "Hall in the Grove," which elicited applause. The circle and guests, numbering about sixty, felt that the event had been truly a success.

Connecticut (Portland).—This is the first year of the local circle in Portland, Connecticut, and it numbers at the present time seven members, of three different denominations. Our circle was organized on the fifth day of December, 1882. Our officers are president, vice-president, and secretary. We have met thus far every Saturday evening. We endeavor to bring in something on all the subjects taken up in the required work, making a specialty of the questions and answers printed in The Chautauquan. The president either asks the questions, or appoints some one of the members as leader *pro tem*. All are requested to criticise freely. After the program is concluded, all are at liberty to ask any questions they wish in connection with the subjects taken up in the evening's work. Before adjournment, a short time is given to general conversation, on the most interesting topics in the evening's lesson. As yet we have had no essays, but these are to come in the future. Last year there was only one member (myself) of the C. L. S. C. in the town of Portland. This year Portland boasts of a local circle consisting of seven members, and already the influence of those seven is being felt throughout the town, and we fondly hope and expect that before 1883 dawns our circle will have increased to almost double its present size. The students of the Portland C. L. S. C. anticipate many pleasant hours of work and social intercourse in the weeks and years to come.

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New York (Prattsburg).—Our local circle is one of great interest. Our members number nine. We meet weekly, at the homes of different members. The meetings open with prayer, followed by roll-call, minutes of the last meeting, and then the lesson. The lessons are conducted by one appointed at a previous meeting, so each one takes a part in conducting some lesson. In geology we had many beautiful specimens of coral, trilobites, and brachiopods, which were very interesting, and helped so much to explain the lesson. We observe memorial days. For Milton's Day we had, in answer to roll-call, favorite selections from Milton, an essay by our vice-president on his life, and one on his life and work by our president. We vary the work, and try to make it interesting to all. What would we do without The Chautauquan and our Chautauqua circle!

New York (Troy).—Here is the program for one evening in a local circle in Troy, the Rev. H. C. Farrar, president. It is printed on a postal card: "(1) Greek Civilization—Lewis K. Moore; (2) Greek Home Life—Miss Hattie E. Dean; (3) Greek Art—Mrs. H. C. Farrar; (4) Round-Table, Questions, Words, Sentences, etc.; (5) John Milton—a *conversazione*. Our circle organizes

promptly at 7:30 o’clock. Make unessential things give way to our monthly gatherings. Our program is largely Greek. So is our month’s reading. Greece has mightily influenced all nations and ages. Let us make a specialty of Greek this and next month. Master thoroughly the questions and answers on pages 164-66 in the December Chautauquan. Mr. Mulford will ask most of them. Bring written questions, words, anything and everything for our Round-Table that will prove of interest.”

New York (Panama).—A local circle was formed in Panama, New York, in October, 1878, through the efforts of a few residents of our village who were present at Chautauqua and became members of the organization at its inception in August of the same year. Weekly meetings of the circle were regularly kept up during the four years succeeding, and in August last twelve members were gratified to receive at the hand of Dr. Vincent, the beautiful Chautauqua diplomas. In October of this year another circle was formed, consisting of most of the members of the old circle, who could not bear to abandon so profitable and pleasurable a course of reading, and several new members, and we are now holding weekly meetings, as in the years past. The officers constitute the executive board, who arrange the program for each meeting, selecting leaders. Our work is done thoroughly, and we have the satisfaction of feeling the inspiration that comes from work accomplished. The memorial days are occasionally observed by special meetings of the circle, at which time a special program, prepared for the occasion, is carried out. We extend to every sister circle the hand of fellowship and of hearty greeting, with the wish that, as the years go by, we may all learn more of the word and the works of God.

Pennsylvania (Sugar Grove).—This is the fifth year of the local circle in Sugar Grove, Warren County, Pa., and it numbers fifteen members, ten of whom are graduates of the Class of ’82. For the first four years our meetings were held weekly, but the past year a normal class, under the auspices of the C. L. S. C. has been organized, which meets once in two weeks, our circle meeting each alternate week. The manner of reviewing the lessons varies. The conductor usually asks questions, which are discussed by any member. This is followed by essays, question drawer, report of critic, *conversazione*, Chautauqua games, or any exercise conducive to our mutual improvement. During the study of geology our meetings have been made interesting by the use of Packard’s Geological Charts, and by examining cabinets of rocks and shells, and also collecting various specimens, thereby forming a nucleus for greater research. The observance of a memorial day falls on the regular circle evening nearest memorial date.

Pennsylvania (Shamokin).—This is the first year of our local circle in Shamokin. We have held four regular meetings since the 1st of November and now have eight members. We have but two officers, a president and secretary, and meet every Tuesday evening at the homes of the different members. Thus far the president has conducted the meetings, asking questions on the lesson, when the topics are freely discussed by all. By not starting at the required time we find ourselves behind in our studies, almost two months; but by taking our regular weekly lessons, and as much of the back reading as we can conveniently, we expect to catch up by the first of March.

Pennsylvania (Carlisle).—Our methods have been very informal, and my report must of necessity be of a similar nature. We are not a circle—only a triangle. Since October of last year “we three” have quietly read and studied the prescribed course, meeting usually once a week and comparing progress. Frequently one of our number asked the questions as published in The Chautauquan, and in answering them we enlarged upon the subjects suggested thereby. At other times we discussed the matter read. We observed each memorial day and enjoyed them, as indeed we have enjoyed our year’s work. We have worked together without being “officered,” for it would badly thin the ranks to take even one from the “privates.” We feel the need of an energetic, enthusiastic leader, who could help us in our work, and enlist others; but failing to find one, we enter upon our second year’s work even more deeply interested than we were a year ago, determined to finish the course, unless prevented by insurmountable obstacles.

New Jersey (Freehold).—We organized a circle of twelve young ladies here last year, and we are still pursuing the course laid out for the C. L. S. C. We are all living at home, and are what some call “ladies of leisure.” The course is taken more as a line of profitable reading than of hard study. We meet at each other’s houses every Tuesday afternoon, and one of our number acts as teacher, or rather questioner. She asks the questions laid down in The Chautauquan, and after they have been answered, we read the article in the required readings for the week, taking turns around, a paragraph each, and after each paragraph has been read the others informally criticise the pronunciation of the reader, (good naturedly, of course), and so, with the aid of Webster, we arrive at the correct pronunciation of words in common use. Any knotty questions which come up are laid over until the next meeting; in the meantime we find out the answers if we can. By the way, a large Shakspere club of ladies and gentlemen has grown from a movement made by one of our number, and taken up by us as a class, and already one question on art has been given us to answer from outside. You see we are beginning to make ourselves felt in the community. We find the course doing us good, and advise others to take it up as we have, as a pleasant way to refresh their memories on what they have already learned in school, if they do not care to devote their time to study.

District of Columbia (Washington).—Ours is one of several Chautauqua circles in Washington, D. C. We have named it the "Parker" C. L. S. C., in honor of Rev. Dr. J. W. Parker. We organized September 15, 1882, with a membership of ten; we now number twenty-five and are still increasing. We meet at the houses of the members, twice a month; open with prayer. The readings are reviewed by questions from The Chautauquan. Our reading in geology was supplemented by explanations, with the use of the Packard plates. Great interest is manifested by the members, who feel that they are being benefited. The meetings close with general questions and talks upon scientific subjects.

West Virginia (Wheeling).—Our circle has now entered its third year and numbers twenty-seven members. The meetings are held every week in one of the small rooms in the United Presbyterian Church and are well attended. The method hitherto pursued has been to assign lessons out of The Chautauquan, and then proceed very much as at school. Subjects pertinent to the lessons are fully and freely discussed as they are suggested, consequently during the past two years the circle has ranged over a vast territory. At each meeting during the present year a paper—usually on some historical personage connected with the lesson—has been read, and this has proved very interesting. The general drift of sentiment has been rather against public entertainments, though several successful ones have been given. Visitors are always welcome. The Wheeling circle has been unusually fortunate in enjoying the leadership of a gentleman who is at once a business man, an enthusiastic scholar and a teacher, with a genius for the art. Under his able tuition, interest in the various studies has never faltered. Comparatively few of the members have visited Chautauqua; those who have done so have returned very enthusiastic in C. L. S. C. work.

Kentucky (Louisville).—Being more and more interested in the French Circle, I would like very much to have in your magazine a few lines about it, viz: all the information about the French Circle by correspondence can be obtained by addressing Prof. A. Lalande, 1014 Second street, Louisville, Ky. Back numbers of circular will be sent to anyone desiring to join that circle.

Tennessee (Memphis).—A local circle was organized October 23, in Chelsea, the northern suburb of Memphis. It consists of a few members of the classes of '82, '83, and '84, who once belonged to the Memphis local circle, and a larger number of members who have only last fall joined the C. L. S. C. The Memphis circle had become too large to be well handled for effective work, so we left, and organized a circle in our own immediate neighborhood of twenty-five members. We are to meet twice a month, and expect to do good work, as we are enthusiastic Chautauquans.

Texas (Palestine).—We have a local circle in our town, twenty strong, that will compare in average intelligence of its members with any other club in the United States. The Chautauqua Idea is growing grandly in Texas. Our State will be fairly represented in all future commencements of the C. L. S. C. Clubs are forming in all points of the Lone Star.

Indiana (Fort Wayne).—The C. L. S. C. met in October in the lecture-room of the Berry Street Church, to organize for work during the ensuing year. The attendance was unexpectedly large, and the meeting was spirited. It was decided to divide up into small circles for work, yet continue the general organization, and to that end officers were elected. It is expected that members of the circle will connect themselves with some one of the smaller circles that may be organized, and continue the readings. The smaller circles were organized at once, and work for the year is going on.

Illinois (Pana).—Our local circle was organized in October, 1879. The class now numbers fourteen ladies, meeting at each other's homes weekly. Three are post-graduates, and two or three others of the Class of '82, who intend sending in their papers soon. We are not, as a class, this year taking the full course, but using The Chautauquan. We find the work very pleasant and instructive, and enjoy it too much to give it up. We have had no entertainments except social teas among ourselves.

Michigan (Flint).—A local circle has been organized here for reading and study. There are only eight members, but several others in the city who have commenced the work, and will probably continue it, meet with us occasionally and seem to enjoy doing so. Being scattered over the city, it is impossible for them to attend the meetings regularly. For this reason they prefer not to join the circle. There are, I think, twenty, or nearly that number, reading the Chautauqua course in our city. Our meetings are held once in two weeks at the homes of different members of the circle. The president conducts the review at each meeting and plans the work for the next meeting with the concurrence of the other officers. Our reading and study is done mainly at home, the time of the meeting being taken up with a thorough review of the subjects studied, varied by biographical sketches of the historical characters, and expression of opinion upon the subjects in hand. The interest in the work increases with each meeting; we enjoy it so much more and remember it better than we possibly could reading and studying alone.

Michigan (Little Prairie Ronde).—The character of the material of which a local circle is

formed, and with which it has to do, in a measure determines the manner of conducting its meetings. In glancing over the reports of various circles I see none whose meetings are conducted quite the same as ours. Living in the country, and our members having from two to four miles to drive, we strive to use all the time in earnest work, directly connected with the subjects being studied; hence our roll call responses are biographical sketches of men whose names are found in the history; the history of cities, etc., and on a memorial day selected extracts from the writings of the author whose birth we commemorate. Besides essays, readings and conversations on subjects in the course, we have introduced "current items," not only because outsiders not fully informed intimated that we study ancient history too exclusively, but, also, as it is an excellent means of interesting our local members and casual visitors who are not pursuing the prescribed course of reading. The items comprise recent newspaper intelligences, and never fail to elicit much enthusiasm and profit.

Missouri (Osborn).—Our circle, called the "Amphictyonic Local Circle, of Osborn," consists of eight members, including four officers, president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer. We meet on every Tuesday afternoon, at the home of one of the members, our hours being from 7 p. m. to 9:45 p. m. We have a constitution and by-laws, and adhere strictly to the rules of order laid down in Roberts' Manual. The program is as follows: After the minutes of the previous meeting are read and discussed, Greek history is taken up and reviewed in detail. The required reading in The Chautauquan follows, after which our president gives us an interesting lecture on some important subject. Twenty minutes are devoted to the reading of short essays, and whatever time remains we spend in discussing the chief topics of interest in The Chautauquan.

Missouri (Kansas City).—Our circle organized the 21st of October, with the circle of last year, consisting of five or six members, as a nucleus. We have now a membership of over forty-five, which will soon be largely increased. Ten new members joined at the last meeting. A good deal of interest and enthusiasm is manifested. Our officers are a board of three directors, a corresponding secretary, and treasurer. The board of directors have a general oversight of all the interests of the circle. They arrange for all lectures, special meetings, memorial day exercises, and appoint a committee of three to arrange a program of exercises for the regular meetings of the month, which are presided over by the chairman of this monthly committee. The circle meets every Tuesday evening at the residence of one of the members centrally located, who has very kindly thrown open his house for the use of the circle. We open our meeting at 7:30 p. m., promptly, with singing and prayer, followed by roll call and reading of the minutes. The members are then ready for the general exercises of the evening, consisting of answers to the questions for the week in The Chautauquan, of answers to written questions given out at the previous meeting, of essays and talks on themes relating to our readings, of exercises on the geological charts, music, critic's report, social conversation, and adjournment.

Minnesota (Crookston).—We can not claim the dignity of a local circle yet. Our class consists of two members, the wife of the editor of the Crookston *Chronicle* and the writer, who is one of the teachers of the graded school in Crookston. We are delighted with the course, studied faithfully and well last year, and have commenced this year with renewed pleasure and zeal. We met for reading, recitation and conversation weekly last year and will pursue the same course this year unless our class should become a circle. We have the promise of several members.

Iowa (Muscatine).—The editor of a local paper characterizes an entertainment of the local circles in this way: "Seldom has an occasion been appropriated to a more pleasant or profitable purpose than that which attracted a large number of our more cultivated people to the cheery apartments of Mr. A. K. Raff one evening of last month. It was the two hundred and seventy-fourth anniversary of the birth of John Milton, and the two Chautauqua clubs in the city had united to memorialize the event in some appropriate way. A splendid program of exercises, consisting of dissertation and essay, interspersed with the finest of music, both vocal and instrumental, had been arranged for the occasion, furnishing to those who were fortunate enough to be present a fund of interest, and a feast of intellectual enjoyment as rare as it was acceptable. We can imagine no entertainment more pleasant or elevating in its character than these Chautauqua reunions."

Iowa (Oskaloosa).—The circle of Oskaloosa consists of fifteen ladies—ten regular members and five local ones. We meet every Wednesday afternoon and a leader is appointed by the president for each week. We have thorough schoolroom recitations and discussions of the lesson as assigned in The Chautauquan, and the questions for further study.

Kansas (Stockton).—The most satisfactory method we have found of conducting our circle is this: Let each member prepare two plain questions, not puzzles, on the reading of the week. Let these questions be handed to the president, who asks them, the author of the questions answering if no one else can, and no one but the chairman needs to know who hands in any question. This review helps to fix many points in memory. Besides, we had nearly every time one or more essays from persons having time and inclination to prepare them.

Kansas (Wichita).—For more than six months we have had a literary and philosophical society, with objects somewhat similar to those of the C. L. S. C., with a working membership of

twenty or more. At our last meeting the merits of the C. L. S. C. were discussed at length, and we concluded to change our organization into the C. L. S. C., and the preliminary steps were taken in accordance therewith. Will you please send us by return mail two dozen blank applications for membership, and whatever other documents and instructions are necessary for organization and work.

Nebraska (Seward).—We meet every Monday evening; the regular order as laid down in The Chautauquan is carried through; we keep up in the different branches from month to month, and enjoy the work.

California (Sacramento).—Our method of conducting the work, after disposing of the general order of business, is as follows: The committee of instruction, numbering three, and appointed once in three months, prepare one week in advance questions on each lesson. These questions are drawn promiscuously by each member—questions being, sent to absentees. Answers to these questions, with the questions attached thereto, are given in writing at the following meeting, to some one appointed by the president to read, after which they are placed in the hands of two members, who are also appointed by the president, from which they are to compile papers, adding all such other information appertaining to the subject that can be obtained. This involves close research, and we hear from at least five members in an evening, who are followed in the same manner by five others at the succeeding meeting. From the papers, questions, and answers, arise profitable discussions, if time permits. A committee on entertainment, appointed annually, supervise all lectures, concerts, social entertainments, etc., which—if practicable—are arranged for once in three months. We number twenty-four active members. Eight other names are upon our roll, of whom three are irregular. We launch out this (the third) year with much enthusiasm and general interest, hoping to far exceed in profit to ourselves and in influence in favor of our grand Chautauqua work either of the preceding years.

Canada (Pictou, Ontario).—About twenty members of the C. L. S. C. met at the residence of G. C. Curry, Esq., recently, to compare notes and talk over matters connected with their daily readings. Considerable enthusiasm was manifested by the several members respecting the subjects on the program for the present year, which began on the 1st of October last. Some, however, have only just joined, and it is not too late yet for new ones to join and take up the work for the current year. At the next meeting of the circle notes will be read on the month’s reading and difficulties met with brought forward for explanation.

[*Not Required.*] [286]

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ONE HUNDRED QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON “RECREATIONS IN ASTRONOMY,” CHAPTERS I TO VII, BOTH INCLUSIVE—CREATIVE PROCESSES, CREATIVE PROGRESS, ASTRONOMICAL INSTRUMENTS, CELESTIAL MEASUREMENTS; THE SUN; THE PLANETS, AS SEEN FROM SPACE; SHOOTING-STARS, METEORS, AND COMETS.

By ALBERT M. MARTIN, General Secretary C. L. S. C.

1. Q. What are the two laws of the attraction of gravitation? A. (1) Gravity is proportioned to the quantity of matter, and (2) the force of gravity varies as the square of the distance from the center of the attracting body.

2. Q. What is the original form of matter? A. Gas.

3. Q. What is inertia? A. If a body is at rest, inertia is that quality by which it will forever remain so, unless acted upon by some force from without; and if a body is in motion, it will continue on at the same speed, in a straight line, forever, unless it is quickened, retarded, or turned from its path by some other force.

4. Q. What is the result of the action of attraction and inertia upon two revolving bodies? A. They circle about each other as long as these forces endure.

5. Q. What would be the solution of the problem of a simple revolution of one world about another in a circular orbit? A. It would always be at the same distance from its center, and going with the same velocity.

6. Q. In the case of the moon, how many causes are there that interfere with such a simple orbit? A. Over sixty.

7. Q. What is heat? A. A mode of motion.

8. Q. Through what do all the light and heat of the sun that appear upon our earth come? A. Through space that is two hundred degrees below zero, and through utter darkness.

9. Q. At what velocity does light travel? A. One hundred and eighty-five thousand miles per

second.

10. Q. What is the highest velocity we can give a rifle ball? A. Two thousand feet a second.

11. Q. How long does it take light to travel from the sun to the earth? A. About eight minutes.

12. Q. What is light? A. The result of undulations in ether.

13. Q. What are the different effects we call color? A. They are simply various velocities of vibration.

14. Q. How does sunlight melt ice? A. In the middle, bottom, and top at once.

15. Q. What is the effect of dark heat on ice? A. It only melts the surface.

16. Q. What can you say of the passage of the heat of the sun and the heat of a furnace or stove through glass? A. Nearly all the heat of the sun goes through glass without hindrance; only a small portion of the heat of a furnace or stove goes through the same substance.

17. Q. If our air were as pervious to the heat of the earth as it is to the heat of the sun, how cold would the temperature of the earth become every night? A. Two hundred degrees below zero.

18. Q. What is said of worlds so distant as to receive from the sun only a thousandth part of the heat we enjoy? A. They may have atmospheres that retain it all.

19. Q. What is probable as to the temperature of Mars? A. It is probable that Mars, that receives but one-quarter as much heat as the earth, has a temperature as high as ours.

20. Q. What two radically different kinds of telescopes are made? A. The refracting telescope, and the reflecting telescope.

21. Q. Why is the refracting telescope so called? A. Because it is dependent on the refraction of light through glass lenses.

22. Q. Why is the reflecting telescope so called? A. Because it acts by reflecting the light from a concave mirror.

23. Q. What is the loss of light in the use of each kind of telescope? A. In passing through glass lenses it is about two-tenths. By reflection it is often one-half.

24. Q. In view of this peculiarity, among others, what is held as to the comparative quality of the two kinds of telescopes? A. That a twenty-six inch refractor is fully equal to any six-foot reflector.

25. Q. What is the weight of the Lord Rosse reflecting telescope? A. It has a metallic mirror weighing six tons, and a tube forty feet long, which, with its appurtenances, weighs seven tons more.

26. Q. What is a spectrum? A. A collection of the colors which are dispersed by a prism from any given light.

27. Q. If the light is sunlight what is the spectrum called? A. A solar spectrum.

28. Q. What is a spectroscope? A. An instrument to see these spectra.

29. Q. What are some of the amazing discoveries made by the spectroscope within a few years? A. In chemistry it reveals substances never known before. It tells the chemical constitution of the sun, the movements taking place, the nature of comets, and nebulæ.

30. Q. By the spectroscope what do we know of the atmospheres of some of the other planets? A. We know that the atmospheres of Venus and Mars are like our own, and that those of Jupiter and Saturn are very unlike.

31. Q. From what are all our standards of time taken? A. From the stars.

32. Q. From what are the positions of the stars reckoned? A. As so many degrees, minutes and seconds from each other, from the zenith, or from a given meridian, or from the equator.

33. Q. How far apart are the stars called the Pointers in the Great Bear? A. Five degrees.

34. Q. To mistake the breadth of a hair, seen at a distance of one hundred and twenty-five feet, would cause how much of an error in the measurement of the distance of the sun from the earth? A. Three millions of miles.

35. Q. By means of a microscope how many lines ruled on a glass plate are we able to count within an inch? A. One hundred and twelve thousand.

36. Q. What angle does the smallest object that can be seen by a keen eye make? A. An angle of forty seconds.

37. Q. By putting six microscopes on the scale of the telescope on a mural circle, what degree of exactness are we able to reach? A. An exactness of one-tenth of a second, or one-thirty-six hundredth of an inch.

38. Q. In astronomical work how small measurements of time are made? A. To the minute fractional parts of a second.

39. Q. What is the personal equation of an observer? A. The time that it takes him to observe a thing and record it, which is substracted from all his observations in order to get at the true time.

40. Q. What is the parallax of a body? A. The angle that would be made by two lines coming from that body to the two ends of any conventional base, as the semi-diameter of the earth.

41. Q. What is the parallax of the moon, and also of the sun, with the semi-equatorial diameter of the earth for a base? A. That of the moon 57 seconds, and that of the nun 8.85 seconds.

42. Q. Taking the diameter of the earth's orbit, 184 millions of miles, as a base, what can you say of the parallax of the stars? A. They have no apparent parallax on so short a base.

43. Q. What does Prof. Airy say of the orbit of the earth as seen from the nearest star? A. It would be the same as a circle six-tenths of an inch in diameter, seen at the distance of a mile.

44. Q. In what way has the approximate distance of a few of the stars been determined? A. By comparisons of the near and far stars one with another.

45. Q. Which is the nearest star? A. The brightest star in Centaur, never visible in our northern latitudes, which has a parallax of about one second.

46. Q. Which is the next nearest star? A. No. 61 in the Swan, or 61 Cygni, having a parallax of thirty-four one-hundredths of a second.

47. Q. On how many stars have approximate measurements been made? A. About eighteen in all.

48. Q. How long does it take light, traveling at the rate of 185,000 miles a second, to come from the nearest star, Alpha Centauri, to the earth? A. Three and one-fourth years.

49. Q. How long does it take light to come from the Pole Star to the earth? A. Forty-five years.

50. Q. In naming these enormous distances what astronomical unit is used? A. The distance of the earth from the sun, ninety-two and a half millions of miles.

51. Q. In measuring the distance from Alpha Centauri, the nearest star, how many times would this unit be used? A. Two hundred and twenty-six thousand times.

52. Q. What is said of the stars being near or far according to their brightness? A. They are not near or far according to their brightness. 61 Cygni is a telescopic star, while Sirius, the brightest star in the heavens, is twice as far away from us.

53. Q. What is the zodiacal light? A. It is a dim, soft light, somewhat like the milky-way, seen on clear moonless nights in March or April, in the western sky soon after sunset, often reaching, well defined, to the Pleiades.

54. Q. What are the indications as to the cause of this light? A. That it is caused by a ring of small masses of meteoric matter surrounding the sun, revolving with it and reflecting its light, and extending beyond the earth's orbit.

55. Q. As we approach nearer the sun what is the first material substance with which we meet? A. The corona.

56. Q. Describe the corona. A. It rises from one to three hundred thousand miles from the surface, and the appearance consists of reflected light sent to us from dust particles or meteoroids about the sun.

57. Q. What is the region of discontinuous flame below the corona called? A. The cromosphere.

58. Q. What are some of the materials composing the cromosphere? A. Hydrogen is the principal material of its upper part; iron, magnesium, and other metals, some of them as yet unknown on earth, in the denser parts below.

59. Q. When only are the corona and cromosphere visible? A. Only during total eclipses, or by the aid of the spectroscope.

60. Q. What is all that we ordinarily see with the eye or telescope of the sun? A. The shining surface called the photosphere on which the cromosphere rests.

61. Q. What is the diameter of the photosphere, or the visible and measurable part of the sun? A. Eight hundred and sixty thousand miles.

62. Q. How many globes like the earth would it require to measure the sun's diameter? A. One hundred and eight.

63. Q. What is the volume of the sun as compared with that of the earth? A. It is 1,245,000 times greater.

64. Q. What is the density of the sun as compared with that of the earth? A. It is only one-fourth as great.

65. Q. What is the mass of the sun as compared with that of all the planets, asteroids, and

satellites of the solar system put together? A. It is seven hundred times as great.

66. Q. What are some of the opinions as to the surface of the sun? A. That it is hot beyond all estimate is indubitable. Whether it is solid or gaseous we are not sure.

67. Q. What on the surface of the sun have been objects of earnest and almost hourly study on the part of eminent astronomers for years? A. The spots.

68. Q. To what must the speed of the orbital revolution of the planets be proportioned? A. To the distance from the sun.

69. Q. What is the orbital speed of Mercury, and what that of Neptune? A. That of Mercury is about twenty-nine and a half miles in a second, and that of Neptune about three and one-third miles a second, or nearly nine times as slow.

70. Q. How do the periods of the axial revolution, which determine the length of the day, vary with the four planets nearest the sun? A. They vary only half an hour from that of the earth.

71. Q. In what time do Jupiter and Saturn revolve? A. In ten and ten and a quarter hours respectively.

72. Q. What is the density of Jupiter and Saturn as compared with the earth? A. That of Jupiter is about one-fourth and that of Saturn is about one-eighth that of the earth.

73. Q. How much less is the polar diameter of Jupiter than the equatorial? A. Five thousand miles.

74. Q. If we represent the sun by a globe two feet in diameter, how could we represent the comparative size of the five planets nearest the sun? A. Vulcan and Mercury by mustard seeds, Venus and Earth by peas, and Mars by one half the size.

75. Q. How could the comparative size of the other planets be represented? A. Asteroids, by the motes in a sunbeam; Jupiter, by a small-sized orange; Saturn, by a smaller one; Uranus, by a cherry; and Neptune, by one a little larger.

76. Q. Applying the principle that attraction is in proportion to the mass, what would a man weighing one hundred and fifty pounds on the earth weigh on Jupiter, and what on Mars? A. On Jupiter he would weigh three hundred and ninety-six pounds, and on Mars only fifty-eight pounds.

77. Q. How are the seasons of the planets caused? A. By the inclination of its axis to the plane of its orbit.

78. Q. What is said of the day and night of Jupiter? A. The sun is always nearly over the equator of Jupiter, and every place has nearly its five hours day and five hours night.

79. Q. How do the seasons of Earth, Mars and Saturn compare? A. They are much alike, except in length.

80. Q. How long are Saturn’s seasons? A. Each is seven and a half years long. The alternate darkness and light at the poles is fifteen years long.

81. Q. In what form are the orbits of the planets? A. Not in the form of exact circles, but a little flattened into an ellipse, with the sun always in one of the foci.

82. Q. What is that point called where a planet is nearest the sun, and what where it is farthest from it? A. The point nearest the sun is called the perihelion, and the farthest point the aphelion.

83. Q. What is the plane of the ecliptic? A. It is the plane of the earth’s orbit extended to the stars.

84. Q. What is said of the densities, sizes, and relations of the collections of matter smaller than the planets, scattered through space in the solar system? A. They are of various densities, from a cloudlet of rarest gas to solid rock; of various sizes, from a grain’s weight to little worlds; of various relations to each other, from independent individuality to related streams millions of miles long.

85. Q. By what names are they known when they become visible? A. Shooting-stars, meteors, and comets.

86. Q. How far above the surface of the earth do shooting-stars appear and disappear? A. They appear about seventy-three miles above the earth, and disappear about twenty miles nearer the surface.

87. Q. What is their velocity? A. Their average velocity is thirty-five miles a second, and it sometimes rises to one hundred miles a second.

88. Q. What does Prof. Peirce state as the result of his investigation in regard to meteors? A. That the heat which the earth receives directly from meteors is the same in amount which it receives from the sun by radiation, and that the sun receives five-sixths of its heat from the meteors that fall upon it.

89. Q. When the bodies are large enough to bear the heat, and the unconsumed center comes to the earth, what are they called? A. Aerolites or air-stones.

90. Q. What is said of the distribution of these bodies through space? A. They are not evenly distributed through space. In some places they are gathered into systems which circle round the sun in orbits as certain as those of the planets.

91. Q. How many such systems of meteoric bodies has it been demonstrated that the earth encounters in a single year? A. More than one hundred.

92. Q. What are comets? A. They are clouds of gas or meteoric matter, or both, darting into the solar system from every side, at every plane of the ecliptic, becoming luminous with reflected light, passing the sun, and returning again to outer darkness.

93. Q. What appendage do comets usually have? A. A tail, which follows the comet to perihelion, and precedes it afterwards.

94. Q. What is the character of the orbits of some comets? A. Very enormously elongated. One end may lie inside the earth’s orbit, and the other end be as far beyond Neptune as that is from the sun.

95. Q. How many comets have been visible to the naked eye since the Christian era? A. Five hundred.

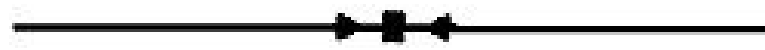
96. Q. How many have been seen by telescopes since their invention? A. Two hundred.

97. Q. How is the number of comets belonging to our solar system estimated by some authorities? A. By millions.

98. Q. What is the comet last seen in 1852, previously separated into two parts, called? A. Biela’s lost comet.

99. Q. How near did the great comet of 1843 pass to the sun? A. It passed nearer than any other known body. It almost grazed the sun.

100. Q. What was one of the most magnificent comets of modern times? A. Donati’s comet of 1858.



OUTLINE OF C. L. S. C. STUDIES FOR FEBRUARY.

The required C. L. S. C. reading for the month of February comprises the first part of Bishop Warren’s Recreations in Astronomy, to page 134; the corresponding parts of Chautauqua Text-Book No. 2, Studies of the Stars; and readings in Astronomy, English, Russian, Scandinavian, and Religious History and Literature, and Bible History and Literature. Bishop Warren’s Recreations in Astronomy, and Chautauqua Text-Book No. 2, Studies of the Stars, are in book form; the remainder of the required reading for the month is published in The Chautauquan for February. The following division is made according to weeks:

First Week—1. Warren’s Recreations in Astronomy, chapters I and II—Creative Processes, Creative Progress—to page 40.

2. Chautauqua Text-Book No. 2, Studies of the Stars—the Morning Star, pages 3 and 4; Gravitation, from page 11 to page 15, both inclusive.

3. History of Russia, in The Chautauquan.

4. Readings in Religious and Bible History and Literature; Sunday Readings, in The Chautauquan, selections for February 4.

Second Week—1. Warren’s Recreations in Astronomy, chapters III and IV—Astronomical Instruments, Celestial Measurements—from page 41 to page 74, inclusive.

2. Chautauqua Text-Book No. 2, Studies of the Stars—Light—pages 8, 9, and 10.

3. History and Literature of Scandinavia, in The Chautauquan.

4. Readings in Religious and Bible History and Literature; Sunday Readings in The Chautauquan, selections for February 11.

Third Week—1. Warren’s Recreations in Astronomy, chapter V—The Sun—from page 75 to page 96, inclusive.

2. Chautauqua Text-Book No. 2, Studies of the Stars—The Sun—pages 5, 6, and 7.

3. Pictures from English History, in The Chautauquan.

4. Readings in Religious and Bible History and Literature; Sunday Readings in The Chautauquan, selections for February 18.

Fourth Week—1. Warren’s Recreations in Astronomy, chapters VI and VII—The Planets as Seen from Space; Shooting Stars, Meteors, and Comets—from page 97 to page 134, inclusive.

2. Chautauqua Text-Book No. 2, Studies of the Stars—Comets, Meteoric Systems—from page

37 to page 41, inclusive.

3. Readings in Religious and Bible History and Literature; Sunday Readings in The Chautauquan, selections for February 25.

ANSWERS

TO QUESTIONS FOR FURTHER STUDY IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER OF "THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

By ALBERT M. MARTIN, General Secretary C. L. S. C.

1. The County of Westchester, in the State of New York, which is about half the size of Attica, contains about five hundred square miles.

2. The Romans gave the name "Greeks" to the Hellenes probably for the reason that they gained their first knowledge of the country from a tribe in the northwest of Greece called Græci, and they accordingly gave the name of that tribe to the whole country, calling it Græcia.

3. The following are two examples of Spartan laconisms: "Either this, or on this." [Either bring this, or be brought on this. Attributed to Gorgo on presenting a shield to her son.] "Let Xerxes come and take them." The reply of Leonidas when summoned by Xerxes to surrender his arms.

4. Among the literary tidings from modern Greece that seem to foretoken close at hand a signal renaissance of Greek literature, are the following: With the establishment of the kingdom in the present century, education is spread over every corner of free Greece. In education the Greek child does not learn the grammar of the modern language, but of the ancient. Perhaps no nation now produces so much literature in proportion to its numbers. The Greeks seem restless in their desire to give expression to their thoughts. Many rich Greeks have published books at their own expense. Very frequently scholars produce their best works for periodicals, or even newspapers. Almost every literary man of eminence makes efforts in every literary direction. An American classical school has recently been opened in Athens by Prof. Goodwin, of Cambridge, Mass., on the site of an old school of philosophy. The University of Athens is assuming special prominence as a literary institution. [289]

5. Homer was Blind Melesigenes. He was so called because he was supposed to have been born on the borders of the river Meles.

6. The Delphic Oracle pronounced Socrates "the wisest of mankind."

7. The monk Planudes is apparently relieved of the imputation concerning the authorship of the biography of Æsop ascribed to him, by the discovery at Florence of a manuscript of this life that was in existence a century before Planudes's time.

8. Some of the reasons for supposing that this biography is a falsifying one are as follows: His being represented as a monster of ugliness and deformity, was doubtless intended to heighten his wit by contrast. In Plutarch's *Convivium* Æsop is a guest, and there are many jests on his original servile condition, but none on his appearance, and a delicacy on such points does not usually restrain ancient writers. The Athenians erected a noble statue in honor of Æsop, which they doubtless would not have done had he been deformed. Pliny states that Æsop was the *Contubernalis* of Rhodopis, his fellow slave, whose extraordinary beauty passed into a proverb.

9. The hecatomb was strictly the sacrifice of a hundred oxen. All hecatombs were sacred. This sacrifice is said to have been particularly observed by the Lacedæmonians when they possessed a hundred cities. The sacrifices were subsequently reduced in number, and goats and lambs substituted for oxen.

10. The ceremony of taking a prisoner by the girdle in token that he is to suffer death was, ancient writers state, a custom among the Persians. After the trial was over, instead of formally pronouncing sentence upon the accused, all the members of the tribunal arose from their seats and, turning their heads away from the prisoner, took hold of his girdle, the highest in command taking hold first. Even the relatives, if any were in the tribunal, went through the same ceremony. Those in rank below the accused continued to bow before him, notwithstanding his condemnation.

11. The scythed chariots of the Persians had two wheels with knives fastened to each axle, extending obliquely outward. They were ordinary wooden chariots, with a platform large enough for two to stand on, resting on the axles without springs. Each chariot was drawn by four horses abreast. Later, long spikes were placed in the ends of the poles, and the back parts of the chariot were armed with several rows of sharp knives. The horses were driven by a charioteer, whose duty it was to manage his steeds, and with a shield ward off the missiles of the enemy, while his chief stood behind and with his sword endeavored to hew down those who escaped the scythes.

12. The quotation, "When Greek joined Greek, then was the tug of war," is from the play of

Alexander the Great, written by Nathaniel Lee, an English dramatic writer of the latter part of the seventeenth century.

13. The Persian slingers were a part of the light-armed soldiers. Their armor consisted of a shield, a sling, and stones, or other missiles. The stone or missile was placed upon a leather disk, held by two strings, and then rapidly whirled, and just at the right time one string was dropped and the missile projected with great force through the air. Some of the missiles thus thrown weighed no less than an Attic pound, and Seneca reports that the motion was so vehement that the leaden bullets were frequently melted. These slingers were enabled to use either hand, and it is stated that they obliged their sons to strike their food from a pole before eating it.

14. The now familiar expression, "War even to the knife," was the reply of the Spanish patriot Palafox, the governor of Saragoza, to the summons of the French to surrender, at the siege of that city in 1808. Lord Byron uses the same expression in the first canto of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

15. The singular effect upon the men of the eating of honeycombs, as described by Xenophon, was occasioned by the peculiar properties given to the honey, owing to its being extracted by the bees from narcotic plants. The honey of Trebizond, at the present day, when eaten, causes headache and vomiting, and possesses poisonous qualities, supposed to be derived from the rhododendron, *azalea pontica*.

Correct replies to all the questions for further study in the December number of The Chautauquan have been received from the Niles, Mich., circle, through the secretary, Mrs. J. S. Tuttle; Mrs. S. D. Lloyd, president, Mrs. Marion McKinney, secretary, Mrs. J. P. Henry and Mrs. F. R. Snyder, of the Arcola, Ill., circle; Rev. R. H. and Mrs. M. A. Howard, Saxonville, Mass.; Miss Maggie V. Wilcox, 605 North Thirty-fifth street, West Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Nellie M. Rumsey, president of the Albert Lea, Minn., local circle; Miss Mary D. Eshleman, 821 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., and A. U. Lombard, Columbus, O.

C. L. S. C. ROUND-TABLE.[J]

"HOW TO CONDUCT LOCAL CIRCLES."

Dr. Vincent: First of all, good friends, don't let the idea prevail anywhere that the local circle is indispensable to the work of the C. L. S. C. There are individual readers who are unable to attend a local circle, who do all the work that is required by the C. L. S. C. successfully. When the idea obtains, as it often does, that to be a good C. L. S. C. member one must attend the local circle, people who would otherwise read to profit, and read through the entire course, become discouraged and give it up. Some of our very best students never saw a local circle, or knew anything about it. They are their own local circle.

Where people come together voluntarily for mutual improvement, the local circle is of very great advantage, and the more local circles we can have the better, and the more you attend the local circle the better for you. Any effort you put forth to establish a local circle is worthy of praise.

Again, small local circles are better than large ones. Where there are six persons who "take to" each other, who work easily together, they will do better work than a large circle. Where there are fifty members in one place it is better to have four or six circles than to have one, with a monthly general meeting.

In the local circle, to repeat what has been said before on this platform, avoid all long lectures and all long essays. If you want a popular lecture, get a popular lecturer. If you want a scholarly lecture, secure a scholarly lecturer, and give all the benefit of it to those who desire it; but do not attempt to burden the ordinary local circle meetings with elaborate lectures.

A local circle should encourage conversation, which is the action of many minds in expression. To have one person say it all will not benefit all as much as to have all say something. Have five-minute essays where you must have essays: conversation rather than essays where you can have conversation. This may be embarrassing to begin with, but the embarrassment is easily overcome as you awaken an interest in the subject. Let a question be thrown out; ask who can answer it. "Well," says one, "I think I can answer it." What a benediction to a local circle is some disputed question in the hands of members who "do not care a penny what anybody thinks," but who "speak right out," good grammar or bad grammar. Perfectly at home themselves, they try to make everybody else at home.

When a local circle simply becomes a conversation on the appointed topic, you have the very perfection of a meeting. A Methodist class-meeting that becomes a simple, informal, spontaneous conversation on a religious subject, without any "tone" put on at all, is a profitable class-meeting.

So it is profitable to have study in a class where the teacher becomes a member of the class, and guides without reins in sight, drawing out the convictions and movements of every mind and of every tongue for half an hour, illustrating something from every mind, from every tongue, until

they say: “We didn’t have a recitation to-day, we had a little conversation,” and everybody spoke and thought, and out came the thought, and speech which a formal teacher would have brought about through recitation and blackboard outlines, and all that. The simple conversation, in the interest of the result, in which everybody participates, is the highest style of teaching; and to have that, you want one ruling mind; and blessed are you if you have some one to undertake and direct that conversation.

Where the local circle is large, you will not have much general conversation, and a few will do the work which, although it is not wholly unprofitable, is not for the best interests of all.

Written Question: How shall we compute the time spent in reading and study, to be sure we have given as much time as we agreed to give?

Dr. Vincent: You read all the required reading, and you may put it down, without looking at your watch, that you have taken all the time required. [Laughter.]

Question: How many seals to be attached to the diploma can the class of 1882 secure in a year?

Dr. Vincent: You can get one white crystal seal. You may get just as many other seals as you can win. If you are a person of ample leisure you may read along and fill up the memoranda. I think you should get a seal in general history in three or four months. If you succeed in getting one seal in a year, you will do very well. Those of you who have leisure, and work as rapidly as you care to work, will secure your seals in due time.

Question: Is there any railway station at Chautauqua? The boards point to the “depot.” Is this in accordance with the Chautauqua idea?

Dr. Vincent: Every time I look at the sign pointing to the “depot,” how sorry I am that it was not made “railway station.” We have a “railway station” at Chautauqua.

Question: Please give the names for the books for the white crystal seal for graduates; also for the white seal for the third and fourth years?

Dr. Vincent: I intend to give in The Chautauquan every month one or two columns of direct counsel to the Circle; and the first thing I do will be to give the required books for the White Seal Course of the class of 1882 for the last two years.

A voice: We have a list of the books on the memoranda we have kept, and we have the names of the books and the questions, if we have read them.

Dr. Vincent: Very good. You have the list of the books required for the white seal for the last two years; but to make it quite sure, I will make mention of it.

A voice: I understood that we were to go right on and take the four years.

Dr. Vincent: The white seal of the past two years will cost you nothing, and the seals will cost you nothing. You may add the white crystal seal also. If you read up that which is required for the past two years you may add three seals this year.

A voice: I have on my diploma two white seals, and I have not read anything required in the White Seal Course.

Dr. Vincent: You read the required reading of the first and second years, when we had no white seal distinction, and for that you get the two white seals. If you read the additional books for the last two years, you may get two white seals.

Question: How many white seals can a person have?

Dr. Vincent: You can have seven crystal seals if you wish. Nearly all of you have two white seals now. You can all of you have seven white crystal seals if you will wait seven years. Or you may study that part assigned for the past four years and put on the white seals, and your crystal seal, if you should happen to win one, can go on the pyramid somewhere.

A voice: You can read but one white crystal seal during the year?

Dr. Vincent: Yes, sir, but one during the year—one white crystal seal.

A voice: What other seal would you advise?

Dr. Vincent: The seal in the department to which you “take” the most. I have no choice in that matter at all. We have the memoranda for a part of the departments ready now, and will soon have them ready for all. You must make your own selection.

A voice: Can we have the memoranda when we commence reading?

Dr. Vincent: You can have them at the beginning. Four are ready now. If you take these courses, we will try to get the memoranda ready as soon as possible. I think our committee on that is at work.

Question: Must we ask special permission to substitute another edition of Shakspere in place of Rolfe’s edition?

Dr. Vincent: No, any edition will be accepted.

Question: Must we send our diplomas to the office of the secretary for new seals?

Dr. Vincent: When you send the memoranda, the secretary will send you the seal; it will be duly stamped and forwarded by mail.

I have a communication from Miss Young. I know that she is doing a good work in her present home at Hot Springs, Arkansas. She writes in reference to the founding of a public library at Hot Springs. She desires donations of books for it. She says:

“The town is in part owned by the government. We seek assistance from good people everywhere, for the work is in no sense a local one. Probably no town exists in the country having greater need in this direction. Men visit the place by thousands from all over the country, and find nothing to uplift; but saloons and gambling-houses by the score. On July 1st Congress passed a special act allowing us to purchase a lot on the government reservation for a mere nominal sum. So now we have one hundred feet on the avenue, for which we paid one hundred dollars. Upon this we propose to put a public hall worth ten thousand dollars. We are working with our plan. Any help from Chautauquans, however small, will be received. Books can be sent by mail to my address. One book from one might save some young man from an hour of temptation. May I not plead for a little help to give light and life even to Arkansas?”

This is a matter to be thought upon, and I hope that you will think, and that your thinking will result in action. Miss Young and her friends will be very grateful.

A paper: “Knowing the desire of so many of the C. L. S. C. graduates to place at Chautauqua some memorial of the first Commencement, a member of the Class of 1882 would suggest that the purchase of a bell, to add to the one already possessed by the association, would be a suitable and useful gift. Future classes might add to the number until the peal is completed. It would be easy through The Chautauquan to advertise the matter, and to whom subscriptions might be sent.”

Dr. Vincent: It is a good idea.

Question: Will a person who has never attempted to read the course, but has read some of the books in it, get credit for what he has read in it, if he takes it up?

Dr. Vincent: Certainly. You will get credit for everything you have read in our line of study.

A voice: I do not hear anything about a meeting of the Class of ’83.

Dr. Vincent: A member of the Class of 1883 is anxious to know what has become of the class. Are there no members of the Class of ’83 present? Raise your hands. Please stand up, and let us see who you are. Be seated. That was a very good showing for ’83. The most of ’83 are waiting for their time next year. ’82 did not make much of a showing last year, but they did very well this year.

I want to call your attention to a photograph. Mr. Walker did not ask me to do this. I do it because I am so delighted with the photograph which has been taken of the gate, the gate closed, the beautiful pathway, and the view from the Hall down the pathway to the gate, the gate open, and our guard, Mr. Allen, by the side of it, keys in hand. There are two views of the Superintendent of Instruction and the Counselors, which you do not want. [Laughter.] These views were taken some morning this week, and here they are already. Mr. Walker did not ask me to present them to you, or I should not have done it.

The questions relating to the local circles have all been answered. I do not think that we have wasted time. We have spent a little more time on the points about the books than I could have wished.

Has the committee of the “Society of the Hall in the Grove” had a meeting?

Rev. A. H. Gillet: They have.

Dr. Vincent: Is the committee full?

Rev. A. H. Gillet: The list of twenty-five is now complete. That committee will meet this evening. Those who are present will have power to transact business.

A voice: Were the special committees appointed by the committee of twenty-five to be appointed this year?

Dr. Vincent: Certainly.

A voice: And out of the twenty-five?

Dr. Vincent: Not necessarily. The “Guard of the Gate” and the “Guard of the Grove” must be appointed.

Dear friends, it is not quite six o’clock, and I want a few words with you. The sunlight among these leaves and branches, the great hall, your faces, the pleasant fellowship, the memories that come, and the hopes that spring up, make this a delightful hour to me. I made a suggestion the other day to this effect, that the members of this circle, however widely they differ in religious opinions, might each give the heart an up-look toward the Father of all, and offer a prayer for all the members of the Circle.

We have some people among us who are skeptical. They doubt a great deal, that many of you

believe. They are not the less interesting and dear to me as a believer in humanity and in God, because they doubt, for all doubt is not guilty doubt. I would rather have only one ounce of faith, and try to live up to it, than a whole ton of accurate opinion which I sinned against in my everyday life. For out of the ounce of truth, though there be much error with it, much more will come of life and strength and divine likeness than can possibly come from the largest measure of truth which one holds in unrighteousness.

Therefore I take a peculiar interest in those members of our circle who are not "orthodox" Christians. The majority of our Circle are believers in what is called "orthodoxy." We have some souls who hesitate when they come to definitions about doctrines; and some of the most fervent prayers that go up to the Father, who is acquainted with them and knows the measure of their faith, are the prayers that come out of hearts that want to believe, but owing to circumstances over which they have no control, are notable to believe everything that other people believe, and they simply wait and ask for light.

There is a great deal of sorrow in our Circle. There are many hearts that ache. The loneliness of sorrow makes it harder to bear. The thought that those who belong to this Circle sympathizingly turn to God in prayer may make it easier to bear such burdens. There are a great many people who feel a weight of responsibility. They are conscientious up to the measure of their faith, and they are eager to be right. A prayer of all to God that this light might come to them would be a blessing to them.

I will tell you a secret: The best thing in the world for a soul that needs to be lifted up to God, is to pray for the uplifting of some other soul. It is when we become most anxious about others and try to hold them up, that the power comes down to us. Then underneath us are the everlasting arms. We are lifted up. There is great power in desire toward God for the good of others.

I have tried to avoid the obtrusion of too much religious counsel on the members of our Circle, but it would be a pleasant thing if we would agree on every Sabbath afternoon, wherever we are, at the same time, to lift prayer to God for his blessing on the members of our Circle. Some are very lowly; it might lift them up. Some feel that they stand very high; it might in God's way bring them down where he could exalt them. The spirit of prayer diffused through the Circle would be a blessing, not only to us as individual members of it, but it would make the Circle a center of religious power wherever its individual members abide. I offer this suggestion to you and I ask that on Sabbath afternoons, at such times as the thought comes to you, you ask God's blessing on all the other members of the Circle, rich and poor, high and low, at home and abroad, young and old, in health or sickness, in prosperity or in adversity. The wide thought will broaden you and lift you up, for a broad thought that has heart in it is a broadening thought. Let us seek such culture, culture of the heart and brain together, as we lift both heart and brain to God in the interest of others.

A voice: Is it to-morrow evening that we hold our closing meeting for this session?

A voice: There is no meeting of the Circle appointed for five o'clock.

Dr. Vincent: The closing exercises of the School of Languages takes place in the Temple, and the meeting of the Circle is omitted. The final meeting of the Round-Table will take place on Friday at five o'clock. How many can be present on Friday? I am very happy that so many can be here. How many can be here Sunday? Raise your hands. Quite a large number. Perhaps we shall be able to hold a Sunday afternoon session for prayer and song.

To those of you who are going, and can be with us no longer, we say an affectionate "Good-bye." May God's blessing be on you! And may you be useful in engaging a great many people in this work. And, whether you come back to us next year or not, may your lives be made all the larger, fairer and stronger, because of the delightful services we have been permitted to enjoy in this place.

[After singing, the benediction was pronounced by Dr. Vincent.]

A TRANSLATION

OF ALL THE GREEK PASSAGES FOUND IN VOLUME I OF TIMAYENIS'S HISTORY OF GREECE.

By T. T. TIMAYENIS.

Page 158.—"The Athenians fighting in Marathon in behalf of the Greeks, laid low the power of the gold-apparelled Medes."

Page 250.—"The Athenians gave this reward to the leaders in return for good service and noble achievements."

Page 252.—"Ever since the deep cut asunder Europe from Asia, and impetuous Mars sought out the cities of men, no mortal heroes ever nobler achievements on land and sea combined did perform. For having destroyed many [of the enemy] in the land of the Medes, captured on sea a hundred vessels of the Phœnicians full of men, while Asia heavily groaned, being severely

wounded by the might of war.”

Page 268.—Translation given in the text.

Page 281.—Translation given in the text.

Page 284.—Translation given in the text.

Page 287.—Translation given in the text.

Page 288.—Translation given in the text.

Page 294.—“Now, Perikles knowing that the people during war admire the best men by reason of the distressing needs existing, but that during peace basely plot against them, on account of the tranquillity and envy, he deemed it best to his interests to involve the city into a great war, so that the city, having need of Perikles’s valor as well as of his generalship, he (Perikles) might not incur plots directed against him.” (Other Greek passages on page 294 are translated in the text.)

Page 295.—Translation given in the text.

Page 308.—“For this was indeed the greatest commotion that ever occurred among the Greeks.”

Page 309.—Translation given in the text.

Page 322.—Translation given in the text.

Page 345.—Translation given in the text.

Page 346.—Translation given in the text.

Page 369.—Translation given in the text.

Page 376.—Translation given in the text.

Page 407.—Translation given in the text.

Page 408.—“He was the craftiest of men.”

Page 417.—Translation given in the text.

Page 422.—Translation given in the text.

Page 425.—Translation given in the text.

Page 428.—Translation given in the text.

Page 435.—Translation given in the text.

Page 437.—Translation given in the text.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

To the readers of The Chautauquan:

Dear Friends:—By the generosity of our editor I am permitted to use a little space for the purpose of making here a quasi-personal statement as to a matter in which I am myself greatly interested, and in which I should greatly like to interest you.

From early boyhood I have been a student of the life, character, and works of Daniel Webster. I never saw the great man’s face; I never heard his voice; he never knew even of my being in the world. My interest in Webster is entirely removed from the influence of considerations merely personal of whatever sort; but I have learned to reverence, nay, to love the man. I owe his memory a great debt, for he has been of inestimable service to me individually, apart from the service that, in his public capacity, he rendered to all Americans in common. I have received as much inspiration to moral excellence from Webster as from any uninspired man. I catch a breath of elevating influence from his works as often as I open to read them.

During many years this sense of indebtedness on my part to Webster was much modified by an impression received, I hardly know whence, that there were serious deductions to be made from his moral worth on account of certain vicious habits into which, in his later years, he lapsed. This impression so much abated my reverence for Webster’s character that, as long as I retained it, I took but moderate pleasure in contemplating his intellectual greatness. Circumstances led me, a number of years ago, to enter somewhat deeply into a study of the facts of Webster’s life, and, to my equal delight and surprise, I found that the common fame which I had trusted, bore flagrant false witness against Webster. For this there was a reason, and that reason, after having some time been obliged to content myself with merely conjecturing it, I was able to discern and verify in a manner highly satisfactory and conclusive. The conviction that Webster was thus suffering in general esteem, undeservedly as to himself, and with great injury as to his countrymen, became at length to me a powerful motive to do what I could to vindicate and restore him to the admiration and veneration of mankind. I have read or examined everything I could hear of, accessible in print, pertaining to this great man. I have corresponded widely; I have taken

journeys, and secured personal interviews; in short, I have spared no pains to arrive at the truth concerning the private character and the personal motives of Webster. The resultant estimate of his genius, character, and achievements, I have embodied in a poem which The Chautauquan has advertised as published in a volume with notes, from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons.

I should like to have my friends, the readers of The Chautauquan, as far as possible, see this book. I shall hardly dare follow the example of contemporary German authors, or even that of the great Sir Walter Scott, and here review my own production. But I may, perhaps, without impropriety, say that the poem is the fruit of long and deep study of the subject, and much loving labor in construction and composition. It is not a piece of tinkling rhyme; but to any one who knows of Webster, even only what the notes themselves will teach, the ruggedness, the severity, the simplicity of the ode, will perhaps sufficiently justify themselves, as fit and required by the theme. There must too be passion in the song, for there certainly was passion, the passion of conviction and of indignant zeal, in the singer. The illustrative notes, at least, must interest any reader.

Now, dear friends, readers of The Chautauquan, I want you all with me to do what you can to restore a great example to the young men of our country. It is an immeasurable mischief to our aspiring young men in the law, in politics, in journalism, in literature, to think, as they have been misled to think, that they have Webster for example in joining to brilliant gifts of intellect, dissoluteness of moral character. Such a false impression on the part of our young men works a harm to them that it is impossible to calculate. It *is* an impression with them, and it is a *false* impression. We shall be doing our generation a true service to take away Webster from among the splendid lures that draw our young men into looseness of life. Webster was not immaculate, but he was on the whole a great and shining beacon to virtue and religion. Let us cleanse away the mists of foul aspersion that confuse his beneficent light.

Your friend and fellow-lover of the truth,

William C. Wilkinson.

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

The C. L. S. C. as an Educational Force.

This is an age of educational activity. Universities, colleges and seminaries are being multiplied. The public school system is being perfected and in some form is in effective operation in all parts of the Union. Lectures on science, literature and religion impart instruction to the masses, so that this generation is highly favored with facilities for acquiring knowledge. The result of these advantages is already seen in the increased intellectual quickening of the times, in the wide diffusion of information among all classes, and in the spirit of intelligence which characterizes the average citizen.

Among these educational forces the C. L. S. C. has won its place. It is of recent origin, but its growth has been rapid and vigorous, and its power is being felt everywhere. Institutions of learning exert a direct educational influence mainly upon those who are, or have been, enrolled as actual students in their various departments. This number must always be comparatively small, inasmuch as but few persons can command the time and means necessary to enable them to pursue the courses of study laid down in a college curriculum. And if any desire to do this, they must be present in college halls and at educational centers. Hence the educational force of schools of learning is for the most part confined to the locality where they exist, and even there are concentrated mainly upon those enrolled as students.

But the influence of the C. L. S. C. is felt in almost every hamlet in the land. Every circle, however small, is an educational center, which exerts an educational influence, not on its members alone, but on the community as well, through the books and periodicals used, lectures given, and the higher culture attained by the individual members.

The attendance at each of the higher educational institutions in this country will not average more than three hundred students per annum, if it does that. But the C. L. S. C. has on its rolls more than forty thousand names, so that, compared as to its direct influence on the student classes, it is equal in influence to not less than one hundred and twenty educational institutions. From this standpoint, it must be recognized as one of the greatest educational forces of the age.

It has, however, been urged against the C. L. S. C. that its course of study is but meagre when compared with college curriculums, and for this reason its educational tendencies are of but little worth, or even deleterious. We are not of those who believe that a "little learning is a dangerous thing," but rather think that a "little learning" is far better than absolute ignorance, and that it will always exert a benign influence on its possessor. Whatever affords opportunities for the intellectual awakening and improvement of the people, is worthy of being classed among the educational forces of the age. Certain it is, that many humble artisans, toiling mothers, and overworked seamstresses have found in the C. L. S. C. a force that has elevated them above the drudgery of their daily toil, and has inspired their mental faculties for a new and worthy work, while it has also been the means of bringing increased cultivation and refinement into many

homes.

We urge as another reason for regarding the C. L. S. C. as an educational force, that it begets habits of study independent of direct oversight and supervision. Many of the students in our institutions of learning are kept at their tasks with regularity, only by the pressure brought to bear on them by the presence of professors and tutors, and by class rivalries, and whenever they are removed from their college surroundings, and from these constraining forces, they at once relinquish their pursuit of knowledge, and cease to make any further efforts after intellectual development. Such is not the case with the C. L. S. C. Its students are carried forward in their course, not by an impulse from without, but from within, which is continually active, and which is ever operating on their mental energies to secure a more thorough training. But the C. L. S. C. is by no means to be looked upon as a rival to the regular institutions of learning. Far otherwise! It has already become a valuable helper to the schools, and every circle may become a recruiting station from which the colleges and universities may draw many of their best and brightest students. Without doubt many of the young people who enter upon the course of study prescribed for the C. L. S. C. will have such an intense thirst for knowledge created in their souls that they will be impelled to pursue more extended courses of study, and will turn to the colleges and universities to obtain all the advantages they have to offer.

The Passion Play.

Ex-Mayor Grace, of New York, deserves much credit and honor for his refusal to grant Mr. Salmi Morse a license to produce his Passion Play. With all the world’s past and present progress, we are not without here and there signs of degeneracy. The Passion Play, which began in motives of religious devotion with the ignorant villagers of Ober Ammergau two hundred and fifty years ago, is now sought to be produced in the metropolis of the foremost Christian nation, for the degraded motive of money-making. Surely some things progress downwards. The superstitious population of Ober Ammergau made a vow that if they were allowed to escape the then prevalent plague they would every ten years perform a play representing the passion and death of the Savior. Accordingly, during twelve consecutive Sundays of the summer season, continuing from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m., with three hundred and fifty actors and an orchestra and chorus of eighty members, the play has been produced. It has attracted the attention of the Christian world because it is the only one of the miracle plays once so common which continues to be performed. But this and all the miracle plays enacted by monks and friars in the middle ages differ radically from the proposed enterprise of Mr. Morse. The passion and events of the life of our Lord were represented by them to make them real to ignorant and illiterate people, but Mr. Morse proposes to cater to the low and morbid class, in order to make money. There is no reason to believe that the effect of such representations, even when performed with a view to religious instruction and impression, has ever been of a salutary character. The only effect to-day is to shock and outrage the refinement, intelligence, and reverence of the average class of American society. The human heart has human loves and affections too sacred to be placarded before the public eye, or even to be given utterance by human lips. It has feelings and sentiments associated with the divine tragedy of Calvary which make it revolt at the scene of coarse and vulgar persons attempting to re-enact the tragedy which revealed the infinite depths of heaven’s love for the race.

Gambetta.

Another death has caused a profound, world-wide sensation. The life of Leon Gambetta, the great French orator and statesman, went out in the last moments of the old year. At five minutes before twelve o’clock on New Year’s eve he breathed his last. His death, like that of our late lamented President, was due to pyæmia. In November last he received a gun-shot wound, in regard to which there are conflicting stories. Though the case is not clear, it is very generally understood that the disease had its origin in this wound. His suffering in his last days was intense, and drew from his lips, shortly before his death, the exclamation which will be long remembered: “I am lost—it is useless to dissimulate,—but I have suffered so much it will be a deliverance.”

Gambetta was born April 2, 1838, in Cahors, in Southern France, and was therefore only in his forty-fifth year when he died. His father, Joseph Gambetta, was an Italian, and in business a grocer. The early educational advantages of the future statesman were good, and were well improved. When very young he was distinguished in school for his powers of oratory and his retentive memory. He graduated from a lyceum, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts at the age of eighteen, and was the winner of the first prize for French dissertation, in the competition for which five lyceums were represented. His studies were first directed with a view to his entering the priesthood; later he had medicine in mind as a profession; but finally he entered upon the study of law, and was admitted to practice in Paris in 1859. His first law case, in which he was an assistant in the defense of a man tried for conspiracy against the Emperor, gave him distinction, and he became one to whom persons in difficulty on account of Republican sentiments and hostility to imperialism looked for powerful legal aid. In 1868 certain French journals which had incurred the displeasure of the government, were persecuted, and Gambetta was engaged to defend the *Réveil*. His plea in this trial sent a thrill throughout France. A master-

piece of oratory, it held spell-bound those who were gathered in that Paris court room. He spoke bold, fiery words against the empire and in favor of popular government. In spite of all precautions taken, the address was published and circulated everywhere. Other occasions were improved in a similar manner. His vehement, treasonable utterances produced a powerful effect. He became a popular idol, and leader of French Republicans.

He was elected to the Legislature of France in 1869, and entered it the foremost of the sworn foes of the empire. Soon came the war with Prussia, and the collapse of the government of Napoleon III. Gambetta became a prominent member of the Government of National Defence, and served for a time as both Minister of War and Minister of the Interior. In this time of confusion and transition, when France was at war with a powerful nation, and had no established government, he performed herculean labors for his country. Escaping from beleagured Paris in a balloon, he joined himself to the army and directed its operations. His was the master-mind, more than any other, which ruled France. He appointed generals, raised re-enforcements for the army, and negotiated loans. Though defeat followed defeat, he urged that the war should be pushed on, and was bitterly opposed to the conclusion of a peace with Prussia. When, in 1871, the National Assembly convened at Bordeaux, voted to accept the enemy's terms and make peace, Gambetta, in wrath, withdrew from the hall, followed by certain of his colleagues. The new elections of the same year sent him back to the Assembly, where he continued the peerless orator, and firm and brave champion of Republicanism. When President MacMahon, in 1877, supplanted the old Republican ministry with one of another character, Gambetta led the attack upon him, which resulted in his retirement. In the period which followed, until 1881, this statesman's star was in the ascendant. His influence was greater than ever before. In the Assembly he had a strong Republican majority at his back. He was "the power behind the throne." Deferred to by those at the head of the executive department of the nation, he governed while others did so in name. In the Autumn of 1881 he became Premier, but the defeat of one of his measures compelled his retirement in a few weeks.

Leon Gambetta was easily the most brilliant man of the Third Republic. He is the one man of genius we discover in recent French political life. As an orator he has had few equals. He possessed a magnificent voice, a commanding presence, a remarkable command of rich language, a rapid, fiery utterance, and his eloquence at times was overwhelming. He is spoken of as an editor, but his work in this character was probably small. His paper, *La République Française*, was perhaps chiefly edited by other hands, but became a very influential journal. He was a man of great courage, and that audacity which men admire. He loved his country, and rendered her services for which she should be ever grateful. He has been accused of aiming at a dictatorship for himself. There seems little ground for the charge, and for doubting that he was, his life through, true to Republican principles. He was a good hater, and never ceased to long for an opportunity for France to revenge herself upon Germany. His private life it is best to pass over with few words. It is not one, like that of our own great statesman whose death and his own were so strangely alike, to admire and to copy. He was destitute of moral and religious principle. We are left to believe that he passed out of life without faith in God or a future state, and another illustration he furnishes that, "With the talents of an angel man may be a fool."

The Decennial Assembly.

The first note of preparation for the Assembly of 1883 has been sounded. Some of the proprietors of the Gibson House, at Cincinnati, Ohio, being at Chautauqua during the last Assembly, invited the trustees to hold this year's annual session in their ample and elegantly furnished parlors. The invitation was gratefully accepted, and on January 10, the Chautauqua Board of Trustees met for deliberation. President Lewis Miller was in the chair, and presided with his usual ease and dignity. Nearly all the members were present, full of confidence, and ready to do and to dare. One of its members, Rev. E. J. L. Baker, answered not to roll-call, as he had only a few days previous responded to the summons of death. Appropriate action was taken by the Board in the case, recognizing the high character of the deceased, and the important part he had taken in the affairs of Chautauqua.

C. C. Studebaker, Esq., of South Bend, Indiana, a new and great admirer of the Chautauqua Assembly, was chosen to fill his place.

It appeared from the report of the Treasurer that the business part of the last Assembly, the erection of the hotel not included, amounted to nearly ninety-five thousand dollars. The department of instruction cost nearly sixteen thousand dollars. About two thousand dollars had been expended on music, the cost of the great organ not included.

In August, 1883, will be held the Decennial Assembly, and an attempt will be made to place it a little in advance of any of its predecessors. Joseph Cook will be present to give the public, in three lectures, the concentrated results of two years of travel, observation, and study in oriental lands. Other great lights, some old and some new, will appear upon the platform. Different methods of collegiate education will be thoroughly discussed by the best educators in the land. Among them will be President Cummins, LL. D., of the Northwestern University, at Evanston, Illinois. As yet the program is but partially arranged, nor will it be fixed and given to the public in all its details till sometime in June.

Ten years ago Chautauqua was compared to the groves of Greece in which Plato and Aristotle

taught their disciples philosophy. Instinctively the people have watched the growth of the place, expecting that in due time it would develop into university proportions. Such hope, existing then, seems a dream, but coming events often cast their shadows before. Chautauqua can not stand still; its vital nature makes growth a necessity; but it can not advance much further and not embrace in its curriculum a university education. It can do what can be done in no other place, namely, combine a thorough and broad education with the great variety of exercises which characterize the Assembly gatherings.

July of this year will be characterized by the opening of a children's school, under the instruction of the most accomplished teachers. Families have hesitated to come early to Chautauqua because their children were in school, and they did not like to disturb their studies. As this difficulty is to be obviated, the way will be open for our Southern friends and all others to come early in the season.

Dr. Vincent was present at the meeting of the Trustees, and favored them with his wise counsel. His plans for the coming season are, as usual, original and broad. He has several pleasant surprises in store for the Chautauqua people.

The Board was visited by Messrs. Warren and Morrow, from East Tennessee, as the representatives of the Mount Eagle Sunday-school Assembly. They were welcomed by a neat speech from Dr. Vincent and Mr. Miller, to which they handsomely responded, explaining their work in the South. This is but one of the many echoes of Chautauqua.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

"Everything which happens has its bent given by the events that have gone before, and is brought into relation with those that come after."—*Forster.*

The C. L. S. C. Class of '86, just organized, will number over 12,000 members.

A very impressive lesson in economy (and who does not need one), may be found in the following: A young lady in Wisconsin, who works in a family for seventy-five cents per week and her boarding, desired to read the C. L. S. C. course. No members living near her, and having no opportunity to borrow the books, she was so anxious to gratify her thirst for knowledge that she bought them, saving enough money from her income of seventy-five cents per week. She is now zealously reading, and expresses herself as delighted with the studies.

On the occasion of the recent visit of German astronomers to Colt's Armory, a Gatling gun was brought out and fired perpendicularly. The heavy ball mounted into the air a distance of two and a quarter miles. An account says that the ball made the ascent and return, four and one-half miles in fifty-eight seconds.

The journal to be published by the lunatics on Ward's Island, under the title of *The Moon*, is not, according to the Buffalo *Express*, the first periodical printed by the inmates of an insane asylum. Thirty years ago, the *Express* says, the prisoners in the Utica Insane Asylum published a monthly magazine called *The Opal*, which contained some of the craziest poetry ever printed. It quotes this couplet as an example:

Canst thou be the mackerel's queen,
Blighted, plighted Isoline?

According to a reporter of that city, Miss Susan B. Anthony left St. Louis the other day for Leavenworth with two medium-sized trunks for baggage. At first the baggage-master objected to check them both on a single ticket, and demanded pay for extra weight. "But," said she, "they together weigh less than the ordinary-sized 'Saratoga.' I distribute the weight in this way purposely to save the man who does the lifting." The clerk looked at her incredulously. "And you tell me seriously that you do this simply out of consideration for the baggage-men?" "I do." "How long have you done it?" "All my life. I never purchased a large trunk, for fear I might add to the over-burdened baggage-man's afflictions." The clerk walked off and conferred with the head of the department. Then the two returned together. "Do I understand," said the chief, "that you, of all women, have been the first to show humanity toward railroad people?" "That is a tenet of my creed." "Check that baggage," said the chief with emphasis.

Those of our readers interested in C. L. S. C. work will find in our department for "Local Circles" a great many valuable suggestions concerning methods of study, questioning, conducting the work of the circle, and, in some instances, plans may be found for courses of lectures, concerts, etc. These reports are from members who have seen the practical workings of their plans, and therefore speak knowingly.

London *Punch* sent a pleasant greeting to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes on his retirement from the professorship at Harvard, in this form:

Your health, dear "Autocrat!" All England owns
Your instrument's the lyre, and *not* "the Bones."
Yet hear our wishes—trust us they're not cold ones!
That though you give up bones, you may make old ones.

Take care, girls! A professor in Jefferson College, Philadelphia, says that the habitual use of arsenic "for the complexion" causes the clearness of the skin it produces at first to be succeeded by a puffy, dropsical condition.

President Arthur's New Year reception was interrupted by the sudden death of one of his callers—the Minister from the Hawaiian Islands. The music ceased, but the handshaking went on.

A forcible "temperance" argument from the Queen of England is found in her last speech to Parliament: "The growth of the revenue has been sensibly retarded by a cause which, in itself, is to be contemplated with satisfaction. I refer to the diminution of the receipts of the exchequer from duties on intoxicating liquors."

Moral reforms move to victory slowly. The Mormons are liable to have a rest because public sentiment, that was focalized against their system a year ago in a law enacted by Congress, is in danger of being inoperative. The friends of the commandment against Mormonism will reap the harvest if they now enforce the law of Congress with as strong a public sentiment as they inspired to enact it; otherwise we shall see the movement a failure.

Girton College, the girls' college at Cambridge University in England, is about to be enlarged, and the plans for the new buildings have been already drafted and submitted to the proper authorities. The applications for admission have recently been very much in excess of the accommodation at present offered.

The Alcott homestead in Concord—"Orchard Home"—standing next to the "Way-side" home of Hawthorne, is a quaint-looking old mansion, with a peaked roof and gables, high old-fashioned porches, and surrounded by lofty oaks and elms. It was here that Miss Louisa Alcott wrote "Little Women" and most of her other works, and here, too, that her younger sister, Mrs. May Alcott Nericker, executed the beautiful sketches and paintings that still adorn the parlor walls. It is now the home of Professor Harris, of the Concord School of Philosophy, and author of the series of articles on "Education," now running in "The Chautauquan."

At the 1880 meeting of the British Association for the Promotion of Science Dr. Günther thus summed up the objects of museums: "1st. To afford rational amusement to the mass of the people. 2d. To assist in the elementary study of the various sciences. 3d. To supply the specialist with as much material as possible for original research. And in the case of local museums we may add a 4th. To illustrate local industries and the scientific features of the district. In starting a local museum we consider the best plan is to form a scientific society (a local circle), whose first concern should be to get a suitable room, well lighted and a good deal larger than there seems to be any actual necessity for, the importance of this step becoming evident anon. The next point should be to obtain as many objects as possible for a start, and from the commencement every member should be required to do his best in collecting objects whenever he has an opportunity."

Prof. C. A. Leveridge, of Crawford, N. J., makes a very interesting statement below, which we are pleased to transmit to our readers: "I have a number of sets of cabinet specimens, lithological minerals, representing the glacial and eruptive period, each set numbering 103 varieties and 160 altogether. A few of these came from the Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia, 1876, and some of the foreign are quite scarce. They are interesting either for study or library, and make a fine appearance. They are all catalogued, named, numbered, and located, and each set carefully wrapped and packed in box. I have sold a number and have received many acknowledgments of satisfaction. They are just the thing for study, showing the coolings (crystallization), rubbings and scratchings by the ice period. I have used a number of jaspers instead of the rougher rocks, which I think is better. I sell a working set for five dollars, and a cabinet set for ten dollars. There is to me no profit, but I am an invalid and have these specimens, which have cost me a great deal of money."

The family of President Garfield have been spending the holidays all at home together. Mrs. Garfield is busy arranging a memorial room, set apart to contain relics and mementos of her illustrious husband. The walls of it are covered with framed resolutions and letters of sympathy, and there will be tables and cabinets loaded with similar tokens. When the arrangement is complete, the room will be one of the most noteworthy spots on earth, containing as it will expressions of love and respect from people in almost every nation of the world.

The London demand for bonds of the late Confederate States of America has recently become stronger than at any other time since the collapse of the Confederate government. A large block was bought a few days ago in Baltimore, on orders from a London banking house, at the rate of nine dollars and seventy-five cents a thousand. The demand has resulted in placing in the market several thousand Confederate dollars' worth of bonds that have been pasted on fire-boards and screens.

One of the inconsistencies of our civilization may be seen in this item: "A Nevada penitentiary convict says that he was sent to prison for being dishonest, and is there kept at work cutting out pieces of pasteboard to put between the soles of shoes in place of honest leather."

The people of the oil regions of Pennsylvania were afflicted with the spirit of speculation in oil, near the close of 1882. Professional men, traders of every kind, women who had saved a few hundred dollars, and, indeed, all classes of people, some with large sums of money, and others with small sums, ventured to speculate. Oil went from fifty cents per barrel up to one dollar and thirty-seven cents, and then dropped back to seventy-six cents. The result is that a great many people in moderate circumstances have lost all they owned. To hundreds of men and women it has been as disastrous as if all their property had been consumed by fire. *Moral.*—It is wrong to speculate. It is dangerous every way, and, besides, it is gambling.

The Rev. Leroy Hooker gives us his comparative view of some of the poets in the *Canadian Magazine* as follows: "It may not be too much to say that among the English-writing bards of the century, Tennyson's only near competitor for the first place is Longfellow; and that Longfellow's title to a place above Lowell is based not so much to his having projected upon the thought and sentiment of the century a more potent and permanent influence, as upon the fact that he has given us, in 'Hiawatha,' the nearest approach to a great epic poem that has been produced within the period—not excepting anything that even Tennyson has written."

The Rev. E. J. L. Baker, a trustee of the Chautauqua Assembly, died suddenly of heart disease at his home in Pleasantville, Pa., on Saturday afternoon, December 30. He had been a preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church for the past fifty years, and died in his field of labor when seventy-three years old. He was at one time presiding elder, and three times a delegate to the General Conference. Once when the conference met in Boston, Massachusetts, he cast his vote for Bishop Simpson and helped to elect him to the Episcopacy. Mr. Baker was a man of dignified bearing, of exceptional strength and force of character, and, while as a preacher he was not among the most brilliant, yet in his sermons he presented the central truths of the Bible in an interesting and powerful manner. Among ministers he made a fine reputation as a debater in a deliberative body. He was a Christian gentleman, a genial companion, and a workman that needed not to be ashamed. He died full of faith in the gospel that saved him, and that he had preached to others so many years.

A gold, open work C. L. S. C. badge by Henry Hart, of Brockport, New York, is one of the latest inventions we have seen for members of the C. L. S. C. It is a beautiful design, makes a handsome pin, and it is sure to please every eye that loves the gold that glitters.

The attempt to injure the reputation of the lamented President Garfield by publishing the letters that passed between him and Mr. Dorsey during the presidential campaign, is a great failure. Mr. Dorsey is on trial for the crimes he is alleged to have committed as one of the Star Route conspirators. Let him be tried on the merits of the case, and if guilty, let him be convicted, and if innocent, acquitted. But any effort like that made recently to palliate the wrongs of the living, at the expense of the dead president, will be resented by the American people. The verdict of the people is that James A. Garfield was one of our purest and best public men, both in his private and public character. He was tried for nearly a score of years in that political cauldron, the House of Representatives, and never found wanting. Let him rest, for

"The death-wind swept him to his soft repose,
As frost, in spring time, blights the early rose."

The Rev. Dr. Buckley, in the New York *Christian Advocate*, thus honors a worthy public man: "To the Hon. H. W. Blair, United States Senator from New Hampshire, belongs the special honor of having introduced and eloquently supported to its successful adoption the amendment prohibiting the employment in the United States civil service of persons addicted to the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage. The citizens of New Hampshire and the friends of temperance throughout the country will not soon forget this great service."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

[We solicit questions of interest to the readers of The Chautauquan to be answered in this

department. Our space does not always allow us to answer as rapidly as questions reach us. Any relevant question will receive an answer in its turn.]

Q. Who was Taylor, the author of “Holy Living and Dying?”

A. Jeremy Taylor was an English theologian and bishop, and an author of some eminence. He was born in Cambridge in 1613, and died at Lisburn, Ireland, in 1667. He received his education at Caius College, Cambridge, where he graduated about 1633. In 1638 he became rector of Uppingham, in Rutland. He was a decided adherent of Charles I, whom he served as chaplain in the civil wars. “The Liberty of Prophesying,” published in 1647, was, perhaps, his greatest work. He afterwards published his “Holy Living and Dying,” which is now, perhaps, the best known of his works. This was followed by “The Great Exemplar, or The Life of Christ,” and several other works. In 1658 he removed to Lisburn and was appointed Bishop of Down and Connor in 1660.

Q. Where can a copy of the revised Greek text—of the New Testament—used by the revision committee be obtained?

A. Send to Harper & Brothers, New York.

Q. Will The Chautauquan please give me information in regard to the origin of “The Curfew?”

A. The Curfew was a bell rung at nightfall, designed to give notice to the inhabitants to cover their fires, extinguish lights and retire to rest. The practice was instituted by William the Conqueror.

Q. Please give a list of some of the best works on “Mythology.”

A. “Student’s Manual of Mythology” by White, “Ancient Mythology” by Dwight, “Manual of Mythology” by Murray, and “Ancient Mythology” by Keightley.

Q. Who was Tullia, who drove her chariot wheels over the body of her father?

A. Tullia was the daughter of Servius Tullius, the sixth king of Rome, who reigned from about 578 to 534 B. C.

Q. By whom was the Turkish government designated as “the sick man of Europe?”

A. By Nicholas of Russia.

Q. Is the work, “The Treasury of David,” a commentary on the psalms by Mr. Spurgeon?

A. No. It is literally a treasury of all that Spurgeon has been able to collect of value from all authors upon the Book of Psalms. There is no aim at originality, except in conception and method.

Q. Who is the author of the Latin proverb, *Qui non vetat peccare, cum possit, jubet*, and what is the translation?

A. The author is Seneca, and the translation is, “He who does not prevent a crime when he can, encourages it.”

Q. When and where will occur the next General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church?

A. A year from next spring, in the city of Philadelphia.

Q. Which is the older of the two American poets, Whittier or Holmes?

A. Whittier was born in 1808, Holmes in 1809.

Q. Who is the author of “An ill wind that bloweth no man good?”

A. It is from “Idleness” by John Heywood.

Q. Will you please inform a subscriber of The Chautauquan what is date of birth and death of the poet John G. Saxe?

A. Born 1816; living still.

Q. I would like to know something about the Jewish Talmud, and where I could obtain a copy of it. Will The Chautauquan please inform me?

A. Talmud is from the Hebrew word *lamed*, and signifies to learn. It contains the complete civil and canonical law of the Jews, embracing the Mishna and Gemara. The former is the doctrine, the latter the teaching as the words imply. They reveal much of the customs, practices, and notions about legal, medical, ethical, and astronomical subjects that belonged to the Jewish nation of antiquity. A good copy of the Talmud is that which bears the name of Barclay, and published by John Murray, London.

Q. I frequently see reference made to the “Miserere.” What is meant?

A. The psalm usually selected for acts of a penitential character. It is the 51st psalm. It is also applied to a musical composition adapted to this psalm.

Q. Is spiritualism on the increase or decrease at present?

A. At a meeting of spiritualists in New York, a few days ago, one of the number affirmed,

without mentioned contradiction, that the number of good mediums is less than it was twenty years ago, and he bewailed the degeneracy which made it impossible to get satisfactory manifestations now-a-days. He said that manifestations are getting weaker, and he feared that in twenty-five years not even a good rap would be vouchsafed. Spiritualism will increase and decrease and continue as long as a peculiar class of mortals are permitted to live in the world.

Q. Who was Marie de Medici?

A. Marie De Medici was the daughter of Francis, Grand Duke of Tuscany. She was born at Florence in 1573, and married in 1600 to Henry IV. of France. On the death of Henry she became regent, for which office she proved herself utterly incompetent. On account of offense given to her subjects by her partiality for unworthy favorites, she was imprisoned, but escaped, and was afterward imprisoned by her son, Louis XIII. After a second escape she died at Cologne in 1642.

Q. What was the "Kit-Cat Club," and when did it flourish?

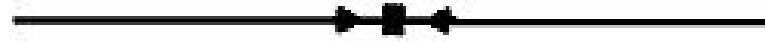
A. A club formed in London in 1688 by the leading Whigs of the day; so called after Christopher Cat, a pastry cook, who supplied the mutton pies, and in whose house it was held. Sir Godfrey Kneller painted the portraits of the club members for Jacob Tonson, the secretary, and in order to accommodate them to the room in which they were placed, he was obliged to make them three-quarter lengths; hence, a three-quarter portrait is still called a kit-cat. Steele, Addison, Congreve and Walpole were all members of the club.

Q. What is the origin of the phrase, "To pour oil on troubled waters?"

A. It is said that Prof. Horsford stilled the surface of the sea in a stiff breeze by pouring a vial of oil upon it; and Commodore Wilkes saw the same effect produced during a storm off the Cape of Good Hope, by oil leaking from a whale ship. The phrase probably originated from the old proverb, "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

Q. Please inform me through The Chautauquan where I can get a good Spanish-English dictionary?

A. Seoane's Spanish-English and English-Spanish Dictionary, price $6.00; the same abridged, for $2.50, can be obtained from any prominent publishing house.



GRADUATES OF THE C. L. S. C.

The following is the list of C. L. S. C. graduates of the Class of 1882. There are seventeen hundred names. Miss Kate F. Kimball has prepared the list with great care. A diploma has been presented to every graduate by the Rev. Dr. Vincent, Superintendent of Instruction.

New York.

Mrs P Abbott
Julia A Adams
John G Allen
Mrs Maggie A Allen
Mrs Amanda Allen
Inez J Ames
George H Anderson
Mrs Lidia J Anderson
Helen M T Ayres
Mary Ann Babcock
Mrs S J Bailey
Mrs Milton Bailey
Florence V E Baldwin
Mrs Eliza E Barber
Minnie A Barney
Fannie Barnhouse
Mrs Martha G Barrett
Luella A Beaujean
Alcesta Beck
Mrs F E Beckwith
Mary A Bemus
Mrs Jennie A Bemus
Mrs Charles D Bigelow
Charles D Bigelow
Mrs T S Bly
Ida Hopkins Bond
Alvina C Booth
Gerette Boyce
Mrs Mary C Branch
Mrs Anna E Branch
Charles F Brett

Ella Brewster
Altha W Briggs
C E Brinkworth
Mrs C E Brinkworth
William A Brodie
Mrs E M Brown
Mrs J H Brown
Ella M Brown
Mrs E D Browne
Mrs C E Brumagine
Anna Bugbee
Mary M Bullock
Mrs Emma J Burgess
Vincent Burgess
Edward S Burgess
Theodore C Burgess
Fred C Burney
Chester Warren Burton
J Louise Bushnell
Etta E Candee
Alice Wade Card
Gertie A Carter
Hattie B S Carter
Lucy B Case
Mrs E M Chadwick
Izora S Chandler
Geo W Chandler
Rev J E Chapin
Martha A Chase
Randilla W Chase
Mary A Chase
Rev Almon T Clarke
Mrs Almon T Clarke
Georgie C Clement
Altie E Cole
Nancy L Collins
Ellen C L Conklin
Mary Columbia Cook
Mrs Jennie C Cook
Mrs Jennie E Copeland
Abigail Couch
Eleanor M Countryman
Mrs Linda W Covey
Stella Cox
Mrs Harriet A N Craft
Mrs Charlotte Craig
Louise E Cravatte
Frank W Crossfield
Annie Cummings
M A Curtis M D
Mrs E F Curtiss
Clarence O Clark
Julia E Dailey
Mrs Charles W Davis
Ursula M Dawley
Eda T Dean
Martha M Dederer
Martha A E Denison
Rev Cassius H Dibble
Miss Clara Dickey
Mary P Dodge
Mrs S H Donnan
Emma B Dorn
Dexter D Dorn
Remsen B DuBois
William A Duncan
Sara L Dunning
Louise F Dusenbury
Bessie Eddy
Benjamin F Edsall
Mrs Mattie D Elliott
Edwin Elmore
Eva S Elmore
Harriet D Fisher
Mrs Laura M Farwell

Mrs M L Fenton
Carrie C Ferrin
Charles W Fielder
James R Flagg
Mrs Ella F Flanders
Mrs Louise C Flint
Lemuel Thomas Foote
Miss Emily L Forbes
Belle Forbes
Rev B J Forrester
Phebe Palmer Foster
Lydia A Foster
Miss Franc E Freeman
Samuel Alden Freeman
M Etta Frink
Helen Frost
Miss Libbie K Fullager
Mrs Lucy T Fuller
Mary Ida Gazlay
Mary E Geer
Walter Gibbs
Mrs J C Gifford
Charles Gillingham
Moses W Gleason
Adelaide A Gleason
Lucy A Gleason
Orlando E Godwin
Helen M Goodell
William C Gorman
Ida T Gorman
Sara E Gouldy
Jennie A Gouldy
Mrs L C Graham
Augusta K Grant
Mary Graybiel
Otis J Green
Mrs Mary Greene
Jno T Greenleaf
Mrs J T Greenleaf
Phebe A Griswold
Emma Griswold
Julia M Guest
Lydia A Grant
Mrs Alice Hadley
Rev Levi L Hager
Emeline M Hager
Helen A Hall
Frederic M Hall
Eliza Ann Hallock
Fannie H Hamilton
Mrs Geo I Hamilton
Mattie W Hamman
Miss Rettie Hanna
Martha J Hanna
Susie E Hardenburg
Amy Hardenburg
Mary K Harmon
Miss Eliza L Harmon
Sophronia R Harmon
Luther Harmon
Mrs Flora R Harrison
Mrs D W Hatch
D W Hatch
Julia B Hayes
Mrs Susan R Hazard
Mary A Helmes
Henrietta Hemstreet
Harriet C Henry
Fred B Hibbard
Emily F Hickok
R Annie Hicks
Josiah Holbrook
Eliza J Hollenbeck
Mrs A C Holmes
Victoria L Horton

Rev Almon A Horton
Carrie W Hoster
Ellura L A Hough
David M Hough
Emma F Howard
Mrs Jennie Hower
Lavinia Cheshire Hoyt
Jennie I Humble
Eva Hurlbut
Mrs Edith Husted
Edwin Merton Husted
Lillian M Hynes
Charlotte Hequembourg
Mrs N E Irwin
Morris D Jackson
Florence J Jagger
Mary A Janes
Mrs Flora S Jillett
Mrs Arlouine G Jones
Louise A Jones
Mrs W H Keeler
Alzina E Kellogg
David G Kelly
Alice Augusta Kidder
Mrs Pardon L Kimball
Caroline E King
Cenie Kingman
Celina H Kingsley
Ellen B Kingsley
Emma V Kirkland
Mrs Lucy E Kirkland
Caroline Kittinger
Mrs Dr J Kittredge
Eudora E Klock
Melissa M Knapp
Mrs M L Koyer
Arthur S Koyer
J A Kummer
Mrs Lina B Kummer
Helen A King
Mary E Lacy
Mariana C Ladd
Margaret B Landreth
Mrs E L Lang
Mary L Lawrence
Mrs R P Lawton
Elsie E Leet
Adaline A V F Lester
Anna M Letchworth
Orrando B Lewis
Ernest H Lines
Sarah A Little
Cornelia Louise Lloyd
Nettie S Long
Gussie Lord
Miss Stella A Lord
Franklin W Loucks
Ada J Lyman
Lucie Read Lyon
Nelson E Lyon
Harmon A Landgraff
Anna Burrows Mann
Frank Many
Wilber F Markham
Mrs Nancy E Martin
Hannah A Martin
Ophelia R Martin
Homer Beach Mason
Gertrude McKelly
Henry Clay Milliman
Florence F Milliman
Frank H Mills
Harry D Moore
Mrs Eunice O Morgan
Julia A Morian

Mary E Mosher
Frank Moss
Frank Murphy
Olivia E A Newton
Mrs M E Norton
Mrs Annie Norton
Mary R Norton
Elijah C Norton
Emily A Odell
Mrs Lessie Olmsted
Mrs W H Olmsted
Wm W Onderdonk
Alton W Onthank
Z Hibbard Owen
Mrs Tilla W Palmer
Nellie C Palmer
Rev David R Palmer
Clarence S Palmer
Mrs Lee Palmer
Mrs T S Park
Mary Parker
Chas N Parker
Mrs W S Parks
Mrs L E Partridge
S Kate Payne
Fred E Pearsall
Bessie Peck
Elizabeth Perkins
Wm H Perrin
Mrs Dwight Perrin
Mrs H Louisa Perry
Sarah A Persell
Annette M Persons
Lizzie M Petrie
Mary Louise Pettit
Mrs Julia A Phelps
Miss Mary A Pierce
Anna E Pierson
Miss Kate Pindar
Mrs J N Porter
Mrs Emeline H Post
O Worden Powers
John F Randolph
Arthur B Raymond
Lucy A Reeder
Lizzie M Reid
Jennie L Reid
Miss Angie M Reynolds
Edward R Rice
Alvin B Rice MD
Mrs Helen M Rice
Frances A Ritchie
Elizabeth Robertson
Mrs J P Robinson
Mrs M E B Rogers
John B Rogers
Wm H Rogers
Maggie C Rosa
Laura Rosa
Edward B Rosa
Clara M Rhoades
Mrs Eugene D Sage
Sabrie L Sargent
Mrs George Savage
Mrs Julia Seaver Scott
R W Scott
Mrs Walter L Sessions
Julia R B Sessions
Frank E Sessions
Mrs L B Sessions
Mary L Seymour
J E Shaver
Mrs Ransom Sheldon
Judson Sibley
Mary Siggins

Lizzie F Simmons

Mrs Eliza Skinner
Christie Skinner
James A H Skinner
Mrs Laura Ada Skinner
Rev Milton Smith
Alma B Smith
Kate F Smith
Eunice L Smith
Virginia D Smith
Mrs Jennie M Smith
Ella Letchworth Smith
Martha M Smith
Edmund Z Southwick
Marietta J Southwick
Miss L T Southworth
Helen M Stanton
Carrie E Staples
Louisa K Stebbins
Mary H Stebbins
Mary C Steel
Eva J Stevens
Harriet A Stevens
Coryell G Stevens
Mrs Kate P St John
Mrs Sarah F St John
Julia M St John
Eda B Stone
Alice E Stowe
Maria M Stowell
Sarah Sutton
Eleanor Swaine
Malvina F Sweetland
J Wesley Sweetland
Eva M Sweetland
Ann Adell Sydney
Harvey Symonds
Louise W Strang
Mary E Sykes
Mrs Sue W Stoddard
Martha A Taber
Marie Antoinette Taylor
Emma C Terry
Sara C Terwilliger
Martha J M Thayer
Walter L Thompson
Emma L Thompson
S DeFrancis Thompson
Elizabeth Tilton
Ella Tompkins
Marcia L Tompkins
Clara D Tower
Mary L Townley
Mrs George W Tracy
May A Tripp
Edward Troy
Mrs Lavinia B Turner
Ida A Tuthill
Eunice E Tuttle
Dell Tuttle
Maggie G Van Ingen
Nellie D Van Ingen
Mary E Van Kleeck
Nancie L Van Ness
Mrs H K Van Rensselaer
Harriet A Wade
Rev Benj F Wade
Mrs K W Wallace
Frances A Wallis
Rose E Wallis
Ora L Wasson
Edgar B Watson
James Birney Weber
Mrs J B Weber
Mrs C D Webster

Louella E Weed
Addie Wellington
Elias Avery Wheat
Allie M Wheeler
Mrs Marilla C Wheeler
Lydia M White
Miss Libbie J Whitley
Elmina Eliza Whitney
Amasa D Wilder
Marion M Wilder
Minnie Williams
Lillian Ida Williams
Mrs Emir B Williams
Jennie L Williams
M Adele Williams
J E Winsor
Thos Lippincott Wood
Addie M Woodin
Mrs S E Woodin
Mrs F E Woods
Whiting S Worden
Thos G Young
Mrs Addie M Young
Mrs T G Young

Long Island.

William H Lowery
Julia E T Sheridan
Carrie F Underhill
D Harris Underhill
Miss Eugenie Villefeu

Pennsylvania.

Jennie M Adair
William Newell Aiken
Nannie Alexander
Jennie M Allan
Henry M Ash
Hattie A Aspinwall
Mrs Nellie C Adams
Minnie B Babbitt
L T Baker
Lydia M Baker
Frank D Barnes
Libbie A Barnes
Joseph R Barnes
Eleanor G Barrett
Kate Eliza Barton
Mrs C W Battles
H Bruce Beatty
M Vina Beatty
May L S Beatty
Sara P Bedford
Miss H M Bickley
William P Bignell
Eliza H Black
Nannie Y Boice
Mrs J R Bowen
Sarah Bowman
Sarah J Boyer
James M Bray
Mrs Frances M Brown
Carrie A Brown
Mrs Samuel Q Brown
Anna Buckbee
Lucius H Bugbee
Hattie R Blair
Samantha Caldwell
Eleanor Campbell
J J Campbell
Alvira Campbell
Mrs H C Campbell

Margaret E Canon
Mrs J T Carpenter
John T Carpenter
Josephine E M Carter
Ellen M Chace
Rev H M Chamberlain
Mrs Wesley Chambers
Mary E Chesnut
Alice G Clark
Charles L Clark
Silas M Clark
Annie J Clarke
Ellen M Clemons
Anna M Clift
Mrs Marcia Clover
Annie R Colburn
J Frank Condon
Celinda Cook
Ada Gertrude Cook
Rosalia Cook
Edna Cynthia Cook
Mrs Lizzie S Cook
Mary E Cook
Mrs Judson H Cook
Mary E Cooper
J J Covert, M D
Annie E Cox
Mrs M J Crawford
John W Crawford
Mrs Flora Criswell
Cordelia A Culbertson
Mrs Amanda F Curtis
Mrs Edwin C Custard
Mrs C H Dale
Benjamin S Dartt
Mrs L D Davenport
Miss Maria H Dawson
Annie M DeKnight
George W Dille, M D
Mrs Juliet Donaldson
Puella E Dornblaser
Lettie A Dunham
Anna C Dunlap
Mira L Dunlap
Mrs W J Dunn
Maggie J Dunn
Nellie Dunn
Ettie Dunn
Jennie E Dunn
J Fletcher Dyer
Margaret A Dysart
Flora C Eaton
Sam’l J M Eaton, D D
Leonard Hobart Eaton
Mrs Jennie Eberman
George M Eberman
John M Edwards
Maggie J Edwards
Mrs S A Ensworth
Lydia L Evans
Annie B Fraser
Adelia L Fausett
John Aubrey Freeman
Frank Freeman
Lucy W Fell
Anna E Fish
Lizzie M Fisher
Abrilla Fisher
Miss E M Fiske
Rev Theodore L Flood
Macie I Flower
Thomas J Ford
Rev C W Foulke
Lizzie C Foulke
Jason N Fradenburgh

Mary M Friday
W W Fritts
Orsavilla V Fritts
Fred W Gail
Mrs Mary I Gardner
William W S Gephart
Mrs Josephine Getchell
Mattie E Glenn
Amanda B Golding
Helen M Goodrich
John Dudley Goodwin
Annie P Gordon
O H P Graham
Mrs E B Grandin
Kate E Grant
Joseph Guignon
Edith J Guignon
Mrs Julia A Guignon
Angie Graham
Sarah Haldeman
Joseph E Hall
Frances E Hamilton
Margaret Ellen Hare
Luella A Harris
Mrs Susie M Harrison
Julia L Harrison
F W Hastings
Margaretta K Hastings
Oran L Haverly
Mrs E D Hawks
Samuel W Hay
A W Hayes
Amy E Hayes
Mattie C Hayward
Juliette S Hill
Mrs William Hoffman
Thomas Benton Hoover
Mrs Emma S Hoover
Nan A W Hoover
Annie Wallace Horner
Martha P Howard
E Harriet Howe
Mrs G H Humason
George H Humason
Hiram H Hurd
Hannah G Irwin
G W Irwin
Rev Wm A Jackson
Matilda Jamison
Alice W Jefferson
Ophelia E Jessop
Mary E Johnston
Sarah E Jones
Mrs Sarah E Jones
Mrs Belle L Jones
David W Jones
Julius B Kaufman
Hettie A Keatley
Mrs Esther Alice Kerr
George W Kessler
Caroline W Kessler
Bertha A King
Dessa H King
Nannie J King
Martin Luther Knight
Margaret M Krepp
Charles J Kunz
Mrs Martha S Ladd
Mrs I Laing
Miss S K Lamb
Mrs J F Laubender
Lizzie M Lesser
Marcellus A Line
Mrs Martha H Locke
Mrs H E Lockwood

Ella May Loomis
Lizzie C Lyle
L Anna Lyon
Marcus W Lyon
Jennie M Lytle
Mrs S MacMath
Ida Adella Mallery
Henry J Manley
Jennie G Manning
Samuel Manning
Mrs C Markham
Mrs Emilie D Martin
Albert M Martin
Helen Martin
Luemma H Matter
Beulah Matter
Margaret P McClean
Elizabeth McClean
Lucy E McClintock
Washington R McCloy
Mrs Ada T McCollin
William A McConnell
Carrie H McDowell
J C McDowell
Ella M McElroy
Mary McGlaughlin
Susan E McGlaughlin
Ida D McKinny
Margaret M McLean
Jane E McNaughton
Mrs Fannie McRae
DeEtte Mead
Mrs Jennie Mead
J F Merriman
Mina F Metcalf
Augustus L Metcalf
Mrs E D Middleton
Caleb R Middleton
Louisa Caroline Miller
Mrs J E Mitchell
Thos Montgomery
Lizzie H Morrison
Mary Morrison
Laura C H Mull
Mary A Nicol
Sarah D Northrup
Mary Oglesby
Mary E Owen
Anna Kate Owen
Rebecca J Packer
Wm Warren Painter
Ella G Painter
Hiles C Pardoe
Rev Thos F Parker
Anna V Parkin
Mrs Villa N Payne
Rev Cearing Peters
Miss Sarah Perr
Hermon W Phillips
Alice H Pickett
Elizabeth W Pickop
B Frank Pinkerton
Mrs Marie Pinkerton
Cynthia A Pinney
Mrs Maria C Pitcher
Mrs Fannie B Pitts
Mrs S W Pomeroy
Mrs D F Pomeroy
Lucie Pooley
Mrs D S Pratt
Miss Isabella Pratt
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Mary Jane Price
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Eli S Reinhold
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Chas W Robinson
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Jacob Warren Roop
Mrs Sadie A Rowley
Eva Rupert
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Miss F M Sawyers
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Mary E Schick
Wm F Schill
John R Schooley
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Annie C Schreiner
Rev Platt W Scofield
John Cook Scofield
Mrs Maria S Scofield
George Seebick
Mrs Martha Sheesholtz
Rev G W Shadduck
Adelaide F Sheldon
Ella N Sheldon
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Emma J Shepard
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Nan L Sheriff
Mrs J R Sherwood
John Calvin Shimer
Luta B Shugert
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Mrs W Barry Smith
Crawford P Smith
Mrs J H Smith
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Mrs C M Snyder
Mary Stahr
Chas C Stalker
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Miss Saidie M Sterrett
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T Dickson Stewart
Kate M Stewart
Carrie M Stone
Rev Martin V Stone
Lottie A Swengel
Uriah F Swengel
Amelia Swezey
Jennie Swezey
Annie M Switzer
Stella Young Tabor
Josephine P Taggart
Jennie E Taylor
Deforest C Temple
Mrs D C Temple
Maud E Temple
Mrs C F Temple
Mrs C H Thompson
Mrs C P Thompson
Mrs N R Thompson
[300]
Carriebelle Thomson
Margaret J Thorpe
Mrs Simon E Tifft
Rev Seneca B Torrey
Emma Townley

Lottie Tull
Mollie L Urell
Hattie E Vaughn
Miss Lillie A Venner
Mary J Venner
Rev Bethuel T Vincent
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Emma G Walker
Mrs Emily M Warner
Sarah A Warner
Nellie E Webster
Martha P M Welsh
Walter Scott Welsh
Emma Welshan
Ellen Wetherbee
Maria C Wetmore
Sallie A Weyhenmeyer
Rachel A L Wheeler
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Louise W Wickham
May E Wightman
Annie E Wilcox
Nelson O Wilhelm
J Ada Williams
W N Wilson
Martha D Winslow
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Kate S Woods
Charles H Wright
Miss Annie E Yeager
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James Allison
Mrs Maggie Anderson
Miss Retta Armstrong
A Ægesta Beck
Hortensia H Beeman
John Beetham
Ella Beistle
Olive H Bentley
Ella V Bickerstaff
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Sylvester P Bishop
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Artie Y Bridgeman
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Maggie Brown
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Cynthia S Burnett
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Burton Beebe
Joseph Ellis Barrett
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Homer C Cain
Albert N Camp
Lucy E Campbell

M M Carrothers
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Cora A Comer
Mrs Emma B Converse
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Addison P Couch
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Lydia E Cranston
Mattie B Curtis
Mrs Harriet D Curtis
Eliza Lindsay DeFrees
Lida Belle De Frees
Elizab’h DeNormandie
M C DeSteigner
Annie C Deveny
Elvira C Devereaux
Helen M Devereaux
Anna M Dillaway
Susie A Dillin
Elizabeth B Doren
L L Doud
Harriet E Doud
Alvin W Dunham
Frank A DuPuy
Mrs Sophia Durfee
Charles W Dustin
Jas Lincoln Edwards
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DeWitt C Eggleson
Henderson Elliott
Ada J Elliott
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Phebe S Freeman
Marion M French
Royce Day Fry
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Lucretia A Gaddis
Sarah W Gaddis
Mary E Galpin
Fidelia T Gee
Mary F Gibbs
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Rev Augustus H Gillet
Mina D Goforth
Mary A Grating
Hattie M Graham
Josie S J Griffiths
Carrie A Hale
Rev James Hardman
Mrs C R Harmon
Emily E Harroun
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O N Hartshorn
Cordelia S Hartupee
Mrs Frances C Haskell
Sue J Heffner
David A Heffner
Belle Heffner
Frank Heibertshausen
Alia V Hemler
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Mrs Elizabeth F Hewitt
Bessie C Hicks
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Effie O Hildreth
Josephine Hinsdale
Frances T Holmes
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Belle Johnson
Sophia Johnston
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Lizzie King
Mary A Kinnear
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May Lambert
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Herman G Marshall
Clara B Marshall
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Sophia L B McCrosky
Mary D McLean
Lester McLean
Annie M McLean
Wilbur F McLean
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Marian C McSherry
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Lou A Moore
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Thomas H Stewart
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Melle T Stone
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Allen I Terrell
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Chas O Tracy
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M Sherman Turrill
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Fannie Core Wallace
Carrie A Walworth
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S Virginia Whitmore
Mary P Whitney
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Lucinda H Wilkins
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Celina Wood
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Rosie M Baketel
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Clement E Bates
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Martha Jane Farwell
Rachel A Faxon
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Mrs Ada M Fiske
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Sarah D Ford
S Matilda Foster
Almira H French
Fred P Glazier
Susie A Goodwin
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Isaac K Harris

Agnes Hastings
Bell Hayward
J Augusta Holmes
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Augusta A Littlefield
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Laura S Russell
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Susan B Stevens
Sarah A Tateum
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Grace C White
Alice Juliet White
Lizzie C Williamson
Charlotte T Wood
Fannie E Woodard

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Juliette P Bradshaw
Julia E Bulkley
Effie J Barlow
Minnie P Chapman
Anna C Collins
Jennie N Cushman
Sarah S Cushman
Mrs J B DeVoe
C Minnie Fackenthall
Mrs George F Fink
Mary Fitch
Frances E Goddard
Emma W Green
Henry W Hand
Abraham M Harris
Thos T Howard M D
Rev Jesse L Hurlbut
Miss Susie H Johnson
Anna D Kille
Kate F Kimball
Josie Lusk
Ella A Macpherson
Nellie P McCain
M Elizabeth Mead
Emeline McNaughton
Sophie B Ricord
Sarah L Roberts
George S Robinson

Julia S Scribner
Ezra D Simons
Lillie M Stanger
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Miss Louise Talmage
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Miss Emma V Tennyson
Jno Rechab Westwood
Thomas R White Jr
M Emily Wick
Chas Stout Woodruff

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Lydia M Bennett
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Eugene H Judkins
Miss Louisa B Merrill
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L L Phelps
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Mrs Edward H Smiley

New Hampshire.

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Cora H Brown
Emily R French
Miss S W Kendall
Miss Ella F Kimball
Kittie C Lowell
Joseph Waite Presby
Isabel S Presby
Mrs A F Stevens
Mary Elizabeth Young

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Lucy A Chrystie
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Mrs Laura M Dickey
Mrs Harriet M Dickey
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Abbie S Pinney
Julia Prior Tarbell

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Esther E Bishop
Anna M Bishop
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Miss Carrie Dusenbury
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Emma H Gaylord
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Celia A Peck
Anna F Pomeroy
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Josephine M S Vorce
Abbie P Weaver
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Chas Phelps Wellman
Warham H Williams

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Abby B Metcalf
Mary Noyes

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Julia M Atkinson
M Louisa Berry
Alpheus H Mahone
Alice Virginia Wilson

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J D Croissant
Weston Flint
Court Foster Wood
Ida Ellen Wood

Indiana.

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I C Ash
Ann Eliza Babb
Hattie B S Blythe
Augustus Bradley
Miss Celia M Case
Mrs Harriet L Chapin
Mrs Annie R Conwell
Nancy C Cornell
Maggie E Crist
Miss Nellie Devor
Lizzie Dunlop
Elloine Frink
Anna L Gardiner
William M George
Adam J Gerlach
Mary Alice Gilmore
Noah Granger
Mary A Hancock
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Mabel Hawks
Cynthia J Hawn
Mary Verlina Jessup
Mrs Frances E Joslin
Mary V Knevels
Mary E Leaming
Mary T Lodge
Mrs Salome S McCain
Helen B Miller
Emma Millington
Marion E Moody
Alva C May
Amanda C Nicholson
Mrs Ellen A Parmater
Mrs W G Peck
Fountin W Poindexter
Mrs Martha Reynolds
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William S Roney
Jane W Seeley
Benjamin C Sherrick
Mrs Maggie C Stevens
Rachel A Strain
John R Tanquary
Eliza Ann Yeoman

Illinois.

George T Anglen
Florence E Anthony
Anna J Barker

Sarah Eliza Beers
William Blair
Mrs Jane E Briggs
Ella R Brooks
Justina P Bumstead
Carrie G Burge
Lillia S Brushingham
Isabella L Candee
Mary S Cochran
May B Crane
John T Curtiss
Emily A Delano
Mrs Julia A Davis
Rachel S Davidson
Mrs Maggie Entwistle
Rolando Z Fahs
Mary M Fahs
Orren B Folger
Belle Foster
Rev J O Foster
Harriet Haynes Fry
Mrs Joseph H Foster
Charlotte V Gemmill
Mrs Lizzie N Gilbert
Libni Benj Hayman
Mrs M J Hill
Mary O Hepperly
Mrs S W Holmes
Mrs Nellie A Hood
James Hood
Matilda S Howell
Caroline A Ingersoll
Miss Nellie Jerauld
Lucy M Jerauld
Mrs Mary R Leggett
Mattie R Leiper
Archibald K Leiper
Martha Jessie Lewis
Mrs Samuel M Martin
Clarinda Murphy
Mrs May M Mitchell
Etta A Neel
Mrs Mary E Payne
Helen A Peck
Cornelius Luther Perry
Albert James Perry
Albina H Perry
Mrs L Pyles
Mrs Rodney G Perley
Kate H M Ramsay
Miss Elizabeth Ramsay
Marion Ramsdell
Mrs Nellie G Rollins
Mary C Rood
Miss Lizzie Rosborough
Mrs E Rosborough
Mrs Mary E Ross
W A Ryan
Mary O Severance
Ellen H Severance
Mrs Isabel Sheets
Laura C Sheridan
Sarah E C Shumway
Mrs Mary South
Adah E Stevenson
Sara P Stevenson
Nellie Stewart
N M Stokes
Millie J Stokes
Francis M Van Freese
E B Waggoner
Mrs Mary H Watson
Mrs Henry G Whipple
Hannah M Winslow

Kansas.

Harriet Aiken
Addison Ault
Mrs Addison Ault
Nelson Case
Mary E Case
Mrs Anna E Clark
Sarah F Crane
Mrs Emily J Davidson
Stella M Farr
M Luther Gates, M D
Gussie B Greene
Mrs Anna H Johnston
William J Lightfoot
Duncan C Milner
Emma W Parker
M V B Parker
Walter A Saville
Mrs Martha Sherman
Mrs M E Wharton
G G Wharton

Iowa.

Mrs Pruella Baker
Lottie W Beall
Mrs Josie Beals
Fred Benzinger
Elizabeth W Berry
Shadrach C Bond
Cornelia L Bradley
Cynthia L Conger
Lettie Case
Jennie H Clark
Mrs Martha A Cross
Phebe L Elliott
Mrs Frances F Earhart
May Fetter
Lyman H Fitch
Mary P Gilchrist
Frances E Hamilton
Charles Hancock
John R Hanley
Ella H Harring
Abram N Harring
Mrs Anna M Hatch
M Y Howe
Leona E Howe
Thomas V Hunt
P M Jewell
Sally M Johnson
May Leyda
Clara Lillibridge
Annie L Lyman
Mrs Emma L Mahin
Clara Mann
Sarah A McCulla
Mrs Ida M McKinley
Mrs Emma J Merry
Eunice B Miller
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J A Pickler
Alice M Pickler
Mary E Pierce
Ella S Raff
Amelia Randall
Mary A Rann
Sarah G Sawyer
Mary L Seevers
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Frank Shepard
Kate E Shimmin
Sesco Stewart, M D

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Ida M Sherman
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Mrs L F Trowbridge
Lucy M Vinson
Mary E Ware
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May Louise White
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Candace Worth
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Stella Ashley
Hattie D Ayres
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Julia Violet Badger
Sebia C Baker
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Mrs George W Barlow
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Sarah E Beddow
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Prill V Boyce
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Mrs L D Bradley
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Libbie E Cairns
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Melville W Chase
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Mrs Ida Cole
Evangeline Colvin
Annie S Corkins
Hattie A Corkins
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Marcia Hall
Agnes N Hallenbeck
Mary E Harrington
Hannah Harris
Ella Hayes
Mrs Henry Hill
Charles H Howard
John Weston Hutchins
Emma L Keeny
Mary A Kellogg
Erastus L Kellogg
Mrs Susie A Kendrick
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Hattie B Knappen
Jennie S Knappen
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Mary L Lowell
Mrs Lottie E McKercher

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Lewis Nelson Moon
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Mrs A J Morgan
Chester J Murray
Mrs Hattie Murray
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Sidney J Parsons
Mrs Lucie M Prittie
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Julia E Richards
Wesley C Richards
Mrs H Maria Roe
Nettie I Rogers
Emma L Rogers
Martha E Rogers
Hattie Maud Rood
Antoinette B Shattuck
S Della Shattuck
Jennie Sherwood
Mrs Jennie Singer
Alvah G Smith
Armilla I Starr
Flora W Stone
Frances J Sumner
Angie L Taylor
Mamie E Utter
Hattie L Waters
Emma P Weller
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H Lottie Whitehead
Ellen C Whitley
Lillian E Wilcox
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George B Woodworth
Welcome H Young

Wisconsin.

Helen F Blinn
Anna Loyd Burke
Edward Ross Burke
Isabella O Daniels
Minnie Denel
William C Eddy
S Louise Hart
Mrs E E Hodgson
Miss De Ette Howard
Mrs C A Hunt
Emma A Jewell
Agnes M Lake
George Christy McElroy
Andrew Porter
Altha E Shultz
Elnura R Slocum
Louise Tufts Slocum
Mrs H Z Smith
Mary W Tufts

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Fred Hayden Carruth
Mrs Addie E Cook
Ruby C C Gale
Mrs E E Holbrook
Julia M King
Noah Lathrop
Mrs Mary Ann Pratt
Mary E Richardson
Arminda J Smith

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Dakota.

W S Birch
Alice H Birch

Oregon.

Mrs Julia E S Moore
Mary Shane Smith

Washington Territory.

Belle Harrison

Nebraska.

Ellen May Austin
Mrs Carrie Blewett
Flora S Brownell
Mary Maria Curtis
Julia Riley
Jeremiah D Stewart
Sarah D Stewart
Maggie Wadsworth

Missouri.

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Francis Slack Beggs
Jessie M Brownell
James Bowman Daniel
Rev George A Maston
Cora S McIntyre
Mrs F A Meredith
William Stephens
Mrs Tinnie Webster
Daniel H Webster
Alfred Zartman

California.

Maria C Gay
Sarah E A Higgins
Myrtie C Hudson
John William Kemp
Mrs Nellie C Meacham
Thomas Scott Price
Frederick D Seward
Clarke Whittier, M D

New Mexico.

S Arabella Rood

Texas.

Elloura C McColm

Kentucky.

Joseph Courtney
Mrs A M Drennan
Sallie Jaynes
Charles Edwin Parsons
Benjamin M Sherrill
Sarah L Sherrill
Dennis Spurrier

Maryland.

Mary R Hanley
Mazie Knipp
Robt Patterson Mason

E Lizzie Sadtler
Amy L Sadtler

Tennessee.

Emma B Browne
Henry S Jacoby
Laura L Jacoby
Esther Morgan
Mary E Roberts

North Carolina.

Theo F H Blackman
Evelyn C Jones
Sallie Reucher Jones
Mrs W F Steele

Colorado.

Florence A Burr
William Alton Burr
Warren M Fletcher
Mrs Warren M Fletcher
Mrs Susie E Little
James W McCreery
Mary E W Olmsted
Mrs C D H Thompson
Mary J Tison
Absalom K White
Frances G White

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John Lawrence Booth
Rev J Duke McFaden
Naomi R Simpson

Alabama.

Eudora Conoley
William A Davis
Mrs S F Hobbs
Helen H Rothrock
Mary F Wells

South Carolina.

A S Dobbs, D D

Georgia.

Fannie E Roy
Isoline M Wimberly

Arkansas.

W E Smith
Miss Hattie N Young

Mississippi.

William L French

Florida.

Joseph Henry Stoney

Canada.

William C Henderson
Mrs B F Johnson
Emily M McCallum
Mrs Elizabeth Munro
Minnie Munro
Lewis Charles Peake
Miss Elizabeth Warren

Mexico.

Mrs W H McBroom

New Brunswick.

Aquila Lucas

Nova Scotia.

Mrs Olivia C Whitman
Anna S MacMahon
Sarah Robinson

England.

Mrs H E Kratz
Henry Elton Kratz

India.

Clark P Hard

Japan.

Miss Elizabeth Russell

BOOKS.

Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. publish, among many other works, a good line of literature for children, which, we have no doubt, will meet the hearty commendation of all who purchase books of this kind.

Beautiful covers will often sell a child’s book, while the material contained between the covers is of a very indifferent quality. The books of this house have beautiful binding, but they are not excellent in this regard at the expense of their contents. A careful examination of any one of the works mentioned below will convince any one of their value.

“Wild Animals and Birds” is most handsomely bound and beautifully illustrated. It is just such a work as should be put into the hands of every boy in the land, and it is worthy the study of even a naturalist. The author has selected a number of the most prominent members of the animal kingdom and written their histories with a view to their natural aspects, showing that life among wild animals is not wholly occupied in a struggle for bare existence, and he has so woven into his descriptions their habits that one is highly pleased and instructed.

“Papa’s Little Daughters,” by Mrs. Mary D. Brine, is so copiously supplied with engravings that if it contained nothing more it would be enjoyed by the children. But this is not the case, it is a story well told and pleasing. The binding is elegant and the print clear and perfect.

The frontispiece of “Fred Bradford’s Debt,” by Joanna H. Mathews, would instantly call forth the admiration of children. Bound in handsomely-colored covers it is certainly a charming book.

“Living Pages from Many Ages” contains many historical events, both of war and peace. It is from the pen of Mary Hield, is nicely illustrated and the subjects are well selected. It takes up many of the most noted warriors, giving short accounts of their lives, tells of the struggles of artists, scholars, reformers, of adventures in all continents and of trials of religious sects and oppressed countries.

A child’s book of poetry, gotten up in elaborate style, with picture covers, and pages with colored illustrations, is entitled “Two Tea Parties.” As a publication of

its kind it is simply elegant.

A magazine for the young, with the title of “Little Folks” is a perfect gem. It contains much to interest grown people, and everything to entertain children. It is a book of nearly four hundred pages and gives amusements, recreations, stories, illustrated poems, music, Sunday reading, puzzles, descriptions of beasts, birds and fishes, enigmas, questions, etc.

CAN’T COOK AS MOTHER DID.

How many a young wife’s heart is saddened and happiness scattered, because she can not “cook as mother did.” It is strange, sadly strange, and yet we all know it is true. How many a time has the tender-hearted reporter felt his soul bursting with grief as he told the harrowing story of some poor suffering woman, whose cheerful sunshine had turned to dismal darkness just because she could not “cook as mother did.” And how it delights the heart of the reporter when he chances to hear of one devoted young wife who is rescued from the gloomy fate of so many, in a manner so simple and easy that the only wonder is that all are not saved. This one to whom he now refers was led a blushing and blooming bride, but a few short weeks ago, to the altar by one of our most promising and prominent young men. He promised to do everything in his power to make her happy, but in an evil hour he made the dangerous discovery that she could not “cook as mother did.” He told her so, and from that hour the life-light of happiness began to die out in her once radiant eyes. The bloom that put to shame the fancied perfection of the rose departed from her cheek, the voice that welcomed him to a happy heart and home grew silent as the grave, and the young husband saw that something must be done soon. He asked the sorrowful wife why she was so sad, and she told him because she could not “cook as his mother did,” but if she had Royal Baking Powder he could say so no longer. Like a sensible fellow, he ordered a dozen boxes at once, and now he says he is afraid that his wife will raise the roof off the house some day, but he don’t care, for she is happy.

FOOTNOTES:

[A] In the Baltic, midway between Russia and Sweden.

[B] *Vid.* the essays of that author.

[C] “The Twilight of the Gods,” or final destruction of the universe.

[D] For further information the Elder Edda may be consulted in the translation of Benjamin Thorpe (London, 1866). The Younger Edda has been three times translated into English: by Dasent (1842), by Blackwell (in Mallet’s Northern Antiquities), and by Prof. Anderson (1879). Snorre Sturleson’s Chronicle of the Kings of Norway (Heimskringla), of unique interest to the student of old Norse history, has also been translated by Laing (1844).

[E] Scott’s “Lord of the Isles.”

[F] Dr. W. F. Collier.

[G] Dr. S. A. Allibone. “Union Bible Companion,” American Sunday-school Union, Philadelphia.

[H] Newman Smythe.

[I] The picture was finished during the troubled times in Russia, and the empress doubtless thought more of provision for the poor soldiers than pictures for her drawing-room. Knaus had intended to exhibit it in America at the Centennial, but did not complete it in time. He wrote to the late Mr. A. T. Stewart to send a picture in his possession to Philadelphia, if agreeable to him, but Mr. Stewart replied he could not allow a Knaus to go out of his hands.

[J] Held in the Hall of Philosophy, at Chautauqua, N. Y., August 16, 1882.

Transcriber’s Notes:

Obvious punctuation errors repaired.

The list of the graduates on the final pages of this issue was for the greatest part printed without any period/fullstop after initials or abbreviations. Where an anomaly occurred, it was removed to match the rest of the form. Also, alphabetizing seems to have been more of a general effort than an exacting one. This was retained as printed.

Page 243, word “from” added to text (banished from the realm)

Page 246, “ikely” changed to “likely” (time he seemed likely)

Page 246, “Sterling” changed to “Stirling” (castles save Stirling)

Page 260, “pertraits” changed to “portraits” (unknown, and these portraits)

Page 261, “ust” changed to “just” (believe just persons)

Page 266, “pading” changed to “padding” (together, with a padding)

Page 268, “escapse” changed to “escapes” (gratify temptation, escapes)

Page 287, “one-eight” changed to “one-eighth” (Saturn is about one-eighth)

Page 298, “Dumm” changed to “Dunn” as she is in the middle of the rest of the Dunns in that section (Maggie J Dunn)

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE CHAUTAUQUAN, VOL. 03, FEBRUARY 1883 ***

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