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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. IV
November, 1883.
No. 2.

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

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VOL. IV.

November, 1883.

No. 2.

Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.

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REQUIRED READING FOR THE

Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle for 1883-4.
NOVEMBER.

GERMAN HISTORY.

By REV. W. G. WILLIAMS, A.M.

II.

From the time of Julius Cæsar to the fall of the Roman Empire, a period of more than four hundred years, the greater part of the Germans were subject to Roman rule, a rule maintained only by military force. But the struggle against Rome never entirely ceased—and as Roman power gradually declined the Germans seized every opportunity to recover their liberty and in their turn became conquerors. To trace the succession of their vicissitudes during this period would be to give the narrative of a bold, vigorous, war-like people in their rude barbaric condition. We should discover even in those early times those race characteristics of strength, bravery and persistence which became so marked in later centuries; we should recognize in Hermann, the first German leader, the prophecy of the Great Charles who steps upon the scene nearly eight centuries later.

HERMANN, THE FIRST LEADER.

He it was (Hermann Arminius) who, with a power to organize equal to that of William of Orange, bound the German tribes in a secret confederacy, whose object it was to resist and repel the Roman armies. While still himself serving as an officer in the Roman army, he managed to rally the confederated Germans and to attack Varus's army of forty thousand men—the best Roman legions—as they were marching through the Teutoburger Forest, where, aided by violent storms, the Germans threw the Romans into panic and the fight was changed to a slaughter. When the news of the great German victory reached Rome the aged Augustus trembled with fear; he let his hair and beard grow for months as a sign of trouble, and was often heard to exclaim: "O, Varus, Varus, give me back my legions." Though Rome, under the able leadership of Germanicus, soon after defeated the Germans, yet she had been taught that the Germans possessed a spirit and a power sufficient to make her tremble for her future supremacy.

Hermann seems to have devoted himself to the creation of a permanent union of the tribes he had commanded. We may guess, but can not assert, that his object was to establish a national organization like that of Rome, and in doing this he must have come into conflict with laws and customs which were considered sacred by the people. But his remaining days were too few for even the beginning of a task which included such an advance in the civilization of the race. We only know that he was waylaid and assassinated by members of his own family in the year 21. He was then 37 years old and had been for thirteen years the leader of his people.^[A]

He was undoubtedly the liberator of Germany, having dared to grapple with the Roman power, not in its beginnings, like other kings and commanders, but in the maturity of its strength. He was not always victorious in battle, but in war he was never subdued. He still lives in the songs of

the barbarians, unknown to the annals of the Greeks, who only admire that which belongs to themselves—nor celebrated as he deserves by the Romans, who, in praising the olden times, neglect the events of the later years.^[B]

GERMAN NATIONALITIES AT THE CLOSE OF THE THIRD CENTURY.

When we meet the Germans at the close of the third century we are surprised to find that the tribal names which they bore in the time of Hermann have nearly all disappeared, and new names of wider significance have taken their places. Instead of thirty to forty petty tribes, they are now consolidated into four chief nationalities with two or three inferior, but independent branches. Their geographical situation is no longer the same, migrations have taken place, large tracts of territory have changed hands, and many leading families have been overthrown and new ones arisen. Nothing but the constant clash of arms could have wrought such change. As each of these new nationalities plays a prominent part in the following centuries, a short description of them is given:

1. *The Alemanni*.—The name of this division (*Alle Mannen*, signifying “all men”) shows that it was composed of fragments of many tribes. The Alemanni first made their appearance along the Main, and gradually pushed southward over the Tithic lands, where the military veterans of Rome had settled, until they occupied the greater part of southwestern Germany, and eastern Switzerland to the Alps. Their descendants occupy the same territory to this day.

2. *The Franks*.—It is not known whence this name is derived, nor what is its meaning. The Franks are believed to have been formed out of the Sicambrians in Westphalia, a portion of the Chatti and the Batavi in Holland, together with other tribes. We first hear of them on the Lower Rhine, but they soon extended their territory over a great part of Belgium and Westphalia. Their chiefs were already called kings, and their authority was hereditary.

3. *The Saxons*.—This was one of the small original tribes settled in Holstein. The name “Saxon” is derived from their peculiar weapon, a short sword, called *saxs*. We find them occupying at the close of the third century nearly all the territory between the Harz Mountains and the North Sea, from the Elbe westward to the Rhine. There appears to have been a natural enmity—no doubt bequeathed from the earlier tribes out of which both grew—between them and the Franks.

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4. *The Goths*.—Their traditions state that they were settled in Sweden before they were found by the Greek navigators on the southern shore of the Baltic in 330 B. C. It is probable that only a portion of the tribe navigated, and that the present Scandinavian race is descended from the remainder. They came in contact with the Romans beyond the mouth of the Danube about the beginning of the third century.^[C]

INFLUENCE OF THE ROMANS ON THE GERMANS.

The proximity of the Romans on the Rhine, the Danube, and the Neckar, had by degrees effected alterations in the manners of the Germans. They had become acquainted with many new things, both good and bad. By means of the former they became acquainted with money, and even luxuries. The Romans had planted the vine on the Rhine, and constructed roads, cities, manufactories, theaters, fortresses, temples, and altars. Roman merchants brought their wares to Germany, and fetched thence amber, feathers, furs, slaves, and the very hair of the Germans; for it became the fashion to wear light flaxen wigs, instead of natural hair. Of the cities which the Romans built there are many yet remaining, as Salzburg, Ratisbonne, Augsburg, Basle, Strasburg, Baden, Spire, Worms, Metz, Treves, Cologne, Bonn, etc. But in the interior of Germany, neither the Romans nor their habits and manners had found friends, nor were cities built there according to the Roman style.^[D]

INVASION OF THE HUNS—ATTILA.

The fourth century of our era and the first half of the fifth were characterized by the spirit of migration among all the peoples beyond the Rhine. Representatives of every German village and district went to Rome, and each brought back stories of the wealth and luxury that existed there. They had the keen perception and the strength to recognize the increasing weakness of the government, and also to despise the enervation and corruption of its citizens. The German was ambitious and restless as daily he regarded Rome more and more as his prey. The Romans themselves saw the danger of the Empire and lived in apprehension of overwhelming incursions long before they came. In the latter part of the fourth century the great impulse was given to the people of northern and eastern Europe by successive invasions from Asia; and a vast and general movement began among them which resulted in the disintegration of the Roman Empire, and the transfer of the principal arena of history from the shores of the Mediterranean Sea to the countries in which the great powers of modern Europe afterward grew up. The first impulse to this series of events was given by disturbances and migrations in central Asia, of whose cause hardly anything is known. Long before the Christian era there was a powerful race of Huns in northeastern Asia who became so dangerous to the Chinese that the great wall of China was built as a defense against them (finished B. C. 244).^[E]

These Huns, a Mongol race, had migrated from the center of Asia westward three-quarters of a century previously (A. D. 375), carrying death and devastation on their path. They had nothing in common with the peoples of the West, either in facial features or habits of life. Contemporary

historians describe them as surpassing by their savagery all that can be imagined. They were of low stature, with broad shoulders, thick-set limbs, flat noses, high cheek-bones, small eyes deeply sunk in the sockets, and yellow complexion. Ammianus Marcellinus compares them, in their monstrous ugliness, to beasts walking on two legs, or the grinning heads clumsily carved on the posts of bridges. They had no beard, because from infancy their faces were hideously scarred by being slashed all over, in order to hinder its growth. Accustomed to lead a wandering life in their native country, these wild hordes traversed the Steppes, or boundless plains which lie between Russia and China, in huge chariots, or on small hardy horses, changing their stations as often as fresh pasture was required for their cattle. Except constrained by necessity, they never entered any kind of house, holding them in horror as so many tombs. They were accustomed from infancy to endure cold, hunger, and thirst. As the great boots they wore deprived them of all facility in marching, they never fought on foot; but the skill with which they managed their horses and threw the javelin, made them more formidable to the Germans than even the disciplined, but less ferocious, legions of Rome.

This was the rude race which, bursting into Europe in the second half of the fourth century, shook the whole barbarian world to its center, and precipitated it upon the Roman Empire. The Goths fled before them, when they passed the Danube, the Vandals when they crossed the Rhine. After a halt of half a century in the center of Europe, the Huns put themselves again in motion.

Attila, the king of this people, constrained all the tribes wandering between the Rhine and the Oural to follow him. For some time he hesitated upon which of the two empires he should carry the wrath of heaven. Deciding upon the West, he passed the Rhine, the Moselle, and the Seine, and marched upon Orleans. The populations fled before him in indescribable terror, for the *Scourge of God*, as he was called, left not one stone upon another wheresoever he passed. Metz and twenty other cities had been destroyed. Troyes alone had been saved by its bishop, Saint Loup. He wished to seize upon Orleans, the key of the southern provinces; and his innumerable army surrounded the city. Its bishop, St. Aignan, sustained the courage of the inhabitants by promising them a powerful succor. Ætius, in fact, arrived with all the barbarian nations encamped in Gaul, at the expense of which the new invasion was made. Attila for the first time fell back; but in order to choose a battle-field favorable for his cavalry, he halted in the Catalaunian plains near Méry-sur-Seine. There the terrible shock of battle took place. In the first onset the Franks, who formed the vanguard of Ætius, fought with such animosity that 15,000 Huns strewed the plain. But next day, when the great masses on both sides encountered, the bodies of 165,000 combatants were left on that field of carnage. Attila was conquered. The allies, however, not daring to drive the wild Huns to despair, suffered Attila to retreat into Germany (451). In the year following he made amends for his defeat by an invasion of northern Italy, ravaging Aquileia, Milan, and other cities in a frightful manner, but died of an apoplectic stroke (453), soon after his return, and his empire fell with him, but not the terrible remembrance of his name and of his cruelties. The Visigoths, whose king had perished in the fight, and the Franks of Meroveus, had had, with Ætius, the chief honor of that memorable day in the Catalaunian plains. For it had become a question whether Europe should be German or Mongolian, whether the fierce Huns or the Germans should found an empire on the ruins of that which was then crumbling.^[F]

FALL OF THE WESTERN EMPIRE—MANNERS AND MORALS OF THE GERMANS IN THIS AGE.

The Western Empire had now but a short time to live. The dastardly emperor Valentinian III., suspicious of the independent position of Ætius, recalled the conqueror of Attila from Gaul, and slew him with his own hand (A. D. 454). He was himself murdered soon after, and his widow, Eudoxia, though forced to marry the assassin, determined to avenge her husband. She invited the Vandals, for this purpose, from Africa across the sea to Rome. This German tribe, still ruled by the aged Genseric, was the only one which possessed a fleet; and by this means the Vandals had already made themselves masters of the great islands of the Mediterranean, of Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica. The "sea-king" eagerly obeyed the summons (A. D. 455), and now "golden Rome" was given up for fourteen days to his soldiers, and was sacked with such horrors that the name of Vandal has ever since been a proverb for barbarity and destruction. Yet the mediation of Leo the Great, then Bishop of Rome, saved the city from utter ruin. From this time onward the emperors, who followed one another in quick succession, were mere tools of the German generals, and symbols of power before the common people; for the whole imperial army now consisted of the remnants of various German nations, who had sought service for pay. These too, at last, like their kindred in the provinces, demanded lands in Italy, and would have no less than one-third of the soil. When this was refused, Odoacer, at the head of his soldiers—Heruli, Sciri, Turcilingi, and Rugii, who forced their way thither from the Danube—put an end to the very name of the Roman Empire, stripping the boy Romulus Augustulus, the last emperor, of the purple, and ruling alone in Italy, as German general and king. Thus the Western Empire fell by German hands, after they had already wrested from it all its provinces, Africa, Spain, Gaul and Britain. This occurred in the year 476. Ancient history ends with this event; but in the history of the Germans it is merely an episode.

At the time of the great migrations, the German tribes were barbarians, in that they were destitute alike of humanity toward enemies and inferiors, and of scientific culture. Neither the pursuit of learning nor the practice of mercy to the vanquished could seem to them other than unmanly weakness. Their ferocity spread misery and ruin through the whole arena of history, and made the fifth and sixth centuries of our era the crowning epoch in the annals of human

suffering; while their active, passionate contempt for learning destroyed the existing monuments of intelligence and habits of inquiry and thought, almost as completely as they swept away the wealth, prosperity, and social organization of the Roman world. Their ablest kings despised clerical accomplishments. Even Theodoric the Great could not write, and his signature was made by a black smear over a form or mould in which his name was cut. Nevertheless these nations were not what we mean by savages. Their originally beautiful and resonant language was already cultivated in poetical forms, in heroic songs. There was intercourse and trade among the several nations. Minstrels, especially, passed from one royal court to another, and the same song which was sung to Theodoric in Ravenna could be heard and understood by the Vandals in Carthage, by Clovis in Paris, and by the Thuringians in their fastnesses. A common language was a strong bond of union among these nations. Messengers, embassies, and letters were sent to and fro between their courts; gifts were exchanged, and marriages and alliances entered into. Thus the nations were informed concerning one another, and recognized their mutual relationship. It was this international intercourse that gave rise to the heroic minstrelsy—a faithful relation of the great deeds of German heroes during the migrations; but the minstrel boldly transforms the order of events, and brings together things which in reality took place at intervals of whole generations. Thus they sing of Hermanric, of Theodoric the Great (Dietrich the Strong, of Berne), and of his faithful knight Hildebrand; then of the fall of the Burgundian kings, of the far-ruling Attila, and of Sigurd, or Siegfried, who was originally a Northern god of spring, but here appears as a youthful hero, faithful and child-like, simple and unsuspecting, yet the mightiest of all—the complete image of the German character.

These wild times of warfare and wandering could not, of course, favorably affect morals and character. They did much to root out of the minds and lives of the people their ancient heathen faith and practices. Their old gods were associated with places, scenes, features of the country and the climate; and, with these out of sight, the gods themselves were easily forgotten. Moreover, the local deities of other places and nations were brought into notice. The people's religious habits were broken up, their minds confused, and thus they were better prepared than before to embrace the new and universal doctrines of Christianity. But the wanderings had a bad effect on morality in all forms. The upright German was still distinguished by his self-respect from the false, faithless, and cowardly "Welshman," whose nature had become deformed through years of servitude. But Germans, too, were now often guilty of faithlessness and cruelty; and some tribes grew effeminate and corrupt, especially the Vandals in luxurious Africa. They imitated the style of the conquered in dress, arms, and manner of life; and some adopted their language also. For instance, even Theodoric the Great corresponded in Latin with foreign monarchs; and as early as the sixth and seventh centuries, the Germans recorded their own laws in Latin, the West Goths and Burgundians introducing the practice, which was followed by the Franks, Alemanni, Bavarians, and Langobards. These laws, and the prohibitions they contain, are the best sources of information upon the manners of the time, and especially upon the condition of the lower orders, the peasants, and the slaves. The most frequent cases provided are of bodily injuries, murder, wounds, and mutilations, showing that the warlike disposition had degenerated into cruelty and coarseness. For all these injuries, the wergeld, or ransom, was still a satisfaction. The life of a nobleman, that of a freeman, of a slave, and the members of the body—the eye, ear, nose, and hand—were assessed each at a fixed money valuation, to be paid by the aggressor, if he would not expose himself to the vengeance of the wronged man or his family. But crimes committed by peasants and slaves were punished by death, sometimes at the stake, where freemen might escape by paying a fine. The oaths of parties and witnesses were heard; and they were sustained by the oaths of others, their friends, relations, or partisans, who swore that they were to be believed. If an accused party swore that he was innocent, it was only necessary for him to obtain a sufficient number of compurgators, or jurors, of his own rank to swear that they believed him, in order to secure acquittal. But the number required was much larger for men of low rank than for the nobles; and the freedmen and slaves had no rights of the kind, but were tortured at will to compel them to confess or testify. The slaves were often tried by an ordeal, and were held guilty of any accusation if they could not put their hands into boiling water without harm. For freemen, if no other evidence were accessible, a trial by battle was adopted, as an appeal to God's judgment. The heathen tribes in Germany proper—the Frisi, Saxons, Thuringians, and Alemanni—lived on in their old ways; yet they too failed to maintain the spotless character assigned them by Tacitus. It was a time of general ferment. The new elements of civilization had brought with them new vices, and the simplicity of earlier days could not survive.^[G]

[To be continued.]

FOOTNOTES:

[A] Bayard Taylor.

[B] Tacitus.

[C] Bayard Taylor.

[D] Sime.

[E] Lewis.

[F] Sime.

[G] Lewis.

RIGHT well I know that improvement is a duty, and as we see man strives ever after a higher point, at least he seeks some novelty. But beware! for with these feelings Nature has given us also a desire to continue in the old ways, and to take pleasure in that to which we have been accustomed. Every condition of man is good which is natural and in accordance with reason. Man's desires are boundless, but his wants are few. For his days are short, and his fate bounded by a narrow span. I find no fault with the man who, ever active and restless, crosses every sea and braves the rude extremes of every clime, daring and diligent in pursuit of gain, rejoicing his heart and house by wealth.—*Goethe*.



GERMAN LITERATURE.

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Among the Germans, as among all other nations, the earliest literature is poetical. Little is preserved of their ancient poetry, but Tacitus tells us that the Germans of his time had ancient songs relating to Tuisco and Mannus, and to the hero Arminius. It is the opinion of many critics that the stories of "Reynard, the Fox," and "Isengrim, the Wolf," may be traced back to these remote times. The legends of the "Nibelungenlied" have many marks of antiquity which would place them in this pre-historic age. The first definite period, however, is:

I. THE EARLY MIDDLE AGE.—When the German tribes accepted Christianity, the clergy strove to replace the native poetry by the stories of the gospel. In the fourth century Bishop Ulfilas prepared a clear, faithful and simple translation of the Scriptures, which has since been of value in the study of the Teutonic languages. Charles the Great overpowered the effort the priests had made to check poetry by issuing orders to collect the old German ballads. But few of these treasures of Old High and Low German literature have come down to us. Later the Church still further counteracted the influences of pagan literature by a religious poetry in which the life of Christ was sung in verse. Scholastic learning was also zealously cultivated in the monasteries and schools.

II. THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.—Under the Hohenstaufen dynasty during the period of Middle High German the country passed through one of the greatest epochs of its literature. The most characteristic outcome of this active era is a series of poetical romances produced in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. In these romances the subject of whatever epoch it might be, was treated wholly in the spirit of chivalry, the supreme aim was to furnish an idealized picture of the virtues of knighthood. Wolfram von Eschenbach was one of the most brilliant of these writers; "Parzival," his chief poem, is purely imaginative. The hero is made to pass from a life of dreams to one of adventure, finally to become lord of the palace of the Holy Grail. Its object is to show the restless spirit of the Middle Ages, which, continually discontent with life, sought a nobler place.

Gottfried, of Strasburg, was a complete contrast to Wolfram and his greatest contemporary. Tristram and Iseult is his theme. Mediæval romance bore its richest fruit in these two poets, and most of their successors imitated either one or the other. To this age belongs the famous epic, the "Nibelungenlied," in which many ancient ballads have been collected and arranged. "Gudrun" is another epic in which a poet of this period has given form to several old legends. But lyrics as well as romances and epics mark the age of chivalry. The poets of this class were known as *minnesänger* because their favorite theme was *minne* or love. Of all the *minnesänger* the first place belongs to Walther von der Vogelweide. He wrote poems of patriotism as well as on the usual subjects of lyric verse.

To this epoch belong the beginnings of prose in German literature. Latin was the speech of scholars, and prose works were almost uniformly in that language. The "Sachsenspiegel" and "Schwabenspiegel," two collections of local laws, aroused interest among Germans in their language. The preachers, however, were the chief founders of prose style. Dissatisfied with the abuses and mere forms under which genuine spiritual life was crushed, they strove to awaken new and truer ideas of religion. A Franciscan monk, Berthold, and Eckhart are the two to whom most is due.

III. THE LATER MIDDLE AGE.—After the fall of the Hohenstaufen dynasty, chivalry died out in Germany, and with it the incentive to poetry. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, attempts were made to produce poetry by rule. As every trade has its guild, so there was formed a guild of poetry, in which the members made their verses by the "*tabulatur*," and were obliged to pass through successive stages up to the "*meistersänger*." More important were the efforts at dramatic composition. They were crude representations of scriptural subjects, with which the clergy sought to replace the pagan festivals. Out of these representations grew the "mysteries," or "miracle plays," in which there was an endeavor to dramatize sacred subjects. "Shrove Tuesday plays" were dialogues, setting forth some scene of noisy fun, and were the first attempts at comedy.

During the latter part of the fifteenth century there was in Germany, as in other European countries, a great revival of intellectual life. It was due to two things—the re-discovery of Greek literature and the invention of printing. In the universities a broader culture took the place of scholastic studies. Many books found their way to the people, but these were mainly on social questions. The tyranny of princes and abuses of the clergy were the topics for the times, and multitudes of books were written ridiculing princes, priests, nobles, and even the Pope. The greatest of these satires was "Reineke Vos," by Barkhusen, a printer of Rostock. During this

stirring period Maximilian I. was emperor, and attempted to revive the mediæval romance. His success was not great, and in no sense affected popular taste.

IV. THE CENTURY OF THE REFORMATION.—While the Renaissance brought about a great literary movement in England and France, and an artistic movement in Italy, in Germany the Reformation agitated the nation. Luther was the commanding spirit of the age in literature, as in religion. His greatest achievement was his translation of the Bible. For the first time a literary language was given to the nation. Luther gave to the men of all the countries of Germany a common speech, so that it is to him that the Germans owe the most essential of all the conditions of a national life and literature. Next to Luther stands Ulrich Von Hutten, an accomplished defender of the new culture and of the Reformation. Hans Sachs, the meistersänger of Nuremberg, is now acknowledged to be the chief German poet of the sixteenth century. He wrote more than six thousand poems. His hymn, "Warum betrübst du dich, mein Herz," was soon translated into eight languages. The religious lyrics of this age were of superior worth. Indeed, next to the translation of the Bible, nothing did so much to unite the Protestants. During this century the drama made considerable progress.

V. THE PERIOD OF DECAY.—This period is in many respects the most dismal in German history. During the seventeenth century little poetry of worth was produced. No progress was made in the formation of the drama, and few prose works were written that are now tolerated. The one brilliant thinker of the age was Leibnitz.

VI. THE PERIOD OF REVIVAL.—With the accession of Frederick the Great, a stronger national life sprung up in Germany, and literature shared the growth. Several causes contributed to the advance of literature; the revival of classical learning, and a knowledge of English literature were chief. Several literary schools grew up. Important as were many of the writers in them, they exercised slight influence on the national mind compared with founders of the German classical literature—Klopstock, Wieland, and Lessing. Klopstock's fame mainly rests on the "Messiah," a work now little read, and if defective, yet full of striking and beautiful images. Klopstock's odes are superior to his dramas, the latter showing knowledge neither of the stage nor of life. His influence upon intellectual life in Germany was very marked.

Wieland was one of the most prolific of writers. "Oberon" is the most pleasing of his poems to modern readers, and by far most famous. "Agathon" is his best prose romance. Although at first a strong pietist, Wieland eventually became a pronounced epicurean. Lessing, the third of these great poets, is the only writer before Goethe that Germans now read sympathetically. As an imaginative writer he was chiefly distinguished in the drama, and his most important dramatic work is "Minna Von Barnhelm." Superior to his imaginative works were his labors as a thinker. His style ranks with the greatest European writers, and his criticisms are of great value. [67]

VII. THE CLASSICAL PERIOD.—About 1770 there began in German literary life a curious movement called "*Sturm und Drang*" (storm and pressure). Almost all young writers were under its influence. Its most prominent quality was discontent with the existing world. The critical guide of the movement was Herder. To him is due the impulse which led to a collection of the songs and ballads of the people. His most important prose work was "Ideas Toward the Philosophy of the History of Humanity." To Herder belongs the honor of stimulating the genius of Goethe, who holds in German literature the place of Shakspeare in English. His extraordinary range of activity is his most wonderful characteristic. Goethe's first published work placed him among the writers of the "*Sturm und Drang*" school, as was true of the earlier works of Schiller. The lyrics of Goethe have perhaps the most subtle charm of all his writings, but "Hermann und Dorothea," "Wilhelm Meister," "Faust," etc., are his great productions. Schiller, Goethe's great rival, divided with him the public attention and interest. Schiller's literary career began when he was only twenty-two. "The Robbers" and "Don Carlos" are his principal early works. It was in 1794 that Goethe and Schiller began that acquaintance which ripened into one of the most beautiful friendships in the history of literature. They wrote in common on Schiller's journal "Die Horen," and many of Schiller's works were influenced by the larger life of his friend. This is particularly true of his dramas, "Wallenstein," "Die Jungfrau von Orleans," "Maria Stuart," and "Wilhelm Tell."

In 1781 one of the most important works of German literature was published—Kant's "Kritik der Reinen Vernunft." The philosophical systems of Fichte, Schelling and Hegel followed, and excited even greater interest than the writings of the imaginative writers.

Each of the leading writers of the classical period had numerous followers, but the most important band was that which at first grew up around Goethe—the romantic school. The aim of the school was to revive mediævalism—to link daily life to poetry. The writer known as the prophet of the school was Frederick von Hardenburg, generally called Novalis. The critical leaders were Wilhelm and Friedrich von Schlegel. Tieck, Nackenroder, Fouquè, and Schleiermacher were the chief writers.

VIII. THE LATEST PERIOD.—In 1832, with the death of Goethe, a new era began in German literature. In philosophy the school of Hegel, who wrote during the lifetime of Goethe, has had many enthusiastic adherents; among these were Strauss, Ruge and Feuerbach. Schopenhauer, although he wrote his chief book during the time of Goethe at present stirs deeper interest than any other thinker.

In imaginative literature the greatest writer of the latest period is Heinrich Heine, whose lyrics have attracted general attention. The novel has acquired the same important place in Germany as in England. Among the chief novelists are Freytag, the Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn, Paul Heyse,



EVERYTHING that regards statesmanship and the interest of the world is in all outward respects of the greatest importance; it creates and destroys in a moment the happiness, even the very existence, of thousands, but when the wave of the moment has rushed past, and the storm has abated, its influence is lost, and even frequently disappears without leaving a trace behind. Many other things that are noiselessly influencing the thoughts and feelings often make far deeper and more lasting impressions on us. Man can for the most part keep himself very independent of all that does not trench on his private life—a very wise arrangement of Providence, since it gives a much greater security to human happiness.—*William von Humboldt.*



PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

II.—THE CIRCULATION OF WATER ON THE LAND.

Although air is continually evaporating water from the surface of the earth, and continually restoring it again by condensation, yet, on the whole and in the course of years, there seems to be no sensible gain or loss of water in our seas, lakes, and rivers; so that the two processes of evaporation and condensation balance each other.

It is evident, however, that the moisture precipitated at any moment from the air is not at once evaporated again. The disappearance of the water is due in part to evaporation, but only in part. A great deal of it goes out of sight in other ways.

The rain which falls upon the sea is the largest part of the whole rainfall of the globe, because the surface of the sea is about three times greater than that of the land. All this rain gradually mingles with the salt water, and can then be no longer recognized. It thus helps to make up for the loss which the sea is always suffering by evaporation. For the sea is the great evaporating surface whence most of the vapor of the atmosphere is derived.

On the other hand, the total amount of rain which falls upon the land of the globe must be enormous. It has been estimated, for example, that about sixty-eight cubic miles of water annually descend as rain even upon the surface of the British Isles, and there are many much more rainy regions. If you inquire about this rain which falls upon the land, you will find that it does not at once disappear, but begins another kind of circulation. Watch what happens during a shower of rain. If the shower is heavy, you will notice little runs of muddy water coursing down the streets or roads, or flowing out of the ridges of the fields. Follow one of the runs. It leads into some drain or brook, that into some larger stream, the stream into a river; and the river, if you follow it far enough, will bring you to the sea. Now think of all the brooks and rivers of the world, where this kind of transport of water is going on, and you will at once see how vast must be the part of the rain which flows off the land into the ocean.

But does the whole of the rain flow off at once into the sea in this way? A good deal of the rain which falls upon the land must sink underground and gather there. You may think that surely the water which disappears in that way must be finally withdrawn from the general circulation which we have been tracing. When it sinks below the surface, how can it ever get up to the surface again?

Yet, if you consider for a little, you will be convinced that whatever becomes of it underneath, it can not be lost. If all the rain which sinks into the ground be forever removed from the surface circulation, you will at once see that the quantity of water upon the earth's surface must be constantly and visibly diminishing. But no such changes, so far as can be seen, are really taking place. In spite of the rain which disappears into the ground, the circulation of water between the air, the land, and the sea continues without perceptible diminution.

You are driven to conclude, therefore, that there must be some means whereby the water underground is brought back to the surface. This is done by springs, which gush out of the earth, and bring up water to feed the brooks and rivers, whereby it is borne into the sea. Here, then, are two distinct courses which the rainfall takes—one below ground, and one above. It will be most convenient to follow the underground portion first.

A little attention to the soils and rocks which form the surface of a country is enough to show that they differ greatly from each other in hardness, and in texture or grain. Some are quite loose and porous, others are tough and close-grained. They consequently differ much in the quantity of water they allow to pass through them. A bed of sand, for example, is pervious; that is, will let water sink through it freely, because the little grains of sand lie loosely together, touching each other only at some points, so as to leave empty spaces between. The water readily finds its way among these empty spaces. In fact, the sand-bed may become a kind of sponge, quite saturated with the water which has filtered down from the surface. A bed of clay, on the other hand, is impervious; it is made up of very small particles fitting closely to each other, and therefore offering resistance to the passage of water. Wherever such a bed occurs, it hinders the free passage of the water, which, unable to sink through it from above on the way down, or from below on the way up to the surface again, is kept in by the clay, and forced to find another line of

escape.

Sandy soils are dry because the rain at once sinks through them; clay soils are wet because they retain the water, and prevent it from freely descending into the earth.

Now the rocks beneath us, besides being in many cases porous in their texture, such as sandstone, are all more or less traversed with cracks—sometimes mere lines, like those of a cracked window-pane, but sometimes wide and open clefts and tunnels. These numerous channels serve as passages for the underground water. Hence, although a rock may be so hard and close-grained that water does not soak through it at all, yet if that rock is plentifully supplied with these cracks, it may allow a large quantity of water to pass through. Limestone, for example, is a very hard rock, through the grains of which water can make but little way; yet it is so full of cracks or “joints,” as they are called, and these joints are often so wide, that they give passage to a great deal of water.

In hilly districts, where the surface of the ground has not been brought under the plow, you will notice that many places are marshy and wet, even when the weather has long been dry. The soil everywhere around has perhaps been baked quite hard by the sun; but these places remain still wet, in spite of the heat. Whence do they get their water? Plainly not directly from the air, for in that case the rest of the ground would also be damp. They get it not from above, but from below. It is oozing out of the ground; and it is this constant outcome of water from below which keeps the ground wet and marshy. In other places you will observe that the water does not merely soak through the ground, but gives rise to a little run of clear water. If you follow such a run up to its source, you will see that it comes gushing out of the ground as a spring.

Springs are the natural outlets for the underground water. But, you ask, why should this water have any outlets, and what makes it rise to the surface?

Let us suppose that a flat layer of some impervious rock, like clay, underlies another layer of a porous material, like sand. The rain which falls on the surface of the ground, and sinks through the upper bed, will be arrested by the lower one, and made either to gather there, or find its escape along the surface of that lower bed. If a hollow or valley should have its bottom below the level of the line along which the water flows, springs will gush out along the sides of the valley. The line of escape may be either the junction between two different kinds of rock, or some of the numerous joints already referred to. Whatever it be, the water can not help flowing onward and downward, as long as there is any passage along which it can find its way; and the rocks underneath are so full of cracks, that it has no difficulty in doing so.

But it must happen that a great deal of the underground water descends far below the level of the valleys, and even below the level of the sea. And yet, though it should descend for several miles, it comes at last to the surface again. To realize clearly how this takes place, let us follow a particular drop of water from the time when it sinks into the earth as rain, to the time when, after a long journey up and down in the bowels of the earth, it once more reaches the surface. It soaks through the soil together with other drops, and joins some feeble trickle, or some more ample flow of water, which works its way through crevices and tunnels of the rocks. It sinks in this way to perhaps a depth of several thousand feet, until it reaches some rock through which it can not readily make further way. Unable to work its way downward, the pent-up water must try to find escape in some other direction. By the pressure from above it is driven through other cracks and passages, winding up and down until at last it comes to the surface again. It breaks out there as a gushing spring.

Rain is water nearly in a state of purity. After journeying up and down underground it comes out again in springs, always more or less mingled with other materials, which it gets from the rocks through which it travels. They are not visible to the eye, for they are held in what is called chemical solution. When you put a few grains of salt or sugar upon a plate, and pour water over them, they are dissolved in the water and disappear. They enter into union with the water. You can not see them, but you can still recognize their presence by the taste which they give to the water which holds them in solution. So water, sinking from the soil downward, dissolves a little of the substance of the subterranean rocks, and carries this dissolved material up to the surface of the ground. One of the important ingredients in the air is carbonic acid gas, and this substance is both abstracted from and supplied to the air by plants and animals. In descending through the atmosphere rain absorbs a little air. As ingredients of the air, a little carbonic acid gas, particles of dust and soot, noxious vapors, minute organisms, and other substances floating in the air, are caught up by the descending rain, which in this way washes the air, and tends to keep it much more wholesome than it would otherwise be.

But rain not merely picks up impurities from the air, it gets a large addition when it reaches the soil.

Armed with the carbonic acid which it gets from the air, and with the larger quantity which it abstracts from the soil, rainwater is prepared to attack rocks, and to eat into them in a way which pure water could not do.

Water containing carbonic acid has a remarkable effect on many rocks, even on some of the very hardest. It dissolves more or less of their substance, and removes it. When it falls, for instance, on chalk or limestone, it almost entirely dissolves and carries away the rock in solution, though still remaining clear and limpid. In countries where chalk or limestone is an abundant rock, this action of water is sometimes singularly shown in the way in which the surface of the

ground is worn into hollows. In such districts, too, the springs are always hard; that is, they contain much mineral matter in solution, whereas rainwater and springs which contain little impurity are termed soft.

When a stone building has stood for a few hundred years, the smoothly-dressed face which its walls received from the mason is usually gone. Again, in the burying-ground surrounding a venerable church you see the tombstones more and more mouldered the older they are. This crumbling away of hard stone with the lapse of time is a common familiar fact to you. But have you ever wondered why it should be so? What makes the stone decay, and what purpose is served by the process?

If it seem strange to you to be told that the surface of the earth is crumbling away, you should take every opportunity of verifying the statement. Examine your own district. You will find proofs that, in spite of their apparent steadfastness, even the hardest stones are really crumbling down. In short, wherever rocks are exposed to the air they are liable to decay. Now let us see how this change is brought about.

First of all we must return for a moment to the action of carbonic acid, which has been already described. You remember that rainwater abstracts a little carbonic acid from the air, and that, when it sinks under the earth, it is enabled by means of the acid to eat away some parts of the rocks beneath. The same action takes place with the rain, which rests upon or flows over the surface of the ground. The rainwater dissolves out little by little such portions of the rocks as it can remove. In the case of some rocks, such as limestone, the whole, or almost the whole, of the substance of the rock is carried away in solution. In other kinds, the portion dissolved is the cementing material whereby the mass of the rock was bound together; so that when it is taken away, the rock crumbles into mere earth or sand, which is readily washed away by the rain. Hence one of the causes of the mouldering of stone is the action of the carbonic acid taken up by the rain.

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In the second place, the oxygen of the portion of air contained in rainwater helps to decompose rocks. When a piece of iron has been exposed for a time to the weather, in a damp climate, it rusts. This rust is a compound substance, formed by the union of oxygen with iron. What happens to an iron railing or a steel knife, happens also, though not so quickly nor so strongly, to many rocks. They, too, rust by absorbing oxygen. A crust of corroded rock forms on their surface, and, when it is knocked off by the rain, a fresh layer of rock is reached by the ever-present and active oxygen.

In the third place, the surface of many parts of the world is made to crumble down by means of frost. Sometimes during winter, when the cold gets very keen, pipes full of water burst, and jugs filled with water crack from top to bottom. The reason of this lies in the fact that water expands in freezing. Ice requires more space than the water would if it remained fluid. When ice forms within a confined space, it exerts a great pressure on the sides of the vessel, or cavity, which contains it. If these sides are not strong enough to bear the strain to which they are put, they must yield, and therefore they crack.

You have learned how easily rain finds its way through soil. Even the hardest rocks are more or less porous, and take in some water. Hence, when winter comes the ground is full of moisture; not in the soil merely, but in the rocks. And so, as frost sets in, this pervading moisture freezes. Now, precisely the same kind of action takes place with each particle of water, as in the case of the water in the burst water-pipe or the cracked jar. It does not matter whether the water is collected into some hole or crevice, or is diffused between the grains of the rocks and the soil. When it freezes it expands, and in so doing tries to push asunder the walls between which it is confined.

Water freezes not only between the component grains, but in the numerous crevices or joints, as they are called, by which rocks are traversed. You have, perhaps, noticed that on the face of a cliff, or in a quarry, the rock is cut through by lines running more or less in an upright direction, and that by means of these lines the rock is split up by nature, and can be divided by the quarrymen into large four-sided blocks or pillars. These lines, or joints, have been already referred to as passages for water in descending from the surface. You can understand that only a very little water may be admitted at a time into a joint. But by degrees the joint widens a little, and allows more water to enter. Every time the water freezes it tries hard to push asunder the two sides of the joint. After many winters, it is at last able to separate them a little; then more water enters, and more force is exerted in freezing, until at last the block of rock traversed by the joint is completely split up. When this takes place along the face of a cliff, one of the loosened parts may fall and actually roll down to the bottom of the precipice.

In addition to carbonic acid, oxygen, and frost, there are still other influences at work by which the surface of the earth is made to crumble. For example, when, during the day, rocks are highly heated by strong sunshine, and then during night are rapidly cooled by radiation, the alternate expansion and contraction caused by the extremes of temperature loosen the particles of the stone, causing them to crumble away, or even making successive crusts of the stone fall off.

Again, rocks which are at one time well soaked with rain, and at another time are liable to be dried by the sun's rays and by wind, are apt to crumble away. If then it be true, as it is, that a general wasting of the surface of the land goes on, you may naturally ask why this should be. Out of the crumbled stones all soil is made, and on the formation and renewal of the soil we depend for our daily food.

Take up a handful of soil from any field or garden, and look at it attentively. What is it made of? You see little pieces of crumbling stone, particles of sand and clay, perhaps a few vegetable fibers; and the whole soil has a dark color from the decayed remains of plants and animals diffused through it. Now let us try to learn how these different materials have been brought together.

Every drop of rain which falls upon the land helps to alter the surface. You have followed the chemical action of rain when it dissolves parts of rocks. It is by the constant repetition of the process, drop after drop, and shower after shower, for years together, that the rocks become so wasted and worn. But the rain has also a mechanical action.

Watch what happens when the first pattering drops of a shower begin to fall upon a smooth surface of sand, such as that of a beach. Each drop makes a little dint or impression. It thus forces aside the grains of sand. On sloping ground, where the drops can run together and flow downward, they are able to push or carry the particles of sand or clay along. This is called a mechanical action; while the actual solution of the particles, as you would dissolve sugar or salt, is a chemical action. Each drop of rain may act in either or both of these ways.

Now you will readily see how it is that rain does so much in the destruction of rocks. It not only dissolves out some parts of them, and leaves a crumbling crust on the surface, but it washes away this crust, and thereby exposes a fresh surface to decay. There is in this way a continual pushing along of powdered stone over the earth's surface. Part of this material accumulates in hollows, and on sloping or level ground; part is swept into the rivers, and carried away into the sea. As the mouldering of the surface of the land is always going on, there is a constant formation of soil. Indeed, if this were not the case, if after a layer of soil had been formed upon the ground, it were to remain there unmoved and unrenewed, the plants would by degrees take out of it all the earthy materials they could, and leave it in a barren or exhausted state. But some of it is being slowly carried away by rain, fresh particles from mouldering rocks are being washed over it by the same agent, while the rock or sub-soil underneath is all the while decaying into soil. The loose stones, too, are continually crumbling down and making new earth. And thus, day by day, the soil is slowly renewed.

Plants, also, help to form and renew the soil. They send their roots among the grains and joints of the stones, and loosen them. Their decaying fibers supply most of the carbonic acid by which these stones are attacked, and furnish also most of the organic matter in the soil. Even the common worms, which you see when you dig up a spadeful of earth, are of great service in mixing the soil and bringing what lies underneath up to the surface.

One part of the rain sinks under the ground, and you have traced its progress there until it comes to the surface again. You have now to trace, in a similar way, the other portion of the rainfall which flows along the surface in brooks and rivers.

You can not readily meet with a better illustration of this subject than that which is furnished by a gently sloping road during a heavy shower of rain. Let us suppose that you know such a road, and that just as the rain is beginning you take up your station at some part where the road has a well-marked descent. At first you notice that each of the large heavy drops of rain makes in the dust, or sand, one of the little dints or rain-prints already described. As the shower gets heavier these rain-prints are effaced, and the road soon streams with water. Now mark in what manner the water moves.

Looking at the road more narrowly, you remark that it is full of little roughnesses—at one place a long rut, at another a projecting stone, with many more inequalities which your eye could not easily detect when the road was dry, but which the water at once discloses. Every little dimple and projection affects the flow of the water. You see how the raindrops gather together into slender streamlets of running water which course along the hollows, and how the jutting stones and pieces of earth seem to turn these streamlets now to one side and now to another.

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Toward the top of the slope only feeble runnels of water are to be seen. But further down they become fewer in number, and at the same time larger in size. They unite as they descend; and the larger and swifter streamlets at the foot of the descent are thus made up of a great many smaller ones from the higher parts of the slope.

Why does the water run down the sloping road? why do rivers flow? and why should they always move constantly in the same direction? They do so for the same reason that a stone falls to the ground when it drops out of your hand; because they are under the sway of that attraction toward the center of the earth, to which, as you know, the name of gravity is given. Every drop of rain falls to the earth because it is drawn downward by the force of this attraction. When it reaches the ground it is still, as much as ever, under the same influence; and it flows downward in the readiest channel it can find. Its fall from the clouds to the earth is direct and rapid; its descent from the mountains to the sea, as part of a stream, is often long and slow; but the cause of the movement is the same in either case. The winding to and fro of streams, the rush of rapids, the roar of cataracts, the noiseless flow of the deep sullen currents, are all proofs how paramount is the sway of the law of gravity over the waters of the globe.

Drawn down in this way by the action of gravity, all that portion of the rain which does not sink into the earth must at once begin to move downward along the nearest slopes, and continue flowing until it can get no further. On the surface of the land there are hollows called lakes, which arrest part of the flowing water, just as there are hollows on the road which serve to

collect some of the rain. But in most cases they let the water run out at the lower end as fast as it runs in at the upper, and therefore do not serve as permanent resting places for the water. The streams which escape from lakes go on as before, working their way to the seashore. So that the course of all streams is a downward one; and the sea is the great reservoir into which the water of the land is continually pouring.

The brooks and rivers of a country are thus the natural drains, by which the surplus rainfall, not required by the soil or by springs, is led back again into the sea. When we consider the great amount of rain, and the enormous number of brooks in the higher parts of the country, it seems, at first, hardly possible for all these streams to reach the sea without overflowing the lower grounds. But this does not take place; for when two streams unite into one, they do not require a channel twice as broad as either of their single water-courses. On the contrary, such an union gives rise to a stream which is not so broad as either of the two from which it flows. But it becomes swifter and deeper.

Let us return to the illustration of the roadway in rain. Starting from the foot of the slope, you found the streamlets of rain getting smaller and smaller, and when you came to the top there were none at all. If, however, you were to descend the road on the other side of the ridge, you would probably meet with other streamlets coursing down-hill in the opposite direction. At the summit the rain seems to divide, part flowing off to one side, and part to the other.

In the same way, were you to ascend some river from the sea, you would watch it becoming narrower as you traced it inland, and branching more and more into tributary streams, and these again subdividing into almost endless little brooks. But take any of the branches which unite to form the main stream, and trace it upward. You come, in the end, to the first beginnings of a little brook, and going a little further you reach the summit, down the other side of which all the streams are flowing to the opposite quarter. The line which separates two sets of streams in this way is called the water-shed. In England, for example, one series of rivers flows into the Atlantic, another into the North Sea. If you trace upon a map a line separating all the upper streams of the one side from those of the other, that line will mark the water-shed of the country.

But there is one important point where the illustration of the road in rain quite fails. It is only when rain is falling, or immediately after a heavy shower, that the rills are seen upon the road. When the rain ceases the water begins to dry up, till in a short time the road becomes once more firm and dusty. But the brooks and rivers do not cease to flow when the rain ceases to fall. In the heat of summer, when perhaps there has been no rain for many days together, the rivers still roll on, smaller usually than they were in winter, but still with ample flow. What keeps them full? If you remember what you have already been told about underground water, you will answer that rivers are fed by springs as well as by rain.

Though the weather may be rainless, the springs continue to give out their supplies of water, and these keep the rivers going. But if great drought comes, many of the springs, particularly the shallow ones, cease to flow, and the rivers fed by them shrink up or get dry altogether. The great rivers of the globe, such as the Mississippi, drain such vast territories, that any mere local rain or drought makes no sensible difference in their mass of water.

In some parts of the world, however, the rivers are larger in summer and autumn than they are in winter and spring. The Rhine, for instance, begins to rise as the heat of summer increases, and to fall as the cold of winter comes on. This happens because the river has its source among snowy mountains. Snow melts rapidly in summer, and the water which streams from it finds its way into the brooks and rivers, which are thereby greatly swollen. In winter, on the other hand, the snow remains unmelted; the moisture which falls from the air upon the mountains is chiefly snow; and the cold is such as to freeze the brooks. Hence the supplies of water at the sources of these rivers are, in winter, greatly diminished, and the rivers themselves become proportionately smaller.

[To be continued.]



SUNDAY READINGS.

Selected by REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D.

[*Sunday, November 4.*]

MORAL DISTINCTIONS NOT SUFFICIENTLY REGARDED IN SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

“He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed.”—*Proverbs xiii:20.*

That “a man may be known by the company he keeps,” has passed into a proverb among all nations, thus attesting what has been the universal experience. The fact would seem to be that a man’s associates either find him, or make him like themselves. An acute but severe critic of manners, who was too often led by his disposition and circumstances to sink the philosopher in the satirist, has said: “Nothing is so contagious as example. Never was there any considerable good or ill action, that hath not produced its like. We imitate good ones through emulation; and

bad ones through that malignity in our nature, which shame conceals, and examples sets at liberty.”

This being the case, or anything like it, all, I think, must agree that moral distinctions are not sufficiently cared for in social intercourse. In forming our intimacies we are sometimes determined by the mere accident of being thrown together; sometimes by a view to connections and social position; sometimes by the fascination of what are called companionable qualities; seldom, I fear, by thoughtful and serious regard to the influence they are likely to have on character. We forget that other attractions, of whatsoever nature, instead of compensating for moral unfitness in a companion, only have the effect to make such unfitness the more to be dreaded.

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Let me introduce what I have to say on the importance of paying more regard to moral distinctions in the choice of friends, by a few remarks on what are called, by way of distinction, companionable qualities, and on the early manifestation of a free, sociable, confiding turn of mind. Most parents hail the latter, I believe, as the best of prognostics; and in some respects it is. It certainly makes the child more interesting as a child, and more easily governed; it often passes for precocity of talent; at any rate, men are willing to construe it into evidence of the facility with which he will make his way in the world. The father is proud of such a son; the mother idolizes him. If from any cause he is brought into comparison with a reserved, awkward, and unyielding boy in the neighborhood, they are ready enough to felicitate themselves, and others are ready enough to congratulate them, on the difference. And yet I believe I keep within bounds, when I say that, of the two, there is more than an even chance that the reserved, awkward, and unyielding boy will give his parents less occasion for anxiety and mortification, and become in the end the wiser and better man. The reason is, that if a child from natural facility of disposition is easily won over to good courses, he is also, from the same cause, liable at any time to be seduced from these good courses into bad ones. On the contrary, where a child, from rigor or stubbornness of temper, is peculiarly hard to subdue or manage, there is this hope for a compensation: if by early training, or the experience of life, or a wise foresight of consequences, he is once set right, he is almost sure to keep so.

It is not enough considered, that, in the present constitution of society, men are not in so much danger from want of good dispositions, as from want of firmness and steadiness of purpose. Hence it is that gentle and affectionate minds, more perhaps than any others, stand in need of solid principle and fixed habits of virtue and piety, as a safeguard against the lures and fascinations of the world. A man of a cold, hard, and ungenial nature is comparatively safe so far as the temptations of society go: partly because of this very impracticableness of his nature, and partly because his companionship is not likely to be desired or sought even by the bad: he will be left to himself. The corrupters of innocence in social intercourse single out for their prey men of companionable qualities. Through his companionable qualities the victim is approached, and by his companionable qualities he is betrayed.

Let me not be misunderstood. Companionable qualities are not objected to *as such*. When they spring from genuine goodness of heart, and are the ornament of an upright life, they are as respectable as they are amiable; and it would be well if Christians and all good men cultivated them more than they do. If we would make virtue and religion to be loved, we must make *ourselves* to be loved *for* our virtue and religion; which would be done if we were faithful to carry the gentleness and charity of the gospel into our manners as well as into our morals. Nevertheless, we insist that companionable qualities, when they have no better source than a sociable disposition, or, worse still, an easy temper and loose principles, are full of danger to their possessor, and full of danger to the community; especially where, from any cause, but little regard is paid to moral distinctions in social intercourse. We also say, that in such a state of society the danger will be most imminent to those whom we should naturally be most anxious to save—I mean, persons of a loving and yielding turn of mind.

[Sunday, November 11.]

And this brings me back again to the position taken in the beginning of this discourse. The reason why companionable qualities are attended with so much danger is, that society itself is attended with so much danger; and the reason why society is attended with so much danger is, that social intercourse is not more under the control of moral principles, moral rules, and moral sanctions.

My argument does not make it necessary to exaggerate the evils and dangers of modern society. I am willing to suppose that there have been times when society was much less pure than it is now; and again, that there are places where it is much less pure than it is here; but it does not follow that there are no evils or dangers now and here. On the contrary, it is easy to see that there may be stages in the progressive improvement of society, where the improvement itself will have the effect, not to lessen, but to increase the danger, *so far as good men are concerned*. In a community where vice abounds, where the public manners are notoriously and grossly corrupt, good men are put on their guard. They will not be injured by such society, for they will have nothing to do with it. A broad line of demarcation is drawn between what is expected from good men, and what is expected from bad men; so that the example of the latter has no effect on the former except to admonish and to warn. But let the work of refinement and reform go on in general society until vice is constrained to wear a decent exterior, until an air of decorum and respectability is thrown over all public meetings and amusements, and one consequence will be

that the distinction between Christians and the world will not be so clearly seen, or so carefully observed, as before. The standard of the world, from the very fact that it is brought nearer to the standard of the gospel, will be more frequently confounded with it; Christians will feel at liberty to do whatever the world does, and the danger is, that they will come at length to do it from the same principles.

Besides, are we sure that we have not formed too favorable an opinion of the moral condition of general society—of that general society in the midst of which we are now living, and to the influence of which we are daily and hourly exposed? We should remember that in pronouncing on the character of public opinion and public sentiment, we are very likely to be affected and determined ourselves, not a little, by the fact that we share in that very public opinion and public sentiment which we are called upon to judge. I have no doubt that virtue, in general, is esteemed by the world, or that, *other things being equal*, a man of integrity will be preferred on account of his integrity. But this is not enough. It shows that the multitude see, and are willing to acknowledge, the dignity and worth of an upright course; but it does not prove them to have that *abhorrence for sin*, which it is the purpose and the tendency of the gospel to plant in all minds. If they had this settled and rooted abhorrence for sin, which marks the Christian, and without which a man can not be a Christian, they would not prefer virtue to vice, “other things being equal,” but they would do so whether other things were equal or not; they would knowingly keep no terms with vice, however recommended or glossed over by interest or worldly favor, or refined and elegant manners.

Now, I ask whether general society, even as it exists amongst us, will bear this test? Is it not incontestable that very unscrupulous and very dangerous men, if they happen to be men of talents, or men of fashion, or men of peculiarly engaging manners, find but little difficulty in insinuating themselves into what is called good society; nay, are often among those who are most courted and caressed? Some vices, I know, are understood to put one under the social ban; but it is because they offend, not merely against morality and religion, but against taste, against good-breeding, against certain conventions of the world. To be convinced of this it is only necessary to observe that the same, or even a much larger amount of acknowledged criminality, manifested under other forms, is not found to be attended with the same result. The mischiefs of this state of things are felt by all; but especially by those who are growing up in what are generally accounted the most favored walks of life. On entering into society they see men of known profligacy mingling in the best circles, and with the best people, if not indeed on terms of entire sympathy and confidence, at least on those of the utmost possible respect and courtesy. They see all this, and they see it every day; and it is by such flagrant inconsistencies in those they look up to for guidance, more perhaps than by any other one cause, that their own principles and their own faith are undermined. And besides, being thus encouraged and countenanced in associating with dissipated and profligate men in what is called good society, they will be apt to construe it into liberty to associate with them *anywhere*. At any rate the intimacy is begun. As society is constituted at present, corrupting intimacies are not infrequently begun amidst all the decencies of life, and, it may be, in the presence and under the countenance and sanction of parents and virtuous friends, which are afterward renewed and consummated, and this too by an easy, natural, and almost necessary gradation, amidst scenes of excess—perhaps in the haunts of ignominy and crime.

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[Sunday, November 18.]

If one should propose a reform in this respect, I am aware of the difficulties and objections that would stand in his way.

Some would affirm it to be impracticable in the nature of things. They would reason thus: “The circle in which a man visits and moves is made for him, and not by him: at any rate, it is not, and can not be, determined by moral considerations alone. Something depends on education; something on family connections or mere vicinity; something on similarity in tastes and pursuits; something also on equality or approximation in wealth and standing. A poor man, or a man having a bare competency, if he is as virtuous and industrious, is just as *respectable* as a rich man; but it is plain that he can not pitch his style of living, or his style of hospitality, on the same scale of expense. It is better for both, therefore, that they should visit in different circles.” Perhaps it is; but what then? I am not recommending an amalgamation of the different classes in society. I suppose that such an amalgamation would neither be practicable nor desirable in the existing state of things. All I contend for is, that in every class, open and gross immorality of any kind should exclude a man from reputable company. Will any one say that this is impracticable? Let a man, through untoward events, but not by any fault or neglect of his own, be reduced in his circumstances,—let a man become generally odious, not in consequence of any immorality, but because, perhaps, he has embraced the unpopular side in politics or religion—let a man omit some trifling formality which is construed into a vulgarity, or a personal affront, and people do not appear to find much difficulty in dropping the acquaintance. If, then, it is so easy a thing to drop a man’s acquaintance for other reasons, and for no reason,—from mere prejudice, from mere caprice,—will it still be pretended that it can not be done at the command of duty and religion?

Again, it may be objected that, if you banish a man from general society for his immoralities, you will drive him to despair, and so destroy the only remaining hope of his reformation. What! are you going *to keep society corrupt* in the vain expectation that a corrupt state of society will help to reform its corrupt members? Besides, I grant that we should have compassion on the

guilty; but I also hold that we should have compassion on the innocent too. Would you, therefore, allow a bad man to continue in good society, when the chances are a thousand to one that he will make others as bad as himself, and not more than one to a thousand that he himself will be reclaimed? Moreover, this reasoning is fallacious throughout. By expelling a dissipated and profligate man from good society, instead of destroying all hope of his recovery, you do in fact resort to the only remaining means of reforming one over whom a fear of God, and a sense of character, and the upbraidings of conscience have lost their power. What cares he for principle, or God, or an hereafter? Nothing, therefore, is so likely to encourage and embolden him to go on in his guilty course, as the belief that he will be allowed to do so without the forfeiture of the only thing he does care for, his reputable standing in the world. On the other hand, nothing is so likely to arrest him in these courses, and bring him to serious reflection, as the stern and determined threat of absolute exclusion from good society, if he persists.

Another objection will also be made which has stronger claims on our sympathy and respect. We shall be told that the innocent as well as the guilty will suffer—the guilty man’s friends and connections, who will probably feel the indignity more than he does himself. God forbid that we should needlessly add to the pain of those who are thus connected! But we must remember that the highest form of friendship does not consist in blindly falling in with the feelings of those whom we would serve, but in consulting what will be for their real and permanent good. If, therefore, the course here recommended has been shown to be not only indispensable to public morals, but more likely than any other to reclaim the offender, it is clearly not more a dictate of justice to the community, than of Christian charity to the parties more immediately concerned. Consider, also, how much is asked, when a good man is called upon to open his doors to persons without virtue and without principle. Unless the social circle is presided over by a spirit which will rebuke and frown away immorality, whatever fashionable names and disguises it may wear,—unless your sons and daughters can meet together without being in danger of having their faith disturbed by the jeers of the infidel, or their purity sullied by the breath of the libertine, neither they nor you are safe in the most innocent enjoyments and recreations. Parents at least should take a deep interest in this subject, if they do not wish to see the virtue, which they have reared under the best domestic discipline, blighted and corrupted before their eyes by the temptations to which their children are almost necessarily exposed in general society—a society which they can not escape except by going out of the world, and which they can not partake of without endangering the loss of what is of more value than a thousand worlds.

[**Sunday, November 25.**]

I have failed altogether in my purpose in this discourse if I have not done something to increase your distrust of mere companionable qualities, when not under the control of moral and religious principle; and also of the moral character and moral influence of general society, as at present constituted. Still you may ask, “If I associate with persons worse than myself, how can it be made out to be more probable that they will drag me down to their level, than that I shall lift them up to mine?” The answer to this question, I hardly need say, depends, in no small measure, on the reason or motive which induces the association. If you mix with the world, not for purposes of pleasure or self-advantage—if you resort to society, not for society as an end, but as a means to a higher end, *the improvement of society itself*—you do but take up the heavenly mission which Christ began. For not being able to make the distinction, through the hollowness and corruption of their hearts, the Pharisees thought it to be a just ground of accusation against our Lord, that he was willing to be accounted the friend of publicans and sinners. Let the same mind be in you that was also in Christ Jesus, and we can not doubt that the spirit which inspires you will preserve you wherever you may go. It is of such persons that our Lord has said: “Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy; and nothing shall by any means harm you.” Very far am I, therefore, from denying that we may do good in society, as well as incur danger and evil. Even in common friendships frequent occasions will present themselves for mutual service, for mutual counsel and admonition. Let me impress upon you this duty. Perhaps there is not one among you all, who has not at this moment companions on whom he can confer an infinite blessing. If there is a weak place in their characters, if to your knowledge they are contemplating a guilty purpose, if they are on the brink of entering into dangerous connections, by a timely, affectionate, and earnest remonstrance you may save them from ruin. *Remember, we shall all be held responsible, not only for the evil which we do ourselves, but for the evil which we might prevent others from doing; it is not enough that we stand; we must endeavor to hold up our friends.*

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Very different from this, however, is the ordinary commerce of society; and hence its danger. If we mix with the world for the pleasure it affords, we shall be likely to be among the first to be reconciled to the freedom and laxity it allows. The world is not brought up to us, but we sink down to the world; the drop becomes of the consistence and color of the ocean into which it falls; the ocean remains itself unchanged. In the words of an old writer: “Though the well-disposed will remain some good space without corruption, yet time, I know not how, worketh a wound in him, which weakness of ours considered, and easiness of nature, apt to be deceived, looked into, they do best provide for themselves that separate themselves as far as they can from the bad, and draw as nigh to the good, as by any possibility they can attain to.” “He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed.”



POLITICAL ECONOMY.

By G. M. STEELE, D.D.

II.

PRODUCTION, CONTINUED—CAPITAL—COMBINATION AND DIVISION OF LABOR.

5. We have already seen that an essential to any considerable production is *capital*. We have seen the nature of capital and how it comes to exist. We have also learned that though capital implies saving, mere saving is not the sole condition of capital; indeed, a narrow penuriousness prevents the rapid accumulation of capital. The man who is accustomed to bring his water from a spring a quarter of a mile from his house instead of digging a well at the cost of a few dollars, or a few days' work, acts uneconomically. In the long run the bringing of the water from the spring costs him much more than the digging of the well. The man who has extensive grain-fields, and who, for the sake of saving the expense of a reaper, or even a cradle, continues to use the sickle, will find that his saving results in a loss instead of a gain.

A man does not need to be rich in order to be a capitalist. When the savage has invented a bow and arrows he has the rudiments of capital. The laborer who has reserved out of his earnings enough to buy him a set of tools, or a few acres of land, is as really a capitalist as the owner of factories or railroads. Whatever property is used for production is capital.

Capital exists in many forms. It has been generally divided into *fixed* and *circulating*, though the limits of these divisions are not very precisely defined. The main difference consists in this, that while certain kinds of capital are used only once in the fulfillment of their purposes, other kinds are used repeatedly. Fuel can be burned but once. An axe may serve for years. Circulating capital is of two kinds:

(1) There are the stock and commodities which are to be consumed in reproduction; (*a*) the material out of which the new product is to be made, as lumber for cabinet ware, leather for shoes, etc.; (*b*) food and other provisions for the sustenance of the laborers.

(2) There is the stock of completed commodities on hand and ready for the market. The chairs that are finished and ready for sale in the chair factory are of this character. It is to be observed that the same article may be at one time circulating and at another fixed capital. Thus the chairs just spoken of, while they are in the hands of the manufacturer, or passing through those of the dealers, are circulating capital. It is only when they become *fixed in use* that their character changes.

Fixed capital consists (1) of all tools, implements, and machinery, used in the trades. Here, too, belong all structures of every sort for productive purposes; (2) all beasts of burden and draft; (3) all improvements of land implied in clearing, fencing, draining, fertilizing, terracing, etc.; (4) all mental acquisitions gained by labor and which give man power for productive results.

Obviously capital, by whomsoever owned, is an advantage to the laborer. But such capital is useless to the owner unless he can unite it with labor. So, too, the ability to labor is of no benefit to the laborer unless he can employ it in connection with capital. Generally the more capital there is in a community, other things being equal, the better it is for the laborer; and the more laborers there are, other things being equal, the better it is for the capitalist. When a factory burns down it may destroy only a small part of the wealth of the owners, and they may not palpably suffer; but it is very likely to deprive the laborers, who are connected with it, of the means of securing their daily sustenance.

There is no natural antagonism of interests between capital and labor, but rather the utmost concord and interdependence. Whatever conflicts arise between the laborers and the capitalists come from the unnatural selfishness and jealousy of the parties concerned.

6. As has been intimated, it is only by application of principles underlying political economy that we come to the conditions of the highest production, or, in other words, find how to satisfy the largest range of desires to the greatest extent at the smallest cost of labor. One of the chief means of effecting this is by *the combination and division of labor*. Recalling what was said concerning association and individuality, we shall see what principles are involved here, and how naturally they came into operation. As there was seen to be no antagonism between the two latter conceptions when carefully analyzed, so there is none, but rather the opposite, between combination and division of labor. It is true that there are instances where combination may take place without division, as when men unite to effect purposes which one could not accomplish except in much more than the proportionate time; as also in some cases to affect purposes which the individual could not effect in any length of time, such as the moving and placing of heavy timbers and stones, the management of ships and railway trains, etc. But for the most part men divide their labor in the process in order that they may combine the result. This is done in two ways:

(1) Men divide up the work of supplying human wants into different trades and occupations, according to their several tastes and aptitudes. Each man needs nearly the same that every other needs. But while each provides for only one kind of want, he provides more than enough to

satisfy his own desire in that particular respect, and contributes the overplus to meet that same want in others. As all others do the same, each is contributing to meet the desires of one and all to each. The shoemaker, the tailor, the carpenter, the cabinet-maker, the blacksmith, the weaver, the paper-maker, the tin-man, the miner, the smelter, the painter, the glazier, etc., are all contributing to supply the farmer's needs, and the farmer is contributing to all their needs. The wants of all are many times more fully met in this way than if each one should undertake to supply all his own wants.

(2) In some complicated trades the work is divided into a number of processes. There are men who could do every one of these parts; but such men are few, and their labor very costly, because some of the parts require rare skill and talent. What is needed is to organize several grades of laborers, so that the physically strong, the intelligent and skillful may have the work that only they can do; the less strong and skillful may find employment in the lighter and easier parts, and so all grades of ability down to the delicate woman or the little child, and up to the most powerful muscle and most advanced intelligence, can find their place. It is almost incredible how great is the increase of productiveness from the mere economical arrangement of workers. It is said that in so simple a matter as the making of pins, where the work is divided into ten processes and properly distributed, that the production will be *two hundred and forty times* as much as if each man did the whole work on each pin.

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This connects itself with another important condition of large production. I mean the diversification of employment in a community. It is only in such a varied industry that all the varied tastes, aptitudes and abilities of society can find scope and adaptation; and without this, production must fall far short of its possibilities. This, too, is required to develop those differences which constitute individuality, and on which association depends.

There are other conditions of enlarged production, such as are implied in freedom, good government, and the moral character of the community, the influence of each of which will easily suggest itself to thoughtful minds.

III.—CONSUMPTION.

1. Consumption is the destruction of values. Production implies consumption. In general, all material is destroyed in entering into new forms of wealth. Thus, leather must be destroyed in order to the production of shoes. Flour must disappear in the manufacture of bread, and wheat in the making of flour. Every kind of implement, or machine or structure is consumed by use. This consumption is immediate, or by a single use; or it is gradual. The food that we eat and the fuel that we burn are examples of the former; tools, bridges, buildings and aqueducts are examples of the latter. It is accomplished in a few months or years; or is protracted through centuries.

2. Consumption is either *voluntary* or *involuntary*. Of the latter kind we have instances in the *natural decay* of objects, as in wood and vegetables; the rusting of iron, the mildew and the moth-eating of cotton and woolen fabrics, and the wearing away by attrition of gold, silver, and other metals; also the destruction caused by vermin. Much of this may be prevented by the prudent foresight which sound economy enjoins; yet much loss will inevitably take place. A great deal of consumption is *accidental*. Great destruction is caused by fires, steam-boiler explosions, floods and tornadoes, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions.

3. Voluntary consumption is either *productive* or *unproductive*. The former is when the material appears in new form and with a higher value, as cloth made into garments and iron into hardware and cutlery. Unproductive consumption occurs, both in the cases before mentioned of natural and accidental consumption, and in cases where gratification of desire is the sole object sought and achieved, as when one eats and drinks simply for the enjoyment, and without reference to the waste of nature or the nourishment of the system.

It is not altogether easy to discriminate between these two kinds of consumption. We readily see the difference between a man's drinking a quantity of whiskey, not because it will help him in the performance of any duty, but because he likes it, and the scattering of a quantity of seed over the ground in spring. There is no doubt that one act is productive and the other unproductive. But there are cases where the distinction is less clear.

It is not necessarily a case of unproductive consumption when one destroys value for the sake of gratifying some desire. Probably a majority of men eat and drink simply because they desire food and drink, having no thought of any ulterior object. Yet this eating and drinking is absolutely essential to productive labor. The wealth consumed in this way reappears, to a large extent, in the products of human industry.

Still there is much really unproductive consumption; a destruction of value, in the place of which no other value ever appears. There are, for instance, men and women—

* * * "who creep
Into this world to eat and sleep,
And know no reason why they're born,
But simply to consume the corn."

Vast quantities of wealth are consumed in riotous living, in greedy and vulgar extravagance, and unmeaning magnificence. There is also much consumption designed to be productive, but failing of its end through misdirection. Large amounts of property are sometimes invested in

enterprises which prove failures. This occurs partly from miscalculation or negligence, and partly from a disposition to trust to chances—the gambler’s calculation. In these ways much wealth is consumed with no consequent product.

4. It is not easy to draw the line between the ordinary conveniences of life and its luxuries; nor can it be stated to what extent the latter in any sense of the term are economically allowable. What to one class of persons may be a luxury to another class may be almost a necessity. So what might in one age have been a rare and expensive indulgence, is in a more advanced period among the cheaper and more ordinary commodities. I call special attention to three kinds of consumption:

(1) There is the consumption necessary to life and the performance of productive labor. The word *necessary* here is used in its liberal rather than its restricted sense. The absolute necessities of human life are very few. It does not even require much to keep a man in working condition. But to keep him where there is a larger kind of living, and where his energies of both body and mind, together with the moral qualities which render him most efficient, are at their best, the consumption must be more generous.

Besides subsistence there must be materials, tools, machines, and a variety of conditions involving the destruction of value. It is desirable to sustain man not as a mere savage, but to give him the largest volume of human life; and the civilized man, it will be admitted, lives a broader life than the savage. We are not to forget that Political Economy aims at the increase of the value of man, more than at the multiplication of material wealth, or the increase of commerce, except as the latter are conditions of the former.

(2) A second kind of consumption is of such articles as minister to bodily enjoyment and meet certain mental appetencies of a lower order. They are not necessary to sustain life, nor to render it more efficient. On the contrary, they often impair the vigor and competence of the person. At the best they simply gratify certain desires without adding anything to the value of the man. To this category belong mere dainty food, gold and jewels, and other ornaments, valued solely because of their showiness and not for any artistic excellence; gay and costly apparel, in which the gayety and the costliness are the main features. These constitute a class of luxuries that are in nearly every sense non-productive. They favorably affect neither the individual nor society, and are for the most part hurtful to both.

(3) But not all consumption, the object of which is to gratify desire, is to be reckoned in this category. There are certain pleasures which ennoble and really enrich those who participate in them. There are desires the gratification of which enlarges the volume of one’s being. They are related not so much to man’s productive capability as to that which is the final cause of all production, and to which all wealth is only a means. The labor, material, implements, and whatever else is consumed in the production of the works or effects of genuine art, result in the most *real wealth* that exists. By this is meant not merely pictures, statues, books, carved work, tasteful tapestries, and similar objects which can be bought and sold, but also oratorios which you may hear but once; magnificent parks to which you may be admitted, but may never own; great actors and singers whose genius may be exhibited to others, but not possessed by them. It is true that much which properly belongs here may be so consumed as to deserve only a place in the second class; but it may also have those higher and nobler uses which imply production in the best sense.

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5. *Public consumption* is the expenditure of means for society in its aggregate capacity. It has reference principally to the support of those agencies which are implied in the term *government*. The reasons for the necessity of such expenditures have already been given. The purposes to which such consumption is properly applied may be grouped as follows:

(a) The support and administration of government. This embraces compensation to executive, legislative and judicial officers, and expenditure for public buildings. (b) For works of public convenience. Here are included the paving and lighting of streets, water-works and sewerage. (c) For advancing science and promoting intelligence, by means of exploring expeditions, geological surveys, meteorological and astronomical observations, etc. (d) For the promotion of popular education. (e) For the support of the poor and the relief of the afflicted. (f) For national defense.

6. The general law of economical consumption, both individual and public, is that only so much and such a quality should be consumed as is necessary to effect the purpose designed, whether that be further production or individual gratification. It is nearly the same in the case of labor. In relation to the work to be done, the character, ability and skill of the laborer should be considered.



READINGS IN ART.

II.—SCULPTURE: GRECIAN AND ROMAN.

While Egyptian sculpture was losing its individuality, and Assyrian was wearing itself out in excessive ornamentation, there was a new art growing up in the isles and on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. The early centuries of its growth are hidden from our knowledge. The remains are so scanty, so imperfect, that it is with difficulty that we trace the influences which

were molding the art, and the extent to which it was taking hold of the people. Of this primitive period but one single work of sculpture is preserved.

“At Mycenæ, once perhaps in the days of Homer (850-800? B. C.) the most important city of Greece, there are sculptural works in the remains of two lions over the entrance gate. The height of these is about ten feet, and the width fifteen feet. The stone is a greenish limestone. The holes show where the metal pins held the heads, long since decayed. Fragments as they are, they show an Assyrian rather than an Egyptian influence in the strong marking of the muscles and joints, softened though it is by decay, and in the erect attitude, which denotes action, such as is not seen in Egyptian art of this kind. Of this gate of the lions, which has long been known as the most ancient work of early Greek sculpture, it must be noticed that it is not in the round, but only in high relief. And this is the case with all the earliest works, just as it is with the Assyrian sculptures. They tend to show therefore that the Greek sculptor had not yet learnt to model and carve in the round in marble and stone.”

In the objects found by Cesnola in Cyprus, and consisting of statues and other sculptures, incised gems, and metal work of the hammered-out kind, the resemblance to the art of Assyria is remarkable. Three hundred years later than the “gate of lions” are the reliefs discovered at Xanthus in Lycia. “They belong to the Harpy monument—a pier-shaped memorial, along the upper edge of which is a frieze ornamented in relief.” The archaic is still visible in the figures. The drapery falls in long straight folds, with zigzag edges. There is the stiff, inevitable smile of the Egyptian statue. The figures are in motion, but both feet are set flat on the ground. Though in profile the eyes are shown in full. In spite of these primitive absurdities, and the fact that the subjects represent foreign myths, the statues are Greek.

In the fifth century various art schools were founded. “In Argos lived Argeladas (515-455 B. C.), famous for his bronze statues of gods and Olympic victors, and still more famous for his three great pupils, Phidias, Myron, and Polycleitus. In Sicyon there lived, at the same time, Canachus, the founder of a vital and enduring school. He executed the colossal statue of Apollo at Miletus, and was skilled not only in casting bronze but in the use of gold and ivory and wood carving. Ægina, then a commercial island as yet not subjected, was rendered illustrious by the two masters Callon and Onatas, the latter especially known by several groups of bronze statues and warlike scenes from heroic legends. Lastly, Athens possessed among other artists Hegias, the teacher of Phidias and Critius. But all of these old masters were severe, hard, archaic in their treatment.”

But a period approaches when by a freer, happier treatment of their work the way was led to the highest Athenian sculpture. We can but mention the leading sculptors, Calamis of Athens, Pythagoras of Rhegium, and, greatest of all, Myron of Athens. They do not belong to the epoch of the finest Grecian art, but they were the immediate forerunners.

“Now, for the first time in opposition to the barbarians, the national Hellenic mind rose to the highest consciousness of noble independence and dignity. Athens concentrated within herself, as in a focus, the whole exuberance and many-sidedness of Greek life, and glorified it into beautiful utility. The victory of the old time over the new was effected by the power of Phidias, one of the most wonderful artist minds of all times. He lived in the times of Athens’ greatest prosperity, and to him Pericles gave the task of executing the magnificent works he had planned for adorning the city. Among the famous statues which Phidias wrought in carrying out these plans was that of Athene, the patron goddess of the Athenians. The booty which had been taken at Salamis was set aside for this purpose, and forty-four talents, equal to \$589,875 of our money, was spent in adorning the statue. The virgin goddess was standing erect; a golden helmet covered her beautiful and earnest head; a coat of mail, with the head of the Medusa carved in ivory concealed her bosom; and long, flowing, golden drapery enveloped her whole figure—a statue of Niké, six feet high, stood on the outstretched hand of the goddess. The undraped parts were formed of ivory; the eyes of sparkling precious stones; the drapery, hair, and weapons of gold. In it Phidias portrayed for all ages the character of Minerva, the serious goddess of wisdom, the mild protectress of Attica.”

Still more than in this statue the austere maidenliness of the goddess was elevated into noble, intellectual beauty in a figure of Athene placed on the Acropolis by the Lemnians; so much so that an old epigram instituted a comparison with the Aphrodite of Praxiteles of Cnidus, and calls Paris “a mere cow-driver for not giving the apple to Athene.”

The still more famous colossal statue by Phidias, the Zeus at Olympia in Elis, was his last great work. It was made between B. C. 438, the date of the consecration of the Parthenon statue, and B. C. 432, the year of his death, at Elis.

This was a seated statue of ivory and gold, 55 feet high, including the throne. Strabo remarks, that “if the god had risen he would have carried away the roof,” and the height of the interior was about 55 feet; the temple being built on the model of the Parthenon at Athens, which was 64 feet to the point of the pediment.

The statue was seen in its temple by Paulus Æmilius in the second century B. C., who declared the god himself seemed present to him. Epictetus says that “it was considered a misfortune for any one to die without having seen the masterpiece of Phidias.” In the time of Julian the Apostate (A. D. 361-363) “it continued to receive the homage of Greece in spite of every kind of attack which the covert zeal of Constantine had made against polytheism, its temples, and its idols.” This is the last notice we possess giving authentic information of this grand statue. Phidias is said

to have executed many other statues: thirteen in bronze from the booty of Marathon, consecrated at Delphi under Cimon—statues of Apollo, Athene, and Miltiades, with those ten heroes who had given their names to the ten Athenian tribes (Eponymi); an Athene for the city of Pellene in gold and ivory; another for the Platæans, of the spoils of Marathon, made of wood gilt, with the head, feet, and hands of Pentelic marble. "These," M. Rochette says, "may be considered the productions of his youth."

The great national work of the time, however, was the Parthenon, and the ornamentation was entrusted to Phidias. Not that all the wonderful statues were executed by him alone. He had his pupils and associates. The most famous of these seems to have been Alcámenes, a versatile and imaginative disciple of his master. After him were Agoracritus and Pæonius. There were many others who assisted in the work. The outside of the temple was ornamented with three classes of sculpture: (1) The sculptures of the pediments, being independent statues resting on the cornices. (2) The groups of the metopes, ninety-two in number. These were in high relief. (3) The frieze around the upper border of the cella of the Parthenon contained a representation in low relief of the Panathenaic procession. All these classes of sculpture were in the highest style of the art.

The influence of the sculptures of the Parthenon is seen in many directions in the temple of Apollo at Phigalia, the temple of Niké-Apteros on the Acropolis at Athens, at Halicarnassus, etc.

"The works which are known to have been executed by the sculptors contemporary with Phidias, and by others who formed what is spoken of as 'the later Athenian school,' did not approach the great examples of the Parthenon. Sculpture then reached the highest point in the grandest style, whether in the treatment of the statue in the round, or of bas-relief as in the frieze, or alto-relievo as in the metopes. As to the chryselephantine statues of Phidias, it may be concluded without hesitation that though we are compelled to rely upon descriptions only, they must have been works of the great master even more beautiful than the marbles."

At Argos during the time of Phidias, a somewhat younger school flourished under the leadership of Polycleitus. "The aspiration of Polycleitus was to depict the perfect beauty of the human form in calm repose." His Amazon and Juno represent best his style; so perfect are all his works in their proportions that the invention of the canon has been assigned to him.

In the works of the later Athenian school, at the head of which were Scopas and Praxiteles, the sublime ideal of Greek art was no longer sustained by any new creations that can be compared with those of the Phidian school; no rivalry with those great masters seemed to be attempted. The severe and grand was beyond the comprehension, or probably uncongenial to the spirit of the age, which inclined toward the poetic, the graceful, the sentimental and romantic. The whole range of the beautiful myths found abundant illustration in forms entirely different from the ancient archaic representations, and in these the fancy of the sculptor was allowed the fullest and freest indulgence. Nymphs, nereids, mænads, and bacchantes occupied the chisel of the sculptor in every form of graceful beauty.

After this epoch, to which so many of the fine statues belong—repetitions in marble of famous originals in bronze—Greek sculpture took another phase in accordance with the social life and the taste of the age, which inclined toward the feeling for display that arose with the domination of the Macedonian power, brought to its height by the conquests and ambition of Alexander the Great. Lysippus, a self-taught sculptor of Sicyon, was the leading artist of his time. He was evidently a student of nature and individual character, as he was the first to become celebrated for his portraits, especially those of Alexander. He departed from the severe and grand style, and in the native conceit of all self-taught men sneered at the art of Polycleitus in the well-known saying recorded of him, "Polycleitus made men as they were, but I make them as they ought to be." He seems to have been the first great naturalistic sculptor.

Rhodes had unquestionable right to give her name to a school of sculpture, both from the great antiquity of the origin of the culture of the arts in the island, and from the number, more than one hundred, of colossal statues in bronze. The Rhodian school is also distinguished by those remarkable examples of sculpture in marble of large groups of figures—the Toro Farnese and the Laocoon. In these works there is the same feeling for display of artistic accomplishment that has been noticed as characteristic of the Macedonian age, with that effort at the pathetic, especially in the Laocoon, which belongs to the finer style of the later Athenian school as displayed in the works of Scopas and Praxiteles, in the Niobe figures and others.

At Pergamus, another school allied in style to that of Ephesus arose, of which the chief sculptor was Pyromachus, who, according to Pliny, flourished in the 120th Olympiad, B. C. 300-298. A statue of Æsculapius by Pyromachus was a work of some note in the splendid temple at Pergamus, and is to be seen on the coins of that city. It is also conjectured that the well-known Dying Gladiator is a copy of a bronze by Pyromachus. The vigorous naturalistic style of these statues, surpassing anything of preceding schools in the effort at expression, may be taken as characteristic of the school of Pergamus, then completely under Roman influence, and destined to become more so. But all question as to the nature of the sculptures was set at rest by the discovery of many large works in high relief by the German expedition at Pergamus in 1875. These are now in the Museum at Berlin. They are of almost colossal proportions, representing, as Pliny described, the wars of Attalus and the Battles with the Giants. The nude figure is especially marked by the effort to display artistic ability as well as great energy in the action. In these points there is observable a connection with the well-known and very striking example of sculpture of this order—the Fighting Gladiator, or more properly the Warrior of Agasias, who, as

is certain from the inscription on his work, was an Ephesian.

The equally renowned statue of the Apollo Belvedere, finely conceived and admirably modeled as it undoubtedly is, bears the stamp of artistic display which removes it from the style of the great classic works of sculpture.

The history of Roman sculpture is soon told. If it have any real roots, they are to be traced in the ancient Etruscan; for all that was really characteristic in it as art is associated with that style, in that intense naturalism which became developed so strikingly in the production of portrait statues and busts, and in those great monumental works in bas-relief which are marked by the same strong feeling for descriptive representation of the most direct and realistic kind, upon their triumphal columns and arches.

As has already been stated, early Roman sculpture, if such it can be called, was entirely the work of Etruscan artists, employed by the wealth of Rome to afford the citizens that display of pomp in their worship of the gods and the triumphs of their warriors which their ambition demanded. All important works were made of colossal size. Some of the early Roman (quasi Etruscan) statues spoken of by the historians are a bronze colossus of Jupiter, an Etruscan bronze colossus of Apollo, eighty feet high, in the Palatine Library of the temple of Augustus. A portrait statue of an orator in the toga, and a chimæra, both of bronze, are in the Florence Museum. Sculpture, from the love of it as a means of expressing the beautiful in the ideal form of the deities or the heroic and the pathetic of humanity, never existed as a growth of Roman civilization. The inclination of the Roman mind was toward social, municipal, and imperial system and ordering; in this direction the Romans were inventors and improvers upon that which they borrowed from the Greeks. But in art they began by hiring, and they ended by debasing the work of the hired.

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They took away the bronze statues of Greece as trophies of conquest, covered them with gold, and set them up in the palaces and public places of Rome. They subsidized the sculptors of Greece, who under Roman influence had fallen away from their high traditions; they did nothing for the sake of art, but simply manufactured, as it were, copies and imitations of Greek statues for their own use. Happily we have to be grateful for the fact, though we can not honor the motive. Had it not been for this bestowal of their wealth in the gratification of their taste for luxury and display, many of the renowned statues of ancient Greek art would have been known only by the vague mention of them by Pausanias and Pliny, or the early Christian writers of the Church, or the poetic allusions of the Greek anthologists and the Latin epigrammatists.

The Column of Trajan was the great work of Apollodorus, the favorite architect of the emperor, dedicated A. D. 114. It is 10½ feet in diameter and 127 feet high, made of thirty-four blocks of white marble, twenty-three being in the shaft, nine in the base, which is finely sculptured, and two in the capital and *torus*. The reliefs at the base are smaller than those toward the top, being two feet high, increasing to nearly four as they approach the summit; this was, of course, to enable the more distant subjects to be seen equally well with the others, a singular illustration of the intensely practical turn of Roman art in its application. There are about 2,500 figures, not counting horses, representing the battles and sieges of the Dacian war. The column of M. Aurelius Antoninus, erected A. D. 174, is similar in height, but the sculptures, although in higher relief, are not so good. They represent the conquest of the Marcomans.

The Augustan age (B. C. 36-A. D. 14), favorable as it was to literature, only contributed to the multiplying of copies of the Greek statues, such as we see in so many instances, some of which are of great excellence, and inestimable as reliable evidence of fine Greek sculpture. These copies were sometimes varied by the sculptor in some immaterial point of detail.

Nero (A. D. 54-68) is said to have adorned his Golden House with no less than 500 statues, brought from Delphi. In the Baths of Titus, still in existence (they were built on the ground of the house and gardens of Mæcenas), many valuable statues have been discovered. The Arch of Titus furnishes an excellent example of bas-relief of that time, in it the golden candlestick and other spoils from the temple of Jerusalem are shown.

Hadrian (A. D. 117-138) encouraged the reproduction of the Greek statues, with great success as regards execution, for his famous villa at Tivoli, and besides these are the statues of his favorite Antinous, which are the most original works of the time. Hadrian's imperial and liberal promotion of sculpture, gave an immense impetus to the production of statues of every form. All the towns of Greece which he favored made bronze portrait statues of him, which were placed in the temple of Jupiter Olympius at Athens, and the enclosure round more than half a mile in extent was filled with its many statues.

The learned Varro speaks of Arcesilaus as the sculptor of Venus Genetrix, in the forum of Cæsar, and of a beautiful marble group of Cupids playing with a lioness, some leading her, others beating her with their sandals, others offering her wine to drink from horns.

Under the Antonines arose the outrageous fashion of representing noble Romans and their wives as deities, and this was carried so far that the men are not unfrequently nude as if heroic. The bas-reliefs on the arch of Septimus Severus at Rome, and that which goes by the name of Constantine—though made chiefly of reliefs belonging to one raised in honor of Trajan—show the poor condition of sculpture at that time. The numerous sarcophagi, some made by Greek sculptors for the Roman market, and others by those working at Rome, are other examples of the feeble style of imitators and workmen actuated by no knowledge or feeling of art. Some of these

are still to be seen in the collections at Rome, with mythological subjects, the heads being left unfinished, so that the portraits of the family could be carved when required.

The rule of Constantine was, however, far more disastrous to art as the seat of the Empire was removed to Byzantium. Most of the finest statues accumulated in Rome were removed there only to be lost forever in the plundering of wars and the fanatical rage of the Christian iconoclasts. While destroying the statues of the gods, they may have spared those which commemorated agonistic victors; but we may be sure that nearly all the works in metal which the Christians spared were melted down by the barbarous hordes of Gothic invaders, who under Alaric occupied the Morea about A. D. 395.

With this glance at the complete decadence of art and the coming darkness that preceded its revival, we approach the subject of sculpture as connected with the rise of ecclesiastical religious art, which is necessarily reserved for further consideration.



SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN LITERATURE.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

I recommend the study of Franklin to all young people; he was a real philanthropist, a wonderful man. It was said that it was honor enough to any one country to have produced such a man as Franklin.—*Sydney Smith*.

A man who makes a great figure in the learned world; and who would still make a greater figure for benevolence and candor were virtue as much regarded in this declining age as knowledge.—*Lord Kaimes*.

He was a great experimental philosopher, a consummate politician, and a paragon of common sense.—*Edinburgh Review*.

He has in no instance exhibited that false dignity by which science is kept aloof from common application; and he has sought rather to make her an useful inmate and servant in the common habitations of man, than to preserve her merely as an object of admiration in temples and palaces.—*Sir Humphrey Davy*.

His style has all the vigor, and even conciseness of Swift, without any of his harshness. It is in no degree more flowery, yet both elegant and lively.—*Lord Jeffrey*.

When he left Passy it seemed as if the village had lost its patriarch.—*Thomas Jefferson*.

Extracts From Poor Richard's Almanac.

"Love well, whip well." "The proof of gold is fire; the proof of woman, gold; the proof of man, a woman." "There is no little enemy." "Necessity never made a good bargain." "Three may keep a secret, if two of them are dead." "Deny self for self's sake." "Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee." "Here comes the orator, with his flood of words and his drop of reason." "Sal laughs at everything you say; why? because she has fine teeth." "An old young man will be a young old man." "He is no clown that drives the plow, but he that does clownish things." "Diligence is the mother of good luck." "Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it." "He that can have patience can have what he will." "Good wives and good plantations are made by good husbands." "God heals, the doctor takes the fee." "The noblest question in the world is, What good may I do in it?" "There are three faithful friends, an old wife, an old dog, and ready money." "Who has deceived thee so oft as thyself?" "Fly pleasures, and they will follow you." "Hast thou virtue? Acquire also the graces and beauties of virtue." "Keep your eyes wide open before marriage; half shut afterward." "As we must account for every idle word, so we must for every idle silence." "Search others for their virtues, thyself for thy vices." "Grace thou thy house, and let not that grace thee." "Let thy child's first lesson be obedience, and the second will be what thou wilt." "Let thy discontents be thy secrets." "Happy that nation, fortunate that age, whose history is not diverting." "There are lazy minds, as well as lazy bodies." "Tricks and treachery are the practice of fools, who have not wit enough to be honest." "Let no pleasure tempt thee, no profit allure thee, no ambition corrupt thee, no example sway thee, no persuasion move thee, to do anything which thou knowest to be evil; so shalt thou always live jollily, for a good conscience is a continual Christmas."

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"Altho' thy teacher act not as he preaches,
Yet ne'ertheless, if good, do what he teaches;
Good counsel failing men may give, for why?
He that's aground knows where the shoal doth lie.
My old friend Berryman, oft when alive,
Taught others thrift, himself could never thrive.
Thus like the whetstone, many men are wont
To sharpen others while themselves are blunt."

“He that for the sake of drink neglects his trade,
And spends each night in taverns till 'tis late,
And rises when the sun is four hours high,
And ne'er regards his starving family,
God in his mercy may do much to save him,
But, woe to the poor wife, whose lot it is to have him.”

An Astronomical Notice.

During the first visible eclipse *Saturn* is retrograde: for which reason the crabs will go sidelong, and the rope-makers backward. Mercury will have his share in these affairs, and so confound the speech of the people, that when a *Pennsylvanian* would say *panther*, he shall say *painter*. When a *New Yorker* thinks to say *this*, he shall say *diss*, and the people in *New England* and *Cape May* will not be able to say *cow* for their lives, but will be forced to say *keow*, by a certain involuntary twist in the root of their tongues. No *Connecticut man* nor *Marylander* will be able to open his mouth this year but *sir* shall be the first or last syllable he pronounces, and sometimes both. Brutes shall speak in many places, and there will be about seven and twenty irregular verbs made this year if grammar don't interpose. Who can help these misfortunes? This year the stone-blind shall see but very little; the deaf shall hear but poorly; and the dumb sha'n't speak very plain. As to old age, it will be incurable this year, because of the years past. And toward the fall some people will be seized with an unaccountable inclination to roast and eat their own ears: Should this be called madness, doctors? I think not. But the worst disease of all will be a most horrid, dreadful, malignant, catching, perverse, and odious malady, almost epidemical, insomuch that many shall seem mad upon it. I quake for very fear when I think on't; for I assure you very few shall escape this disease, which is called by the learned Albromazer—*Lacko'mony*.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

His papers which have been preserved show how he gained the power of writing correctly—always expressing himself with clearness and directness, often with felicity and grace.—*George Bancroft*.

No one who has not been in England can have an idea of the admiration expressed among all parties for General Washington.—*Rufus King, 1797*.

* * * The great central figure of that unparalleled group, that “noble army” of chieftains, sages, and patriots, by whom the revolution was accomplished.—*Edward Everett*.

He had in his composition a calm which gave him in moments of highest excitement the power of self-control, and enabled him to excel in patience.—*Bancroft*.

Account of the Battle of Trenton.

HEADQUARTERS, MORRISTOWN, Dec. 27, 1776.

To the President of Congress:

SIR—I have the pleasure of congratulating you upon the success of an enterprise which I had formed against a detachment of the enemy lying in Trenton, and which was executed yesterday morning.

The evening of the twenty-fifth I ordered the troops intended for this service to parade back of McKonkey's ferry, that they might begin to pass as soon as it grew dark, imagining we should be able to throw them all over, with the necessary artillery, by twelve o'clock, and that we might easily arrive at Trenton by five in the morning, the distance being about nine miles. But the quantity of ice made that night impeded the passage of the boats so much that it was three o'clock before the artillery could all be got over; and near four before the troops took up their line of march.

This made me despair of surprising the town, as I well knew we could not reach it before the day was fairly broke. But as I was certain there was no making a retreat without being discovered, and harassed on re-passing the river, I determined to push on at all events. I formed my detachment into two divisions, one to march by the lower or river road, the other by the upper or Pennington road. As the divisions had nearly the same distance to march, I ordered each of them, immediately upon forcing the out-guards, to push directly into the town, that they might charge the enemy before they had time to form.

The upper division arrived at the enemy's advanced post exactly at eight o'clock: and in three minutes after I found, from the fire on the lower road, that that division had also got up. The out-guards made but small opposition, though, for their numbers, they behaved very well, keeping up a constant retreating fire from behind houses. We presently saw their main body formed; but from their motions, they seemed undetermined how to act.

Being hard pressed by our troops, who had already got possession of their artillery, they attempted to file off by a road on their right, leading to Princeton. But, perceiving their intention, I threw a body of troops in their way; which immediately checked them. Finding, from our

disposition, that they were surrounded, and that they must inevitably be cut to pieces if they made any further resistance, they agreed to lay down their arms. The number that submitted in this manner was twenty-three officers and eight hundred and eighty-six men. Colonel Rahl, the commanding officer, and seven others, were found wounded in the town. I do not exactly know how many they had killed; but I fancy not above twenty or thirty, as they never made any regular stand. Our loss is very trifling indeed—only two officers and one or two privates wounded.

I find that the detachment consisted of the three Hessian regiments of Lanspach, Kniphausen, and Rahl, amounting to about fifteen hundred men, and a troop of British light horse; but immediately upon the beginning of the attack, all those who were not killed or taken pushed directly down toward Bordentown. These would likewise have fallen into our hands could my plan have been completely carried into execution.

General Ewing was to have crossed before day at Trenton ferry, and taken possession of the bridge leading out of town; but the quantity of ice was so great that, though he did every thing in his power to effect it, he could not get over. This difficulty also hindered General Cadwallader from crossing with the Pennsylvania militia from Bristol. He got part of his foot over; but finding it impossible to embark his artillery, he was obliged to desist.

I am fully confident that, could the troops under Generals Ewing and Cadwallader have passed the river, I should have been able, with their assistance, to have driven the enemy from all their posts below Trenton. But the numbers I had with me being inferior to theirs below me, and a strong battalion of light infantry being at Princeton above me, I thought it most prudent to return the same evening with the prisoners and the artillery we had taken. We found no stores of any consequence in the town.

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In justice to the officers and men, I must add that their behavior upon this occasion reflects the highest honor upon them. The difficulty of passing the river in a very severe night, and their march through a violent storm of snow and hail, did not in the least abate their ardor; but when they came to the charge each seemed to vie with the other in pressing forward; and were I to give a preference to any particular corps I should do great injustice to the others.

Colonel Baylor, my first aid-de-camp, will have the honor of delivering this to you; and from him you may be made acquainted with many other particulars. His spirited behavior upon every occasion requires me to recommend him to your particular notice.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

G. W.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

As a composition, the Declaration [of Independence] is Mr. Jefferson's. It is the production of his mind, and the high honor of it belongs to him clearly and absolutely. To say that he performed his great work well would be doing him an injustice. To say that he did excellently well, admirably well, would be inadequate and halting praise. Let us rather say that he so discharged the duty assigned him that all Americans may well rejoice that the work of drawing the title-deed of their liberties devolved upon him.
—*Daniel Webster.*

After Washington and Franklin there is no person who fills so eminent a place among the great men of America as Jefferson.—*Lord Brougham.*

Washington.

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in a re-adjustment. The consequence was, that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bounds, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility; but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects, and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one would wish; his deportment easy, erect, and noble, the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure

that could be seen on horseback. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors. On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect, in nothing bad, in a few points indifferent; and it may truly be said, that never did nature and fortune combine more completely to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war, for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

THOUGHTS FROM WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

ON BOOKS.—It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours.

God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages.

Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am. No matter though the prosperous of my time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of paradise, and Shakspeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

ON LABOR.—Manual labor is a great good, but only in its just proportions. In excess it does great harm. It is not a good when made the sole work of life. It must be joined with higher means of improvement or it degrades instead of exalting. Man has a various nature which requires a variety of occupation and discipline for its growth. Study, meditation, society, and relaxation should be mixed up with his physical toil. He has intellect, heart, imagination, taste, as well as bones and muscles; and he is grievously wronged when compelled to exclusive drudgery for bodily subsistence.

ON POLITICS.—To govern one's self (not others) is true glory. To serve through love, not to rule, is Christian greatness. Office is not dignity. The lowest men, because most faithless in principle, most servile to opinion, are to be found in office. I am sorry to say it, but the truth should be spoken, that, at the present moment, political action in this country does little to lift up any who are concerned in it. It stands in opposition to a high morality. Politics, indeed, regarded as the study and pursuit of the true, enduring good of a community, as the application of great unchangeable principles to public affairs, is a noble sphere of thought and action, but politics, in its common sense, or considered as the invention of temporary shifts, as the playing of a subtle game, as the tactics of party for gaining power and the spoils of office, and for elevating one set of men above another is a paltry and debasing concern.

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ON SELF-DENIAL.—To deny ourselves is to deny, to withstand, to renounce whatever, within or without, interferes with our conviction of right, or with the will of God. It is to suffer, to make sacrifice, for duty or our principles. The question now offers itself: What constitutes the singular merit of this suffering? Mere suffering, we all know, is not virtue. Evil men often endure pain as well as the good and are evil still. This, and this alone, constitutes the worth and importance of the sacrifice, suffering, which enters into self-denial, that it springs from and manifests moral strength, power over ourselves, force of purpose, or the mind's resolute determination of itself to duty. It is the proof and result of inward energy. Difficulty, hardship, suffering, sacrifices, are tests and measures of moral force and the great means of its enlargement. To withstand these is the same thing as to put forth power. Self-denial then is the will acting with power in the choice and prosecution of duty. Here we have the distinguishing glory of self-denial, and here we have the essence and distinction of a good and virtuous man.

ON PLEASURE.—The first means of placing a people beyond the temptations to intemperance is to furnish them with the means of innocent pleasure. By innocent pleasures I mean such as excite moderately; such as produce a cheerful frame of mind, not boisterous mirth; such as refresh, instead of exhausting, the system; such as are chastened by self-respect, and are accompanied with the consciousness that life has a higher end than to be amused. In every community there

must be pleasures, relaxations and means of agreeable excitement; and if innocent ones are not furnished, resort will be had to criminal. Men drink to excess very often to shake off depression, or to satisfy the restless thirst for agreeable excitement, and these motives are excluded in a cheerful community. A gloomy state of society in which there are few innocent recreations, may be expected to abound in drunkenness if opportunities are afforded. The savage drinks to excess because his hours of sobriety are dull and unvaried, because in losing consciousness of his condition and his existence he loses little which he wishes to retain. The laboring classes are most exposed to intemperance, because they have at present few other pleasurable excitements. A man, who, after toil, has resources of blameless recreation is less tempted than other men to seek self-oblivion. He has too many of the pleasures of the man to take up those of the brute.

[End of Required Reading for November.]

AUTUMN SYMPATHY.

By E. G. CHARLESWORTH.

The primrose and the violet,
The bloom on apricot and peach,
The marriage-song of larks in heights,
The south wind and the swallow's nest;
All born of spring, I once loved best.

But now the dying leaf and flower,
The frost wind moaning in the pane,
The robin's plaintive latter song,
The early sunset in the west;
All born of autumn, I love best.

Tell me, my heart, the reason why
Thy pulse thus beats with things that die;
Is it thine own autumnal sheaves?
Is it thine own dead fallen leaves?

—*London Sunday Magazine.*

REPUBLICAN PROSPECTS IN FRANCE.

By JOSEPH REINACH.

On the very morrow of Gambetta's death, and when that catastrophe had been interpreted by the immense majority of European opinion, as also by many Frenchmen, as the certain presage of the approaching triumph of advanced Radicalism—triumph to be followed by violent interior discords that would infallibly bring about the fall of the Republic and the re-establishment either of Empire or of Royalty—I said that these predictions would not be realized, and, moreover, that Gambetta's death would but serve to hasten the triumph of his political ideas and party. I will cite, word for word, what I wrote at the end of January in a paper that appeared in this Review on February 1:

“We even believe we may predict that the realization of several of Gambetta's ideas will meet with fewer obstacles, at least among a certain fraction of public opinion, to-morrow than yesterday. A formidable reaction will take place in favor of the great statesman whom we weep, a reaction in favor of his theories and his principles. In short, we shall most likely witness the contrary of what has taken place for some years. It was enough that Gambetta should defend a theory for it to be attacked with fury. From henceforth it will often suffice that an idea was formerly held up by Gambetta for it to be enthusiastically acclaimed. As in the story of Cid Campeador, it is his corpse that leads his followers to victory.”

What I foretold six months ago has been fulfilled in every point. Those very Castilians who during Cid's lifetime suspected him of the darkest designs and reviled him as a criminal—what did they do after his death? They put the hero's corpse in an iron coffin, and the black gravecloth on the bier was the standard which, in the front rank of battle, led the Spanish army to victory. And so has it been, or nearly so, with French Republicans and Gambetta. The political history of our country during the last six months may be thus summed up: Out of Gambetta's death-bed has arisen a first (not complete) victory for his ideas and friends; from the party more specially organized by him have been chosen most men now in office, that they may execute his will.

As a matter of fact, just after the excitement of the first few days, as soon as it became necessary for the Republicans to unite and stop the Royalists who thought the fruit already ripe, what ministers did the President of the Republic call for? M. Jules Ferry, who for the last five

years had been, if not the direct coadjutor, at least the most invariable and faithful political ally of Gambetta, was made Prime Minister; M. Waldeck-Rousseau, the late Minister for Home Affairs under Gambetta, and M. Raynal, the late Minister of Public Works, were both recalled to the same offices. M. Challemel-Lacour, Gambetta's most esteemed and devoted friend, was named Minister of Foreign Affairs, and M. Martin Feuillée, Under-Secretary of State for Justice on November 14, Minister of Justice; M. Margue, Under-Secretary of State for Home Affairs, resumed the same post. General Camponen could have been Minister of War had he wished it. And a great pity it is he declined his friends' proposals. Thus, in its general bearings, the Ferry Ministry is the Gambetta Ministry without Gambetta.

Except some secondary modifications made necessary by the change of circumstances, the political program is about the same. Abroad an active and steady diplomacy, the regular development of our colonial politics, the consolidation of the protectorate in Tunis; at home the constitution of a strong government, the methodical realization of social and democratic reforms, the policy of *scrutin de liste*, whilst awaiting the abolition of *scrutin d'arrondissement*. The principal bills adopted last session, except the Magistracy bill, are but legacies from the Gambetta Cabinet. Both cabinets are animated by the same national spirit—national above all, but also progressist and governmental. The halo imparted by the presence of a man of genius is certainly wanting; but Carlyle's *hero-worship* is by no means a democratic necessity. There is certainly reason for rejoicing when a nation acknowledges and appreciates in one of its sons, sprung from its midst, an intellect of the highest order. But when Alexander leaves lieutenants profoundly imbued with his spirit, formed in his school, most desirous and capable of continuing his work—when these men, instead of being at variance, remain, on the contrary, more strongly bound together than ever—there is certainly no reason for complaining and giving way to discouragement.

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Then it is not only in parliament that the *opportunist* policy is again getting the upper hand. Throughout the whole country it has regained the ground it had lost by the intrigues of hostile parties. The great majority of Republicans have now recovered from a number of diseases for which Gambetta had always prescribed the remedy—remedy, alas! that too many refused to stretch out their hand for. The mania for decentralization is forgotten. The necessity for a strongly constituted and vigorous central power is almost universally understood and acknowledged. Demagogue charlatans are for the most part unmasked. Our foreign policy is steadier—we are no longer afraid of Egyptian shadows. Intransigents of the Right and Left still continue to see in our colonial enterprises but vulgar jobbing, and to denounce and revile them in every possible way. But the great mass of the nation is no longer to be made a fool of, and has understood the necessity of extending France beyond the seas. There is a story of an English peasant who locked the stable door after the horse had been stolen. Happily for France she has several horses in her stables. If she has lost, at least for a time, her beautiful Arabian steed on the borders of the Nile, that is but an additional reason for taking jealous care of the others.—*The Nineteenth Century*.



IN 404 Honorius was emperor. At that time, in the remote deserts of Libya, there dwelt an obscure monk named Telemachus. He had heard of the awful scenes in the far-off Coliseum at Rome. Depend upon it, they lost nothing by their transit across the Mediterranean in the hands of Greek and Roman sailors. In the baths and market-places of Alexandria, in the Jewries of Cyrene, in the mouths of every itinerant Eastern story-teller, the festive massacres of the Coliseum would doubtless be clothed in colors truly appalling, yet scarcely more appalling than the truth.

Telemachus brooded over these horrors till his mission dawned upon him. He was ordained by heaven to put an end to the slaughter of human beings in the Coliseum. He made his way to Rome. He entered the Coliseum with the throng, what time the gladiators were parading in front of the emperor with uplifted swords and the wild mockery of homage—“*Morituri te salutant.*” Elbowing his way to the barrier, he leapt over at the moment when the combatants rushed at each other, threw himself between them, bidding them, in the name of Christ, to desist. To blank astonishment succeeded imperial contempt and popular fury. Telemachus fell slain by the swords of the gladiators. Legend may adorn the tale and fancy fill out the picture, but the solid fact remains—*there never was another gladiatorial fight in the Coliseum*. One heroic soul had caught the flow of public feeling that had already begun to set in the direction of humanity, and turned it. He had embodied by his act and consecrated by his death the sentiment that already lay timidly in the hearts of thousands in that great city of Rome. In 430 an edict was passed abolishing forever gladiatorial exhibitions.—*Good Words*.



ALL merit ceases the moment we perform an act for the sake of its consequences. Truly in this respect “we have our reward.”—*Wilhelm von Humboldt*.



CHAUTAUQUA TO CALIFORNIA.

By FRANCES E. WILLARD, President N. W. C. T. U.

I.—SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

In one thing Chautauqua and California are alike—each is a climax, and both are “made up of every creature’s best.” My sufficient consolation for missing one of them this year is, that I saw the other. Let us speed onward, then, taking Chautauqua as our point of departure, in a Pickwickian sense only, unless for the further reason that it has the high prerogative of making all its happy denizens believe it to be the center of gravity (and good times) for one planet at least; the meridian from which all fortunate longitude is reckoned and all lucky time-pieces set. Our swift train, “outward bound,” races along through the old familiar East and the West no longer new.

“Through the kingdoms of corn,
Through the empires of grain,
Through dominions of forest;
Drives the thundering train;
Through fields where God’s cattle
Are turned out to grass,
And his poultry whirl up
From the wheels as we pass;
Through level horizons as still as the moon
With the wilds fast asleep and the winds in a swoon.”

From a palace car with every eastern luxury, we gaze out on the dappled, pea-green hills of New Mexico and the wide, empty stretches of Arizona, stopping in Santa Fe—Columbia’s Damascus, in Albuquerque—a pocket edition of Chicago, and in Tucson—the storm-center of semi-tropic trade. But the “W. C. T. U.” is a plant of healing as indigenous to every soil for good as the saloon for evil, and in the first city the Governor’s wife has accepted leadership; in the second that place is held by a lovely Ohio girl, the wife of a young lawyer; and in the third a leading woman of society and church work, whose husband is one of Arizona’s most honored pioneers, consents to be our standard-bearer. These way-side errands, with their delightful new friendships and tender gospel lessons over, we hasten on to California. Some token of its affluent beauty comes to us on Easter Sabbath in the one hundred calla-lilies sent from Los Angeles, five hundred miles beyond, to adorn the church where we worship in Tucson, that marvelous oasis in the desert. “Go on, and God be with you,” says the friend who escorts us to the train; “you’ll find Los Angeles a heaven on earth.” And so, indeed, we did, coming up out of the wilderness on a soft spring day, between fair, emerald hills that stood as the fore-runners of the choicest land on which were ever mirrored the glory and the loveliness of God.

We visited the thirty leading centers of interest and activity in the great Golden State during the two months of our stay, but when the courteous mayor of this “city of the angels” welcomed us thither, and children heaped about us their baskets of flowers, rare, save in California, we told “His Honor” that of all the towns we had yet visited—and they number a thousand at least—his was the one most fitly named.

Southern California, and this its exquisite metropolis, have been a terra incognita even to the intelligent, until the steam horse lately caracoled this way. Now it is thronged by emigrants and tourists, men and women of small means reaping from half a dozen acres here what a large farm in Illinois could hardly yield, and invalids hitherto only an expense to their friends, finding the elixir of life in this balmy air, and joyously joining once more the energetic working forces of the world. Flowers are so plenty here that banks and pyramids alone can satisfy the claims of decorative art; baskets of roses are more frequent than bouquets or even *boutonnieres* with us. Heliotropes and fuchsias climb to the apex of the roof, while the common garden trees are oranges, lemons, limes, citrons, figs, olives and pomegranates. Strawberry short-cake can be had all the year round from the fresh fruit of one’s own garden, and oranges at the rate of nine thousand to one tree, and in some cases fifteen inches in circumference, have been raised in this vicinity. Riverside and Pasadena are adjacent colonies and bear a stronger resemblance to one’s ideal Garden of Eden than any other places I ever expect to see. Through groves of rarest semi-tropic fruit trees you ride for miles, in the midst of beautiful, modern homes, for the American renaissance is not more manifest in the suburbs of Boston or Chicago than in Southern California. Fences are nowhere visible, the Monterey cypress furnishing a hedge which puts to blush the choicest of old England; the pepper tree with drooping branches, and the Australian gum tree, tall and umbrageous, outlining level avenues whose vistas seem unending. Above all this are skies that give back one’s best Italian memories, and for a background the tranquil amplitude of the Sierra Madre Mountains. What would you more? “See Naples and die” is an outworn phrase. “See California and live” has been the magic formula of how many restored and happy pilgrims! The tonic of cold water has electrified this soil, seven years ago an utter desert, so that now three years of growth will work a transformation that fifteen would fail to bring about east of the Mississippi. To my thinking this result is but a material prototype of the heavenly estate that shall come to our America when its arid waste of brains and stomachs, usurped by alcohol, shall learn the cooling virtues of this same cold water. In Riverside my host planted in May of 1880, two thousand grape cuttings (not roots, remember), and in September, 1881, gathered from them two hundred boxes of grapes. Pasadena was founded by a good man from Maine, and is exempt from saloons by the provisions of its charter. Here, from six acres, a gentleman realized thirteen hundred dollars, clear of all expenses, last year, by drying and

sacking his grapes, instead of sending them to the winery. "The profits were so much larger that hereafter his pocket-book will counsel him, if not his conscience, to keep clear of the wine trade," said the wide awake temperance woman who gave me the item. In Pasadena, Mrs. Jennie C. Carr, whose fruit ranche and gardens, largely tilled by her own hands, disclose every imaginable variety which the most extravagant climate can produce, sells at three thousand dollars per acre, land purchased by her for a mere song six years ago. In Santa Ana and San Bernardino, also near Los Angeles, there is the same luxuriance and swift moving life. A county superintendent of schools told me he had one school district that includes 160 miles of railroad, and has a town of 800 people, where three months ago there was silence and vacancy. At San Diego, the most southerly town in California, we found the *ne plus ultra* of climate for consumptives, its temperature ranging from fifty-five to seventy-five degrees, and its air dry. San Diego is the oldest town in the State, having been established as a Catholic "Mission" in 1769. It is now altogether modernized and is Nature's own sanitarium, besides being a lovely land-locked harbor of the Pacific. Santa Barbara, which we missed seeing, has a grape vine sixty years old, and a foot through, which in 1867 bore six tons of grapes, some of whose clusters weighed five pounds each. The railroad will soon make this beautiful town accessible to rapid tourists to whom the ocean is unkind. Twenty-one missions were founded over a century ago by Franciscan friars in Southern California. They brought with them from Spain the orange and the vine. They were conquerors, civilizers, subduers of the soil. They brought cattle, horses, sheep, and—alas! hogs. They conquered the land for Spain without cruelty, baptizing the Indians into the church and teaching them the arts of peace. Then followed the Mexican, then our own conquest of their territory, and now the Anglo-Saxon reigns supreme in a land on which Nature has lavished all she had to give. Upon his victory over the alcohol habit, depends the future of this goodly heritage. If he raises grapes he will survive; if he turns them into wine he must succumb.

II.—SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

We crossed the famous and dangerous "Tehachapi Pass" at night, and wended our way slowly through this notable valley, three hundred miles in length by thirty-five in width, stopping to found the W. C. T. U. in its four chief towns, Fresno, Tulare, Merced, and Modesto.

Irrigation is the watchword here, and as it takes capitalists to carry this through on a scale so immense, large farms are now the rule. For instance, we passed over one seventy-three miles in length by twenty in width. Later on, it is to be hoped these immense proprietaries may be settled by men whose primary object is to establish and maintain homes. At present, in the agricultural line, "big enterprises" are alone attractive. "Alfalfa," a peculiarly hardy and luxuriant clover—imported by Governor Bigler from Chili—is the first crop, and grazing precedes grain. This plant "strikes its roots six feet or more into the soil, and never requires a second planting, while every year there are five crops of alfalfa and but two of wheat and barley."

Varied indeed is the population of this valley. One day we dine with a practical woman from Massachusetts, who declares that the sand storms, which most people consider the heaviest discount on the valley, are "really not so bad, for they polish off the house floors as nothing else could." The next we meet a group of earnest, motherly hearts from a dozen different States, and almost as many religious denominations, united to "provide for the common defense" of home against saloon. Next day a lawyer from Charleston invites us to his cozy residence, "because his wife knows some of our Southern leaders in the W. C. T. U." The next we make acquaintance with half a dozen school ma'ams from the East, who have taken a ranche and set up housekeeping for themselves; and in the fourth town visited an Englishman born in Auckland, New Zealand, the leading criminal lawyer of the county, and instigator of the woman's crusade in Oakland, who gives us a graphic description of that movement, which was a far-off echo of the Ohio pentecost.

So we move on at the rate of two meetings a day, with the hearty support of the united clergy (except the Episcopal, and often they helped us, too), and the warm coöperation of the temperance societies, emerging in San Francisco, Monday, April 16, 1883.

III.—SAN FRANCISCO.

I am glad we did not so far forget ourselves as to arrive on Sunday, for it appears that certain good, gifted, and famous persons, who shall be nameless, telegraphed to certain Christian leaders of their intended arrival on that day, and received answer: "The hour of your coming will find us at church. The Palace is the best hotel." Now on an overland trip, an absent-minded traveler might fail to note the precise date of his arrival in the metropolis of the Pacific, but that would be no excuse to our guid folk yonder, whose Sunday laws have been smitten from their statute books, and Christians hold themselves to strict account for their example, which now alone conserves the Christian's worship and the poor man's rest.

San Francisco is probably the most cosmopolitan city now extant. Its three hundred thousand people sound the gamut of nationality in the most varying and dissonant chorus that ever greeted human ears. The struggle for survival is an astonishing mixture of fierceness and good-nature. Crowding along the streets, Irish and Chinaman, New Englander and Negro, show kind consideration, but in the marts of trade and at the polls "their guns are ballots, their bullets are ideas." Old-time asperities are softening, however, even on these battlegrounds. The trend is upward, toward higher levels of hope and brotherhood. Eliminate the alcohol and opium habits, and all these would (and will ere long) dwell together in unity. Lives like those of Rev. Dr. Otis Gibson, and Mrs. Captain Goodall, invested for the Christianizing of the Chinese, or like that of

Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, devoted to kindergartening the embryo "hoodlum," or that of Dr. R. H. McDonald, the millionaire philanthropist, consecrated to the temperance reform, are mighty prophecies of the good time coming.

San Francisco is the city of bay windows, and its people, beyond any other on this continent, believe in sunshine and fresh air. In like manner, they are fond of ventilating every subject, are in nowise afraid of the next thing simply because it is the next, but have broad hospitality for new ideas. Rapid as the heel taps of its street life is the movement of its thought and the flame of its sympathy. Much as has been said in its dispraise, Mount Diablo—the chief feature of its environs—is not so symbolic of its spirit as the white tomb of Thomas Starr King, which, standing beside one of its busiest streets, is a perpetual reminder of noble power conserved for noblest use. Everybody knows San Francisco's harbor is without a rival save Puget Sound and Constantinople. Everybody has heard of its "Palace Hotel," the largest in the world, and one that includes "eighteen acres of floor;" of its "endless chain" street cars, the inevitable outgrowth of dire necessity in its up-hill streets; of its indescribable "Chinatown;" of "Seal Rock," with its monster sea-lions, gamboling and howling year out and year in, for herein are the salient features of the strange city's individuality. For a metropolis but thirty-four years old, the following record is unrivaled: Total value of real and personal property, \$253,000,000; school property, \$1,000,000; 130,000 buildings; 11,000 streets; 12 street car lines; 33 libraries and reading-rooms; 38 hospitals; 316 benevolent societies; 168 newspapers, and—the best fire department in the world!

The two drawbacks of this wonderful city are its variable climate and its possible earthquakes. A witty writer warns the intending tourist thus: "Be sure to bring your *summer* clothes. Let me repeat: be sure to bring your *winter* clothes." To state the fact that in August one may see fur cloaks any day, and in January a June toilet is not uncommon, is but another way of stating that the galloping sea breeze, unimpeded by mountains, rushes in moist squadrons on the shore, and has all seasons for its own, in which to battle with the genial warmth of this most lovely climate. As to earthquakes, there have been but three since 1849, and these were insignificant calamities compared with one year of our domesticated western tornadoes. Less than fifty lives have been lost in California by earthquakes, thirty-seven of these occurring in the country outside of San Francisco, and less than a hundred thousand dollars worth of property has been destroyed, while two millions would not cover our loss by cyclone in a single year, to say nothing of the number of victims. Civilization seems to have a naturalizing effect on fleas, snakes and earthquakes, west of the Sierras, but acts as a tonic upon hurricanes east of the Rockies. Will our scientists please "rise to explain" this mystery so close in its relation to human weal and woe?

[To be continued.]

TO MY BOOKS.

By LADY STIRLING-MAXWELL.

Silent companions of the lonely hour,
Friends, who can never alter or forsake,
Who for inconstant roving have no power,
And all neglect, perforce, must calmly take,
Let me return to you; this turmoil ending
Which worldly cares have in my spirit wrought,
And, o'er your old familiar pages bending,
Refresh my mind with many a tranquil thought:
Till, haply meeting there, from time to time,
Fancies, the audible echo of my own,
'Twill be like hearing in a foreign clime
My native language spoke in friendly tone,
And with a sort of welcome I shall dwell
On these, my unripe musings, told so well.

EARTHQUAKES—ISCHIA AND JAVA.

PHENOMENA AND PROBABLE CAUSES.

These violent convulsions that from time to time shake and rend the earth, are among the most terrible calamities that come upon men, causing immense destruction of property and of life. Their occurrence is often most unexpected.

Villages, cities, and whole districts of densely populated countries sink beneath a sudden stroke, overwhelmed in a common ruin. If any warning is given, the alarming premonitions rather confuse and paralyze effort, because, with the appalling certainty of disaster, there is nothing to show in what form it will come, or to indicate a place of refuge.

While the recent horrors at Ischia and in Java excite much painful interest in the public mind, they naturally recall similar scenes of other years. Earthquakes of less destructive violence are

very frequent, and suggest greater power than is exerted. Even the slight trembling, or vibratory motions, that produce no material injury, remind us of the prodigious forces that may at any moment burst their barriers with great violence.

In every perceptible shock we feel the mighty pulsations of the agitated molten mass whose waves dash against the walls that restrain them; or the struggling of compressed elastic gases, that must have vent, though their escape rend the earth. The crust between us and the seas of fire, whose extent no man knoweth, may be in places weakening, cut away, as the inner walls of a furnace by the molten metal; so the danger may be nearer and greater than is known or feared. A devout man finds refuge and a comfortable assurance in the truth, "The Lord reigneth; in his hands are the deep places of the earth. The strength of the hills is his also."

There are records of earthquakes more ancient than any books written by men. They antedate the earliest chapters of human history, and probably belonged to the pre-adamite earth. If no human ear heard their tread, the footprints are still visible. In all mountainous regions the evidence of their upheaval by some mighty force is too plain to be doubted. The marine fossils found far up on their heights, the position of strata, often far from horizontal, with immense fissures, and chasms of unknown depth, all tell of disturbances that may have taken place before the historic period. If in those primitive times mountains were literally carried into the midst of the sea, and vast tracts of the ocean's bed shoved up thousands of feet, it was only a more terrible display of the gigantic powers still in action, and of whose workings the centuries have borne witness.

No country seems to have escaped these terrible visitations, though some suffer more than others. Volcanoes being of the same origin, they are more frequent in volcanic regions, and perhaps by their shocks the seething caldrons have been uncovered.

The same localities, as Southern Italy, and the neighboring island of Sicily, have, from a remote period, at times been terribly shaken. From 1783 to 1786 a thousand shocks were made note of, five hundred of which are described as having much force. Lyell considers them of special importance, not because differing from like disturbances in other places, but because observed and minutely described by men competent to collect and state such physical facts in a way to show their bearing on the science of the earth. The following, collected from Lyell, Gibbon, Humboldt, and the encyclopædias, are facts respecting some of the principal earthquakes on record. Their statements, much condensed, are not given in chronological order, but as we find them:

In 115, of the Christian era, Antioch in Syria, "Queen of the East," beautiful in itself, and beautiful for situation, a city of two hundred thousand inhabitants, was utterly ruined by earthquake. Afterward rebuilt, in more than all its ancient splendor, by Trajan, the tide of life and wealth again flowed into it, and for centuries we read of no serious disasters of the kind. All apprehension of danger removed, the people became famous for luxurious refinements, and, strangely enough, seem to have united high intellectual qualities with a passionate fondness for amusements. In 458 the city was again terribly shaken, and twice in the sixth century. Each time the destruction was nearly complete; but each time, in less than a century, the city was restored again, but only to stand until 1822, and from that overthrow it has never recovered, being now a miserable town of only six thousand inhabitants. The destruction of five populous cities, on one site, involved a fearful loss of life. Probably more than half a million thus perished. The most destructive earthquake in that, or any other locality, of which we find any mention, was in 562. An immense number of strangers being in attendance at the festival of the Ascension, added to the multitudes belonging to the city. Gibbon estimates that two hundred and fifty thousand persons were buried in the ruins.

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Among the earliest accounts of earthquakes having particular interest, is the familiar one of that which destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii in the year 63—about sixteen years before those cities were buried in scoria and ashes from Vesuvius.

Of modern earthquakes three or four are here mentioned as presenting some interesting phenomena. That of Chili, in 1822, caused the permanent elevation of the country between the Andes and the coast. The area thus raised is estimated at one hundred thousand square miles, and the elevation from two to seven feet. Shore lines, at higher levels, indicate several previous upheavals of the same region, along about the same lines. The opposite of this, a depression of land, was occasioned in the island of Jamaica in 1692, when Port Royal, the capital, was overwhelmed. A thousand acres or more thus sank in less than one minute, the sea rolling in and driving the vessels that were in the harbor over the tops of the houses.

The earthquake of New Madrid, below St. Louis, on the Mississippi, was in 1811, and interesting as an instance of successive shocks, and almost incessant quaking of the ground for months, and at a distance from any volcano. The agitation of the earth in Missouri continued till near the time of the destruction of the city of Caracas, in South America, and then ceased. One evening, about this time, is described by the inhabitants of New Madrid as cloudless, and peculiarly brilliant. The western sky was a continual glare from vivid flashes of lightning, and peals of thunder were incessantly heard, apparently proceeding, as did the flashes, from below the horizon. Comparatively little harm was done in Missouri, but the beautiful city of Caracas, with its splendid churches and palatial homes, was made a heap of ruins, beneath which twelve thousand of its inhabitants were buried. Just how these events were related we know not. Whether the same pent-up forces that were struggling in vain to escape in the valley of the Mississippi, found vent in that distant locality, God only knows. The supposition allowed may

account for the relief that came to the greatly troubled New Madrid. The evils they dreaded came but in part—enough only to suggest the greater perils they escaped. Over an extent of country three hundred miles in length fissures were opened in the ground through which mud and water were thrown, high as the tops of the trees. From the mouth of the Ohio to the St. Francis the ground rose and fell in great undulations. Lakes were formed and drained again, and the general surface so lowered that the country along the White River and its tributaries, for a distance of seventy miles, is known as “the sunk country.” Flint, the geographer, seven years after the event, noticed hundreds of chasms then closed and partially filled. They may yet, in places, be traced, having the appearance of artificial trenches.

Fissures are occasionally met in different parts of the country, which extend through solid rock to a great depth. “The Rocks” at Panama, N. Y., have been elsewhere described, and furnish a profitable study.

A more remarkable chasm of this kind extends from the western base of the Shawangunk Mountain, near Ellenville, Ulster County, N. Y., for about a mile to the summit. At first one can easily step across the fissure, but further up it becomes wider, till the hard vertical walls of sandstone are separated by a gorge several feet wide, and of great depth. At the top an area of a hundred acres or more is rent in every direction, the continuity of the surface being interrupted by steps of rocks, presenting abrupt walls. The gorge traced up the mountain becomes a frightful abyss, more than a hundred feet wide. Among the loose stones at the bottom large trees are growing, whose tops scarce reach half way to the edge of the precipice. Most such disruptions of rocks and mountains were doubtless caused by earthquakes at some unknown period.

The great earthquake at Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, was in 1755. “The ominous rumbling sound below the surface was almost immediately followed by the shock which threw down the principal part of the city; in the short space of six minutes, it is believed, 60,000 perished. The sea rolled back, leaving the bar dry, and then returned, in a great tidal wave, fifty feet, or more, in height. The mountains around were shaken with great violence, their rocks rent, and thrown in fragments into the valley below. Multitudes of people rushed from their falling buildings to the marble quay, which suddenly sank with them, like a ship foundering at sea; and when the waters closed over the place no fragments of the wreck—none of the vessels near by, that were drawn into the whirlpool, and not one of the thousands of the bodies that were carried down ever appeared again. Over the spot occupied by the quay, the water stood six hundred feet deep; and beneath it, locked in fissured rocks, and in chasms of unknown depth, lie what was the life and wealth of the place, in the middle of the eighteenth century.”

Earthquakes, of especial interest, from their recent occurrence and destructive effects, are those of 1857-58, in the kingdom of Naples, and in Mexico; but we have not room to more than mention them. The past summer will be remembered as the period of at least two terrible disasters from earthquakes, in localities distant from each other. The first, July 28, was at Ischia, a beautiful island at the north entrance of the bay of Naples. The principal town, Cassamicciola, was mostly destroyed, and much injury done at other places. The town was a noted health resort, and it is feared many distinguished strangers perished in it. The shocks began in the night, when a majority of the citizens, who frequent such places, were in the theater, and the scene there was terrible. Lamps were overturned; clouds of dust arose, and then the walls of the building opened, and fell, giving no opportunity for escape. The ground opened in many places, and houses and their inhabitants were swallowed up. The hotel Piccola Sentinella sank into the earth, with all its inmates. The number destroyed, first estimated at three thousand, was much larger, but how much is not yet certainly known. Years must elapse before the town is restored, when it will be with a new class of inhabitants.

The sad tidings of disaster in Italy were soon followed by still more startling intelligence from Java, where, as in regions bordering on the Mediterranean, earthquakes are not a new experience with the inhabitants. A recital of the calamities occurring in Java during the last century would make a gloomy chapter in history, suggesting the insecurity and transitory nature of all earthly possessions. The island is one of the largest and, commercially, most important, in the Indian archipelago, six hundred and sixty miles in length, and the width varying from forty to one hundred and thirty miles. It is densely populated, and governed by a Dutch viceroy. In the mountain range extending through the center, with a mean elevation of seven thousand feet, are many volcanoes; and earthquakes are of frequent occurrence, as in other volcanic regions. In 1878 record was made of some sixteen, in different parts of the island. One of the most famous, accompanied by a vast eruption of Papandayang, the largest of the volcanoes, took place a hundred years ago, overwhelming an area of a hundred square miles, and destroying three thousand people—the island at that time having fewer inhabitants. There were two similar eruptions from volcanoes at the same time, respectively one hundred and thirty-four and three hundred and fifty-two miles from Papandayang, suggesting the fact that the power of producing them, and the earthquakes, may operate through a field of vast extent, and breaks through where the barriers give way. It is safe to say both have the same origin.

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Ischia and Java, though almost antipodes, are companions in disaster, and possibly felt the dashing of the same billows, striking with violence here or there, according as some mighty impulse drove them on. The great calamities of the past summer, besides their appeal to our humanity, will be of interest to scientific men, and may throw light on the relations of earthquakes and volcanoes, and their cause, after which they have been searching a good deal in the dark, and with results not yet satisfactory.

The accounts of the last fearful disaster are yet incomplete, and may not all be verified. The latest, and apparently most reliable reports, place it among the most terrible calamities known in the history of the race, since the deluge. The earth trembled and shook—rocks were rent—buildings tumbled in ruins. A large part of the city, full of wealth and life, sank out of sight. Tidal waves carried destruction along the coast. Volcanoes belched forth smoke, ashes and lava, overspreading fertile valleys; and when the sulphurous clouds that hung over them, black as night, were lifted, turbulent waters rolled over fifty square miles of pasture lands that the day before were covered with flocks, and the homes of men. It is estimated that seventy-five thousand people perished. It may be a few thousand less, or more, as there are yet no data from which to form more than a proximate estimate. The whole number will not be known till the graves and the sea give up their dead.

LOW SPIRITS.

By J. MORTIMER GRANVILLE.

There is enough in the daily experience of life to depress the feelings and rob the mind of its buoyancy, without having to encounter lowness of spirits as a besetting mental state or malady. Nevertheless, it so frequently assumes the character of an affection essentially morbid, attacks individuals who are not naturally disposed to despondency, and gives so many unmistakable proofs of its close relations with the health of the physical organism, that it must needs be included in the category of disease. The constitutional melancholy which distinguishes certain types of character and development, is a setting in the minor key rather than depression. Within the compass of a lower range, individuals of this class exhibit as many changes of mood as those whose temperament is, so to say, pitched higher, and who therefore seem to be capable of greater elation.

It is important to ascertain at the outset whether a particular person upon whom interest may be centered is not naturally characterized by this restrained or reserved tone of feeling! Unhealthy conditions of mind are generally to be recognized by the circumstance that they offer a contrast to some previous state. The movable, excitable temperament may become fixed and seemingly unimpressionable, the self-possessed begin to be irritable, the calm, passionate. It is the *change* that attracts attention, and when low spirits come to afflict a mind wont to exhibit resilience and joyousness, there must be a cause for the altered tone, and prudence will enjoin watchfulness. Mischief may be done unwittingly by trying to stimulate the uncontrollable emotions.

There are few more common errors than that which assumes lowness of spirits to be a state in which an appeal should be made to the sufferer. We constantly find intelligent and experienced persons, who show considerable skill in dealing with other mental disorders and disturbances, fail in the attempt to relieve the pains of melancholy. They strive by entreaty, expostulation, firmness, and even brusqueness, to coerce the victim, and prevail upon him to shake off his despondency. They urge him to take an interest in what is passing around, to bestir himself, and put an end to his broodings. This would be all very well if the burden that presses so heavily on the spirit simply lay on the surface, but the lowness of which I am speaking is something far deeper than can be reached by "rallying." It is a freezing of all the energies; a blight which destroys the vitality, a poison which enervates and paralyzes the whole system.

It is no use probing the consciousness for the cause while the depression lasts—as well look for the weapon by which a man has been struck senseless to the earth, when the victim lies faint and bleeding in need of instant succor. If the cause were found at such a moment, nothing could be done to prevent its further mischief. Supposing it to be discovered that the malady is the fruit of some evil-doing or wrong management of self, the moment when a crushed spirit is undergoing the penalty of its error is not that which should be selected for remonstrance. It is vain to argue with a man whose every faculty of self-control is at its lowest ebb. The judgment and the will are dormant. The show of feeling made by the conscience in the hour of dejection is in great part emotional, and the purposes then formed are sterile. The tears of regret, the efforts of resolve, elicited in the state of depression, are worse than useless; they are like the struggles of a man sinking in the quicksand—they bury the mind deeper instead of freeing it.

The state of mental collapse must be allowed to pass; but here comes the difficulty; the moment reaction takes place, as shown by a slight raising of the cloud, it will be too late to interfere. The mind will then have entered on another phase not less morbid than the depression which it has replaced. There is no certain indication of the right moment to make the effort for the relief of a sufferer from this progressive malady. The way to help is to watch the changes of temperament narrowly, and, guided by time rather than symptoms, to present some new object of interest—a trip, an enterprise, a congenial task—at the moment which immediately precedes the recovery. The soul lies brooding—it is about to wake; the precise time can be foreknown only by watching the course of previous attacks; whatever engrosses the rousing faculties most powerfully on waking, will probably hold them for awhile. It is a struggle between good and healthy influences on the one hand, and evil and morbid on the other. If it be earnestly desired to rescue the sufferer, the right method must be pursued, and wrong and mischief-working procedures—among which preaching, persuading, moralizing, and rallying are the worst and

most hurtful—ought to be carefully avoided. When the thoughts are revived and the faculties rebound, they must be kept engaged with cheering and healthful subjects.

There is no greater error than to suppose good has been accomplished when a melancholic patient has been simply aroused. The apparently bright interval of a malady of this class is even more perilous than the period of exhaustion and lowness. The moment the mind resumes the active state, it generally resumes the work of self-destruction. The worst mischief is wrought in the so-called lucid interval. The consciousness must be absorbed and busied with healthful exercise, or it will re-engage in the morbid process which culminates in depression. The problem is to keep off the next collapse, and this can be accomplished only by obviating the unhealthy excitement by which it is commonly preceded and produced. Healthy activity promotes nutrition, and replenishes the strength of mind and body alike; all action that does not improve the quality of the organ acting, deteriorates it and tends to prevent normal function.



VEGETABLE VILLAINS.

By R. TURNER.

THE LARGER FUNGI.

To become acquainted with the bulkier of these villains, we must visit their favorite haunts. An occasional one may occur in any kind of place, as has already been explained. A good many, especially of the edible sort, and notably the common mushroom, grow in open pastures. To get among crowds of them, however, we must resort to close woods, especially of fir and pine. There they grow on tree-stumps, fallen trunks, and on the ground, in great variety and abundance. If we go at the proper season their profusion will astonish us. This time of plenty varies from early to late autumn with the character of the weather. Clad in waterproof wraps and with leather gloves on hand, we may make a fungus foray into the dripping woods amid russet and falling leaves with comparative comfort; and even on a "raw rheumatic day" there will likely be much enjoyment for us and still more instruction. It will be strange, indeed, if we do not find some kinds to eat and very many to think over. We ought to get examples, at least, of nearly all the different families. Let us consider them in a general way as novices do. A host of them have gills like the mushroom; and so we may take that best known of them all as a type of the whole class. Mushroom spawn runs through the soil in a rootlike way, absorbing the organic matter it falls in with and every here and there swelling out into roundish bodies, each consisting of a tubercle enclosed in a wrapper. The tubercle bursts through the wrapper as growth goes on, and soon above ground appears the well-known form of the mushroom, with a stalk supporting a fleshy head by the center, and on the under surface of this head radiating gills, which are at first covered by a veil that finally gives way and leaves only a ring round the stem. These gills are originally flesh-colored, but afterward become brown and mottled with numerous minute purple spores. If we were to investigate further by means of the microscope, we should find that the spores are not contained in any case, and that they are produced in fours on little points at the tips of special cells. Of the other kinds belonging to this order of agarics, some differ from the mushroom in being poisonous and others in being parasitic. There is much variety, also, in the tints of gill and spore, different kinds having these white, pink, rosy, salmon-colored, reddish, or yellowish, or darkish brown, purple or black. Again, in some the stem is not central, but attached more or less laterally to the head; in others there is no stem, and the gills radiate out from the substance on which the agaric grows. The ring round the stalk, too, often varies, or is sometimes wanting. There are many other differences, and it is by these that we are able to distinguish the one kind from the other: but, of course, little more can be done here than merely to indicate this infinite variety. Dr. Badham, in his admirable work on the "Esculent Funguses of England," puts this quaintly, as he does many other facts. "These are stilted upon a high leg, and those have not a leg to stand on; some are shell-shaped, many bell-shaped; and some hang upon their stalks like a lawyer's wig."

These gill-bearers, are, however, but one order in this extensive division of plants. Nature's plastic hand is never weary of shaping fresh forms. It is lavish of variety, and never works in a stinted or makeshift way. In place of gills we find in another order tubes or pores in which the spores are produced. These tubular kinds are sometimes fleshy, as in the edible boletus, or woody, as in the polypores, popularly called sap-balls, which every one who knows anything about woods and their wonders must have seen on old tree-stumps, often growing to a great size. In yet another order, spines, or bristles, or teeth, take the place of gills and tubes. In the puff-balls the spores ripen inside a roundish leathern case, which afterward bursts and discharges them as a fine dust. Then there is an extensive class in which the spores are not produced in this offhand way at all, but are carefully enclosed in little cases, or rather, I should say, loaded into microscopic guns, as in the pezizas; and very beautiful objects these are under the microscope.

Poisonous, putrescent, strange in shape, or color, or odor, as many of the larger fungi are, it is little to be wondered at that contempt has been a common human feeling with respect to most of them, and a crush with disdainful heel on occasion the lot of a good many. The popular loathing has run out into language. Under the opprobrious term "toadstool," a whole host of kinds is commonly included. The puff-balls are known in Scotland as "de'il's sneeshin'-mills" (devil's

snuff-boxes), an epithet which expresses with a certain imaginative humor, and a dash of superstition, the idea of something so utterly base that it ministers to the gratification of demons, tickling their olfactory organs with satanic satisfaction. Indeed, in this country the mushroom is almost the only favored exception to the popular verdict of loathing. It has gained the hearts of the people through their stomachs, and ketchup has overcome popular prejudice by its fine flavor. But there are many others on which cultured palates dote. Truffles are dear delicacies, which few but rich men taste, for fine aroma and flavor command a high price. The Scotch-bonnets of the fairy rings, besides possessing a certain bouquet of elfin romance, cook into delicacies full of stomachic delight. Then there are chantarells and morels and blewitts, and poor-men's-beef-steaks, over which trained appetites rejoice. A score of dainty little rogues at least there are, and a still greater number of kinds that are nutritive and fairly palatable. In some European countries the edible ones are a really valuable addition to the food of the people—not from being more plentiful than with us, but from being more eagerly gathered and diligently cultivated. One sort or other is used as food by every tribe of men. Not only does the edible mushroom occur in all habitable lands, but in certain foreign parts—as in Australia—there are forms of it very much superior in quality to our English ones. Then, of course, every clime has its own peculiar edible kinds. The native bread of the Australians is an instance in point; it looks somewhat like compressed sago, and is a fairly good article of diet. The staple food of the wild Fuegians for several months each year is supplied by a kind which they gather in great abundance from the living twigs of the evergreen beech. Then there are some not very pleasant, according to our ideas, which can be safely used, and are thus available in times of scarcity, as, for instance, the gelatinous one which the New Zealand natives know as “thunder-dirt,” and one somewhat similar that the Chinese are said to utilize. A curious trade has of late years sprung up between New Zealand and China. A brown semi-transparent fungus, resembling the human ear, grows abundantly in the North Island. This the Maoris and others collect, dry, and pack into bags, for export to China, where it is highly prized for its flavor and gelatinous qualities as an ingredient in soup. It is a species nearly related to our Jew's-ear. The value of this fungus exported from New Zealand in 1877 was stated at over £11,000.—*Good Words*.

When we reflect how little we have done
 And add to that how little we have seen,
 And furthermore how little we have won
 Of joy or good, how little known or been,
 We long for other life, more full, more keen,
 And yearn to change with those
 Who well have run.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

A TALENT for any art is rare; but it is given to nearly every one to cultivate a taste for art; only it must be cultivated with earnestness. The more things thou learnest to know and enjoy, the more complete and full will be for thee the delight of living.—*Platen.*

FROM THE BALTIC TO THE ADRIATIC.

By the author of “German-American Housekeeping,” etc.

[Concluded.]

Travelers are like conchologists, vying with one another in picking up different shells, and herein lies the unending interest of their records.

In the roundabout route from the Baltic to the Adriatic and Mediterranean, Cassel, the electorate in former years of Hesse-Cassel, afforded a most suggestive visit. To be sure, its history is not altogether pleasant to an American, for the fact that the old elector hired his troops to England to fight us during the Revolutionary war, is not a savory bit of German history. Even Frederick the Great saw the meanness of it, for when he heard they were to take their route to England by Prussian roads, he sent word, “if they did so, he would levy a cattle tax on them.” Perhaps some of the money paid by England at that time was laid up in the public treasury and expended afterward upon the extravagant ornamentation of the grounds of the elector's summer residence, “Wilhelmshöhe.” The palace is in itself one of the most magnificent in Europe. Above the cascades in front of it is the highest fountain on the continent. One stream, twelve inches in diameter, is thrown to the height of two hundred feet. The colossal Hercules which crowned the summit of this artificial grandeur was thirty feet high, and the cascades are nine hundred feet long. The whole arrangement is said to have kept two thousand men engaged for fourteen years, and to have cost over ten million dollars! Jerome Napoleon occupied this palace of Wilhelmshöhe when he was king of Westphalia.

A walk of three miles under the straight and narrow road shaded by lime trees, leads one back to Cassel, after this visit to Wilhelmshöhe. The town is beautifully situated on either side of the river Fulda, and has a population of thirty-two thousand. The beautiful terrace overlooking the *angarten*, crowned by its new picture gallery, offers as delightful promenades as the celebrated

Dresden Terrace. The strains of sweet music coming up from the *angarten* (meadow) while one is looking at the beautiful Rembrandts and Van Dykes in the gallery, give the enchantment which one never fails to find in a German town. Napoleon carried away many of the most valuable pictures from the Cassel gallery—but it is redeemed from the number of horrible Jordaens and Teniers by possessing the “pearl of Rembrandts,” a portrait of “Saskia,” his wife.

Chemical products, snuff included, are manufactured in Cassel, and it is quite a wide-awake business place—the old town preserved for picturesque effect, and the new town building up for enterprising manufacturers.

Leaving Cassel any day at one o'clock, one can reach Coblenz at half-past seven in the evening, and the Bellevue Hotel will shelter one delightfully for the night, provided a room on the *hof*, or court, is not given. Four hundred feet above the river at Coblenz stands the old fortress of “Ehrenbreitstein.” How fine its old gray stone and its commanding situation is! No wonder Auerbach, the novelist, in his “Villa on the Rhine,” devoted so many pages to Ehrenbreitstein, the Gibraltar of the Rhine. It cost the government five million dollars. With its four hundred cannon, and capacity to store provision for ten years for eight thousand men in its magazine, well may it scorn attacks “as a tempest scorns a chain.”

Instead of driving up to see this monstrous fortress, one may prefer to wander into St. Castor's Church in the early morning, and, like a devout Catholic, kneel and pray. It may be more restful to thus “commune with one's own heart and be still,” than to keep up a perpetual sight-seeing. Charlemagne divided his empire among his grandchildren in this very church. It dates to the eighth century, and is one of the best specimens of Lombard architecture in all the Rhine provinces. Coming out in the morning about ten o'clock, the sun will light up the severe outlines of the great old Ehrenbreitstein across the river, and the thought comes to one, did Luther compose his celebrated hymn, “*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*” (A mighty fortress is our God), while in such a moment of inspiration as this scene produces upon the mind?

We left Coblenz at ten o'clock on the steamer “Lorlei” for Mainz. This romantic name for our boat, the waters we were plying, St. Castor's Church on the left, and Ehrenbreitstein on the right, brought a strange combination of war, romance and religion to the mind. The only prosaic moment which seized me was in passing the Lorlei Felsen on the Rhine—when instead of remembering Lorlei, I exclaimed, so my companions told me: “O! here is where they catch the fine salmon!” Rheinstein was to my mind the most beautiful and picturesque castle of all, and being owned by the Crown Prince is kept in becoming repair. The little “*panorama des Rheins*” is a troublesome little companion, for it leaves one not a moment for calm enjoyment and forgetfulness, constantly pointing out the places of interest and crowding their history and romance upon one.

The Dom at Mainz is a curious study for an architect—combining as it does so many styles and containing such curious old tombs.

Frankfort, the birthplace of Goethe, and the native place of the Rothschilds family, has too much history to detail in an article like this. When it was a free city it had, and still retains, I believe, the reputation of being the commercial capital of that part of Germany.

Goethe preferred little Weimar for the development of his poetical life. His father's stately house in Frankfort, still to be seen, was not equal to his own in Weimar.

But let us leave the river Main and the river Rhine and look up Nuremberg and Munich before we follow our southern course to the Adriatic. An erratic journey this, but have we not found some shells which the other conchologists overlooked?

Nuremberg seems to have lost more in population than any German city we know of. Having once numbered 100,000, it now claims only 55,000. It is a curious fact that Nuremberg toys which were so celebrated formerly, have been surpassed in this country, and now American manufactures in this line are taken to Nuremberg and actually sold as German toys. This was told me by a gentleman interested in the trade. But buy a lead-pencil in Nuremberg if you want a good article very cheap—perhaps you can learn to draw or sketch with one, being inspired with the memory of Albert Dürer.

Nuremberg is Bavaria's second largest city, and attracts more foreigners or visitors than Munich, perhaps, yet to the mind of the Bavarian Munich is Bavaria, as to the Frenchman Paris is France, and to the Prussian Berlin is Prussia! No traveler can be contented, however, without some time in Nuremberg, although I dare say many go away disappointed. The old stone houses with their carved gables, the walls and turrets, St. Sebald Church, and the fortress where Gustavus Adolphus with his immense army was besieged by Wallenstein, are things which never grow tedious to the memory. In this fortress now they keep the instruments of torture used in the middle ages to extract secrets from the criminal or the innocent, as it might chance to be. A German in Berlin laughingly told me when I described the rusty torturous things, that they were all of recent manufacture, and were not the genuine articles at all! But new or old, genuine or reproduced, they make one shudder as does Fox's “Book of Martyrs.” I know of no church in Germany more worthy of study than St. Sebald's. In it one finds a curious old gold lamp, which swings from the ceiling about half way down one aisle of the church. It is called *die ewige lampe*, because it has been always burning since the twelfth century. It is related of one of Nuremberg's respectable old citizens that he was returning in the darkness one stormy night to his home, and finally almost despaired of finding his way, when a faint light from the St. Sebald's Church

enabled him to arrive safe at his own door. He gave a fund to the church afterward for the purpose of keeping there a perpetual light. When the Protestants took St. Sebald's, as they did so many Catholic churches in Germany after the Reformation, the interest money which the old man gave had still to be used in this way according to his will. So *die ewige lampe* still swings and gives its dim light to the passer-by at night. Our American consul told me a characteristic story of an American girl and her mother, whom he was showing about Nuremberg, as was his social duty, perhaps. They were in St. Sebald's Church, and he related the story of the lamp as they stood near it. Underneath stands a little set of steps which the old sexton ascends to trim the lamp. "Oh!" said this precocious American girl, "I shall blow it out, and then their tradition that it has never been out will be upset." So she climbed the steps fast, and as she was about to do this atrocious thing our consul pulled her back, and said she would be in custody in an hour, and he would not help her out. The mother merely laughed, and evidently saw nothing wrong about the performance. It is just such smart acts on the part of American girls abroad which induce a man like Henry James to write novels about them. The fine, intelligent, self-poised girls travel unnoticed, while the "Daisy Millers" cause the judgment so often passed upon all American girls by foreigners, that they are "an emancipated set."

It was our good fortune while in Munich to board with most agreeable people. The *Herr Geheimrath* (privy counselor) had retired from active life of one kind, to enjoy the privilege of being an antiquarian and art critic. He had his house full of most valuable and curious treasures. The study of ceramics was his hobby, and fayence, porcelain, and earthenwares of the rarest kinds were standing around on his desk, on cabinets, and on the floor. He edited *Die Wartburg*, a paper which was the organ of *Münchener Alterthum-Verein*, and wrote weekly articles *Ueber den Standpunkt unserer heutigen Kunst*. His wife was formerly the *hof-singerin* (court-singer) at the royal opera in Munich, but was then too old to continue. Every Saturday evening she would give a home concert, and would sing the lovely aria from "Freischütz," or Schumann's songs.

St. Petersburg never looked whiter from snow than did Munich that winter. The galleries were cold, but the new and old Pinakothek were too rich to be forsaken. Fortunately the new building was just across the street from the *Herr Geheimrath's*. If it had only been the old Pinakothek I found myself continually saying, for who cares for Kaulbachs, and modern German art, compared with the rich Van Dykes, the Rubens, the Dürers, and the old Byzantine school? I should say the Munich gallery is superior to the Dresden in numbers, but not in gems. But they have fine specimens from the Spanish, the Italian, and German schools.

The Glyptothek is Munich's boast. There is a stately grandeur in this building that suggests Greece and her art. On a frosty morning, to wander out beyond the Propylæum and enter through the great bronze door of the Glyptothek, one feels like a mouse entering a marble quarry. I presume there is no such collection of originals in any country but Italy. Ghiberti, Michael Angelo, Benvenuti, Cellini, Peter Vischer, Thorwaldsen, Canova, Rauch, Schwanthaler, are all represented by original works. But it needs a warm climate to make such a collection of statuary altogether attractive.

Going from Germany to Italy, one takes the "Brenner Pass," generally, over the Alps—the oldest way known, and used by Hannibal. After winding around the side of these snowy peaks, and being blinded by the mists enveloping the landscape, trembling with admiration or fear, as the case may be, a glimpse of sunny Italy is most encouraging.

To reach the Adriatic and Venice is enough earthly joy for some souls. Elizabeth Barrett Browning felt so; and all people feel so, perhaps, who, as Henry James and W. D. Howells, give themselves up to Venice, and write about her until she becomes identified with their reputation. But let Venice and the Adriatic be silent factors in this article, and let Verona, Florence, and Rome substitute them.

We alighted at Verona at midnight, and in the pale moonlight, which gave a ghastly appearance to the quaint old place. "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" were not to be seen that night. The streets were silent, yet I thought perhaps they might greet us in the morning; but their shadowy old cloaks are only to be seen thrown around a thousand beggars, who are as thick as bees and as ugly as bats.

"The tomb of Juliet" is also a deception—a modern invention; but the house of Juliet's parents (the Capuletti), an old palace, stands as it did in the days when Shakspeare represents its banquetting halls and good cheer.

The scenery from Verona to Florence, with the exception of a few views of the Apennines, is very tedious—nothing beyond almond orchards, which in March, the time of the year I saw them, resembled dead apple trees. You will be surprised to hear that the Italian gentlemen wore fur on their coats. They were, I imagine, traveled gentlemen, for the genuine Italian, whether count or beggar, has a cloak thrown over his shoulders in bewitching folds. When he pulls his large felt hat over his magnificent eyes so that it casts a dark shadow over his mysterious face, and stands in the sunshine, he looks simply a picture.

Verona is more Italian in appearance than Florence. The principal street runs along either side of the river Arno, and is crowded for some distance with little picture and jewelry shops; but farther on toward the *cascine*, or park, the street widens, and is enriched with handsome modern buildings, most of which are hotels. This drive to the *cascine* and the grand hotel was made when Victor Emmanuel allowed the impression to exist that Florence would remain the capital of Italy. This drive is thronged with carriages about four o'clock in the afternoon. It was here I remember

to have had the carriage of the Medici family pointed out to me. Within sat two ladies with dark, lustrous eyes, jet hair, and a great deal of lemon color on their bonnets. The livery was also lemon color, and the carriage contained the coat of arms on a lemon-colored panel. The Italians are very partial to this shade of yellow. The beds are draped with material of this same intense hue—very becoming to brunettes, but ruinous, as the young ladies would say, to blondes.

Every one knows of the old Palazzo Vecchio, which rises away above every object in the city of Florence. Its walls are so thick that in them there are places for concealment—little cells—and in one of these the great reformer of Florence, Savonarola, was kept until they burned him at the stake in front of the palace.

“Santa Croce” is the name of the church which contains the tombs of Michael Angelo, Alfieri Galileo, and Machiavelli. Byron, moved with this idea, writes:

“In Santa Croce’s holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality.”

Every American goes to Powers’s studio to see the original of the Greek Slave. Next to the Venus of Milo it seems the loveliest study in marble of the female figure. But “our lady of Milo,” as Hawthorne calls her—there is no beauty to hers!

The Baptistery in Florence is a curious octagonal church, built in the twelfth century, and has the celebrated bronze doors by Ghiberti, representing twelve eventful scenes from the Bible. Those to the south are beautiful enough, said Michael Angelo, to be the gates of paradise.

As often as I had reflected upon Rome and her seven hills, on arriving there the hills seemed to be a new revelation to me, and the rapid driving of the Italians up and down the steep and narrow streets bewildered me not a little. I found myself on the way from the depot, constantly asking, can this be Rome? Everything looks so new. The houses are light sandstone, like the buildings in Paris. I was informed that this portion of Rome was calculated to mislead me, and that I would find our hotel quite like Paris and New York houses. The next morning, instead of making a pilgrimage to the Roman forum, the Colosseum, and the palace of the Cæsars, we drove to St. Peter’s, which kept me still quite in the notion that Rome had been whitewashed, or something done to destroy her ancient classic aspect. We spent four hours in the great church wandering around and witnessing a procession of priests, monks, and gorgeous cardinals. There is no gewgaw, no tinsel in St. Peter’s as one sees in so many other Catholic churches; although gold is used in profusion, yet it is kept in subjection to the tone of the walls. The bronze altar over St. Peter’s tomb is wonderfully effective in the way of concentrating color and attention. It is almost necessary to find a niche in the base of some pillar and sit there awhile before plunging into the immensity of this great building, just as a bird gets ready before darting into space. But after all, the feeling of immensity which St. Peter’s gives is not so grateful to the religious sense as the Gothic style of architecture, with its stained window, and deep recesses,

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“Its long drawn aisles and fretted vaults.”

There is little solemnity in St. Peter’s, little shade and no music, only from side chapels; but there are grand proportions, perfect simplicity, and the pure light of heaven sending a beam upon a golden dove above St. Peter’s tomb, which radiates in a thousand streams of light over the marble pavement.

Nothing impressed me so much in Rome or suggested the ancient glory so much as the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. The magnificence of this building must have been unparalleled. It accommodated sixteen hundred bathers at once, and some of its walls are so thick one fears to estimate the depth. What would the old Romans have thought of the buildings of the present generation, which fall down or burn up without much warning. Here is solid masonry standing since the year 212.

The different arches and columns of Rome constitute one of the most attractive features to almost every traveller. Let those who enjoy them climb their steps or strain their eyes to decipher in a scorching Italian sun the dates, the seven golden candlesticks, the shew bread, and Aaron’s rod, on Titus’s arch for example. I shall wander off while they are so occupied into the old capitol—into the room where Rienzi stood and exhorted the people to recover their ancient rights and into the basement below where St. Paul was imprisoned.

The present king had just been crowned at that time. I saw the king and queen in a procession where they were driving to gratify the people, and again we saw him unattended driving with his brother through the grounds of the Borghese Villa. The carnival was forbidden that year in Rome on account of the death of the King and Pope, but there were out-croppings of it on the streets. The tinsel finery and humbug of it seem so incongruous in ancient classic Rome. I was glad to escape it.

The old Pantheon is too important in its history for any one to write of it, but I have always liked the following paragraph from James Freeman Clarke concerning it: “The Romans in this church, or temple, worshiped their own gods, while they allowed the Jews, when in Rome, to worship their Jewish god, and the Egyptians to worship the gods of Egypt, and when they admitted the people of a conquered state to become citizens of Rome their gods were admitted with them; but in both cases the new citizens occupied a subordinate position to the old settlers. The old worship of Rome was free from idolatry. Jupiter, Juno, and the others were not

represented by idols. But there was an impassable gulf between the old Roman religion and modern Roman thought, and Christianity came to the Roman world not as a new theory but as a new life, and now her churches stand by the side of the ruins of the Temple of Vesta and the old empty Pantheon."



ELECTRICITY.

What is it? and what some of its manifestations? The name was given to an occult, but everywhere present, property of material things. First discovered by the ancients in amber (Gr. *electron*) and brought into evidence by friction. It is generally spoken of as a highly elastic, imponderable fluid, or fluids, with which all matter is supposed to be in a greater or less degree charged. Though such fluids have never been discovered as entities, and their existence may be but imaginary, it was asserted to account for facts that otherwise seemed inexplicable.

Definitions of electricity are at hand, and could be easily given; but they do not define or accurately point out that which they designate. All that can be said, with confidence, is that certain phenomena which come within our observation suggest the presence of such fluids, and are not otherwise explained. The answer to the question, "What is it?" must be the honest confession, we do not know. But, if ignorant of what it is, we may yet intelligently study its manifestations. The phenomena are not less capable of satisfactory discussion because the efficient agent producing them is unknown.

The theory of two imponderable fluids or electricities having strong attractive and repellant forces, is adopted because probable, and it helps make the discussion intelligible.

The awakened interest now so widely felt in this branch of natural science is more than just the desire to know what is knowable of the world we live in. At first, and indeed for ages, only the curious studied electricity, and practical men asked "*Cui bono?*" But in the present century it has become an applied science. In no other field have our studies of nature been more fruitful of discoveries practically affecting the multiform industries, and improving the rapidly advancing civilization of the age.

Some of the skillful inventions for controlling and utilizing this power lying all about us will be mentioned hereafter.

It will be well first to state a few facts that are known and mostly established by experimental tests:

(1) The earth, and all bodies on its surface, with the atmosphere surrounding it, are charged with electricity of greater or less potency. This seems their permanent state, though in some cases, its presence is not easily detected.

(2) In quantity or intensity it is very different in different bodies, as also in the same under different conditions. In some portions of vast objects, as the earth and its atmosphere, it accumulates, immense currents being poured into them, while others are perhaps to the same extent drained.

(3) Through some bodies the subtle fluid may pass with but slight obstruction—and they are called *conductors*. In others the hindrance is greater, and we call them *insulators*. But the difference is only of degrees; as the best conductors offer some obstruction, and the most perfect insulators do not completely insulate. The metals, charcoal, water, and most moist substances, as the earth and animal bodies, offer but little resistance. The atmosphere, most kinds of glass, sulphur, india rubber, vulcanite, shellac, and other resins, with dry silk and cotton, are our best insulators. Friction used to secure electrical manifestations is the occasion rather than the cause of the electricity thus developed or set free. That it does not cause it, even in the sense that it causes heat is evident, since the quantity of electricity bears no proportion to the amount of friction used to produce it.

Though, really, there are not several distinct kinds of electricity, as statical, dynamic, magnetic, frictional, and atmospheric, the nomenclature of the science is at least convenient, and will not mislead. It indicates the methods of production, and makes the discussion of the subject more intelligible. And then the electricity developed or set free by the different methods of excitement, though of the same kind, differs much in degree and intensity.

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What is called statical electricity is the condition of the subtle force in a state of electrical quiescence; and all electricity in motion, however excited by friction, heat, chemical action, or otherwise, is dynamic.

Perpetual modifications are taking place in electrical condition of all matter, that when made apparent, at first may seem quite inexplicable. The excited currents flow with amazing rapidity. Their actions and re-actions baffle our calculations, and the imagination itself is bewildered by their extent and complexity. Yet by electrical tests and laboratory experiments, carefully employed, the laws of electricity are now as well known as those of any other branch of physical science, and the phenomena, if more startling, are no more mysterious than the manifestations of heat, light and gravitation.

Atmospheric electricity is not different in kind from that brought into evidence by the methods of the experimenter in the laboratory, subject to his control, and much used in the arts and industries of life. The lightning that shineth from the one part under heaven to the other part under heaven, a bright light in the cloud, is the same as the electric spark from the moderately charged receiver, when the positive and negative poles are brought into contact—the same as the less intense spark excited by passing the hand rapidly over the fur on the cat's back when the electrical conditions are favorable.

The storm cloud is a vast receiver and by induction becomes at times highly charged with electricity. If the cloud is at rest, and the heated air grows moist, that which is known as sheet or heat lightning appears in frequent flashes. The imprisoned electricity leaps forth from the bosom or edge of the cloud, but as instantly gathers itself back to its source, and apparently without tension or force enough to crash through the atmosphere to any distant object. The flashes are unaccompanied by the noise of thunder, and may be but reflections on the cloud from a source far beyond. We watch them without fear of danger, and the subdued impression is that of the beautiful.

Amidst the terrific grandeur of the violent thunder storm another form of lightning is seen; either the vivid flash that seems to envelop us, or zigzag, sometimes forked lines that dash across the cloud earthward, and occasionally, as in a return stroke, from the earth to the cloud.

In about the middle of the eighteenth century the identity of lightning with electricity was fully ascertained, and since then the most sublime and startling phenomena of our thunder storms are better understood. Under certain contingencies they must occur. Since the different clouds or portions of the same cloud are charged with different electricities, positive and negative, when these by the winds are brought near each other, or rolled together, fierce explosions follow, and great electrical changes take place in the clouds. Vast supplies of the imprisoned fiery fluid leap from strata to strata, or, if the distance is not too great, and the earth is at the same time strongly electrified, crash down to it through whatever sufficient conductors are found. If those not sufficient to receive and convey the charge be in the path they are dashed aside; men and beasts are killed by the shock, trees and other less perfect conductors are scattered in fragments.

Usually the more prominent objects as masts of ships, trees, and buildings are struck in the lightning's course from the cloud, but occasionally those lowest down, near trees, and even in cellars receive the shock. In these cases the current is probably from the earth, whose electric condition is negative with respect to the clouds that pass over it. In either case the opposite electricities that strongly attract each other, and whose concurrence produces the destructive discharge near the earth's surface are held apart by the stratum of air between them. When the attraction becomes too strong to be resisted by the insulating medium they rush together, in their fiery embrace, the flash and concussion being in proportion to the intensity of the charge.

Do lightning rods protect? Yes; but not perfectly. If properly constructed, and of sufficient conducting capacity, they are a source of safety, and to discard them as useless is not wise.

The instances in which buildings provided with rods have been struck do not prove them useless; or, as some say, that the rods do harm by attracting the lightning that they are unable to conduct to the earth without injury to the building. The point does not attract, but only catches the electricity that sweeps over it. When violent shocks or explosions occur the rod may be of little service. Its office is to prevent these by silently conducting the excess of electricity from the air. The rod, rightly placed, conducts to the earth all it can, lessening the evil it does not entirely prevent. But all danger is not removed. The position of the opposite poles in the immense battery may be such as to give the stroke a horizontal direction, and far below the point of the rod; such currents have been known to pass long distances through atmosphere and smite with destructive violence objects lying in their path. Against these lateral attacks rods above our roofs are probably little or no protection. Still the more good conductors there are in any locality the less danger, as they prevent the accumulation of electricity.



POACHERS IN ENGLAND.

By JAMES TURVES.

It is somewhat surprising that none of our present-day novelists, like Charles Reade or Thomas Hardy, who are always on the outlook for romantic realism, whether it be in incident or in fact, have had their eyes directed to the rural poachers who abound in every shire. Poachers, though neither quite respectable members of the church nor of society, are more interesting characters than burglars or ticket-of-leave men, who figure frequently in the novelist's pages. And, very strange to say, it has been left to a lady to write the first accounts of poaching episodes, episodes remarkable for their masculine touches and their wonderful grip of open-air reality; Harriet Martineau, in her "Forest and Game Law Tales," astonishes us by her graphic realism and her delicacy of treatment; Charles Kingsley wrote one or two of his pathetic ballads on the subject of a poacher and his wife; Norman Macleod made a Highland poacher the subject of a character sketch; and in our own times Mr. Richard Jefferies, a writer who finds pleasure in minute description and vivid realism, has in his own style of exact word-painting given us a pleasant

book about his own experiences as an amateur poacher. But the real poacher, the rural vagabond, the parish character, the ne'er-do-weel, whose life is a living protest against the game-laws, is of more lasting interest than any amateur can ever be.

Viewed from the serene vantage-ground of the philosophy of life, poaching is mean and ignoble, and demoralizing sport to you or me, and is not worth the powder and shot, while the fines and punishments are out of all proportion to the joys; yet there are not wanting apologists for it in this apologetic century. "Poaching! Man, there's no sin in catching a rabbit or snaring a hare. They belong to naebody. Bless you! it's a gentleman's trick, shooting." This is the opinion of any Northern lowland ploughman's wife, as she looks from her red-tiled cottage-door out upon the face of the corn-growing mother earth, which has given her sweet memories and a host of country neighbors and friends.

Sixty years ago peasants could use their guns without let or hindrance, and it was then a common thing for a farm-laborer to go out and have a shot when no sportsman was in the way. Taking an odd shot now and then was never, and is not even now, looked upon by them as poaching. But a noted poacher, nicknamed the Otter, tells me, with a sigh, "Poaching is not what it once was!" And it is true. Not so very long ago it was a very profitable occupation, and comparatively respectable, before railways and telegraph wires and penny newspapers stereotyped metropolitan ideas into all and sundry. An old farmer is pointed out as having made all his money by systematic poaching, and an influential city official is said to have laid his early nest-egg by no other means than being a good shot where he had no invitation to be. To-day even rural society would look down upon a young farmer engaged in poaching. It is no longer sport to gentlemen, says the Otter, and is left to moral vagabonds, the waifs and strays, the parish loafers. The great strides of agriculture, the game-laws, and the artificial breeding of game have driven it into sneaking ways, and robbed it of its robust picturesque adventures. To excel in it a man must give up his nights and days to it—in short, he must become a specialist, and even then it hardly pays.

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A genuine poacher has great force of character; he has a genius for field and woodcraft. He is the eldest survivor of rustic romance. His wild life is tinged with the love of adventure, the love of moon and stars, the knowledge of the seasons, the haunts and habits of game, and the power of trapping rabbits in dark woodland glades. No man knows more intimately the night-side of Nature between the chilly hours of midnight and sunrise. In this cold-blooded age there are always some Quixotic individuals, born in the outwardly sleepy villages and lifeless farmsteads, with the love of midnight adventure, who wage long warfare against the game-laws, and who only knuckle under to the law's severity when their health gives way or an enemy turns informer. "Rheumatics plays the mischief with poaching!" exclaims the Otter, referring to the long night-watches in wet ditches and beside hedges for hares on the lea fields. Irrespective of all thought of gain, there is an infatuation to eager spirits in this midnight sport. It appeals to strong, healthy, brave men. Charles Kingsley, in "The Bad Squire," with its strong sympathy and feeling, and its cry of "blood" on all the squire owned, from the foreign shrub to the game he sold, gives us the poacher's wife view, a view we are too apt to ignore or forget, with the weary eyes and heavy heart, that grow light only with weeping, and go wandering into the night. We forget too often that in the hearts of common folk there is the glamor of poetic romance about poaching, and a bitter hatred toward the game-laws. Like Rizpah's son, many a lad has had no other incentive than that "The farmer dared us to do it," and that he found it sweetened by the secret sympathy of the people. Too often, I fear, the game-laws dare a brave rustic into poaching: he has only this one way left to satisfy the insatiable British thirst for field sport. It is gravely whispered that some of the most striking men have tasted its romance; and if all stories be true, the master of the English drama owes to an unlucky deer-poaching incident the lucky turn in his career which sent him to London and to writing plays, and poachers may reasonably claim Shakspeare as their patron saint.

When the strong, sweet ale warms his heart, the poacher boasts of dreadful adventures in the night, of leaping broad mill-dams when chased, of giving fight in the dark, and discomfiting gamekeepers by clever tricks. He paints his exploits in such heroical glory, that the seat next the fire in the ale-house is given him by admiring and fearing rustics. Honesty he ascribes to practicedness in the world's ways, and he looks upon keeping out of jail as the greatest victory that man can achieve. He is the type of man that makes our best soldiers, or, as he phrases it, is paid to stop the gun-shots. He requires no almanac to tell him when the moon is to rise tomorrow, and he could give the gamekeepers lessons. He is to be envied for his quick feeling of life and his sympathy for field and forest sport, and that wild exuberance of spirits which he seems to catch with his hares. It is this rural vagabond—and not Mr. Commonplace Respectability—who rivets young folks' attention; his energy anywhere would achieve success; and he is free from that unpardonable fault, dulness. In the rustic drama of life he is the character that takes hold of us in our best impulses—and is not that the best world of the ideal? He disdains to shoot starlings or black-birds; he is too much a sportsman to pay attention to such small game. He can put his hands to various ways of living; he can collect bird's eggs, shoot wild rock-pigeons for a farmers' club, gather blackberries, or, as they say in Scotland, "brambles," pull young ash-saplings in plantations, and sell them to grooms in the livery stables in town.—*The Contemporary Review*.



"The burning sun of Syria had not yet attained its highest point in the horizon, when a knight of the Red Cross, who had left his distant northern home, and joined the host of the Crusaders in Palestine, was pacing slowly along the sandy deserts which lie in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, or as it is called, the Lake Asphaltites, where the waves of the Jordan pour themselves into an inland sea, from which there is no discharge of waters."

This is the graphic opening of "The Talisman." The steel clad pilgrim was entering upon that great plain, once watered even as the Garden of the Lord, now an arid and sterile wilderness, sloping away to the Dead Sea, which hides beneath its sluggish waves the once proud cities of Sodom and Gomorrah;—a dark mass of water "Which holds no living fish in its bosom, bears no skiff on its surface, and sends no tribute to the ocean." It was a scene of desolation still testifying to the just wrath of the Almighty. As in the days of Moses, "The whole land was brimstone and salt; it is not sown, nor beareth, nor any grass groweth thereon." The first sentence of the chapter revealed the descriptive and artistic power of the novelist, for the desolation is made more desolate by the introduction of the solitary horseman, journeying slowly through the flitting sand, under the noontide splendor of the eastern sun.

Almost a century has passed since the triumph of the first crusade. The Latin Kingdom, founded by its leaders, had lasted only eighty-eight years. Jerusalem is again in the hands of the Saracens. The crescent gleams on the Mosque of St. Omar. The cross has been torn from her temples, her shrines profaned, and the worshipers of the Holy Sepulcher murdered or exiled. The second crusade had been a failure, and its history a series of disasters. Thousands perished in the long march across Asia Minor. Those who reached Palestine undertook the siege of Damascus, but the attempt was disastrous. In 1187 a powerful leader of the East appeared in the high-souled and chivalrous Saladin. By wise counsel he united the factions of the Mohammedans, which had been at variance for two hundred years; and on the arrival of the third crusade, with which event we are now dealing, he was enabled to present a solid front of warriors "like unto the sand of the desert in multitude."

The land, where "peace and good will to men" had been proclaimed by the voices of angels, and emphasized by the blessed words of the Son of God, was again converted into a vast tournament field for the armies of Europe and Asia: aye more, even in the mountain passes that guard the Holy City, the mission of the crusaders was sacrificed to petty insults and rivalries. Richard the Lion-hearted and King Philip of France were repeating the old story of Achilles and Agamemnon. The military orders of the Knights of the Temple and the Knights of St. John, which had grown up in Jerusalem, founded as fraternities devoted to works of mercy in behalf of poor pilgrims, had become powerful rivals of each other and the clergy, and by intrigue and dissension purposely fomented the discord. According to the historian Michaud, "On the one side were the French, the German, the Templars and the Genoese; on the other the English, the Pisans, and the Knights of St. John."

These are the historical circumstances with which Scott has to deal; and it is on a mission from such a council, made up of discordant factions, convened during the sickness of Richard, that we find the Knight of the Red Cross, or as he is afterward styled, Kenneth the Scot, bearing a message to the celebrated Hermit of Engaddi. His adventures by the way are as romantic as any recorded in the Knights of the Round-Table; for, as he directed his course toward a cluster of palm trees, he saw suddenly emerge therefrom a Saracen chief mounted on a fleet Arabian horse. As they drew near each other they prepared for battle, each after the manner of his own country. "On the desert," according to an Eastern proverb, "no man meets a friend." The heavy armor of the crusader and his powerful horse are more than an even match for the wily Saracen. The Scottish knight might have been likened in the conflict to a bold rock in the sea, and the swift assaults of the Eastern warrior to the waves dashing against it only to be broken into foam. After a long struggle, which was worthy of a larger audience, the Saracen calls a truce, and the Mohammedan and Christian, so lately in deadly conflict, make their way side by side, each respecting the other's courage, to the well under the clustered palms.

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The student of history will find in the description of this hand-to-hand conflict an object-lesson of the garb and manners of the Eastern and Western races; and will learn more in the conversation that follows, as they partake of their scanty meal, of the sentiments and customs of the hostile races than can be gathered from the pages of any history with which I am acquainted: for Sir Walter had the marvelous faculty of absorbing history. He saw everything so vividly that he was able to reproduce it in living forms. As we read his description, we sit with them under the palms; we hear them now responding in courtesy, and again in sharp discussion, as allusion is made to their respective religions or modes of life; and, as they resume their journey, we feel grateful to the novelist for the beautiful figure which he puts in the mouth of the Scottish knight in answer to the Saracen's boast of harem-life as contrasted with a Christian household.

"That diamond signet," says the knight, "which thou wearest on thy finger, thou holdest it doubtless of inestimable value?" "Bagdad can not show the like," replied the Saracen; "But what avails it to our purpose?" "Much," replied the Frank, "as thou shalt thyself confess. Take my war-axe and dash the stone into twenty shivers; would each fragment be as valuable as the original gem, or would they, all collected, bear the tenth part of its estimation?"

"That is a child's question," answered the Saracen; "the fragments of a stone would not equal the entire jewel in the degree of hundreds to one."

"Saracen," replied the Christian warrior, "the love which a true knight binds on one only, fair and faithful, is the gem entire; the affection thou flingest among thy enslaved wives, and half-wedded slaves, is worthless, comparatively, as the sparkling shivers of the broken diamond."

We find both soldiers courteous in conversation, and their example teaches a good lesson to modern controversy; but the "courtesy of the Christian seemed to flow rather from a good natured sense of what was due to others; that of the Moslem, from a high feeling of what was to be expected from himself. The manners of the Eastern warrior were grave, graceful and decorous;" he might have been compared to "his sheeny and crescent-shaped saber, with its narrow and light, but bright and keen, Damascus blade, contrasted with the long and ponderous Gothic war-sword which was flung unbuckled on the same sod."

They pursue their march to the grotto of the Hermit of Engaddi; a man respected alike by Christian and Mohammedan; revered by the Latins for his austere devotion, and by the Arabs on account of his symptoms of insanity, which they ascribed to inspiration. The hermit, once a crusader, was the man whom Kenneth was to meet. He delivers his message; but at night, while the Saracen slept, Kenneth is conducted to a subterraneous, but elegantly carved chapel, where he meets by chance with the noble sister of King Richard, who with Richard's newly wedded wife, had come hither to pray for the king's recovery. She drops a rose at the knight's feet confirming the approbation which her smiles had already expressed to him in camp, and the story of true love, not destined to run smoothly, is fairly commenced. But as with "Count Robert of Paris," "The Talisman" is not so much a romance as a picture of the strife and jealousy of haughty and rival leaders. Its value, as a historical novel, lies in the portrayal of these discordant elements.

We may read the best history of the crusades, page by page, line by line, only to forget the next month, or the next year, everything save the issue of the long struggle; but "The Talisman," by its wondrous reality, makes a lasting impression upon our minds. We see Richard tossing upon his couch, impatient of his fever and protracted delays. We see the Marquis of Montserrat, and the Grand Master of the Knights Templar walking together in close-whispered conspiracy. We see Leopold, the Grand Duke of Austria, lifting his own banner, with overweening pride, by the side of England's standard. We see Richard dashing aside the attendants of his sick bed, half-clad, rushing forth to avenge the insult, splintering the staff, and trampling upon the Austrian flag. We stand with Kenneth under the starlight, guarding alone the dignity of England's banner, but decoyed away in an unlucky hour by the ring of King Richard's sister, which had been obtained by artifice. We see the flag stolen in that fatal absence, and the noble knight condemned to death, to be saved only by miracle from the fierce wrath of Richard. He is given as a present to the Arabian physician whose art had restored the king to health. We see him again with Richard in the disguise of a Nubian slave. We see a strolling Saracen with poisoned dagger attempting the life of Richard, but saved by the faithful Kenneth. We find Richard considering in his mind the giving of his royal sister in marriage to Saladin; an affair which fortunately needed the lady's consent, who had in her veins too much of the proud Plantagenet blood to know the meaning of compulsion. We see the tournament which decided the treachery of Conrad, and the triumph of Kenneth, who turns out to be no other than the Earl of Huntingdon, heir of the Scottish throne. The comrade of Kenneth, and the physician who waited upon the king, chances to be the same person, and no less renowned a hero than the Emperor Saladin, who sends as a nuptial present to Kenneth and Edith Plantagenet the celebrated talisman by which he had wrought so many notable cures; which, according to Scott, is still in existence in the family of Sir Simon of Lee.

This tale of the crusaders is so complete that we need after closing the volume only a few lines of history to complete the record. The city of Ptolemais was captured after a three years' siege. More than one hundred skirmishes and nine great battles were fought under its walls. Both parties were animated by religious zeal. It is said that the King of Jerusalem marched to battle with the books of the Evangelists borne before him; and that Saladin often paused upon the field of battle to recite a prayer, or read a chapter from the Koran. Philip finally returns to France. Richard remains in command of one hundred thousand soldiers. He conquers the Saracens in battle, repairs the fortifications of Jaffa and Ascalon, but in the intoxication of pleasure forgets the conquest of Jerusalem. His victories were fruitless. He obtained from Saladin merely a truce of three years and eight months, "which insured to pilgrims the right of entering Jerusalem untaxed," and, without fulfilling his promise of striking his lance against the gates of the Holy City, sets off on his homeward journey, to be taken captive and held a prisoner in a Tyrolese castle. In brief the history of the Third Crusade is that of a house divided against itself.

As "The Betrothed" brought us back from Constantinople and Palestine to Merrie England, so "Ivanhoe" transports the reader, and some of the prominent actors of the drama, from the eastern shores of the Mediterranean to the pleasant district of the West Riding of Yorkshire, watered by the river Don, "where flourished in ancient times those bands of gallant outlaws, whose deeds have been rendered so popular in English song."

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The prominent historical features which Scott illustrates in the romantic story of "Ivanhoe" are the domestic and civil relations existing between the Saxon and the Norman about the year 1196, when the return of Richard the First from Palestine and captivity was an event rather hoped for than expected; and an event *not* hoped for by King John and his followers.

The Saxon spirit had been well nigh subdued by the strict and unjust laws imposed by the

Norman kings. For one hundred and thirty years Norman-French had been the language of the court, the language of law, of chivalry and justice. The laws of the chase and the curfew,—and many others unknown to the Saxon constitution,—had been placed upon the necks of the inhabitants of the soil. With few exceptions the race of Saxon princes had been extirpated; and it was not until the reign of Edward III. that England became thoroughly united as one people. The English language at the close of the twelfth century was not yet born. The Saxon mother and Norman father were not yet wedded; the two languages were gradually getting acquainted with each other; or, as Scott has logically expressed it, “the necessary intercourse between the lords of the soil, and those oppressed inferior beings by whom that soil was cultivated, occasioned the formation of a dialect, compounded betwixt the French and the Anglo-Saxon, in which they could render themselves mutually intelligible to each other; and from this necessity arose by degrees the structure of our present English language, in which the speech of the victors and the vanquished has been so happily blended together, and which has since been so richly improved by importations from the classical languages, and from those spoken by the southern nations of Europe.” In the first chapter—and it is always well to read carefully the first chapter of Scott—we are introduced to a swine-herd, born thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood, one of the few powerful Saxon families existing in England at the time of our story. He is attended by a domestic clown, or jester, maintained at that time in the houses of the wealthy. With an art and unity like Shakspeare, Scott emphasizes at the very outset the chief historic feature of his story, by putting the following conversation in the mouths of these Saxon menials:

“How call you those grunting brutes running about on their four legs?” demanded Wamba, the jester.

“Swine,” said the herd.

“And swine is good Saxon,” said the jester; “but how call you it when quartered?”

“Pork,” answered the cow-herd.

“And pork,” said Wamba, “is good Norman-French; and so when the brute lives, and is in the charge of a Saxon slave, she goes by her Saxon name; but becomes a Norman, and is called *pork*, when she is carried to the castle-hall to feast among the nobles. Nay, I can tell you more,” said Wamba, in the same tone, “there is Alderman Ox, who continues to hold his Saxon epithet, while he is under the charge of serfs and bondsmen such as thou, but becomes *beef*, a fiery French gallant, when he arrives before the worshipful jaws that are destined to consume him. Mynheer Calf, too, becomes Monsieur de *Veau* in the like manner; he is Saxon when he requires tendance, and takes a Norman name when he becomes matter of enjoyment.”

The third chapter brings together a strange gathering under the roof of the hospitable Cedric: Brian de Bois Gilbert, a haughty Templar; Prior Aymer, of free and jovial character; a poor Palmer, just returned from the Holy Land, and a Jew known as Isaac of York; all journeying on their way to a tournament to be held a few miles distant at Ashby de la Zouche. Lady Rowena, descended from the noble line of Alfred, graced the table with her presence, a ward destined by Cedric, but not by fate, to be the wife of Athelstane,—a Saxon descended from Edward the Confessor: in the furtherance of which idea his only son had been exiled, when it became known that he aspired to the hand of the Saxon beauty.

At the tournament the remaining characters of the drama are introduced: King John, with his retinue; Richard the Lion-Hearted, under the disguise of the “Black Knight;” Rebecca, the Jewess; the proud baron Front de Bœuf; Robin Hood, the brave outlaw, under the name of Loxley; and Ivanhoe, the poor pilgrim, who wins the prize at the tournament and crowns Rowena Queen of Beauty. At the close of the second day’s tournament, in which Ivanhoe is again successful, a letter is handed to King John with the brief sentence, “Take heed to yourself, for the devil is unchained.” It was like the handwriting on the wall of Belshazzar’s palace, and proclaimed the end of his kingdom.

Cedric, Rowena, Isaac, Rebecca, Athelstane and Ivanhoe depart their several ways from the tournament, but are captured and taken to Front de Bœuf’s castle. Cedric escapes in the guise of a monk. The castle is stormed, and now occurs one of the most dramatic pictures in the pages of romantic literature, destined to reveal to all time the undying hate between the Saxon and the Norman. A Saxon woman, by name Ulrica, had lived for years in Front de Bœuf’s castle. She had seen her father and seven brothers killed in defending their home, but she “remained to administer ignominiously to the murderers of her family. She used the seductions of her beauty to arm the son against the father; she heated drunken revelry into murderous broil, and stained with a parricide the banqueting hall of the conquerors.” She had sold body and soul to obtain revenge for Norman cruelties; and now, grown old in servitude, incensed by the contempt of her masters, she determines upon a deed, which will make the ears of men tingle while the name of Saxon is remembered. She fires the castle and appears on a turret in the guise of one of the ancient furies, yelling forth a war-song. “Her long, dishevelled grey hair flows back from her uncovered head; the inebriated delight of gratified vengeance contends in her eyes with the fire of insanity; and she brandishes the distaff which she holds in her hand, as if she were one of the fatal sisters, who spin and abridge the thread of human life. At length, with a terrific crash, the whole turret gives way, and she perishes in the flames which consume her tyrant.”

There is another historic feature of the times emphasized in this romance: the oppression of the Jews in England during these cruel and adventurous times. The character of the race is

vividly portrayed in Isaac of York, in which masterly delineation Scott seems truer to nature than Shakspeare in the character of Shylock. Rebecca, his noble and beautiful daughter, is the type of all that is pure and womanly. Her words have the eloquence of the poets and prophets of old: "Know proud knight," she says, "we number names amongst us to which your boasted Northern nobility is as the gourd compared with the cedar—names that ascend far back to those high times when the Divine Presence shook the mercy seat between the cherubim, and which derive their splendor from no earthly prince, but from the awful Voice, which bade their fathers be nearest of the congregation to the vision; such were the princes of the house of Jacob; now such no more. They are trampled down like the shorn grass, and mixed with the mire of the ways; yet there are those among them who shame not such high descent, and of such shall be the daughter of Isaac, the son of Adonikam. Farewell! I envy not thy blood-won honors; I envy not thy barbarous descent from northern heathens; I envy not thy faith, which is ever in thy mouth, but never in thy heart nor in thy practice."

The description of Friar Tuck entertaining King Richard in disguise is in Scott's happiest vein; and Robin Hood, with his bold outlaws, shares the honors gracefully with knights and nobles. But it is alike unnecessary and unprofitable to attempt a condensation of "Ivanhoe." No outline can convey the beauty of a finished picture. It is not to be taken at second hand. It is only for us to indicate its relation to history; and it will suffice to say that King Richard was gladly welcomed by the English people, and that Ivanhoe was wedded to the beautiful Rowena.

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But, do I hear the reader ask, what becomes of the fair Jewess? Scott has answered the question so beautifully in his preface that I borrow his own words—a passage to my mind unsurpassed in English prose: "The character of the fair Jewess found so much favor in the eyes of some fair readers, that the writer was censured, because, when arranging the fates of the characters of the drama, he had not assigned the hand of Wilfred to Rebecca, rather than the less interesting Rowena. But, not to mention that the prejudices of the age rendered such an union almost impossible, the author may, in passing, observe, that he thinks a character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp, is degraded rather than exalted by an attempt to reward virtue with temporal prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit, and it is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons, the most common readers of romance, that rectitude of conduct and of principle are either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by, the gratification of our passions, or attainment of our wishes. In a word, if a virtuous and self-denied character is dismissed with temporal wealth, greatness, rank, or the indulgence of such a rashly formed or ill-assorted passion as that of Rebecca for Ivanhoe, the reader will be apt to say, 'Verily, virtue has had its reward.' But a glance on the great picture of life will show that the duties of self-denial and the sacrifice of passion to principle are seldom thus remunerated; and that the internal consciousness of their high-minded discharge of duty produces on their own reflections a more adequate recompense in the form of that peace which the world can not give or take away."

THE GREAT ORGAN AT FRIBOURG.

By EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

After thoroughly "doing" Berne in most approved guide-book fashion; feeding the bears—hot, dusty looking creatures; standing in the middle of the street, heads thrown back at the risk of dislocating our necks to watch the celebrated clock strike, we stand one evening on the hotel terrace and take our farewell look at the Bernese Alps. Sharply defined against a sunset-flushed sky, as if cut from alabaster, glittering fair and white like the pinnacles and domes of a city celestial, rise the Mönch, Eiger, Wetterhorn, and, serene and august in her icy virgin beauty, the Jungfrau.

"Too soon the light began to fade,
Tho' lingering soft and tender;
And the snow giants sank again
Into their calm dead splendor."

Leaving Berne, we take our way to Fribourg, to see its wonderful gorges and skeleton bridges, and hear its more wonderful organ. On our arrival at this quaint old Romanesque town, we are driven to the most delightful little hotel, hanging on the very edge of the great ravine, upon the sides of which the town is built. Through the more closely-built region of the town runs the old stone wall with its high watch-towers. Spanning the great gulf are the bridges—mere phantoms of bridges they seem from our windows. A dreary, drizzling rain sets in soon after we arrive, and some American lads across the court-yard from time to time send forth in their sweet untrained voices the refrain of that mournful ballad, the "Soldier's Farewell,"

"Farewell, farewell, my own true love."

A prevalent tone of *heimweh* is in the air; eyes are filling, and memory is stretching longing hands over the ocean, when fortunately comes the summons to *table d'hôte*. At our plates we find programs in very bad English of a concert to be given this evening upon the great organ in the cathedral. Thither we go at dusk, pausing a moment to look at the grotesque carving of the last

judgment over the great door. Thereon the good, with most satisfied faces, are being admitted to heaven by St. Peter, a stout old gentleman in a short gown, jingling a bunch of keys; while the wicked are being carried in Swiss baskets to a great cauldron over a blazing fire, therein to be deposited, and to be stirred up by devils armed with pitchforks for that purpose. We enter. Without, the ceaseless drip of the rain; within, gloom, darkness—save for the never-ceasing light before the altar, decay. The air is chill and damp. Around us stretch dark, shadowed aisles. Tombs of those long dust are on every hand. The air seems peopled with ghosts. We are seated, and patiently wait for life to be breathed into that mighty monster looming up in the darkness, above our heads. Suddenly, with a crash that shakes the building, the organ speaks. Silenced, overwhelmed, we listen, possessing our souls in patience for the "Pastorale," representing a thunder storm among the Alps, which is to close the evening's entertainment. We have but recently come from the everlasting hills, and our souls are still under their magic enchantment. At last the moment comes. A pause, and there steals upon the ear a light, sweet refrain. It is spring, the old, ideal spring; the trees are budding; flowers are smiling from the meadows; we feel warm south winds blowing; afar in the woods we hear the sylvan pipe of the shepherd and the songs of birds. A peace is upon everything. Nature is calm, happy, and full of promise of glad fruition. To this succeeds a languid, dreary strain—it is a drowsy summer afternoon. A delicious languor pervades the air; we hear the trees whispering to each other of their perfect foliage; we hear the laughing waters leaping and calling to each other through their rocky passes; the flocks are asleep in the shade; the shadows are stealing and playing over the sides of the mountains, and the whole world swims in a misty, golden haze. Now listen closely. Do not we catch the mutter of distant thunder? And again, do not we hear that clear, bell-like bird-call for rain? The distant muttering grows louder, a stronger breeze sways the trees; still we hear distinctly that bird-call. Now louder rolls the thunder, the wind has arisen, the trees are bending to meet it, and in rage are tossing their boughs to the overcast sky; and ah! here comes the rain. Patter, patter, at first, now fast and faster, and now with a mad rush down it comes in one tremendous, outpouring sheet, and now with a terrific rumble and crash,

"From peak to peak the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder:
Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers from her misty shroud
Back to the joyous Alps who call on her aloud."

The wind shrieks and howls, and yet above all this tumult and roar of the elements, clearly and unmistakably rings that sweet flute-like bird-call. The storm rages, spends its fury, and dies away, and from a neighboring cloister come the voices of an unseen choir, raising a "Te Deum" to him who holds the storms in his hands. Silently we rise and go, a great peace upon us, for divine notes from the soul of the organ have entered into ours.

It is not the nature of man to be always moving forward; it has its comings and goings. Fever has its cold and hot fits, and the cold shiver proves the height of the fever quite as much as the hot fit. The inventions of man from age to age proceed much in the same way. The good nature and the malice of the world in general have the same ebbs and flows. "Change of living is generally agreeable to the rich."—*Pascal*.

ECCENTRIC AMERICANS.

By COLEMAN E. BISHOP.

II.—THE STATESMAN IN A STATE OF NATURE.

David Crockett was born in the wilds of Tennessee, August 17, 1786. He toughened rapidly, like a bear's cub, but he showed in addition to the usual woodsman's instincts the unusual qualities of great tenderness of feeling and generosity, with a remarkable gift of wit and love of fun. The incredible stories of his hardships at the age of twelve and thereafter we have not room to recount. In the best sense he was a tough boy. The closing scene of his home life—if a hut presided over by a drunken father, and a mother who left no impression on the boy's character that showed itself in after years can be by any courtesy called a home—was a dissolving view of a ragged, bare-footed urchin of fourteen chased through the brush by a father with a large goad and a large load of liquor. Thus David Crockett set out upon the world for himself.

With Crockett's story as a bear-hunter, nomadic woodsman, soldier and Indian-fighter, exciting and marvelous as are these incidents of the first thirty years of his life, we shall not much concern ourselves. But I do wonder that his life-like, quaint narrative of these has not become standard juvenile literature, along with Robinson Crusoe and Mayne Reid's stories of adventure. Through all these exciting though isolated years, the young woodsman picked up a good deal of practical knowledge, not one scrap of which he ever forgot; and withal was developing a strange quality of unpretentious self-esteem. "The idea seemed never to have entered his mind that there

was any one superior to David Crockett, or any one so humble that Crockett was entitled to look down upon him with condescension. He was a genuine democrat, and all were in his view equal. And this was not the result of thought, of any political or moral principle. It was a part of his nature, like his stature or complexion. This is one of the rarest qualities to be found in any man.”^[H]

He also was developing oratorical powers. He acquired unbounded popularity at musters and frolics, in camp and in the chase by his fun-making qualities, his homely, kindly, keen wit. His retentive memory was an inexhaustible store-house of anecdote, and he always had an apt illustration for any point he wanted to make. He began to taste the sweet consciousness of power over his fellows, and to easily fall into the position of leadership, for which nature designed him.

His first official position came to him at about the age of thirty. There were a good many outlaws in the region where he at that time had his cabin and claim, and society began to cohere for self-protection. The settlers convened and appointed Crockett and others to be justices of the peace, and a corps of stalwart young men to be constables. These justices were really provost-marshals in power. There were no statute laws nor courts; but there was authority enough, and Crockett says everybody made laws according to his own notions of right. For shooting and appropriating a hog running at large, for instance, the sentence was to strip the thief, tie him to a tree and give him a flogging, burn down his cabin and drive him out of the country. Soon after, the new territory was organized into counties and Crockett was regularly commissioned a justice by the legislature. His account of his administration is interesting:

“I was made a squire according to law; though now the honor rested on me more heavily than before. For, at first, whenever I told my constable, says I, ‘catch that fellow and bring him up for trial!’ away he went, and the fellow must come, dead or alive. For we considered this a good warrant, though it was only in *verbal writing*. But after I was appointed by the Assembly, they told me my warrants must be in *real* writing and signed; and that I must keep a book and write my proceedings in it. This was a hard business on me, for I could just barely write my own name. But to do this, and write the warrants too, was at least a huckleberry over my persimmon. I had a pretty well informed constable however, and I told him when he should happen to be out anywhere and see that a warrant was necessary and would have a good effect, he needn’t take the trouble to come all the way to me to get one, but he could just fill one out, and then on the trial I could correct the whole business if he had committed any error. In this way I got on pretty well, till by care and attention I improved my handwriting in such a manner as to be able to prepare my warrants and keep my record books without much difficulty. My judgments were never appealed from: and if they had been they would have stuck like wax, as I gave my decisions on the principles of common justice and honesty between man and man, and relied on natural born sense, and not on law learning, to guide me; for I had never read a page in a law-book in all my life.”

Crockett made his first stump speech when he was about thirty-four years old. A militia regiment was to be organized, and a Captain Mathews, after promising Crockett the majority of the regiment if he would support him for its colonel, turned against Crockett in favor of his own son. At a great muster prepared by Mathews, he made a stump speech in his own and his son’s favor. Crockett, entirely unabashed, mounted the stump as soon as Mathews finished, and on the captain’s own grounds proceeded to expose his duplicity and argue the total unfitness of both him and his son for the command. The speech was fluent, witty, full of anecdote, and carried the rude audience by storm. It effectually beat both father and son. The fame of this maiden effort traveled fast in a community where oratory was the great, if not the only engine of popular control, and the result was that a committee soon waited on Crockett and asked him to stand for the legislature then about to be elected (1821). Some of his first electioneering adventures illustrate the frankness and tact so queerly combined in him, and also show how he got his education in politics. Hickman county wanted to change its county seat. He says: “Here they told me that they wanted to move their town nearer to the center of the county, and I must come out in favor of it. I did not know what this meant, or how the town was to be moved, and so I kept dark, going on the same identical plan that I now find is called *non-committal*.”

On one occasion the candidates for governor of the State, Congress, and several for legislature, some of them able stump-speakers, were announced. As he listened, a sense of inferiority for the first time, probably, penetrated him; he drank in all they said, and remembered it. He says:

“The thought of having to make a speech made my knees feel mighty weak, and set my heart to fluttering almost as bad as my first love scrape with the Quaker’s niece. But as luck would have it, these big candidates spoke nearly all day, and when they quit the people were worn out with fatigue, which afforded me a good apology for not discussing the government. But I listened mighty close to them, and was learning pretty fast about political matters. When they were all done I got up and told some laughable story and quit.”

He was elected, and in the legislature proved a good story-teller, a formidable antagonist in repartee, and above all a good listener. He says the first thing that he took pains to learn was the meaning of the words “judiciary” and “government,” as up to that time he had “never heard that there was any such thing in all nature as a judiciary.” The halls of the Tennessee legislature were again brightened in 1823-24 by the wit and good sense of “the gentleman from the cane” as an

opponent derisively dubbed him, very much to his subsequent regret.

Crockett was now so well known that he was put forward for Congress. His rapid advancement staggered even his self-sufficiency, and he objected, saying he "knew nothing about Congress matters." Fortunately, perhaps, he was given time to learn more, for he was beaten at the polls this time. It was claimed by his supporters the result was obtained by fraud, and as the adverse majority was small, he was urged to contest the election; but he declined, saying he did not care enough for office to take it unless the clearly expressed will of the people called him thereto. From hunting for men he turned with zest to hunting for bears; his endurance, hardihood and success, and the never-failing benevolence with which he divided the fruits of the hunt with poor settlers, or lent a helping hand in many other ways, made him more political capital than the best stump speeches could have done. He killed one hundred and five bears one season. Two years later (1827) he ran for Congress again and was triumphantly elected over two strong opponents. Thus the bear-hunting, Indian-fighting "gentleman from the cane," barely able to write his name, so poor that he had to borrow money to pay his traveling expenses to Washington, became a law-maker of a great nation by sheer force of native talent and goodness of heart.

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His fame preceded him to Washington. His prowess in arms, his dexterity in politics, and his quaint wit had been in the papers; all his sayings had been, as is the style of American journalism, exaggerated and embellished and distorted, until the general impression of him was that of a coarse, outlandish, swaggering yahoo. His appearance in Washington dispersed these illusions thence, but the misrepresentations did not cease in the prints. As in the case of Lincoln, every profane and vulgar thing that cheap wit could invent was attributed to Crockett, and received as his. Many of these false impressions survive to this day; it is therefore proper here to give a picture of the man as he was seen at home. It is thus reported by an intelligent gentleman who visited his cabin just after his election. The visitor penetrated to Crockett's cabin eight miles through unbroken wilderness by a path blazed on the trees. He says:

Two men were seated on stools at the door, both in their shirt-sleeves, engaged in cleaning their rifles. As the stranger rode up, one of the men came forward to meet him. He was dressed in very plain homespun attire, with a black fur cap upon his head. He was a finely proportioned man, about six feet high, apparently forty-five years of age, and of very frank, pleasing, open countenance. He held his rifle in his hand, and from his right shoulder hung a bag made of raccoon-skin, to which there was a sheath attached containing a large butcher-knife.

"This is Colonel Crockett's residence, I presume," said the stranger.

"Yes," was the reply, with a smile as of welcome.

"Have I the pleasure of seeing that gentleman before me?" the stranger added.

"If it be a pleasure," was the courteous reply, "you have, sir."

"Well, Colonel," responded the stranger, "I have ridden much out of my way to spend a day or two with you, and take a hunt."

"Get down, sir," said the Colonel, cordially. "I am delighted to see you. I like to see strangers. And the only care I have is that I can not accommodate them as well as I could wish. I have no corn, but my little boy will take your horse over to my son-in-law's. He is a good fellow, and will take care of him."

Leading the stranger into his cabin, Crockett very courteously introduced him to his brother, his wife, and his daughters. He then added:

"You see we are mighty rough here. I am afraid you will think it hard times. But we have to do the best we can. I started mighty poor, and have been rooting 'long ever since. But I hate apologies. What I live upon always, I think a friend can for a day or two. I have but little, but that little is as free as the water that runs. So make yourself at home."

He seemed to have a great horror of binding himself to any man or party. "I will pledge myself to no administration," he said. "When the will of my constituents is known, that will be my law; when it is unknown my own judgment shall be my guide." So clear and lofty an idea had this unlearned man formed of the duties of a representative! Well for the country if as high a standard of political duty even now prevailed among the best and wisest legislators!

Nothing is recorded of his first term in Congress except that he "brought down the house" every time he spoke, and once so discomfited a colleague that a duel was talked of; upon which Crockett gave out that if any one challenged him he should select as their weapons *bows and arrows*.

He was re-elected in 1829. This was the Jackson tidal wave—the inauguration of that craze of hero-worship and spoils-grabbing which entailed its curse upon our politics, even to this day. During this term came the turning point in Crockett's career and a triumphant test of the strength of his character. At first he supported Jackson's administration and acted with the party. But when that "constitutional democrat" blossomed out into an unconstitutional autocrat, one man of his party was found manly enough to act upon his own convictions. One of these unconstitutional measures was an act to vote half a million of dollars for disbursements made without color of law, and Crockett opposed it. The result is best told in his own words:

"Soon after the commencement of this second term, I saw, or thought I did, that it was expected of me that I would bow to the name of Andrew Jackson, and follow him in all his motions, and mindings, and turnings, even at the expense of my conscience and judgment. Such a thing was new to me, and a total stranger to my principles. I know'd well enough, though, that if I didn't 'hurrah' for his name, the hue and cry was to be raised against me, and I was to be sacrificed, if possible. His famous, or rather I should say his *infamous* Indian bill was brought forward, and I opposed it from the purest motives in the world. Several of my colleagues got around me, and told me how well they loved me, and that I was ruining myself. They said this was a favorite measure of the President, and I ought to go for it. I told them I believed it was a wicked, unjust measure, and that I should go against it, let the cost to myself be what it might; that I was willing to go with General Jackson in everything I believed was honest and right; but, further than this, I wouldn't go for him or any other man in the whole creation.

"I had been elected by a majority of three thousand five hundred and eighty-five votes, and I believed they were honest men, and wouldn't want me to vote for any unjust notion, to please Jackson or any one else; at any rate, I was of age, and determined to trust them. I voted against this Indian bill, and my conscience yet tells me that I gave a good, honest vote, and one that I believe will not make me ashamed in the day of judgment. I served out my term, and though many amusing things happened, I am not disposed to swell my narrative by inserting them.

"When it closed, and I returned home, I found the storm had raised against me sure enough; and it was echoed from side to side, and from end to end of my district, that I had turned against Jackson. This was considered the unpardonable sin. I was hunted down like a wild varment, and in this hunt every little newspaper in the district, and every little pin-hook lawyer was engaged. Indeed, they were ready to print anything and everything that the ingenuity of man could invent against me."

It proved as he had anticipated; he failed of re-election, but only by a majority of seventy votes. Two years of bear-hunting followed, during which Crockett thirsted for the nobler pursuit of ambition of which he had had a taste. Some of his predictions as to Jackson's course had been verified, and many things conspired to open his constituents' eyes to the high character of their representative's course. In the canvass of 1833 he was elected the third time, winning one of the most remarkable political triumphs ever known in this country. He had against him all the education, talent and wealth of his district; the administration made it a test vote, and all that promises of reward, threats of punishment, political and social, unlimited money, the influence of the national banks, and every appliance that the most tyrannical disposition ever dominant in our affairs could bring to bear were used. Men of genius, eloquence, influence and fortune rode the district; whiskey was free as water. The entire press opposed Crockett with the ingenuity and abandon which only "patronage" can inspire. More than all this the common people of the district, with whom lay Crockett's influence, if he had any, worshiped "Old Hickory," under whom many of them had fought. Against these odds the impoverished, uneducated hunter, with no aid but his natural gifts and a clean record, canvassed the district of seventeen counties and 100,000 inhabitants and won. This remarkable victory in Jackson's own State, when his popularity was at its height, gave Crockett a new and better title to respect than any he had before presented; and it increased the mystery hanging about this strange, uncultured genius. The world abandoned its preconceived notions of the back-woodsman when it saw his power; but it was at loss to conceive a true idea of him.

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During this session of Congress (1833-34) Crockett wrote his autobiography. As might be expected, it is a very unique work. Its style is simple and vigorous; the language is Shaksperian in its monosyllables and short sentences, but the *ensemble* is graphic, and as the events narrated are of the most extraordinary kind, it makes very exciting reading. On the title page appears his famous motto:

"I leave these words for others when I'm dead;
Be always sure you're right, then GO AHEAD!"

Crockett submitted the manuscript of this work to a critic for revision; but he declared afterward that the reviser had not improved the work—probably because he toned down its vigorous language. Such expressions as "my son and me went," occur, and spelling like this: "hawl," "tuff," "scaffled," "clomb" (for climbed); "flower" (for flour). But he positively objected to some of the orthographical corrections, as he said "such spelling was contrary to nature." He brought the narrative of his life up to the date, and concluded it as follows:

"I am now here in Congress, this 28th day of January, in the year of our Lord 1834; and, what is more agreeable to my feelings, as a free man. I am at liberty to vote as my conscience and judgment dictate to be right, without the yoke of any party on me or the driver at my heels with the whip in hand commanding me to 'gee-wo-haw!' just at his pleasure. Look at my arms: you will find no party handcuffs on them! Look at my neck: you will not find there any collar with the engraving,

MY DOG.—ANDREW JACKSON.

But you will find me standing up to my rack as the people's faithful representative, and the public's most obedient, very humble servant,

What would not senators and representatives of to-day give for the same independence? What health and manliness it would impart to public life, if every legislator were thus free of handcuffs and collars!

In the spring of 1834, Crockett made his famous "starring tour" through the East. From Philadelphia to Portland, and back to Washington, it was a continuous ovation. Crockett and the populace were mutually astonished; he at his receptions, and they at the actions, appearance, and utterances of the man who had been represented to them by his political opponents as a buffoon and semi-savage. He was more than all impressed with the developments of wealth and enterprise in the North; he frankly confessed the prejudices he had formed against the Yankees, and praised their thrift and principles. He spoke well and appropriately on each occasion, though—strange change in him!—with evident confusion at the lionizing. He wrote of the ovation he received on landing in Philadelphia:

"It struck me strangely to hear a strange people huzzaing for me; it took me so uncommon unexpected, as I had no idea of attracting attention. The folks came crowding around me, saying, 'Give me the hand of an honest man.' I thought I had rather be in the wilderness with my gun and dogs, than to be attracting all that fuss."

In a happy little speech here, from the hotel balcony, he said:

"I am almost induced to believe this flattery—perhaps a burlesque. This is new to me, yet I see nothing but friendship in your faces."

At a grand banquet in New York City, Crockett having been toasted as "The undeviating supporter of the constitution and the laws," made this neat and characteristic hit, as he reports it:

"I made a short speech, and concluded with the story of the red cow, which was, that as long as General Jackson went straight, I followed him; but when he began to go this way, and that way, and every way, I wouldn't go after him; like the boy whose master ordered him to plough across the field to the red cow. Well, he began to plough, and she began to walk; and he ploughed all forenoon after her. So when the master came, he swore at him for going so crooked. 'Why, sir,' said the boy, 'you told me to plough to the red cow, and I kept after her, but she always kept moving.'"

Most enthusiastic of all was his reception in Boston, where President Jackson's policy was most unpopular. It was even proposed to confer on Crockett the degree of LL.D., an honor that had been awarded to Jackson: but, unlike Jackson, Crockett had the wit to decline an honor which neither of the two deserved.

The more he saw and heard the more humble he became. When called up for an after-dinner speech in Boston he burst out in his honest way—"I never had but six months' schooling in all my life, and I confess I consider myself a *poor tyke* to be here addressing the most intelligent people in the world." If he had not culture, he had what was far more rare in that age of truckling to one-man power—*manhood*. It seemed as if unlettered David Crockett was the only man in public life to stand up straight, and people acknowledged the power of true character. The culture and wealth of the East bowed to unspoiled manhood; it was a revelation fresh from Nature's hand.

A few extracts from one of his more sustained and dignified efforts will illustrate the development Crockett had attained by simple observation. After praising New England he said:

"I don't mean that because I eat your bread and drink your liquor, that I feel so. No; that don't make me see clearer than I did. It is your habits, and manners, and customs; your industry; your proud, independent spirits; your hanging on to the eternal principles of right and wrong; your liberality in prosperity, and your patience when you are ground down by legislation, which, instead of crushing you, whets your invention to strike a path without a blaze on a tree to guide you; and above all, your never-dying, deathless grip to our glorious Constitution. These are the things that make me think you are a mighty good people.

"I voted for Andrew Jackson because I believed he possessed certain principles, and not because his name was Andrew Jackson, or the 'Hero,' or 'Old Hickory.' And when he left those principles which induced me to support him, I considered myself justified in opposing him. This thing of man-worship I am a stranger to; I don't like it; it taints every action of life.

"I know nothing, by experience, of party discipline. I would rather be a raccoon-dog, and belong to a Negro in the forest, than to belong to any party, further than to do justice to all, and to promote the interests of my country. The time will and must come, when honesty will receive its reward, and when the people of this nation will be brought to a sense of their duty, and will pause and reflect how much it cost us to redeem ourselves from the government of one man. It cost the lives and fortunes of thousands of the best patriots that ever lived. Yes, gentlemen, hundreds of them fell in sight of your own city.

"Gentlemen, if it is for opposing those high-handed measures that you compliment me, I say I have done so, and will do so, now and forever. I will be no man's man, and

no party's man, other than to be the people's faithful representative: and I am delighted to see the noble spirit of liberty retained so boldly here, where the first spark was kindled; and I hope to see it shine and spread over our whole country."

He took his seat in Congress, a central object in the political field. His position was anomalous. Party ties were closely drawn, and party rancor bitter as it can be only when nothing but plunder is at stake between parties. The Democrats could not claim Crockett so long as he antagonized their god, Jackson; and the alliance of the Whigs he most distinctly repudiated. He was an independent, an "unattached statesman;" the prototype of an element which has now become formidable in our politics, but a character for whom there was no place in those times. He was, like all eccentrics, ahead or apart from his age, and was at first feared, then shunned, and then called crazy by the great body of public men, whose standard of sanity was to sacrifice manhood to party, to betray the Republic for spoils.

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It was during this Congress that he created a sensation by antagonizing benevolence of representatives at government expense. A bill had been reported and was about to pass, appropriating a gratuity to a naval officer's widow. Crockett made an unanswerable argument on the unconstitutionality of this and other such appropriations, and closed by offering, with other friends of the widow, to give her a week of his salary as congressman. Not a member dared to answer or to vote for the bill, and not one followed Crockett's example of charity at his own expense.

But the independent, honest eccentric had reached the end of his public career. In the next congressional election he was beaten by tricks such as would not be tolerated at this time. One of these devices was to announce fictitiously a large number of public meetings in Crockett's name on the same day. When he failed to appear, as announced, speakers of the Jackson party, who would always arrange to be present, denounced Crockett as afraid to face his constituents upon his "treacherous and corrupt record in Congress." The defeat was a surprise to him; more, it almost broke his heart. He wrote, manfully, but pathetically, "I have suffered myself to be politically sacrificed to save my country from ruin and disgrace." I may add, like the man in the play, "Crockett's occupation's gone."

Shortly after he made a farewell address to his constituents, into which he compressed a good deal of plain speaking, or as he says, "I put the ingredients in the cup pretty strong, I tell you: and I concluded by telling them that I was done with politics for the present, and that they might all go to hell and I would go to Texas."

"When I returned home," he adds, "I felt sort of cast down at the change that had taken place in my fortunes; sorrow, it is said, will make even an oyster feel poetical. Such was my state of feeling that I began to fancy myself inspired; so I took my pen in hand, and as usual, I went ahead." This is

CROCKETT'S FAREWELL TO HOME.

"Farewell to the mountains whose mazes to me
Were more beautiful far than Eden could be;
No fruit was forbidden, but Nature had spread
Her bountiful board, and her children were fed.
The hills were our garner—our herds wildly grew
And Nature was shepherd and husbandman too.
I felt like a monarch, yet thought like a man,
As I thanked the Great Giver, and worshiped his plan.

"The home I forsake where my offspring arose;
The graves I forsake where my children repose.
The home I redeemed from the savage and wild;
The home I have loved as a father his child;
The corn that I planted, the fields that I cleared,
The flocks that I raised, and the cabin I reared;
The wife of my bosom—Farewell to ye all!
In the land of the stranger I rise or I fall.

"Farewell to my country! I fought for thee well,
When the savage rushed forth like the demons from hell.
In peace or in war I have stood by thy side—
My country, for thee I have lived, would have died!
But I am cast off, my career now is run,
And I wander abroad like the prodigal son—
Where the wild savage roves, and the broad prairies spread,
The fallen—despised—will again go ahead."

We can not follow our hero—for he was a moral hero—in his adventures while going across the country to Texas. Only one incident have we room for. On the way he rode apace with a circuit preacher, a man not less a hardy adventurer than himself. He narrates this:

"We talked about politics, religion, and nature, farming, and bear-hunting, and the many blessings that an all-bountiful Providence had bestowed upon our happy country.

He continued to talk on this subject, traveling over the whole ground, as it were, until his imagination glowed, and his soul became full to overflowing; and he checked his horse, and I stopped mine also, and a stream of eloquence burst forth from his aged lips, such as I have seldom listened to: it came from the overflowing fountain of a pure and grateful heart. We were alone in the wilderness, but as he proceeded, it seemed to me as if the tall trees bent their tops to listen; that the mountain stream laughed out joyfully as it bounded on like some living thing; that the fading flowers of autumn smiled, and sent forth their fresher fragrance, as if conscious that they would revive in spring; and even the sterile rocks seemed to be endued with some mysterious influence. We were alone in the wilderness, but all things told me that God was there. The thought renewed my strength and courage. I had left my country, felt somewhat like an outcast, believed that I had been neglected and lost sight of. But I was now conscious that there was one watchful eye over me; no matter whether I dwelt in the populous cities, or threaded the pathless forests alone; no matter whether I stood in the high places among men, or made my solitary lair in the untrodden wild, that eye was still upon me. My very soul leaped joyfully at the thought. I never felt so grateful in all my life. I never loved my God so sincerely in all my life. I felt that I still had a friend.

“When the old man finished, I found that my eyes were wet with tears. I approached and pressed his hand, and thanked him, and says I, ‘Now let us take a drink.’ I set him the example, and he followed it, and in a style too that satisfied me, that if he had ever belonged to the temperance society, he had either renounced membership, or obtained a dispensation.”

Crockett reached Texas just in time to take part with the American filibusters in the famous defense of the fortress of the Alamo, against Santa Anna’s army. On the 6th of March, 1836, the citadel was carried by the Mexicans by assault, only six of the little garrison surviving, of whom Crockett was one. When captured he stood at bay in an angle of the fort, his shattered rifle in one hand and a bloody bowie-knife in the other; twenty Mexicans, dead or dying, were at his feet. His face was covered with blood flowing from a deep gash across his forehead. Santa Anna ordered the prisoners to be put to the sword. Crockett, hearing the order, though entirely unarmed, sprang like a tiger at the throat of the Mexican general, but a dozen swords interrupted him and cut off his life.

Thus in its prime was thrown away a life that in many respects was one of the most extraordinary in our annals. If he had enjoyed early advantages, he would have been one of the greatest of Americans. Nay, it is possible that if he had not been so deeply wounded by ingratitude, treachery and defeat, and had remained at home, he, instead of General Harrison, would have been the one to lead the popular revolution, when came the reaction from the unlicensed *regime* of Jackson and Van Buren.

David Crockett’s courage, independence, honesty, goodness of heart, made him shine “like a good deed in a naughty world.” He ought not to be forgotten by his countrymen, for a noble illustration of the capabilities that may be found among the common people, and of the career possible to even the lowliest-born American citizen.

FOOTNOTE:

[H] Abbott.

WHEN a man is called feeble, what is meant by the expression? Feebleness denotes a relative state; a relative state of the being to whom it is applied. He whose strength exceeds his necessities, though an insect, a worm, is a strong being; he whose necessities exceed his strength, though an elephant, a lion, a conqueror, a hero, though a god, is a feeble being.
—ROUSSEAU.

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ETIQUETTE.

Etiquette is from the French word for ticket, and its present use in English suggests the old custom of distributing tickets or cards on which the ceremonies to be observed at any formal proceedings are fully set forth—a kind of program for important social gatherings of distinguished persons. Modern usage has given the word a much wider significance. It means the manners or deportment of cultured people; their bearing toward, or treatment of others.

The suggestions in a recent number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, respecting “street etiquette,” or things proper to be observed in riding, driving and walking, will not now be repeated, though many of our younger readers might profit by having, on so familiar a subject, “line upon line, precept upon precept.”

The etiquette proper for the home and every-day life, in town and country, is quite as important, and embraces more things than there is space to notice.

CALLS AND CARDS.

Home, the dearest spot on earth, would be no fit abode for social beings if closed against the entrance and friendly offices of those without. The courtesies and kindness of neighbors must be received and reciprocated to make the home comforts complete. By simple methods the most important amicable relations in society are established and maintained.

Calls may be distinguished as ceremonious or friendly. The latter among intimate friends may, and ought to be quite informal, and for them no rules need be prescribed. Common-sense may be safely trusted, as to their manner, frequency, and the time spent in making them. But well-disposed, cultured people will usually have friendly relations with a much larger number than can be received on terms of close intimacy. As a means of establishing and maintaining such relations, mere formal calls are made. In the country and in small towns residents are expected to call on new-comers without having any previous acquaintance with them, or even having met them before. Ordinarily the new-comer, of whatever rank, should not call formally on a resident first, but wait till the other has taken the initiative. If after the first meeting, for any reason, the resident does not care to pursue the acquaintance, it will be discontinued by not leaving cards or calling again. The newcomer in like manner if not wishing to extend or continue the acquaintance, will politely return the first call, leaving cards only if the neighbors are not at home.

In some sections of the country calling on newcomers is done rather indiscriminately and with little regard to the real, or supposed social standing of the persons. This accords best with our American ideas of equality, and is consistent for those whose friendships are decided by character and personal accomplishments, rather than by the accidents of birth or wealth. The good society for which all may rightly aspire claims as among its brightest jewels some who financially rank with the lowly—rich only in the nobler qualities of mind and heart. The etiquette that, in any way, closes the door to exclude them is more nice than wise.

Those in high esteem in their community and most worthy will naturally, if circumstances permit, take the responsibility of first calls on strangers who come to reside among them. The call itself is a tender of friendship, and friendly offices, even though intimacy is not found practicable or desirable.

Custom does not require the residents of large cities to formally call on all new-comers in their neighborhood, which would be impracticable, only those quite near and having apparently about the same social status are entitled to this courtesy. Some discrimination is not only allowable but necessary.

A desirable acquaintance once formed, however initiated, is maintained by calls more or less frequent, as circumstances may decide, or by leaving cards when for either party that is more convenient.

Visiting cards must be left in person, not sent by mail or by the hand of a servant, unless in exceptional cases. Distance, unfavorable weather or delicate health might be sufficient reasons for sending the cards, but, as a rule, ladies leave their cards themselves, this being found more acceptable.

A lady's visiting card should be plain, printed in clear type, with no ornamental or old English letters. The name printed on the middle of the card. The place of residence on the left-hand corner.

A married lady would never use her christian name on a card, but that of her husband after Mrs., before her surname.

In most places it is customary and considered in good taste for husbands and wives to have their names printed on the same card: "Mr. and Mrs.," but each would still need separate cards of their own.

The title "Honorable" is not used on cards. Other titles are, omitting the "The" preceding the title.

It is not in accordance with etiquette in most places for young ladies to have visiting cards of their own. Their names are printed beneath that of their mother, on her card, either "Miss" or "the Misses," as the case may be. If the mother is not living, the daughter's name would be printed beneath that of her father, or of her brother, in case of a brother and sister residing alone.

If a young lady is taken into society by a relative or friend, her name would properly be written in pencil under that of her friend.

If a lady making calls finds the mistress of the house "not at home" she will leave her card and also one of her husband's for each, the mistress and her husband; but if she have a card with her own and her husband's name on it, she leaves but one of his separate cards.

If a lady were merely leaving cards, and not intending to call she would hand the three cards to the person answering at the door, saying, "For Mrs. —," without asking whether she is at home or not.

If a lady is sufficiently intimate to call, asks for and finds her friend at home, she should, on

leaving the house, leave two of her husband's cards in a conspicuous place on the table in the hall. She should not drop them in the card-basket or hand them to the hostess, though she might silently hand them to the servant in the hall. She will on no account leave her own card, having seen the lady which removes all occasion for leaving her card.

If the lady were accompanied by her husband and the lady of the house at home, the husband would leave one of his own cards for the master of the house, but if he also is at home no cards are left. A lady leaves her card for a lady only, while a gentleman leaves his for both husband and wife.

A gentleman when calling takes his hat in his hand into the room and holds it until he has met the mistress of the house; he may then either place it on a chair or table near him, or hold it in his hand till he takes his leave.

DREAMS, books, are each a world: and books we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
There find I personal themes, a plenteous store,
Matter wherein right voluble I am,
To which I listen with a ready ear;
Two shall be named, preëminently dear,—
The gentle lady married to the Moor;
And heavenly Una, with her milk-white lamb.

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares—
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!
Oh! might my name be numbered among theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal days.
— *Wordsworth's "Personal Talk."*

NAPOLEON'S MARSHALS.

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Napoleon's marshals were twenty-six in number, of whom seven only were born in a rank which would have entitled them to become general officers under the old Monarchy. These were Kellermann, Berthier, Davoust, Macdonald, Marmont, Grouchy, and Poniatowski, a Pole. Of the others, Murat was the son of an innkeeper, Lefèbvre of a miller, Augereau of a mason, Bernadotte of a weaver, and Ney of a cooper. Masséna's father, like Murat's, kept a village wine-shop; Lannes was the son of an ostler, and was himself apprenticed to a dyer; Victor, whose real name was Perrin, was the son of an invalided private soldier, who after leaving the service became a market-crier; while Soult's mother kept a mercer's shop, and Oudinot's a small *café* with a circulating library. The marshals sprung from the *bourgeoisie* or middle class were Serrurier, whose father was an officer, but never rose above the rank of captain; Bessières, whose father, though a poor clerk in a lawyer's office, was the son of a doctor; Suchet, who was the son of a silk-merchant; Moncey, the son of a barrister; Gouvion, who assumed the name of Saint-Cyr, and whose father practiced as an attorney; and Brune, who started in life as a journalist. It is curious to trace through the lives of the different men the effect which their earliest associations had upon them. Some grew ashamed of their parentage; whilst others bragged overmuch of being self-made men. Only one or two bore their honors with perfect modesty and tact.

The noblest character among Napoleon's marshals was beyond doubt Adrien Moncey, Duc de Conégliono. He was born at Besançon in 1754, and enlisted at the age of fifteen, simply that he might not be a charge to his parents. From his father, the barrister, he had picked up a smattering of education, while Nature had given him a talent for drawing. He looked so small and young when he was brought before the colonel of the Franche Comté regiment for enrollment, that the latter, who was quite a young man—the Count de Surveilliers—asked him, laughing, whether he had been tipsy from “drinking too much milk” when he fell into the hands of the recruiting sergeant. The sergeant, by way of proving that young Moncey had been quite sober when he had put on the white cockade (which was like taking the king's shilling in England), produced a cleverly executed caricature of himself which the boy had drawn; upon which M. de Surveilliers predicted that so accomplished a recruit would quickly win an epaulette. This promise came to nothing, for in 1789, after twenty years' service, Moncey was only a lieutenant. It was a noble trait in him that in after years he never spoke resentfully of his slow promotion. He used to say that he had been thoroughly well-trained, and he alluded kindly to all his former officers. After Napoleon's overthrow, Moncey's conduct was most chivalrous; he privately blamed Ney's betrayal of the Bourbons, for it was not in his nature to approve of double-dealing, but he refused to sit in judgment upon his former comrade. Marshal Victor was sent to shake his resolution, but Moncey repeated two or three times: “I do not think I should have acted as Ney did, but I believe

he acted according to his conscience and did well; ordinary rules do not apply to this case." He eventually became governor of the Invalides, and it fell to him in 1840 to receive Napoleon's body when it was brought from St. Helena. It was remarked at the time that if Napoleon himself could have designated the man who was to discharge this pious duty, he would have chosen none other than Moncey, or Oudinot, who by a happy coincidence became governor of the Invalides in 1842 after Moncey's death.

Nicolas Oudinot, Duc de Reggio, was surnamed the Modern Bayard. He was born in 1767, and like Moncey enlisted in his sixteenth year. He was wounded thirty-two times in action, but was so little of a braggart that in going among the old pensioners of the Invalides he was never heard to allude to his own scars. At Friedland a bullet went through both his cheeks, breaking two molars. "These Russians do not know how to draw teeth," was his only remark, as his wound was being dressed.

After Friedland he received with the title of count a grant of £40,000, and he began to distribute money at such a rate among his poor relations, that the emperor remonstrated with him. "You keep the lead for yourself, and you give the gold away," said His Majesty in allusion to two bullets which remained in the marshal's body.

Macdonald comes next among the marshals for nobility of character. He was of Irish extraction, born at Sancerre in 1765, and served under Louis XVI. in Dillon's Irish Regiment. Macdonald won his colonelcy at Jemmapes. In 1804, however, all his prospects were suddenly marred through his generous espousal of Moreau's cause. Moreau had been banished on an ill-proven charge of conspiracy; and Macdonald thought, like most honest men, that he had been very badly treated.

But by saying aloud what most honest men were afraid even to whisper, Macdonald incurred the Corsican's vindictive hatred, and during five years he was kept in disgrace, being deprived of his command, and debarred from active service. He thus missed the campaigns of Austerlitz and Jéna, and this was a bitter chagrin to him. He retired to a small country-house near Brunoy, and one of his favorite occupations was gardening. He was much interested in the projects for manufacturing sugar out of beetroot, which were to render France independent of West India sugar—a matter of great consequence after the destruction of France's naval power at Trafalgar: and he had an intelligent gardener who helped him in his not very successful efforts to raise fine beetroots. This man turned out to be a police-spy. Napoleon in his jealousy of Moreau and hatred of all who sympathized with the latter, had thought it good to have Macdonald watched, and he appears to have suspected at one time that the hero of Otricoli contemplated taking service in the English army. There were other marshals besides Macdonald who had reasons to complain of Napoleon; Victor's hatred of him was very lively, and arose out of a practical joke. Victor was the vainest of men; he had entered Louis XVI.'s service at fifteen as a drummer, but when he became an officer under the Republic he was weak enough to be ashamed of his humble origin and assumed his Christian name of Victor as a surname instead of his patronymic of Perrin. He might have pleaded, to be sure, that Victor was a name of happy augury to a soldier, but he does not appear to have behaved well toward his Perrin connections. He was a little man with a waist like a pumpkin, and a round, rosy, jolly face, which had caused him to be nicknamed *Beau Soleil*. A temperate fondness for red wine added occasionally to the luster of his complexion. He was not a general of the first order, but brave and faithful in carrying out his master's plans; he had an honorable share in the victory of Friedland, and after this battle was promoted to the marshalate and to a dukedom. Now Victor would have liked to be made Duke of Marengo; but Napoleon's sister Pauline suggested that his services in the two Italian wars could be commemorated as well by the title of Belluno—pronounced in French, Bellune. It was not until after Napoleon had innocently acceded to this suggestion that he learned his facetious sister had in choosing the title of Bellune (Belle Lune) played upon the sobriquet of Beau Soleil. He was at first highly displeased at this, but Victor himself took the joke so very badly that the emperor ended by joining in the laughter, and said that if the marshal did not like the title that had been given him, he should have no other. Wounds in vanity seldom heal, and Victor, as soon as he could safely exhibit his resentment, showed himself one of Napoleon's bitterest enemies. During the Hundred Days he accompanied Louis XVIII. to Ghent, and he figured in full uniform at the *Te Deum* celebrated in the Cathedral of Saint Bavon in honor of Waterloo.

Augereau, Duc de Castiglione, was of all the marshals the one in whom there is least to admire; yet he was for a time the most popular among them, having been born in Paris and possessing the devil-may-care impudence of Parisians. He was the son of a mason and of a street fruit-vendor, and he began life as apprentice to his father's trade. Soon after he enlisted, and proved a capital soldier; but his character was only good in the military sense. He was thirty-two when the Revolution broke out, and was then wearing a sergeant's stripes; in the following year he got a commission; in 1793 he was a colonel; in 1795 a general. His rapid promotion was not won by valor only, but by sending to the war office bombastic despatches in which he magnified every achievement of his twenty-fold, and related it with a rigmarole of patriotic sentiments and compliments to the convention.

There was one great point of resemblance between Augereau and Masséna: they were both inveterate looters. In 1798, when Masséna was sent to Rome to establish a republic, his own soldiers were disgusted by the shameless way in which he plundered palaces and churches, and he actually had to resign his command owing to their murmurs. Augereau was a more wily spoiler, for he gave his men a good share of what he took, and kept another share for Parisian museums, but he always reserved enough for himself to make his soldiering a very profitable

business.

It was politic of Napoleon to make of Augereau a marshal-duke, for apart from the man's intrepidity, which was unquestionable (though he was a poor general), the honors conferred upon him were a compliment to the whole class of Parisian *ouvriers*. Augereau's mother, the costerwoman, lived to see him in all his glory, and he was good to her, for once, at a state pageant, when he was wearing the plumed hat of a senator, and the purple velvet mantle with its *semis* of golden bees, he gave her his arm in public. This incident delighted all the market-women of Paris, and helped to make Napoleon's court popular; but in general respects Augereau proved an unprofitable, ungrateful servant. He was one of the first marshals to grumble against his master's repeated campaigns, and he deserted him in 1814 under circumstances which looked suspicious. Napoleon accused him of letting himself be purposely beaten by the Allies. After the escape from Elba, Augereau first pronounced himself vehemently against the "usurper;" then proffered him his services, which were contemptuously spurned. The Duc de Castiglione's career ended then, for he retired to his estate at Houssaye, and died a year afterward, little regretted by anybody.

Masséna, who had been born the year after Augereau, died the year after him, in 1817. He too had enlisted very young, but finding he could get no promotion, had asked his friends to buy his discharge, and during the five years that preceded the Revolution, he served as potman in his father's tavern at Leven. Re-enlisting in 1789, he became a general in less than four years. After Rivoli, Bonaparte dubbed him "The darling of victory;" but it was a curious feature in Masséna that his talents only came out on the battle-field. Usually he was a dull dog, with no faculty for expressing his ideas, and he wore a morose look. Napoleon said that "the noise of cannon cleared his mind," endowing him with penetration and gaiety at the same time. The din of war had just the contrary effect upon Brune, who, but for his tragic death, would have remained the most obscure of the marshals, though he is conspicuous from being almost the only one of the twenty-six who had no title of nobility. Brune was a notable example of what strong will-power can do to conquer innate nervousness. He was the son of a barrister, and having imbibed the hottest revolutionary principles, vapored them off by turning journalist. He went to Paris, and was introduced to Danton, for whom he conceived an enthusiastic admiration. He became the demagogue's disciple, letter-writer, and boon companion, and it is pretty certain that he would eventually have kept him company on the guillotine, had it not been for a lucky sneer from a woman's lips which drove him into the army. Brune had written a pamphlet on military operations, and it was being talked of at Danton's table, when Mdlle. Gerfault, an actress of the Palais Royal, better known as "Eglé," said mockingly, "You will be a general when we fight with pens." Stung to the quick, Brune applied for a commission, was sent into the army with the rank of major, and in about a year, through Danton's patronage, became a brigade-general; meanwhile poor Eglé, having wagged her pert tongue at Robespierre, lost her head in consequence.

The marshal on whom ducal honors seemed to sit most queerly was François Lefèbvre, Duc de Dantzig. He was born in 1755, the son of a miller, and was a sergeant in the French guards at the time of the Revolution. He had then just married a *vivandière*. The anecdotes of Madame Lefèbvre's incongruous sayings at the consular and imperial courts are so many as to remind one of the proverb, "We yield only to riches." Everything that could be imagined in the way of a *lapsus linguæ* or a bull was attributed to this good-natured Mrs. Malaprop, whose oddities amused Josephine, but not always Napoleon.

Once Lefèbvre fell ill of ague, and his servant, an old soldier, caught the malady at the same time. The servant was quickly cured; but the fever clung to the marshal until it occurred to his energetic duchess that the doctor had blundered by giving to a marshal the same doses as to a private soldier. She rapidly counted on her fingers the different rungs of the military ladder. "Here, drink, this suits your rank," she said, putting a full tumbler to her husband's lips, and the duke having swallowed a dozen doses at one gulp, was soon on his legs again. "You have much to learn, my friend," was the lady's subsequent remark to the astonished doctor.

Napoleon was a great stickler for appearances, and for this reason loathed the dirtiness and slovenliness of Davoust. Madame Junot, in her amusing "Memoirs," relates that the Duc d'Auerstadt, having some facial resemblance to Napoleon, was fond of copying him in dress and manners; but she adds that Napoleon himself was very neat. A marshal had no excuse for being untidy. Davoust had been at Brienne with Bonaparte, and had thus a longer experience of his master's character than any of the other marshals. Had he been wise he would have turned it to account, not only by cultivating the graces, but by giving the emperor that ungrudging, demonstrative loyalty which Napoleon valued above all things, and rewarded by constant favor. But Davoust was a caballer, a grievance-monger, and a *grogard*; and it must have been rather diverting to see him aping the manners of a master at whom he was always carping in holes and corners. On the other hand, it must be said that Davoust proved faithful in the hour of misfortune, and did not rally to the Bourbons till 1818; that is, when all chances of an imperial restoration were gone; moreover, every time he held an important command he did his duty with courage, talent, and fidelity. His affected brusqueness of speech was an unfortunate mannerism, for it made him many enemies, and sometimes exposed him to odd reprisals. The roughness of tongue which was affected in Davoust was natural in Soult. This marshal had an excellent heart, but he could not, for the life of him, refrain from snarling at anybody whom he heard praised. The proverb about bite and bark might have been invented for him, as the men at whom he grumbled most were often those whom he most favored.

Soult was born in the same year as Napoleon, 1769, and out-lived all his brother marshals,

dying in 1852, when the second empire was already an impending fact. He had been a private soldier under Louis XVI., he passed through every grade in the service, he became prime minister, and when he voluntarily resigned office in 1847, owing to the infirmities of age, Louis Philippe created him marshal-general—a title which had only been borne by three marshals before him, Turenne, Villars, and Maurice de Saxe. But these honors never quite consoled Soult for having failed to become king of Portugal. He could not stomach the luck of his comrade Bernadotte, the son of a weaver, who was wearing the crown of Sweden.

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Bernadotte, whom Soult envied, has some affinities with M. Grévy. This president of the republic first won renown by a parliamentary motion to the effect that a republic did not want a president; so Bernadotte came to be a king, after a long and steadfast profession of republican principles. Born in 1764, he enlisted at eighteen, and was sergeant-major in 1789. He was very nearly court-martialed at that time for haranguing a crowd in revolutionary terms. Five years later he was a general, and in 1798 ambassador at Vienna. He was an able, thoughtful, hardy, handsome man, who, having received no education as a boy, made up for it by diligent study in after years; and no man ever so well corrected, in small or great things, the imperfections of early training. Tallyrand said of him, "He is a man who learns and *unlearns* every day." One thing he learned was to read the character of Napoleon and not to be afraid of him, for the act which led to his becoming king of Sweden was one of rare audacity. Commanding an army sent against the Swedes in 1808, he suspended operations on learning the overthrow by revolution of Gustavus IV., against whom war had been declared. The Swedes were profoundly grateful for this, and Napoleon dared not say much, because he was supposed to have no quarrel with the Swedes as a people; but Bernadotte was marked down in his bad books from that day, and he was in complete disgrace when in 1810 Charles XIII. adopted him as crown prince with the approval of the Swedish people. Bernadotte made an excellent king, but remembering his austere advocacy of republicanism, it is impossible not to smile and ask whether there is not some truth in Madame de Girardin's definition of equality as *le privilège pour tous*.

Napoleon always valued Kellerman as having been a general in the old royal army. Born in 1735, he was a *maréchal de camp* (brigadier) when the war broke out. The emperor would have been glad to have had more of such men at his court; but it was creditable to the king's general officers that very few of them forgot their duties as soldiers during the troublous period when so many temptations to commit treason beset men holding high command. Grouchy, who in 1789 was a lieutenant in the king's body-guard, hardly cuts a fine figure as a revolutionist accepting a generalship in 1793 from the convention which had beheaded his king. He was an uncanny person altogether; the convention having voted that all noblemen should be debarred from commissions, he enlisted as a private soldier, and this was imputed to him as an act of patriotism; but he had friends in high quarters who promised that he should quickly regain his rank if he formally renounced his titles; and this he did, getting his generalship restored in consequence. In after years he resumed his marquisate, and denied that he had ever abjured it. Napoleon created him marshal during the Hundred Days for having taken the Duc d'Angoulême prisoner; but the Bourbons declined to recognize his title to the *bâton*, and he had to wait till Louis Philippe's reign before it was confirmed to him. Grouchy was never a popular marshal, though he fought well in 1814 in the campaign of France. His inaction on the day of Waterloo has been satisfactorily explained, but somehow all his acts have required explanation; he was one of those men whose records are never intelligible without footnotes.

But how many of the marshals remained faithful to their master when his sun had set? At St. Helena Napoleon alluded most often to Lannes and Bessières, who both died whilst he was in the heyday of his power, the first at Essling, the second at Lützen. As to these two Napoleon could cherish illusions, and he loved to think that Lannes especially—his brave, hot-headed, hot-hearted "Jean-Jean"—would have clung to him like a brother in misfortune. Perhaps it was as well that Lannes was spared an ordeal to which Murat, hot-headed and hot-hearted too, succumbed. It is at all events a bitter subject for reflection that the great emperor found among his marshals and dukes no such friend as he had among the hundreds of humbler officers, captains, and lieutenants, who threw up their commissions sooner than serve the Bourbons.—*Temple Bar*.

C. L. S. C. WORK.

By REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D., SUPERINTENDENT OF INSTRUCTION C. L. S. C.

The Class of '84 rules the year.

The readings for November are: "History of Greece," Timayenis, volume II, parts 10 and 11, or (for the new Class of 1877) "Brief History of Greece;" Chautauqua Text-Book No. 5, "Greek History;" Required Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Memorial Day for November, Special Sunday, November 11. Read Job, twenty-eighth chapter. One of the finest passages in all literature.

Talk much about the subject of your reading. You know what you have by your speech caused

others to know.

Have you ever tried to control conversation at a table in the interest of some sensible subject? It will be a curious study for you to see how this mind and that will run away with or from the topic you have proposed. It will tax your ingenuity to bring the company back to the original topic. The measures of your success will be the interest you can awaken in others, the amount of information on the subject which you can elicit from them, and the amount, also, which you can give them without seeming to be a lecturer or preacher for the occasion.

We must insist upon the observance of the Memorial Days. Put up your list of Memorial Days in plain sight, so that you may not forget them. Order a copy of the little volume of "Memorial Days" from Phillips & Hunt, 805 Broadway, New York, or Walden & Stowe, Cincinnati, Ohio. Price, 10 cents.

It is proposed that "the C. L. S. C. as a body organize a lecture bureau, to be entirely or partially sustained by small contributions from each member, thereby enabling weak circles to obtain one or two good lectures during the year at reasonable prices." A proposition to be considered.

"Will I be required to read the 'Preparatory Latin Course in English' next year? I have studied the same thing in the original very lately." Answer: You will be required to read the "Preparatory Latin Course in English." You can not have studied, except under such a teacher as Dr. Wilkinson, the Latin Course in English as we require it under the C. L. S. C. The book must be read.

"Does the C. L. S. C. confer a degree? If so, what is it?" Answer: The C. L. S. C. is not a university or college. It has no charter, consequently it has no power to confer degrees. There is a university charter in the hands of the Chautauqua management—a university to be. In this university there will be non-resident courses of study, with a rigid annual examination, to be followed by degrees and diplomas. There may sometime in the future be a permanent Chautauqua University at Chautauqua. Further than this I can say nothing now. It is to be hoped the Chautauqua University will never confer honorary degrees.

Correspond with some one on the studies of the C. L. S. C. Make your letter a means of self-improvement. Congratulate yourself if your friend, in reply, shows where you made two or three mistakes in your letter.

Will you find out the names of the latest graduating class of the high school in your town, and send them to me? I may interest them in the C. L. S. C. course of study, by sending a "Popular Education Circular." Address Drawer 75, New Haven, Conn.

Are you willing wisely to distribute from ten to a hundred copies of the "Popular Education Circular," and would you scatter copies of the tiny C. L. S. C. advertisement, if they were sent you?

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The most indefatigable worker in the C. L. S. C., next to our worthy secretary, Miss Kimball, is the secretary of the new class—the Class of 1887—Mr. Kingsley A. Burnell, who is making a remarkable record as he travels to and fro in the far West, visiting editors of papers, offices of railroad superintendents, cabins of employes, and on the cars, urging persons to adopt this new plan of self-culture.



C. L. S. C. STATIONERY.

A promise was made at the Round-Table at Chautauqua that in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for November there should be something said about all kinds of C. L. S. C. stationery known to the writer.

William Briggs, 80 King St., E., Toronto, Ont., sells several styles of stationery, sheets and envelopes, with a monogram printed in blue, mauve, or crimson. Information can be obtained by addressing him at Toronto.

By the time this number has reached the hands of its readers, or within a few days after, there will be for sale at the various book stores dealing in the "Required Reading" of the C. L. S. C. a variety of *papeterie* stationery, having on the front page a beautiful design most artistically engraved, showing Chautauqua Lake, with the Chautauqua landing on the right, as seen from the railroad station, and in the upper left hand corner an oval, or circle, with the Hall of Philosophy very tastily enshrined therein. In the foliage drooping into the lake there is inwrought the monogram of the C. L. S. C. A box of this very fine paper and envelopes will cost about fifty cents. It will be sent by mail from Messrs. Fairbanks, Palmer & Co., 133 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill., or from J. P. Magee, 38 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass., or from H. H. Otis, Buffalo, N. Y. An

advertisement of this stationery will be found in the December number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Another style of stationery can be had of Messrs. Fairbanks, Palmer & Co., for the class of 1884, with a beautiful design especially arranged for that class. Forty cents for a quire of paper and envelopes to match.

Ten thousand sheets prepared for general use by the members and officers of the several classes, specially designed to be used by gentlemen, can be had by addressing the several class officers.

For further information write to Rev. W. D. Bridge, 718 State St., New Haven, Conn.

NEW ENGLAND BRANCH OF THE CLASS OF '86.

While at Lake View a New England Branch of the Class of '86 was organized, with the following officers: President, Rev. B. T. Snow, Biddeford, Me.; vice-presidents, Rev. W. H. Clark, South Norridgewock, Me., Edwin F. Reeves, Laconia, N. H., Rev. J. H. Babbitt, Swanton, Vt., Charles Wainwright, Lawrence, Mass., Miss Lousia E. French, Newport, R. I., Rev. A. Gardner, Buckingham, Ct.; secretary and treasurer, Mary R. Hinckley, Bedford, Mass. The above officers were authorized to act also as an executive board.

The badge of Class of '86 can be obtained of the President. It has been decided to use in private correspondence a certain style of letter paper marked with "C. L. S. C. '86" in a neat monogram. Further particulars in regard to this paper will soon be given.

Just before leaving Chautauqua the Class of '86 adopted a motto: "We study for light, to bless with light." The New England branch adopts this motto, in addition to the one chosen at Lake View: "Let us keep our Heavenly Father in the midst."

C. L. S. C. TESTIMONY.

Canada.—It was a bitter disappointment to me that I was compelled to leave school at fourteen and earn my own living, giving up the idea of a college course. The C. L. S. C. has been to me therefore an unspeakable boon.

Vermont.—I have received large benefit as well as pleasure during the year that I have been a member of the C. L. S. C. The course of reading has taken me into broader fields, opened new avenues of thought and reflection, widened my field of vision, and altogether made me a better man.

Vermont.—According to Isaiah xxx:7, I have been trying to show my strength by "sitting still" four years. I often ask myself, what should I have done had I not had this interesting course—the C. L. S. C. During these four years of deprivation how many sorrows have been almost forgotten while reading the many interesting thoughts that are presented in our reading. I thank God many times for this glorious enterprise.

Connecticut.—I have been very much interested in the studies of the C. L. S. C. during the first year. It is an honor as well as a privilege to be a member.

Rhode Island.—Many times home duties have occupied time and thought so fully as to discourage me. But realizing that I am to live "heartily as to the Lord," and viewing the course as his special blessing, I have gathered inspiration and journeyed on patiently.

New York.—I have enjoyed my four years' course very much, and hope that it has been profitable to me. Though having reached the age of sixty years my love for improvement has not been gratified, and I purpose to continue the course that is marked out.

New York.—I am surprised at the pleasure and advantage the C. L. S. C. has been to me. I have read no more than usual, but have read more systematically, and received greater benefit. There is inspiration in being "one of many."

New York.—I have taken great pleasure in the reading. Am very enthusiastic over the course, and will try my best to graduate. I do it a great deal for my children, hoping that I may be a better mother, and train their minds so that they will make better men and women than they would have been had I not become a member of the C. L. S. C. Am all alone in my reading, except what my boy of fourteen does with me; even my little girl just turned seven studies geology with me, and is much interested in finding specimens.

Pennsylvania.—I have only been a member of the C. L. S. C. for about four months and in that

time I have done most of my reading at night, reading usually from eight o'clock until eleven. As I have to work hard all day, I have little time for reading except at night, I find the course very interesting, and I am deriving a great amount of good from it.

Pennsylvania.—For almost two years my work has required my presence twelve hours every week day, and part of the time sixteen and eighteen hours. I gave up last summer, thinking I could not finish the course, but after being present at Chautauqua I had a greater desire than ever to continue. I have at leisure moments read up for the two years, and must ever feel grateful to Chautauqua influence.

Ohio.—I am a farmer's wife, but with all the care of the work that position in life brings (and a good share of the work too), I still find time to read the regular four years' course of the C. L. S. C., and desire to do as thorough work as I am capable of doing. Am reading not merely for pleasure, far less to criticise, but for *instruction*, and have been greatly helped by this first year's study.

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Ohio.—In many ways I think the C. L. S. C. has been of benefit to the little ones. This last winter my eldest daughter said: "Why can't we have a society of our own?" "We," meant the family. I seconded it gladly, and my husband also, and we resolved ourselves into the "Clio Clique" and took as our work "Art and Artists," as mapped out in the *St. Nicholas*. Each member pledged themselves to take the work given them by the president (who was our only officer), and also to commit not less than eight lines of some poem to memory. We had no outside members, and we did our work right well, I think.

Illinois.—The C. L. S. C. has done much for me. Life has been brighter, sweeter and better than it might otherwise have been. Friendships have been formed which I am sure will survive life, and add another link in the golden chain that binds us to another world.

Michigan.—To the C. L. S. C. I owe everything.

Michigan.—Were it not that I still may keep a place in the Circle, I should be sorry the four years were over. They have been pleasant ones, so far as the Circle was concerned, and have passed swiftly. It seemed a great undertaking to me four years ago, when I commenced the course. For one thing, I did not see my way clear to get the books, but I resolved to try, and it has seemed all along that it was God's way of helping me to the knowledge I had so much desired.

Wisconsin.—A lady writes: The regular methods of the C. L. S. C. have suggested to me the plan of having a little home monthly, contributed to only by members of the family, written, and read aloud on a specified evening each month. The children write prose and poetry that are a surprise, but only the effect of a regular course of reading and conversations by one member of the family. While reading astronomy, one of the little girls, aged ten years, took two looking-glasses and illustrated, in play, the motions of a planet. She held them by the window in the sun, so as to throw the reflection on the ceiling. One she had stationary, for the sun, the other she caused to go around it, causing the motion to hasten at perihelion, and to become slow at aphelion, describing the motions correctly. Then she imagined a comet, causing it to go out of sight, then return, and upon its approach to the sun rushing it past with lightning speed. I called the attention of their father to their play with much delight, for I had no idea they understood the motions so well, simply from conversations on the subject in the family circle. They all joined in the conversation at play, and seemed to comprehend it all.

Iowa.—The studies have benefited me much more than I can express in words. May heaven's choicest blessings rest upon the officers and everyone connected with the C. L. S. C.

Kansas.—I am one of the busy housekeepers, but always find time to read. My reading has uplifted my soul, and led me to a fuller appreciation of the power and love of God, and I feel thankful that I am numbered with the army of Chautauquans.

California.—When I read the C. L. S. C. testimony in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, I always think Chautauqua has been *all that* and *more* to me, for it has led me from cold, dark skepticism to my Bible and my Father in heaven, and it is gradually leading some of my friends into the light. I prize my C. L. S. C. books more highly that they are worn and soiled by many readers, and I believe I can do no better missionary work than by enlarging the Circle.

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C. L. S. C. REUNION.

On the afternoon of June 27, at Pendleton, Indiana, a delightful C. L. S. C. reunion was held. The circle of Pendleton invited the circle from the neighboring village of Greenfield to join with them in their last meeting for the year. A goodly number of visitors were present. After an

entertaining program of speeches, songs, toasts, etc., had been carried out, the following class histories were read:

PENDLETON LOCAL CIRCLE.

On the evening of the 28th of December, 1881, a little company of eight ladies and five gentlemen assembled at the home of Dr. Huston, Pendleton, Indiana, for the purpose of more fully discussing the Chautauqua Idea, and if possible to organize a branch of the great Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. Three months behind in the year's studies, the outlook was not as encouraging as could have been wished, but finding one of the class mottoes to be "Never be discouraged," it was unanimously agreed that we organize. Teachers were also chosen for the principal studies, and it was thought best that they should present the lessons to the class in the form of questions. This method was generally observed throughout the year, with the exception of some lectures on geology. At each session two of the members were appointed to write papers for the following week, on some subject pertaining to the lessons. Longfellow's birthday was the only memorial observed. Besides the usual exercises of the evening a short sketch of the life of the poet was read, followed by the reading of two of his poems. Our weekly meetings were well kept up, and much interest manifested in the studies until the first of May, when owing to summer heat, and many calls on the time of the different members, it was thought best to meet once a month, each member being given a portion of the studies to be brought forward at the next session. This plan was found to be a good one for the summer months, and was continued until the beginning of the new year's studies, when the weekly meetings were again resumed, and the meetings were spent in much the same manner as the first year with the exception of the evening of the thirtieth of November, when a complete change was made in the program, by having a C. L. S. C. thanksgiving supper and a general good time at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Whitney. Since that time our circle has lost several of its members either from sickness or change of residence, but we hope ere the beginning of another year to be fully reinforced and ready to continue the good work.

GREENFIELD LOCAL CIRCLE.

Although we have met to-day as strangers, we find that the unity of thought and purpose that has characterized our work the past year has made us friends. The history of our circle is necessarily brief because of the short time it has been in existence. When we first organized in the fall of '82, a part of us supposed we were entering the society temporarily and did not expect to matriculate and become regular members of the mystic tie, but we only met a few times till we perceived the advantages we were deriving from the association, one with another, and saw the necessity of a permanent organization. Now there are ten of us enrolled as students of the "University of the C. L. S. C." We pursued the course with a great deal of enthusiasm and delight, and if it were possible, each study seemed more interesting than the preceding. With a great deal of reluctance we laid aside geology and Greek history for astronomy and English history, but we soon saw we were susceptible of inspiration from the latter as well as the former. Our circle, except two, is composed of married ladies. As housewives we feel that the course has been very beneficial—it has relieved the monotony and tedium of housekeeping because it has given us something ennobling to think of—it has also given us a taste for something else than the last novel and the latest piece of gossip in the daily papers. We feel as though we could adopt the sentiment of Plato. A friend who observed that he seemed as desirous to learn himself as to teach others, asked him how long he expected to remain a student? Plato replied, "As long as I am not ashamed to grow wiser and better."



TEMPERANCE and labor are the two best physicians of man; labor sharpens the appetite, and temperance prevents him from indulging to excess.—*Rousseau*.



LOCAL CIRCLES.

Province of Quebec (Bedford).—The Harmony Circle was organized here last September. We are seven in number, all having so many cares that the Chautauqua work has to be done by improving the spare moments, and often by giving up some pleasure or recreation; but the sacrifice is made willingly. Each member prepares seven questions; the number to be chosen from each subject in hand is determined at the previous meeting. Each in turn puts a question to his or her nearest neighbor, then the second time round to the nearest but one, and so on; thus each member puts a question to every other member. This, with discussions and conversations which arise from the lesson, occupies more than two hours in a very enjoyable manner. We have derived profit from the work, both in increase of knowledge and improvement of literary taste. Our circle has also been the source of much kindly feeling and mutual interest, and a strong bond

of friendship amongst us.

Maine (Brownfield).—Our circle was organized early in October, 1882, with ten regular members, five gentlemen and five ladies. We arranged to meet once in two weeks, and enjoyed our evenings together so much that it was extremely difficult to keep the length of our sessions within reasonable bounds. We congratulated ourselves constantly on the pleasure afforded us by our studies, and on the obvious improvement, from month to month, in the work of individual members. It was decided, for the present year at least, to change the whole board of officers once in three months, that the educating influences of the responsibilities connected with the various offices might be shared, in turn, by all who were willing to accept them.

Maine (Fairfield).—A local circle was organized here in October, 1882, and now numbers fifteen members, nearly all of whom have completed the required readings to date. Teachers are assigned to each of the subjects as they are taken up, and recitations are conducted with excellent system and thoroughness. In addition to this we have numerous essays and readings, and the enthusiasm is such that, notwithstanding our regular meetings occur fortnightly, we have many special meetings. It is the custom at all of our meetings to criticize freely, and this leads to an exactness of pronunciation when reading, not otherwise to be attained.

Maine (Brownfield).—Our circle meets once in two weeks, takes up questions in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, and then devotes a short time to questions of our own asking, using a question-box. We think this an excellent plan. After this we generally have short essays on the subjects we are reading, often closing with general conversation.

Massachusetts (Wareham).—The Pallas Circle closed for the season with a lawn party, June 18.

PROGRAM.

Singing—"A Song of To-day."

Roll-Call—Responses of quotations from any of the reading of the past year.

Secretary's report.

Selected questions in Astronomy, answered by members of the circle.

Reading—"The Vision of Mirza."

Essay—"The Mythological Story of Ursa Major and Ursa Minor."

Reading—Selections from "Evangeline."

Reading—"The Fan-drill."—(Addison.)

Singing—Chautauqua Carols.

Supper—Toasts and Responses, including two original poems.

Though small in numbers the circle is very enthusiastic in its work. New members for the coming year were enrolled from the invited guests of the occasion, and the readings will be commenced in October with fresh vigor.

Massachusetts (Haverhill).—A local circle was organized in Haverhill, March 14, 1883, with the following officers: R. D. Trask, president; George H. Foster, vice president; Delia Drew, secretary. Whole membership numbers seventeen.

Massachusetts (Natick).—The Natick local circle was organized September 20, 1879. Eight of the original members, keeping in view the motto, "never be discouraged," have completed the four years' course. At the commencement of the present year our local circle numbered twenty-five. We enjoy our reading greatly, and consider the Natick C. L. S. C. a success.

Connecticut (West Haven).—Our circle was organized November 14, 1881, and numbers seventeen members. We meet once a week. Our circle is divided into committees of three and four to arrange programs for the month's entertainments. They include reviews, essays on different subjects connected with the course, readings and recitations. "Shakspeare's Day" was observed by reading a portion of the play, "Merchant of Venice," the committee having previously assigned the different characters to the members present. We are very social at our meetings, and occasionally have a little collation at the close of the exercises. Most of us are well up with the class, and find the Chautauqua evenings not only instructive, but exceedingly enjoyable.

New York (Angola).—A local circle was organized here February 5, 1883, and consists of eighteen members. We usually do the reading in THE CHAUTAUQUAN at our meetings, information being given, and questions asked by all. We have made use of the questions and answers in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, and found them to be of much assistance. Occasionally topics are assigned, upon

which we are to read or speak at the next meeting. Criticism upon pronunciation is unsparingly given to all. We intend to continue our meetings, and hope that another year may bring us a larger membership.

Pennsylvania (Allegheny City).—In November, 1882, the Woodlawn segment of the C. L. S. C. was organized and officers elected. The president having drawn up a constitution, it was read and unanimously adopted. Our constitution regulates the manner of conducting the society, prescribes parliamentary rules, etc. During our study of geology, we were favored with an interesting and instructive lecture by A. M. Martin, Esq., General Secretary of the C. L. S. C. Our membership now consists of seventeen persons, six being ladies.

Pennsylvania (Gillmor).—Our circle owes its being to the earnest, persistent efforts of two or three persons who had read one year alone. The first meeting was held October 24, 1882, and the circle organized with fifteen members. We labor under some peculiar difficulties. Our members represent several little villages, and are so scattered that it is some times hard to get together. Then we are in the oil country where people stay rather than live, so they gather around them only such things as are needful for comfortable living. The majority have but few books of reference, or other helps to study. Our meetings were opened with prayer and the singing of a Chautauqua song, and sometimes repeating the Chautauqua mottoes, any items of business being attended to before beginning the regular work of the circle. Before closing members were appointed by the president to conduct the various exercises in the succeeding meeting. In the latter part of the winter the president proposed a course of lectures. It was a decided success. Our lecturers were J. T. Edwards, D.D., Randolph, N. Y.—subject: "Oratory and Eloquence;" D. W. C. Huntington, Bradford, Pa., "Rambles in Europe;" C. W. Winchester, Buffalo, N. Y., "Eight Wonders of the World." This course closed with a home entertainment, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, readings, essays, etc., mostly by members of the circle. Our number is at present nineteen, and we are happy to have proved those to be false prophets who predicted that three months would be the limit of our existence.

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District of Columbia (Washington).—The Parker Circle has been reorganized for the course of 1883-84. Several new members were received, and the circle now numbers about thirty-six. On Tuesday evening, the 18th, Dr. Dobson, our president, will organize a new circle in another part of the city, beginning with a dozen members. Foundry Circle reorganizes the same night, and several new circles will be organized during the fall. There is considerable interest manifested in the course.

Maryland (Baltimore).—The Class of 1887 was organized on Thursday evening, September 20, at the Young Men's Christian Association Hall. The membership for the coming year will be about thirty. The officers constitute the committee on instruction. The class of the past year, the fourth since its organization, was one of the best; the method adopted was that of the question box; each member placing such questions of interest in the box as he had met with in his reading. The director, Prof. J. Rendell Harris, would read the questions one at a time, and open the discussion upon them, in which all joined. Two meetings each month from October to June were held, and the entire time spent on the three books, the rest of the books being used for home reading only. This plan was considered preferable to the study of two or three at one time. The outlook for the new class is good.

Ohio (Harrisburg).—We have eleven members, of whom ten are regular members of the C. L. S. C. Our method of work thus far has consisted of essays, readings, and conversations. The interest in the work increases with each meeting.

Illinois (Fairburg).—We have here a small circle of eight members. We have met regularly once a week, taking each study in its course, and in an informal way have discussed the various subjects presented. Much interest has been felt and expressed, and we all feel that a prescribed course of reading is by all means the best and most direct means of self-culture.

Illinois (Yorkville).—For the past two years quite a number of our people have pursued the course of studies, but not until last year did we see proper to unite with the home society. Our class comprised lawyers, bankers, insurance agents, carriage trimmers, preachers, teachers and farmers. All feel that it has been two years of very profitable study for us. We closed our last year's study by a meeting at the residence of one of the members, where we were entertained by a program consisting of essays, character sketches, class history, music, and last, but not least, refreshments for the inner man. It was indeed an enjoyable occasion. We hope to organize a much larger class for the coming year.

Tennessee (Knoxville).—The local circle at this place reorganized this year with a membership of twenty-eight, an increase of twenty over last year. How was this accomplished? The secret can be given in just two words: *personal influence*. At the close of last year we felt that our circle here was dying. The members were negligent about the preparation of lessons, careless and indifferent about attendance, and we disbanded for the summer feeling almost discouraged, yet in the heart of each member was a secret determination to do something to

make the circle more interesting next year. One of our members went to Montevalle, another to Europe, and another to Chautauqua. Those who remained at home worked also for the C. L. S. C., and all worked earnestly and with enthusiasm. We thought, wrote and talked C. L. S. C. until our friends laughingly called us "people of one idea." We sent for circulars, which we gave to every one whom we could betray into the slightest expression of interest. We loaned our books and magazine with the request, "please just look it over and tell us what you think of it." The seventh of September we held a meeting at the Y. M. C. A. rooms, kindly tendered to us for that purpose. All who were interested in the C. L. S. C. were invited, and two of the ministers of our city also encouraged us by their presence and cheering words. Then we began to reap the fruits of our summer's work. Seven new members were reported and two more asked for membership. Another meeting was held September 21 for reorganization, at which six new names were reported and five more requested admission to the circle, making our number twenty-eight. The circle will meet once a week, and we hope to accomplish results worthy of our enthusiasm. We send greeting to our sister circles, especially to the weak, to whom we would say: *Use your influence* as a society and as individuals, and *success* is yours.

Michigan (Niles).—Our circle was organized last October, with thirteen members. We have held thirty-three meetings, at which reviews upon the topics studied and readings from THE CHAUTAUQUAN have formed part of the program. In addition, we have read Bryant's translation of the "Iliad," and "Evangeline." All the Memorial Days have been kept. Selections from the author, sketches of his life and home, responses to roll-call with quotations from the same, and familiar talks upon the subject of the memorial, have made these occasions of unusual interest.

Michigan (Imlay City).—On Tuesday evening, November 28, 1882, we organized a local circle of the C. L. S. C. We have eight regular and three local members. The meetings have been held once in two weeks, at the houses of the members, and from the interest manifested in the work, we have every reason to hope for a large increase in numbers next year. On the evening of February 27 we observed Longfellow's birthday by an interesting program of essays, readings, recitations and songs. We closed with a sentiment from each one present, from Longfellow.

Wisconsin (La Crosse).—A local circle was organized here last January. The membership is small, but we have been faithful to the work. Although we began very late, we have nearly completed the year's work. We are all glad we began such a course of study, and have found much pleasure in gathering round our "round-table." The prospects for an increase in numbers and interest for the coming year are encouraging.

Minnesota (Minneapolis).—The Centenary Circle has just finished the work of the year. Our circle has numbered forty-two in all, with six local members, though six, at least, have been unable to attend the meetings on account of distance,—one even living in another State—but most are keeping up their work. There has been more interest and enthusiasm all through the year than during our first year.

Minnesota (Albert Lea).—This is the first year of our local circle, and we number five, all ladies with home cares. We have short sketches of the "Required History Readings" in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, which we think make us remember them better. We are reading the "White Seal Course" aloud, and enjoy it so much. Can not be glad enough that we have taken up this course.

Iowa (Muscatine.)—The Acme Circle is composed of fifty-five members, with an average attendance of thirty-five. We are very enthusiastic, and expect to take the examinations. We recite the lesson, occasionally reading a part which it does not seem worth while to commit to memory. Our exercises are varied by essays on topics of importance in connection with the lesson.

Iowa (St. Charles).—I wish to report from our town a circle of three (myself and family). We hold no regular meetings. Although we began the first year's course late last December, we have completed the reading up to this month. It has been very profitable and entertaining to us. We are each determined to complete the course. We will advertise it in our county papers, and do our utmost to solicit members and get up local circles. We do not think any better plan than the C. L. S. C. could be devised for furnishing those who have not the privilege of an academic or collegiate course an opportunity to acquire a good practical education.

Texas (Palestine.)—The Houston *Daily Post* gives the following history of the local circle in Palestine: Some young people and some adults of Palestine have formed themselves into a branch of the now world-renowned Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, and have entered upon the four years' course of study prescribed by that institution. The circle was organized in October, 1882, and now has a membership of twenty-three. Meetings are held every week at the homes of the members. The evenings thus spent are highly profitable to the members, socially and intellectually. Dr. Yoakum has assisted the circle greatly by lectures and talks on geology, astronomy, botany and history. The program of exercises is varied semi-occasionally from the regular channel, and the evening is spent in purely a literary way. Such seasons of refreshment occur on the birth anniversaries of popular authors. On the 23d of April a Shakspeare memorial

meeting was held at Sterne's Hotel, on which occasion Mrs. Overall read "The Fall of Cardinal Wolsey." Miss Kate Colding rendered "Hamlet's Soliloquy" most admirably. Miss Florence Finch presided at the organ and lead in the Chautauqua songs. On May 1 the circle did honor to the life and memory of Addison. Mrs. J. C. Bradford read a sketch of his life and writings, Miss Ena Sawyers read "The Omnipresence and Omniscience of the Deity," and Miss Fannie Reese read "The Vision of Mirza."

California (Brooklyn).—Our circle is an informal quartet of congenial spirits who have been close friends and companions for some time past. We meet every Monday evening and have a delightful free and easy discussion over what we have read during the week, with Webster's Unabridged in its post of honor—the piano stool, and the encyclopædia rack within reachable distance. We are enjoying the course very much, and feel that it is just what we need.

HOW TO CONDUCT A LOCAL CIRCLE. [1]

THE TROY METHOD OF ORGANIZING A CIRCLE.

The "Rock of Ages" was sung, a prayer was offered by Mr. Martin, after which Mr. Farrar said:

I desire to give you a little history of the inauguration of our circle work in Troy. I do so because I am confident that what was done there last year may be done in every city, in every village, and may be multiplied a thousand times.

About the middle of last September I wrote an article on "Reading, Circles for Reading, and The C. L. S. C.," and published it in the Troy *Daily Times*.

I wrote this article, published it on Wednesday, calling a meeting at my church for Thursday evening, inviting anybody and everybody who desired, to be present. The evening was quite unfavorable. I expected about twenty. I was exceedingly surprised and gratified in the interests of the C. L. S. C. work when I found nearly three hundred people present. Being inspired by their presence, I began to talk to them on reading, the importance of it, the value of it to-day, and the cheapness of literature. I unfolded to them the C. L. S. C. plan, the numbers that were taking it up, the enthusiasm that prevailed here at Chautauqua, and how the Circle was spreading all over the world, not only in this country but in other countries. It was all new to many of them.

At the conclusion of my half hour's talk I asked how many persons wanted to join some such circle as this. About every hand in the audience went up. I was surprised again. Looking over the audience, I knew nearly every one of them, for I was back the second time as pastor of the same church, and knowing that four or five denominations were represented there, I suggested that there ought to be a circle in every church. I did not want to "scoop up" the whole right there in our church, and I was generous enough to say that there ought to be a dozen circles established in our city, one in connection with every church, and in the suburbs. I said that a week from that night we would organize a circle there, and any who desired to be connected with that circle would be gladly welcomed.

During the week I received several letters from parties in the city, and out of the city, asking about the C. L. S. C., what its course of reading was, etc. I followed it in the *Daily Times* with another letter on Wednesday, saying that our circle was to meet on Thursday, and explaining the text books that we were to take up for the year, and more fully entering into the C. L. S. C. idea. Our evening came, and we had over three hundred present. I had the whole list of books with me. I took them up and showed them to each person. I said, "this is the course." I went on unfolding the whole idea of the course, the amount of time each year, the examinations at the end of the year, and the outlook of the four years' course. I told them that this was the student's outlook from college halls, with the exception of the mathematics and the languages to be translated.

Then I asked how many desired to join this Circle. Over two hundred hands went up. Immediately we fell to organization. Fortunately, or unfortunately, I was elected president, and a Protestant Episcopal clergyman, rector of Christ Church, close by me, was elected vice-president. We have in our organization a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and a board of managers consisting of five.

I found on inspecting the number that joined our circle that we were about equally divided Baptists, Protestant Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Methodist Episcopalians. Our board of managers was wisely selected from these various churches, so that there might be the largest remove possible from anything like an organization confined to our church. I say this because I believe that people are hungry for just such an organization as this. There are thousands in our communities who are tired of idle gossip. They want something to talk about, and the only way to stop gossip is to put something into their heads on a higher plane. I have had testimony from our members repeatedly, "Now we have so little time to talk about these other things." Whenever they come together they talk about these wonders found in the C. L. S. C. work.

This board of five managers arranges our monthly plan. Our large meetings are monthly. Our circle divides itself up; six or a dozen, or twenty, form little organizations, read together, meet once a week, and then we meet as a large circle monthly and review our work. This board of

managers lays out the month's work. The first week after our monthly meeting this board of managers is called together. They make out their plan, print it on a postal card, and send it out at once to every member of the circle, so that every member knows what the plan is to be three weeks before the meeting. Our method in the large meeting is to review our work by the essay method.

Let me give you a program. First, singing. I was fortunate enough to have an enthusiastic singer in our number, and I gave him the work of organizing a glee club. He gathered twenty or twenty-five of the very best young people in the number, and formed a glee club, and they led our devotions. We followed with scripture and prayer. And then began our essays. We usually have three, four, sometimes five essays, and no essay is over ten minutes in length. We desire that the essays shall not exceed eight minutes. It requires a deal of skill and practice to reduce our thoughts on a subject to a six or eight minutes essay, but it is practicable. Then we are all interested in the subject which we have been studying for a month. When an individual rises and reads, we feel that we have gone over the same subject, and it is like a review to us, and helps to fasten it more definitely in our minds. Following each essay we have remarks and questions. We never criticise an essay. That would be unkind. You could not do it. You would intimidate everybody.

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We ask questions and throw in additional remarks. We take up half an hour, or three-quarters at most, devoted to the three, four or five essays. Following these we appoint some person to ask the questions which are printed in THE CHAUTAUQUAN. Any person who will ask and answer these questions will find that he has a wonderfully clear *résumé* of the whole subject in his mind. I suppose that we are indebted to Mr. Martin for them. They are very clear, very concise, and greatly appreciated by the Troy members.

Following these questions we have a recess of twenty minutes, in which it is the custom of our circle to shake hands, make each others' acquaintance, encourage each other, find out about each other, and inquire about the work. Upon the recall the Glee Club gives a song. Then follows the round-table. I need not explain this because you are all familiar with the round-table. After that a *conversazione* on some prominent character of the world, old or new. We desire that every member will give us some extract of five lines, not to exceed five lines, unless it would break the harmony of the thought, from every person brought before us. We have had Shakspeare, Longfellow, Bryant, and a variety of persons.

Immediately after this *conversazione* follows "a miscellaneous exercise"—anything that needs to be taken up. While we were studying geology, we went down to the village of Albany where the capital is located. They have a very fine series of geological rooms arranged by Prof. Hall, the State Geologist. As you enter the room, there are the very lowest specimens of the rocks with their fossils. As you go up story after story you reach the highest rocks. Prof. Hall, by previous appointment, met our large circle of about two hundred. We chartered a car or two and went down. He met us and gave us a very satisfactory lecture. We appreciated it.

When we came to astronomy, we found out where we could find an astronomer. We invited him, and he came and gave us a lecture. Then we had a teacher of the high school stand before us, and allow us to question him to our heart's content. We found it available to work in all the outside force possible. When we studied the subject of art we got together all the pictures of the town that we could find. I was in Gloversville as pastor at that time. We arranged them, and spent two or three very delightful evenings. You have two or three, another has one, another has six; bring them all together and discuss the whole subject of art. We found it very profitable.

In Troy our circle is so enthusiastic in its work that there is a constant clamor of outside people to get in. We sometimes allow a few outsiders, and there is hardly a session that we do not have four to five hundred in our gathering, but the front seats are always reserved for members, and visitors, if there be any, must take the back seats. There are anywhere from fifty to one hundred and fifty clamoring to be admitted into the circle this fall. I do not know what we shall do. If we admit them, we shall go into the audience room. I think it is better to divide up.

I have given you our work. I said in the outset, it is possible for any young man or woman, pastor or superintendent, through your village paper, to write a short article calling the attention of the people to it, saying that in such a place there will be an organization of this work. I have the impression that you can gather quite a large circle in every place, two or three of them. But my conviction is from the work as I have observed it through Troy and vicinity, that you need somebody in that circle, at the head of it, who loves it. You can make nothing in this world grow without love. Not even the flowers you may plant in your garden will grow unless you love them.

As the result of the article in the Troy *Times*, eight circles were organized in our city. As the result of those two articles, twenty-six circles were organized around Troy.

I would be glad to hear from you to-day. Criticise my plan as much as you please. I have taken more time because Dr. Vincent urged me to do so. He urged me to take twenty-five minutes. I have only taken twenty. Give me your plans, any suggestions, any practical idea that you have worked out in your circles.

MR. MARTIN: I can say that I commend every feature that has been mentioned here by Mr. Farrar in the method of conducting local circles. I believe we have tested in Pittsburgh every one he has mentioned. There are several others we have tried, to which I would like to refer. For instance, I think it well for persons to start with the inspiration and a love of the Circle right here

at Chautauqua. A great many persons have come to me on the ground, and asked me how to form a local circle, saying they had no local circles in their vicinity. I say to them if they have two or three members on the ground here who belong together in a circle, meet under the trees and start your organization here. We started with seven members under these trees by the Hall of Philosophy, in the year 1878, and we had somewhere between three and four hundred before the following January, and have as many more since. Last year about half a dozen who graduated in the class of '82 met under the trees here, and we formed our preliminary organization. We carried the spirit and love of the C. L. S. C. home with us, and we formed in Pittsburgh an alumni association of nearly sixty members. We expect to increase the number largely during the coming year.

One word with reference to the use of newspapers. Our executive committee apportion the different papers of the city between them. We have five members, and each member looks after a paper to see that the paper looks after C. L. S. C. matters. We make each member the editor of a C. L. S. C. department in a newspaper, and it is his duty to get in as many notices about the C. L. S. C. as possible. Our press has very generously opened to us its columns. Every monthly meeting is noticed before and after in the papers. I am glad to say that we have got into many considerable controversies in the newspapers. We like them because they bring our organization into notice.

We avail ourselves of the papyrograph, the electric pen, the type writer, and the various plans for duplicating that we now have, in the way of sending out notices, preparing the programs, etc. Any of you who know how cheaply any of these appliances can be used for printing, will see how efficiently they can be employed for the use of the circle.

Another point: If we get a little depressed, or a little behind, we get Dr. Vincent or one of the counselors to come and give us a rousing lecture. We have given them good audiences, and they have spread a new enthusiasm. What an amount of enthusiasm can be developed about the C. L. S. C. If you will have the patience to answer clearly and fully all questions that are asked you about the C. L. S. C., you will find that you are doing a grand missionary work. I know my business is often interrupted by people who come in and ask about the C. L. S. C., but I am always sorry if I ever have to turn any one away without information. If I give them full information, and they go away and join the C. L. S. C., and form a local circle afterward, I feel that I have done a missionary work.

MR. FARRAR: Any suggestions?

A VOICE: Did you permit persons to become members of your local circle who did not belong to the parent society?

MR. FARRAR: Yes. But we requested them, if they did not wish to take up the full course of reading, to join the C. L. S. C. and pay their fifty cents, and take THE CHAUTAUQUAN. We honored the home office. But they need not fill out the questions unless they choose. [109]

MR. BRIDGE: In that way you will get a great many members of the C. L. S. C. who are not doing the work.

MR. FARRAR: Very few. We took a few husbands who wanted to come with their wives. "Very good," I said, "pay your fifty cents and take THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

REV. J. O. FOSTER: We had a large circle where I was last appointed. We found in the school a man well posted in geology. We found the depot agent was an astronomer, and he was very enthusiastic over the invitation that we gave him. He came down and spattered the blackboard all over with facts. He got a long strip of paper and stuck up around the room, and marked out the planets. He gave us a very fine lecture on astronomy, so good that the people requested him to repeat it before the whole congregation. We had this "jelly-pad business," and struck off our programs the week before. Every one knew what he was expected to do. We secured plenty of books, if any one was at a loss for books. We had about twenty in the circle, and that circle is now running. I think it is three and a half years old. I do not know of any older than that.

MR. MARTIN: We have one five years old.

MR. FOSTER: Very good. Dr. Goodfellow organized this. Another member and I went to people in the city and asked them to lend us their pictures upon several subjects. You will be astonished at the amount of material you can gather together in a single afternoon to illustrate any subject.

DR. VINCENT: I have no doubt that some small local circles have quite unique plans which they have adopted, and I hope if they hesitate to speak out, that they will write out their plans for us.

A LADY: I was about to speak for a small circle. I am very positive in our circle of twenty it would be almost impossible to have essays, except occasionally. The members generally would be so frightened at the idea of having to write an essay that we should lose the circle entirely. We have to pet them a little, and we use the conversational method as freely as possible to get them to express themselves. What they can not tell we tell them. In my experience—I have been conductor four years—I find the essay method frightens small circles. Where you have circles of two hundred, where they have a great many ministers, and lawyers, you can get them to write essays.

A LADY: I would say that I belong to a circle out West of six members. We pursued the essay work for the first two years entirely. Every one of us for the first two years wrote an essay every

week. [Applause.]

DR. EATON: I would like to speak for another small circle. We had a program. We opened with singing and prayer, and then the leader, who had prepared himself thoroughly, or tried to prepare himself thoroughly on the lesson, particularly in science and in history, examined every class by questioning and removing every difficulty connected with them. The whole circle replied at once, answering the questions. If there were any in the circle that could not answer a question, they had it answered for them, and were not placed under any embarrassment by the sense of failure. A great many said of these meetings every two weeks, that they obtained a better knowledge by this thorough drill than by reading privately at home. Likewise we had essays, but not very frequently. We had essays in the first part of the evening. Sometimes there was a failure to respond, but generally the subject was assigned to particular individuals, and a great many facts in connection with the difficulties in history were brought in that way. I think we commenced with a circle of about twenty or thirty, and we graduated here a year ago some sixteen members, I think. And others are coming in, but with what success I am unable to say, as I have not been in that place all the time. I think that every one in that circle would bear testimony that in this way—by close examination, the plan of a regular class drill—we have obtained a better knowledge than in any other way, and that they were satisfied at the end of the year they had accomplished more and better work than they would under any other circumstances.

A VOICE: I would like to say we consider that the writing of these essays and insisting upon it, was as much for the advantage of the persons writing these essays as for that of those who listened to them. Therefore, we had a critic who was to write the criticisms, and had them read by the president. Do you think that was a good way?

MR. FARRAR: We thought it was not the best way. Dr. Vincent suggests that the criticisms might be given privately to the writer. I found it quite difficult to get essays. Many young ladies and gentlemen looked upon it as a fearful task. Many times I had to call on them, and sit down with them, and talk them into it, showing them how they could do it. And never one wrote an essay in our circle but said "When you want me to write an essay, call on me again." I have tried a dozen others who persisted in refusing, but at the close of the year they came to me and said: "If you will forgive us for our refusing to write you may call upon us next year."

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

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Round-Table held in the Hall of Philosophy, at Chautauqua, August 16th, 1883, conducted by Rev. H. C. Farrar, of Troy, N. Y.

[Not required.]

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ONE HUNDRED QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON "HISTORY OF GREECE," VOLUME II, PARTS 10 AND 11—"THE ROMAN SUPREMACY, AND BYZANTINE HELLENISM."

By A. M. MARTIN, GENERAL SECRETARY C. L. S. C.

1. Q. When is it generally said by historians that Hellas fell under the Roman rule? A. In 145 B. C., when Mummius captured Corinth.
2. Q. Strictly speaking, when did Hellas become a Roman province? A. During the reign of Augustus.
3. Q. Where was the principal theater of the Mithridatic war? A. Hellas, transplanted thither by the daring king of Pontus.
4. Q. Whom did the Romans finally find it necessary to send against him? A. Sulla.
5. Q. During this war what Hellenic city did Sulla capture after a long siege? A. Athens.
6. Q. What is the assertion of several modern historians in regard to the devastation of the land and the slaughter of the inhabitants during this war, which ended in 84 B. C.? A. They did their work so effectually that Asia never thereafter recovered from the Roman wounds.
7. Q. By what was the moral decay of the nation which began long before now followed? A. By a corresponding material ruin.
8. Q. By what was the Ægean Sea from the earliest times infested? A. By pirates, who boldly attacked the coasts, islands and harbors, seizing vessels and plundering property.
9. Q. In the year 78 B. C., what action did the Romans take against these pirates? A. They declared war against them, and entrusted the conduct of hostilities to Pompey.

10. Q. What was the result of Pompey's expedition against them? A. Ten thousand of them were put to death, twenty thousand captured, and one hundred and twenty of their harbors and fortifications were destroyed.

11. Q. In the great struggle between Pompey and Cæsar for the supremacy of the world, whom did Hellas furnish with every possible assistance? A. Pompey.

12. Q. In the year 44 B. C., what Hellenic city did Cæsar rebuild that had been destroyed a hundred years before by Mummius? A. Corinth.

13. Q. In the Roman civil wars which followed the death of Cæsar, with whom did Athens ally herself? A. With Brutus and Cassius.

14. Q. After the defeat of Brutus and Cassius by Octavius and Anthony, followed by hostilities between the latter two, for whom did the greater part of Hellas declare? A. For Anthony.

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15. Q. Shortly after Octavius assumed the name of Augustus to what did he reduce Hellas? A. To a Roman province.

16. Q. What is said of the jurisdiction of the Roman proconsul thereafter sent annually to rule Hellas? A. Many cities and countries continued still to be regarded as "freed and allied." The subject territory was designated by the name of Achaia as if it did not remain an integral part of "free Hellas."

17. Q. During the reign of Tiberias what did both Achaia and Macedonia become by reason of the harsh treatment received from the proconsuls? A. Cæsarean instead of public provinces.

18. Q. What was the course of Nero toward Hellas? A. In the year 66 he declared the country autonomous, and at the same time plundered Hellas, inflicting far greater misfortunes on it than those sustained through the invasion of Xerxes.

19. Q. When Vespasian ascended the throne what political change did he make? A. He reduced the country again to a Roman province.

20. Q. During the reign of Vespasian what action was taken in regard to the Greek philosophers? A. Nearly all the Greek philosophers were banished from Rome.

21. Q. How did Trajan prove to be one of the greatest benefactors of the Hellenic nation? A. He sent Maximus to Hellas as plenipotentiary and reorganizer of the free Hellenic cities, with instructions to honor the gods and ancient renown of the nation, and revere the sacred antiquity of the cities.

22. Q. What was Hadrian's treatment of Hellas? A. He visited Athens five times; sought to ameliorate the condition of the people, and adorned Athens and other cities with temples and buildings.

23. Q. What political rights did he give the Hellenes? A. The rights of Roman citizenship.

24. Q. During the reigns of what two Roman emperors did Hellas pre-eminently flourish? A. The Emperors Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius.

25. Q. Notwithstanding the benefits received from the Roman emperors what did Hellas continue to do? A. To wither and decline.

26. Q. During the latter part of the third century what destructive invasion of Hellas took place? A. The invasion of the Goths and other northern barbarians, who overran the country like a deluge, depopulating cities and destroying everything in their path.

27. Q. What relation does our author give Hellenism to Christianity? A. He makes it the first herald of Christianity.

28. Q. Who was the first Roman emperor that issued a decree in favor of Christianity? A. Constantine the Great.

29. Q. What discussions led Constantine to the convocation of the first General Council of the Christian Church, which assembled at Nice in A. D. 325? A. The discussions of Arianism, or opinions concerning the nature of the second person of the Trinity.

30. Q. Who was the most noted opponent of Arianism? A. Athanasius.

31. Q. What city did Constantine dedicate as the capital of his empire? A. Constantinople.

32. Q. During the general slaughter of the relatives of Constantine that took place after his death, what cousin of his escaped and was assigned to the city of Athens for his place of habitation? A. Julian.

33. Q. By comparing the present with the past, to what conclusion did Julian arrive as to the cause of the decline of the empire? A. That Christianity was the cause of the decline, or was not adapted to prevent the demoralization of the empire; that the change of affairs resulted from the debasement of the ancient religion and life, and that the reformation of the world could only be accomplished through their reestablishment.

34. Q. By what class of philosophers was Julian sustained in his views? A. By the

Neapolitanists.

35. Q. After Julian was recognized as emperor what was his main object on entering Constantinople? A. The restoration of the ancient religion.

36. Q. What were some of the steps he took to accomplish this object? A. He restored the ancient temples and caused new ones to be erected to the gods; the games were celebrated with magnificence, and the schools of philosophy were especially protected.

37. Q. Who was the successor to Julian? A. Jovian.

38. Q. What was his course toward Christianity? A. He abolished the decrees enacted by Julian on behalf of idolatry, and seemed favorably inclined toward Christianity, but he died suddenly on his way to Constantinople.

39. Q. About this time what two names became prominent in theological controversies? A. Basil the Great and Gregory the theologian.

40. Q. What new invasion of the northern barbarians took place in the latter part of the fourth century? A. That of the Goths, who overran Thrace, Macedonia and Thessaly, ravaged the country, killed the inhabitants, and destroyed the cities that were not strongly fortified.

41. Q. To what did Theodosius first direct his attention after he became emperor? A. To the pacification of the Goths, and succeeded within the space of four years in rendering them if not fully submissive to his scepter, at least anxious to seek terms of peace.

42. Q. What did the solemn edict which Theodosius dictated in 380 proclaim? A. The Athanasian doctrine of the Trinity, branded all who denied it with the name of heretics, and handed over the churches in Constantinople to the exclusive use of the orthodox party.

43. Q. What synod did he convene at Constantinople a few months afterward, in the year 381? A. The second General Council of the Christian Church, which completed the theological system established by the Council of Nice.

44. Q. After the death of Theodosius, who were the nominal rulers of the Roman empire? A. Arcadius in the East, and Honorius in the West, both sons of Theodosius.

45. Q. Who, however, were the real rulers of the empire? A. Rufinus in the East and Stilicho in the West.

46. Q. How are each characterized? A. Stilicho was noted for his military virtues, but Rufinus became notorious only for his wickedness.

47. Q. Failing in his project of marrying his daughter Maria to Arcadius, how did Rufinus seek to revenge himself? A. By plotting the destruction of the empire itself.

48. Q. What barbarians is it said he called into the empire? A. The Huns, who laid waste many provinces in Asia; and Alaric, the daring general of the Goths, who invaded Hellas, plundering and destroying everything in his path.

49. Q. Who, called the greatest orator of Christianity, became archbishop of Constantinople near the close of the fourth century? A. John Chrysostom.

50. Q. After the death of Arcadius, who virtually assumed the government of the empire? A. Pulcheria, the daughter of Arcadius.

51. Q. What are we told as to the kind of life she led? A. That she embraced a life of celibacy, renounced all vanity in dress, interrupted by frequent fasts her simple and frugal diet, and devoted several hours of the day and night to the exercises of prayer and psalmody.

52. Q. How did her brother Theodosius, who was the nominal emperor, spend his time? A. His days in riding and hunting, and his evenings in modeling and copying sacred books.

53. Q. How long did Pulcheria continue to reign? A. For nearly forty years.

54. Q. What is said of the condition of Hellenism in the meantime? A. It continued to wither in Hellas, while the modern began to spread and strengthen itself in Constantinople.

55. Q. What is said of Hellenic literature from this time onward? A. It produced none of those works by which the memory of nations is honored and perpetuated.

56. Q. To what is its intellectual decline mainly due? A. To the incursions of the barbarians, by which society was shaken to its very foundations, and the genius and enterprise of the nation almost paralyzed.

57. Q. Under what leader did the Huns ravage without restraint and without mercy the suburbs of Constantinople and the provinces of Thrace and Macedonia? A. Attila, called the "Scourge of God."

58. Q. With the dethronement of what emperor did all political relations between Rome and the Eastern Empire cease? A. Romulus Augustulus in 476.

59. Q. How did the emperors of the East continue to be styled? A. They continued to be styled emperors of the Romans, but legislation, government, and customs became thoroughly

Hellenized.

60. Q. What was the mainspring of the success in life of Justinian who became emperor in 527?
A. An unrestrained desire for great deeds and his wonderful good fortune in the choice of ministers.

61. Q. What military victories glorified the early years of his reign? A. Splendid victories over the Persians.

62. Q. What general began his career in this war? A. Belisarius, the general who imparted such eminent distinction to the reign of Justinian.

63. Q. What were Justinian's most glorious and useful memorials? A. The composition of the celebrated collection of laws comprising the Institutes, the Digest or Pandects, and the Code.

64. Q. To whom was the work entrusted? A. To ten law-teachers, over whom the famous Tribonian presided.

65. Q. What are of special importance as among other memorable events which signaled the reign of Justinian? A. The successful wars which he waged against the Vandals in Africa and the Goths in Italy, and his expeditions to Sicily and Spain.

66. Q. Among the many edifices erected during the reign of Justinian which is the most famous? A. That of St. Sophia.

67. Q. To what epoch does the reign of Justinian partly belong? A. To the Roman epoch of the Eastern Empire.

68. Q. What does the reign of Heraklius from 610 to 641 form? A. An integral part of mediæval Hellenism.

69. Q. By what was Heraklius invited to ascend the throne, and how long did his posterity continue to reign over the empire of the East? A. The voice of the clergy, the senate, and the people invited him to ascend the throne, and his posterity till the fourth generation continued to reign over the empire of the East.

70. Q. In 627, after many brilliant actions, what defeat did Heraklius inflict upon the Persians?
A. So severe a defeat that their empire was nearly crushed.

71. Q. Almost at the same time what unexpected and more terrible opponent arose in the Arabian peninsula whose conflict with Hellenism continues to the present day? A. Mohammedanism.

72. Q. What did the Mohammedans of Arabia wrest from the empire? A. Syria, Egypt, and Northern Africa.

73. Q. What was the Mohammedan religion called, and to what two dogmas was it limited? A. Islam, meaning devotion; its dogmas were the belief in a future life, and the unity of God.

74. Q. In what words was the latter expressed? A. "There is only one God, and Mohammed is the apostle of God."

75. Q. Who was the next emperor of real historic value after the death of Heraklius? A. Constantine IV., surnamed Poganatus, or the Bearded.

76. Q. For what was the reign of Constantine especially memorable? A. For the first siege of Constantinople by the Mohammedans.

77. Q. How long did this siege last? A. For seven years, but was not carried on uninterruptedly throughout this time.

78. Q. What was the result of the siege? A. The Mohammedans were finally forced to relinquish the fruitless enterprise in 675.

79. Q. What formidable weapon did the Byzantines employ during this siege, the composition of which is now unknown? A. The Greek fire.

80. Q. What declarations of an œcumenical council he convoked at Constantinople in 680 did Constantine sanction by a royal edict, and thus reestablish religious union in the empire? A. That the church has always recognized in Christ two natures, united but not confounded—two wills, distinct, but not antagonistic.

81. Q. When did the next siege of Constantinople by the Mohammedans take place? A. In the year 717, during the reign of Leo III.

82. Q. What was the result? A. In the following year the Arabs were driven away, having suffered a loss of twenty-five hundred ships and more than five hundred thousand warriors.

83. Q. What decrees did Leo III. issue in 726 and 730? A. A decree forbidding the worship of images, and another banishing them entirely from the churches.

84. Q. How did these decrees divide the nation? A. Into two intensely hostile parties, of iconoclasts or image-breakers, and image-worshippers, by whose contests it was long distracted.

85. Q. What action did Leo V. take in regard to image-worship? A. He not only banished the images from the churches, but also destroyed the songs and prayers addressed to them.

86. Q. What further order was made in regard to their worship by Theophilus who became emperor in 829? A. He forbade the word "holy" to be inscribed on the images, and also that they should be honored by prayers, kissing, or lighted tapers.

87. Q. After the death of Theophilus what action did the empress Theodora, into whose hands the positive power of the government passed, take in regard to the images? A. She herself worshiped images. The pictures were again hung in the churches, and the monastic order more than ever became potent both in society and government.

88. Q. During the reign of Alexius what storm suddenly burst from the west? A. The so-called First Crusade.

89. Q. Who was the Pope at this time? A. Urban II.

90. Q. By whom were the crusades first incited? A. Peter the Hermit.

91. Q. When did Jerusalem fall into the hands of the crusaders? A. July 15, 1099.

92. Q. Who were the leaders of the second crusade? A. Conrad III., king of Germany, and Louis VII., king of France.

93. Q. What was the ostensible intention of the crusaders? A. To free Eastern Christianity from the oppression of the Turks.

94. Q. What does our author say was their ultimate object? A. The capture of Constantinople and the abolition of the Byzantine empire.

95. Q. What was the result of the second crusade? A. It was wholly inglorious, being relieved by no heroic deeds whatever.

96. Q. What took place in Syria during 1187? A. The Christian authority was overthrown in Syria, and Jerusalem was captured by Saladin, the sultan of Egypt.

97. Q. What occurred to Constantinople during the fourth crusade, in the year 1204? A. After a siege of five months it fell into the hands of the crusaders.

98. Q. When and by whom was Constantinople recovered? A. In 1261, under the leadership of Michael Palæologus.

99. Q. When was Constantinople again attacked by the Turks? A. In 1453, under the famous Mohammed II.

100. Q. What was the result of the final decisive engagement? A. The city fell before overwhelming numbers, and passed under Turkish rule.

OUTLINE OF C. L. S. C. STUDIES.

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NOVEMBER, 1883.

The C. L. S. C. readings for November include parts 10 and 11 of Timayenis's "History of Greece," for students having read the first volume; or from page 93 to the end of "Brief History of Greece," for students of Class of '87.

Chautauqua Text-Book, No. 5, "Greek History."

Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

First week (ending November 8)—1. "History of Greece," from page 258 to "Arius," page 293; or, "Brief History of Greece," from page 93 to "The Battle of Salamis," page 118.

2. Readings in German History and Literature in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, for November 4.

Second Week (ending November 15)—1. "History of Greece," from "Arius," page 293, to chapter viii, page 328; or, "Brief History of Greece," from "The Battle of Salamis," page 118, to "Life of Socrates," page 143.

2. Readings in Physical Science and Political Economy in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, for November 11.

Third Week (ending November 22)—1. "History of Greece," from chapter viii, page 328, to chapter iii, page 359; or, "Brief History of Greece," from "Life of Socrates," page 143, to "Causes of the Sacred War," page 169.

2. Readings in Art, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, for November 18.

Fourth Week (ending November 29)—1. "History of Greece," from chapter iii, page 359, to the end of part 11, page 342; or, "Brief History of Greece," from "Causes of the Sacred War," page 169, to the end of the book.

2. Readings in American Literature in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

3. Sunday Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, for November 25.



CHAUTAUQUA NORMAL CLASS.

Season of 1884.

J. L. HURLBUT, D.D., and R. S. HOLMES, A.M., INSTRUCTORS.

I. The course of instruction to be pursued in the Sunday-school Normal Department of the Chautauqua Assembly, at its session in 1884, will embrace lessons upon the following subjects, prepared by the instructors in the department. The full text of these lessons will be printed during the year in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, which should be taken by all who desire to prepare for the Normal Department.

Twelve Lessons on the Bible.—(1) The Divine Revelation; (2) The Bible from God through Man; (3) The Bible as an English Book; (4) The Canon of Scripture; (5) The World of the Bible; (6) The Land of the Bible; (7) The History in the Bible; (8) The Golden Age of Bible History; (9) The House of the Lord; (10) The Doctrines of the Bible; (11) Immanuel; (12) The Interpretation of the Bible.

Twelve Lessons on the Sunday-school and the Teacher's Work.—(1) The Sunday-school—its Purpose, Place, and Prerogatives; (2) The Superintendent—his Qualifications, Duties, and Responsibility; (3) The Teacher's Office and Work; (4) The Teacher's Week-day Work; (5) The Teacher's Preparation; (6) The Teacher's Mistakes; (7) The Teaching Process—Adaptation; (8) The Teaching Process—Approach; (9) The Teaching Process—Attention; (10) The Teaching Process—Illustration; (11) The Teaching Process—Interrogation; (12) The Teaching Process—Reviews.

II. Students of the Normal Course should study in addition to the outlines in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, the following Chautauqua Text-Books (ten cents each): No. 18, "Christian Evidences;" No. 19, "The Book of Books;" No. 36, "Assembly Bible Outlines;" No. 37, "Assembly Normal Outlines;" No. 38, "The Life of Christ;" No. 39, "The Sunday-school Normal Class" (including the preparation of the Normal Praxes); and No. 41, "The Teacher Before his Class."

III. Students of the Normal Course are also desired to read the following books: Chautauqua Text-Book No. 1, "Bible Exploration;" No. 8, "What Noted Men Think of the Bible;" No. 10, "What is Education?" No. 11, "Socrates;" and "Normal Outlines of Christian Theology," by L. T. Townsend (price, forty cents). These books may be obtained of Phillips & Hunt, 805 Broadway, New York; or of Walden & Stowe, Cincinnati or Chicago.

IV. Students in special classes in churches or schools, or individual students who prosecute the course as given above, may receive by mail outline memoranda for examination, and if they can certify to having studied the lessons and text-books, and will also prepare the Normal Praxes named in Chautauqua Text-Book No. 39, and fill out the Outline Memoranda, may receive the diploma of the Chautauqua Teachers' Union, and will be enrolled as members of the Chautauqua Society. Such students will send name and address, with twenty-five cents, to Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, D.D., Plainfield, N. J.



CHAUTAUQUA NORMAL CLASS—BIBLE SECTION.

Twelve Lessons on Bible Themes.

LESSON I.—THE DIVINE REVELATION.

I. There is in me a something which is called mind. I do not know what it is. I can neither tell whence it came, nor whither it will go when it ceases to inhabit this body. That in me, which is thus ignorant concerning the mind, is the mind itself. There are therefore matters beyond my mental range. That is, my mind is limited, bounded, finite in its powers. What is true of my mind is true of all human mind. Here then is one of the first results of consciousness: FINITE MIND IN THE WORLD.

II. This finite mind did not produce itself; it sees in the body which it controls evidence of a design of which it is not the author. It turns to the phenomena of the universe and discovers in them the same evidences of design. It seeks the attributes and character of the designer or designers of human body and of natural phenomena, and finds them to be unlimited in action, unbounded by time or space, infinite in power, and uniform in manifestation. It therefore concludes that there is but one designer of all the phenomena of created nature, and that he is

both intelligent and infinite. Here then is a second result of consciousness: INFINITE MIND IN THE UNIVERSE.

III. We have so far brought to view two powers, infinite mind in the universe and finite mind in the world, and between them a distance immeasurable and impassable from the finite side. They are extremes in the progression of the universe. Let us notice some facts concerning each of these powers:

1. The infinite mind is self-existent; eternal.

2. The infinite mind created finite mind in its own likeness. Both these points will be considered in our lesson on the "Doctrines of the Bible."

3. The infinite mind has *provided a means of passing the distance between itself and the finite mind*, so that the finite might know the infinite; i. e. it has revealed itself to the finite mind.

4. The finite mind is the highest created existence. This is left without discussion for the student to amplify.

5. The finite mind exists because of the infinite mind. The gas jet burning above my head affords an illustration. It exists because of a well-stored gasometer two miles away; because of complicated machinery by which coal has been caused to yield up its hidden stores of light; because of a system of underground conductors that terminates in the burner on the wall. Without the burner and the light all these appliances would be useless; and they in turn exist only that there may be light. So the finite mind exists because of the infinite—nor can we think with satisfaction of infinite mind in the universe and no creation or correlated force.

6. The finite mind hungers to know the infinite; it peers into the measureless space which its eye can not pierce, and longs for the infinite to reveal itself. This fact is historical, "Canst thou by searching find out God?" has been the question of the ages; and the answer has been "the world by wisdom knew not God." The cry of multitudes of hungering souls has been: "O, that I knew where I might find him." As light is necessary to the eye, and air to the bird's wing, and sound to the ear, that each may perform the work for which it is adapted, so a knowledge of the infinite mind that is of God, is essential that the finite mind—that is, man—may fulfill its destiny. And this knowledge is possible only through self-revelation by God to man. That such a revelation has been made we have already asserted. That the Bible is that revelation is our claim, which we will discuss in a future lesson. The present lesson will be content to inquire simply, how that revelation has been effected. We answer:

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God wrought it out in the presence of the race in ways unmistakable, exhibiting every attribute of his character, *even to those of mercy and forgiveness*. God wrought (not wrote). What we call the inspired Word is a mediate, not an immediate act of God. God wrought, the work extending through many ages, perhaps not even yet finished.

Wrought (a) in nature, so that "the invisible things of him since the creation of the world are clearly seen, being perceived through the things that are made." Creation then is itself a part of the revelation, but only a part; for out of it comes no hint of forgiveness or redemption.

(b) In man, *by spiritual manifestations, by intellectual enlightenments, by illuminations of conscience*, such as could not originate in the human soul. These revelations or workings of God in man mark a large portion of the history of thought through the ages; and in that dim twilight of the race, when men like Enoch walked with God, though history is but a shadow, yet it is the shadow of God working in man.

(c) In Providence—that is, in his ordering the work of the world. He not only "produced a supernatural history extending through centuries, ... and working out results which human wisdom could never have conceived, nor human power executed,"^[1] but also he has directed all the workings of all history in accordance with the central purpose of his revelation.

(d) In grace, by his spirit revealing what the human mind could never have discovered for itself, redemption and atonement through forgiveness of sin.

IV. This divine revelation so wrought by God *has been, and is being reported* that all the world may know and confess that "the Lord, he is the God." Reported:

1. *Through Tradition*.—There was an unwritten Bible before the written word, handed down from patriarchs to scribes; and even in lands destitute of the Scriptures, we trace the dim outlines of truth transmitted from ancient authority.

2. *Through Philosophy*.—Wise men and thinkers have read the revelation in nature and gathered it up from human thought, and the highest philosophy, as that of a Socrates and a Plato, finds God.

3. *Through Prophecy*.—In the earlier ages, and perhaps through all the ages, God has communed with chosen men who have lived in fellowship with himself; and has made them the mouthpiece uttering his will to the world.

4. *Through Preaching*.—The pulpit, when it is true to its mission, voices the message of God to man.

V. *We find also that this divine revelation has been written out, under a divine direction:*

1. *In Various Books.*—The Bible is not one book, but sixty-six books, a whole library, presenting the divine revelation under varied aspects, but all under one divine origin and supervision.

2. *By Various Writers.*—Not less than thirty authors, and probably many more, shared in the composition of the Scriptures, but all wrote under a divine control, and expressed, each in his own style, the mind of the Spirit.

3. *Through Various Ages.*—Moses may have begun the writing, doubtless from earlier documents. Samuel, David, Solomon, Isaiah, Ezra, Matthew, Paul, John, each in turn carried on the work through a period of sixteen hundred years. The book grew like a cathedral, rising through the centuries, under many successive master-builders, yet according to one plan of one divine Architect.

4. *In Various Languages.*—Two great tongues, one Semitic, the other Aryan, were employed, the Hebrew in the Old Testament, the Greek in the new; but the Hebrew of Moses is not that of Daniel a thousand years later.

VI. *We find this divine revelation preserved:*

1. *By being stereotyped into Dead Languages.*—A living language is ever changing the meaning of its words; and truth written in it is in danger of being misunderstood by another generation. But the words of a dead language, like the Hebrew and the Greek, are fixed in their meaning, and once understood are not likely to be perverted. Soon after the Bible was completed, both its languages ceased to be spoken, and have been kept since as the shrine for the great truths contained in the Word.

2. *By being translated into Living Languages.*—The Bible has been translated into all the tongues of earth, and thus its perpetuation to the end of time has been assured. No other work has been read by so many races, and no other is so capable of being understood by the masses of mankind.

3. *By being incorporated into Literature.*—If every copy of the Scriptures in the whole world were destroyed every sentence of it could be reproduced from the writings of men, since it has become an integral part of the thought of the world.

4. *By being perpetuated in Institutions.*—The Jewish church perpetuates the Old Testament; the Christian church the New; and while either endures, the Bible containing the divine revelation must endure.

VII. *We find this divine revelation proved:*

1. *By Testimonies.*—The child looking upon the opened page of the Bible at his mother's knee, accepts her testimony that it is the word of God, and thus each generation receives the book from the preceding generation with a declaration of its divine origin.

2. *By Probabilities.*—Such has been the history of this book in its relation to the world, and its triumph over opposing forces; such has been its early, continuous and present acceptance; that there is every probability in favor of its being, what it appears to be, a divine book.

3. *By Experience.*—There are many who have put this book to the test in their own lives; have tried its promises; have tasted its spiritual experience; have brought it into contact with their own hearts; and have obtained from it a certain assurance that it comes from God.

4. *By Evidences.*—If any reader will not accept the Bible upon the testimonies of others; if he fails to see in its behalf the weight of probability; if he has not been able to put it to the test in his own experience, there is yet a strong line of argument appealing to his reason, and proving the book divine.

VIII. *We find this divine revelation searched:*

1. *Through Curiosity.*—There are some who read and study the Bible from no higher motive than desire to know its contents.

2. *Through Literary Taste.*—There are others who read the Bible from an appreciation of its value as a work of literature, recognizing the high poetic rank of David and Isaiah, the historic worth of Joshua and Samuel, the philosophic thought of Paul.

3. *Through Opposition.*—In every age there have been searchers of the Bible actuated by the motive of unbelief; men trying to find in it the weapons for its own destruction. Yet even their study has often proved serviceable to the believer in the divine revelation.

4. *Through Spiritual Desire.*—Multitudes have studied the Bible, multitudes are studying it now because they find in it that which their spiritual nature craves, the knowledge of God. They feed upon the Word because it satisfies the hunger of their spirits.

IX. *We find this divine revelation circulated among men.* The history of the Bible since its translation into English has been the history of multiplication. Language after language has had the Bible added to the library of its language. Unwritten languages have had characters invented for them to represent their words and the Bible has thus become the first book of the new-made written language of the people. All the leading languages of the world have thus been put in possession of the Bible, and the signs of the times point to a speedy realization of the hope that soon all the nations of the earth will know the divine revelation of our Father which is in heaven.

CHAUTAUQUA NORMAL CLASS.

Twelve Lessons on the Sunday-school and the Teacher's Work.

LESSON I.—THE PLACE, PURPOSE AND PREROGATIVES OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

I. The place of the Sunday-school.

1. The Sunday-school is one of the means employed by the Church of Christ for bringing men under the influence of the Gospel. It is not designed to fill the place of any of the other accepted agencies of the church.

2. The Sunday-school does not, and should not accomplish the work belonging to the pulpit and the pastor, nor does it subserve the purpose of the church meeting for prayer and interchange of Christian experience.

3. The Sunday-school can in no sense do the work of the Christian home. It is an agency differing from all other agencies of the church, and is made necessary by the nature and extent of the body of truth accepted by the church, so necessary that without it the church would be to a certain extent crippled.

4. It is a school, *organized and officered as such*; occupying a well defined place in the religious system of the church, having a specific purpose, and entitled to certain prerogatives.

5. As a school, its constituency is a body of teachers and pupils, associated together voluntarily, but not without responsibility and accountability.

6. The Sunday-school in its theoretic constitution is the parallel of the secular school.

(a) As the latter derives its life from the community, so the Sunday-school derives its life from *the religious community, the church*.

(b) As the community delegates the power of control over the secular school to a representative body which exercises supreme authority over its affairs, so the church entrusts the management of the Sunday-school to her representative executive body, by whatever name known.

(c) As the representative body controlling the secular school places the oversight of the system and its details of management in the hands of a general executive officer, or superintendent, so the governing power of the church entrusts the management of the Sunday-school to one of similar name—a superintendent.

(d) As the secular school is within and subordinate to the community, and alongside of the home as its aid and supplement, so the Sunday-school is within and subordinate to the church, and beside the Christian home as its supplement.

Let us gather up these propositions concerning the Sunday-school into a general definition.

Definition.

The Sunday-school is a department of the church of Christ, in which the word of Christ is taught for the purpose of bringing souls to Christ and building up souls in Christ.

As suggested by this definition, we make the following propositions:

- (1) The Sunday-school is a *school*.
- (2) The Sunday-school is not a substitute for the church.
- (3) The Sunday-school is not a substitute for the prayer meeting.
- (4) The Sunday-school is not a substitute for home training.
- (5) The Sunday-school is *in* the church as an integral part.
- (6) The Sunday-school is subordinate to the church.
- (7) The Sunday-school is an aid to the Christian home.

II. The Purpose of the Sunday-school.

1. The chief purpose of the Sunday-school is the *spiritual education* of the soul. By education we do not mean the mere putting in possession of knowledge. There have been learned men who were not educated men; men of wide knowledge, but with the power of *self-control* and *self-use* undeveloped. By education we mean leading the soul out of its natural condition, into a condition where it can do what God meant it to do, and be what God meant it to be. Spiritual education will therefore be the development of a soul by nature averse to divine control, into a condition of oneness with the divine will, such as is made possible by the at-one-ment of Jesus Christ. This process involves, (1) conversion, and (2) upbuilding in Christ, and would produce, if unhindered, a character that would reach toward the measure of the fulness of Christ.

But many souls in the church have never reached farther than the first or preparatory step in spiritual education—the step which we call conversion. Hence,

2. A second purpose of the Sunday-school is upbuilding in Christ, and this is possible only through searching study of the Word of God.

As the astronomer must know all the intricacies of his science, and be able with the telescope to read the heavens as an open book, and scan their farthest depths, so the Christian must know the hidden mysteries and deep things of God as revealed in the Bible, which is both text-book and telescope to the soul.

3. A third purpose of the Sunday-school is the development of the teaching power in the church. "Go teach," in the Revised version becomes "Go disciple." Sunday-school teaching therefore becomes *disciple-making*. In this respect its aim is the same as that of the church. To accomplish it by preaching, the church provides years of careful training for her ministers in special schools. As careful training is needed by the Sunday-school teacher, and the school itself is the only means by which the end can be secured.

III. The Prerogatives of the Sunday-school.

The Sunday-school exists within the church and because of the church. Yet though a part of the church, it maintains a separate organic life. As a member of the body it has certain *rights* which we call Prerogatives. We name the most important.

1. *Care*.—As no member of the body can be neglected without physical loss, so if any part of the body of Christ be left without watchful care, spiritual loss must ensue. The Sunday-school has a *right to the care* of the church, exercised (a) officially by the governing body, that no want may be left unsupplied, and (b) individually that sympathy, help, prayer and interest may never be lacking, and that ample provision may be made for the efficient working of the school.

2. *Support*.—The Sunday-school has a right to the pecuniary support of the church. It never should be crippled by lack of means to carry out its plans. The school should not be expected to provide for its own necessary expenses. The voluntary contributions of the school should never be applied to the support of the school as such. Systematic giving should be taught, and should include all the benevolent operations of the church, even to the extent of contributing toward the general church expenses, but that the school should use its funds for defraying its own expenses is clearly an evil.

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(3) *Recognition*.—The school has a right to be recognized as an established agency of the church. This recognition should include (1) regular notice from the pulpit of the time and place of holding its sessions; (2) the same prominence to the annual meeting for the choice of officers that is given to the same meetings of the church, and (3) its importance as a church agency should be recognized by giving to the school official recognition in the governing body of the church.

(4) *Pastoral Supervision*.—The school has a right to the watchful oversight and regular presence of the pastor. It is not necessary that he should superintend the school—it is better not. It is not necessary that he should be burdened with its cares. But it is essential (1) that he use it as a field of pastoral labor; (2) that he give to it the encouragement of his commendation; (3) that he extend to it the sympathy of his presence; (4) that he know as to the character of the work being done within it.

(5) *Coöperation*.—The Sunday-school has a right to the hearty coöperation of the whole church, so that (1) there may be no lack of teachers to do the work of the school, and (2) that the work of the teacher may be understood and appreciated in the Christian family, which is the church unit; and (3) that teacher and parent may work in perfect harmony.

This is not intended as an exhaustive treatment of this subject. It presents in outline some salient points concerning the Sunday-school, and leaves the student to continue by himself the line of thought suggested, and to this end reference is made to "Hart's Thoughts on Sunday-schools," "Pardee's Sunday-school Index," and the "Chautauqua Normal Guide," by J. H. Vincent, D.D., 1880.

FOOTNOTES:
[1] J. H. Vincent, D.D.

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

DR. HAYGOOD'S BATTLE FOR THE NEGRO.

There is something sublime in the spectacle of an earnest man contending for his cause. The sublimity is heightened when we remember that his cause and his convictions are identical, without any reckoning of the cost. Of this character was the figure of Dr. Atticus G. Haygood on the Chautauqua platform, uttering brave words for the Negro, his former slave, but present fellow-citizen. Nor did we have to wait till opportunity made him heard at Chautauqua. From the close of the war until now, he has been a moulder and leader of the best sentiment in the South,

and has occupied advanced ground upon all questions relating to the education and welfare of the liberated slave. His recent book, "Our Brother in Black," is the ablest contribution we have had to the "Negro question." It breathes throughout the same generous, Christian sentiment and sympathy that characterize all his utterances and his work elsewhere. Nor is the word "battle" too strong a term to be used. When we remember the jealousies, hates, and prejudices of long standing, and greatly intensified by the war; and how they have been kept alive by designing men on both sides; when we bear these things in mind, it is easy to see that it has required no little courage for a Southern man, in the midst of Southern people, with their sentiments and feelings, to take up the black man's cause and advocate it in words of bold, plain truth.

Dr. Haygood is the Christian, and not the politician. When he praises, as he does without stint, the work accomplished for the Negro by the people of the North, it is not the work of that particular politician, with his promise of "a mule, forty acres, and provisions for a year," but of teachers, secular and religious, who, with a motive higher than the personal, have sought the elevation, moral and intellectual, of the Negro. He pleads no apology for his Southern brethren who have met these benevolent workers with opposition, social ostracism, and other forms of persecution, but utters his condemnation of this spirit whenever and wherever manifested.

And the results of the first twenty years' history have justified his high and hopeful views. It is only two years since Senator Brown, of Georgia, said of the Negro, in a speech delivered in the United States Senate: "He has shown a capacity to receive education, and a disposition to elevate himself that is exceedingly gratifying, not only to me, but to every right-thinking Southern man." The results show that the Negro has a real hunger for the education he so greatly needs. It is shown that in the year 1881, forty-seven per cent. of the colored school population was enrolled as attending the public schools, whilst in the same year there was enrolled fifty-two per cent. of the white population. Though both figures are painfully low, and suggest a condition of great illiteracy, yet, when we remember the past of the Negro—how he has been trampled down and trodden under—the figure 47 at the end of his first twenty years, is both encouraging and significant.

But Dr. Haygood finds his strongest hope in the religious nature of the Negro. The religious element of the race was very manifest in the days of slavery, and since its freedom still more so. The moral and religious progress of twenty years is encouraging. Of seven millions, the entire colored population, a million and a half are communicants of the various churches. Whilst their notions are crude, their conceptions of religious truth often painfully realistic and grotesque, yet their religion is real and worthy of confidence. More than to all other influences combined, to the black man's religion is due the shaping of his better character. It is from this basis, and working along this line, that Dr. Haygood sees the success of the future. His closing word at Chautauqua is a statement of the whole theory which will commend itself to the sympathy and judgment of right-thinking Christian men everywhere: "Mere statesmanship can not solve this hard problem. It is not given to the wisdom of man; but God reigns, and God does not fail. We are workers with him in his great designs. When we stand by the cross of Jesus Christ we will know what to do. We can solve our problem, God being our helper. But on no lower platform than this—the platform of the Ten Commandments and of the Sermon on the Mount."



THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

In a few months we shall be in the midst of another presidential campaign, and one as exciting, perhaps, as the country has known. Already we see earnest preparations for the fray. The party managers are busily laying their schemes; the question of candidates and the measures to secure victory are being thoroughly canvassed by the rival parties.

What now strikes the thoughtful person as he considers the political outlook is the lack of party issues. Two great parties are seen on the eve of a tremendous struggle for the reins of government; but when the question is asked, what are the living issues at the bottom of this fight? one is puzzled for a reply. The situation is about this: instead of coming before the people with certain great principles as a ground of contention, one party has for its cry, "Put the rascals out;" and the other, "Let us keep the rascals from coming in."

Our feeling is that the case should be different. Are there no living issues important enough to serve as the rallying cry of political parties? Must parties live on a past record? Is there nothing for them to do but to glory in what they have done, and point a finger of contempt at the other side? By no means is this the case. There are to-day vitally important matters pertaining to the public welfare which call loudly to our political leaders for attention; and the party which shall take hold of these matters in an earnest way, and boldly present itself as the champion of principles of truth and justice and purity, ought to be, and must be, the party of the future.

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The reform of the civil service might very well be a party issue, but it is not. Neither of the great parties shows a disposition to take a hearty and united stand in favor of such reform. Some prominent men in both parties have it at heart, and the movement which has been seen can not be claimed as a party movement. The reform of the tariff wise men see to be one of the crying needs of the hour; but how hopelessly at sea seem our party leaders in dealing with the question. It can not be said that any principles of tariff are a party issue. There is a wide diversity of sentiment among those who have the management of the parties; on either side are seen free-trade men and protective tariff men; and probably some have their opinions yet to form upon a

subject so live and important as the tariff. The nation has a yearly surplus revenue of \$100,000,000, to get rid of which extravagant and needless appropriations are made; the embarrassment of certain branches of industry in our land, as things are, is evident; but to which party can we point as the one intelligently and earnestly bent on tariff reform? The time may come when the prohibition of the liquor traffic will be the underlying principle of a great political party, but it is not now. We may have our opinions as to which of the great parties bidding for the suffrages of the people is the more a temperance party, but either is a great way from being ready to adopt as an issue the righteous principle of prohibition. In just one State to-day (Iowa), one of the parties appears as the supporter of this principle. Turn to another State (Massachusetts), which sometimes is thought to lead all the rest in moral ideas, and see the same party fighting neither for this principle nor any other, but simply to wrest the power from Governor Butler.

We judge of the coming national campaign by that now in progress in different States, and we see it is to be marked by a lack of high and worthy party issues. It will be—what it should not be—a contest without great underlying principles. Let whichever party may triumph, the victory can not be regarded one of living principles; it will be rather the success of individuals to whom the majority of the people choose to commit the reins of authority, or the triumph of a party which the people prefer for its record, or to which they give a blind and unthinking preference. Whatever the outcome of the impending political struggle, we have faith in the perpetuity of our institutions, and that there is a nobler destiny for the American people than they have yet attained.



HISTORY OF GREECE.

The installment of Grecian History required in the C. L. S. C. course is not extensive, but has been prepared with much care, and is adapted to its purpose. A careful study—enough to give possession of the principal facts stated, can hardly fail to kindle the desire for further knowledge of a people who had so many elements of greatness, and for centuries surpassed all others in knowledge and culture. The most advanced nations of to-day are largely indebted to the Greeks. Modern art and literature bear witness to the indebtedness. The race had wonderful capabilities. Their country, climate, blood, early habits of self-control, or all these together, secured in that corner of Europe a class of stalwart men, physically and intellectually capable of great deeds.

Much of their early history is, of course, fabulous. The gods, goddesses, heroes and kings, whose councils and exploits are rehearsed, were but myths. Yet the legendary traditions respecting them have charms that attract and hold the reader. We may utterly discredit the story, but pay homage to the ability and versatile genius of the writer, whose glowing words so paint the scenes described. Only a slight basis of fact is conceded to some of the most captivating Homeric descriptions; yet they are in an important sense true. False in history, but sublimely true to the conceptions of the greatest of poets, as a bold delineator, peerless in his own, or any other age. If the ideal of the divinities thought to be interested in the affairs of men falls far below the conceptions of a monotheist, and seems unworthy of a philanthropic heathen, the portraiture is both complete and captivating.

When the mists, that for centuries shrouded Greece and the neighboring isles, are dispersed, and we recognize the certain dawn of the *historic* period, though the descendants of those mighty heroes and kings that were deified as sons of the gods, shrink to the proportions of men, they are still found to be mighty men, whose noble deeds and achievements have been an inspiration to millions in the generations since. Excepting only such as have the true light, and are blest with Christian civilization, we adopt the statement "No other race ever did so many things well as the Greeks."

Let the book be closely studied. If the cursory, objectless reader lacks interest, and tires in the work, the student feels more than compensated for his toil.



A COLLEGE REFORM.

The present agitation touching college courses of study is one from which good is likely to come. There is danger, however, that we swing to the other extreme. That undue prominence in the ordinary college curriculum has hitherto been given to classical studies, and too little room made for the modern languages, natural science, and English literature is coming to be widely felt. But the true reform is not utterly to eliminate the classics; it is not the part of wisdom to decry as folly the study of the dead tongues.

The oration of Charles Francis Adams, Jr., last summer at Harvard, published under the title of "A College Fetich," was quite as unexpected and sensational as that of Wendell Phillips on another similar occasion. Mr. Phillips arraigned his *alma mater* that her sons were no more active in social reforms, while Mr. Adams charged upon her that, in retaining the dead languages as a required part of the course of study, she was guilty of worshiping a fetich. This grandson and great-grandson of a President, whose illustrious ancestors one after another were inmates of Harvard's halls, makes against the venerable institution, the most serious charge that her graduates, upon leaving her, are not fitted as they should be for practical life. She sends them

forth, he affirms, with a smattering of the dead languages, which is quite without advantage, instead of with a thorough knowledge of what can be turned to practical account and will qualify them for the duties of active life. He would have a drill in the classics no longer required of the college student; but would allow him to win his A. B. by pursuing other and more useful branches of study. Mr. Adams's bold claim against Harvard, if sustained, would of course hold against other colleges, and against some others would hold in a higher degree.

But we think his statements are too sweeping, and the reform he advocates, because it goes too far, would not be a wise reform. We would not abolish the study of Latin and Greek in our colleges. They are dead tongues, but it does not follow that time spent in their study is wasted. On the contrary, we would have them taught with such thoroughness, by such qualified and skillful teachers that the college graduate will go out with something more than a smattering of them. It is a fact which can not be disproved, that from a study of the classics comes a mental discipline and a mastery of good English, such as can be acquired from nothing else. But that too much comparative attention has been given to these branches is freely conceded. There is a want of more thorough study in our higher institutions of the natural science, the modern tongues, and the models of our own language. The true reform is to cease to magnify Latin and Greek at the expense of these other things, and to give to the latter their due attention. Of the wisdom of elective college courses there can be no doubt. It may not be always best for the young man who has not in view one of the learned professions, but a business life, to spend years in the study of the ancient languages. But it is our judgment that a knowledge of these should always be required of the candidate for the Bachelor of Art's degree. Certain things are in the air, and we rejoice. Natural science, that field of study in richness so exhaustless, is attracting the student as never before. The importance of gaining a knowledge of languages now spoken, other than our own, is being felt as it was not once. We welcome the indications that promise a college reform. Let us have it without over-shooting the mark.

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EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

The trustees of the Garfield monument to be erected in Cleveland, Ohio, have more than one hundred and thirty thousand dollars on hand, and they expect to secure a sufficient increase to this sum, at an early day, to complete the work. This, with the fund of more than three hundred thousand dollars which the American people contributed and presented to the widow of the lamented Garfield, is positive proof that our republic is not ungrateful.

The old statement that a low grade of moral character may exist in the same community with a high grade of mental culture may be true of any type of the best modern civilizations, but it is not necessarily true. Education, like the gospel, may be the savor of death unto death, but moral death need not be its effect. A good illustration of the elevating tendencies of education in the community is found in the fact that since the compulsory school law went into operation in New York, juvenile crime in that city has been reduced by more than thirty-six per cent. And yet it is said the law has been only partially enforced.

Scientific temperance education has been by legislative action introduced into the public schools of Vermont and Michigan, and at the last session of the legislature in New Hampshire it was by a unanimous vote introduced into the schools of that State. The W. C. T. U. is laying its hand on legislatures in a very effective way, and we may look for an abundant harvest in the next generation. "Long voyages make rich returns."

Prince Bismarck is a timber merchant, and why should not a dealer in timber be called a merchant? But this is not all. He is a large distiller of spirituous liquors. The Germans do not object to his occupation as a distiller, for their drinking customs are on a low grade. Public opinion, in this country, would not long tolerate a statesman, even of great abilities, who manufactured distilled liquors for sale as a beverage. And herein we see one point of difference between these two nations on a great moral reform.

The *Scientific American* of a recent date says: "Too much reliance is placed on the sense of taste, sight and smell in determining the character of drinking water. It is a fact which has been repeatedly illustrated that water may be odorless, tasteless and colorless, and yet be full of danger to those who use it. The recent outbreak of typhoid fever in Newburg, N. Y., is an example, having been caused by water which was clear, and without taste or smell. It is also a fact that even a chemical analysis sometimes will fail to show a dangerous contamination of the water, and will always fail to detect the specific poison if the water is infected with discharges of an infectious nature. It is therefore urged that the source of the water supply should be kept free from all possible means of contamination by sewage. It is only in the knowledge of perfect cleanliness that safety is guaranteed."

Mr. Henry Hart, of Brockport, N. Y., manufactures a C. L. S. C. gold pin of beautiful design for gentlemen, and another one attached to an arrow, which is equally handsome, for ladies. Either one makes an appropriate badge for members of the Circle to wear in everyday life, and at times

it will serve to introduce strangers when traveling or in strange places, who have a common sympathy in a great work, and thus aid the possessor in extending his circle of acquaintances.

One of the most embarrassing questions in the management of colleges and universities is, how shall trustees superannuate a certain class of professors, whose days of usefulness in the recitation room are past. When that problem is solved the unity and peace of the management will, as a rule, be secured.

The New York *Herald* is led to pronounce against capital punishment because in many cases the law against murder is a dead letter, and produces the following historical reference to confirm the statement: "It appears that from 1860 to 1882 a hundred and seventy persons were tried in Massachusetts for murder in the first degree. Of this number only twenty-nine were convicted, and only sixteen paid the extreme penalty of the law. Of those convicted one committed suicide, and twelve got their sentences commuted. Here, then, during a period of little more than twenty years were a hundred and seventy murders in one State, and only sixteen executions."

They have one hundred and fifty miles of electric railway in operation in Europe. Active preparations are making by rival inventors and corporations in New York City to introduce electricity on a large scale as a safe, rapid, and cheap motor. As in lighting houses, towns, and cities we have passed from the tallow candle to kerosene, and then to gas, and on to the electric light, so by many steps and advances we are almost ready to accept electricity as the moving power of railway trains.

The pardoning power of the general government is liable to work pernicious results in the regular army. Cases of embezzlement and fraud among army officers have been growing in number since our civil war, and laxity in the enforcement of the laws against these offenders is a growing evil. General J. B. Fry, an officer of repute, and a graduate of West Point, thus points out the evil: "The interposition of higher authority in favor of offenders has been so frequent since the war, especially from 1876 to 1880, as to be a great injury to the service. Many of the evils which have been exposed recently are fairly chargeable to executive and legislative reversal of army action. * * * When the strong current of military justice is dammed by the authorities set over the army, stagnant pools are formed which breed scandal, fraud, disobedience, dissipation, and disgrace, sometimes even among those educated for the service."

Cable intelligence, received September 3, shows that the Baron Nordenskjöld, as a Greenland explorer, has accomplished a large part of his original purpose. The expedition entered West Greenland in latitude 68°, and proceeded 220 miles inland, attained an altitude of seven thousand feet above the sea level. In 1878 Lieutenant Jansen, of the Danish navy, penetrated fifty miles from the coast, and reached an "icy mountain, in lat. 62° 40', five thousand feet high." But no explorer has since done anything worth mention toward solving the mystery of Greenland's interior physical geography. The expedition with Professor Nordenskjöld has gone farther and seen more of the "immense desert of ice;" and the latest telegrams claim that some important scientific data have been obtained.

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The prohibition amendment, submitted to the voters of Ohio, is defeated, and our cherished hopes of its success, for the present, sadly disappointed. The non-partisan temperance people, everywhere, felt deeply interested in the issue, and will hear the result with profound sorrow. Multitudes of Ohio's best men and women, who had prayed, worked, and hoped that deliverance might come in that way, and that from the 9th of October we would see the unspeakable curse of the liquor traffic placed where it ought to be, under the ban of the constitution, from which corrupt tinkering politicians would be unable to protect it, will confess their disappointment, but neither suppress their prayers nor cease their efforts. They are clearly in the majority, and when united will succeed.

Telegraphic report says the Vicar of Stratford has authorized the exhumation of the remains of Shakspeare that they may compare the skull with the bust that stands over the grave. Dr. Ingleby, of London, who is a trustee of the Shakspeare Museum at Stratford, wishes, it seems, to photograph the face and take a cast of the skull. The absurdity of the proposal makes it almost incredible, and should itself prevent the desecration. We are not surprised that the bishop and local authorities have protested, and the intended outrage will hardly be perpetrated. By the terms of the deed of interment the consent of the Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon must first be given before the body can be moved. To this proposal, that official has given a decided refusal, and the dust of the poet will not be disturbed. Shakspeare has been dead two hundred and sixty-seven years. The type of face and head, universally accepted as his, is sufficiently accurate. If it were not the correction of any fault in that likeness is now impossible.

The Pittsburgh Exposition building, with most of its contents, was entirely consumed by fire during the exposition week. The principal loss was the goods on exhibition, including many articles of exquisite workmanship, and valuable relics that can not be replaced. The building itself, though a wooden structure, was large, and seemed suitable for the purpose. It was valued at \$150,000 and not heavily insured. Perhaps sufficient care was not taken to secure the property

against the calamity that, in so short a time, destroyed the whole. The company, who had before suffered some reverses and losses, and were struggling into what seemed a safe condition, with hopes of future prosperity, have the sympathy of the public.

During the last decade, and especially since the great Centennial, expositions have been numerous, and, in many cases, attended with most gratifying results. When the associations providing them are controlled by men of culture, they are generously sustained. The articles they have to exhibit are not only numerous, but in kind and quality, worthy of our advanced civilization. These American expositions are becoming notably rich in manufactured articles, and in the extent and variety of useful machinery. For inventive genius the Yankee nation is unrivaled, while in the mechanical execution of the designs our skilled artisans have few, if any, superiors. In the principal western cities the holding of at least annual expositions is no longer a tentative measure. The institutions are established, and their continuance, in most cases, pretty well assured. An example of these is the "Detroit Art and Loan Exposition" of recent origin. Already it has fair proportions, being from the commencement, in most respects, equal to the best. Evidently the project for having there a creditable, first-class exposition was clearly conceived, generously sustained, and most successfully executed.

Before Congress opens General W. T. Sherman will close up the affairs of his office, and General Sheridan will succeed him as commander of the United States Army. General Sherman has made a good officer, but his reputation in history will rest chiefly on his bravery and skill as a general in his famous march to the sea. The Sherman family have served their country well. John Sherman, in the Senate, and as Secretary of the Treasury, in times when great abilities were in demand, has made a name as great in his line as the general in the army.

The receipts of the great Brooklyn bridge for nineteen weeks from the opening, were: For passengers, \$34,464; for vehicles, \$31,563; for cars, \$3,936. Total receipts, \$69,163. The average per day was \$526.04. The total expenses during the nineteen weeks were \$51,418.08.

The C. L. S. C. continues to grow with great rapidity in all parts of the country. There is no sign of the interest waning in any community from which we have heard. From Plainfield, N. J., the central office, we receive news that the new class will be the largest of our history. New England is rolling up a large membership. All over the West and Northwest there is an interest among the people amounting to enthusiasm. Mr. Lewis Peake, of Toronto, reports a C. L. S. C. revival in Canada. This is the time to circulate C. L. S. C. circulars, and to use your town, city, and county papers to call the attention of the people to the aims and methods of work. By these means a C. L. S. C. fire may be kindled on every street in every town and city in the land.

The recent pastoral letter of the Cardinal and other high officials in the Romish Church, caused a reporter to ask one of these officers some questions about marriage and divorce, to which he replied as follows. It is wholesome truth: "Marriage is a divine institution, and the Catholic Church under no circumstances whatever permits the sacred contract to be broken." To the question, "Is there no such thing as separation between husband and wife recognized in the Catholic Church?" he answered: "Separation, yes, for the gravest reasons and under restrictions that do not admit of the remarriage of either of the parties to the original contract while both are living. But divorce in the sense generally accepted, never. Rather than permit divorce, the Church let England separate from the Holy See. The same question was raised by the first Napoleon, and it was ruled against him by the Pope. You will find that if anything bearing the appearance of divorce has been allowed in the Catholic Church, it has always been a case where the most careful investigation showed that the marriage was originally invalid."

The Germans on October 8 in many towns and cities celebrated the bi-centennial of the arrival of the first German immigrants in this country, on the ship "Concord." Their singing, secret, and literary societies paraded in regalia, with banners and music. It was a notable day among the Germans of America.

Bishop Paddock, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in charge of the diocese of Washington Territory, when speaking of his field of labor before the Episcopal Council in Philadelphia last month, said: "I am decidedly opposed to separating the colored people in their worship from the whites."

We learn from an exchange that the authorities of the Erie Railway have decided to discharge every employe who uses liquor as a beverage, whether he gets drunk or not. It is plain that for the safety of passengers a drinking man should not be entrusted with an engine, the care of a switch, with messages as a telegraph operator, or as a superintendent in charge of a division.

The Methodists of Canada have eliminated the words "serve" and "obey" from the woman's part of the marriage ceremony. Even the argument that the New Testament enjoins this kind of obedience on wives, did not preserve the words in the ritual. We congratulate the wives on the change.

Professor W. F. Sherwin has been appointed by Dr. E. Tourjee chorus director in that prosperous institution, the New England Conservatory of Music, in Boston, Massachusetts. The Professor will make Boston his home, and continue to lecture and conduct musical conventions, as heretofore.

The Cooper Union was crowded one evening last month to welcome Francis Murphy home from England and his own native Ireland. Judge Noah Davis presided and delivered the address of welcome. "In speaking of Mr. Murphy's work in England and Scotland he quoted the statistics of the United Kingdom to prove that Mr. Murphy's efforts had been effectual in reducing the excise revenues many thousands of pounds sterling. He said that during his two years' stay in England and Scotland he had obtained half a million signers to the pledge. Mr. Murphy responded in a few brief words, declaring that the occasion was the happiest of his whole life. A number of short addresses were made by clergymen, and with the singing of songs and choruses, in which the whole assembly engaged, the ceremonies were prolonged until about half-past ten o'clock."

The C. L. S. C. is rapidly becoming an established institution among New England people. This is to be accounted for in part by the fact that the religious press of Boston and other New England cities has favored the work with earnest, strong words. The Rev. Dr. B. K. Pierce, editor of *Zion's Herald*, closes a leading editorial on the C. L. S. C., in his paper of a recent date, with these words: "There is another reason why we look with great satisfaction upon this widely-extended home-university. We have fallen upon an era of doubt. The literature of the hour is full of sneers at revealed religion and of arrogant and destructive criticism upon the Holy Scriptures. The daily, weekly and monthly press is strongly flavored with this. Our young people breathe it in the atmosphere of the school and of the streets. Here is one of the best, silent, powerful, positive correctives. This carefully-arranged plan of study and reading for successive years is entirely in the interest of the 'truth as it is in Jesus.' It is not narrow, nor dogmatic, nor polemical, nor confined to purely religious subjects, but the whole system is arranged and followed out upon the presumption of the inspiration of the Bible, the divine origin of Christianity, and its ultimate triumph upon the earth. It will powerfully strengthen the faith of young Christians, preserve them from the insidious attacks of infidelity, and enable them to have, and to give to any serious inquirer, an answer for the hope that is in them."

The jury system has some glaring defects which should be laid bare and made the subject of agitation till they are corrected. Recently in a famous bribery case (so called) at Albany, N. Y., when jurors were being called and questioned, one of them said, "I don't know who were the United States Senators two years ago from New York." Yet this ignorant man was accepted as a juror. This is a common custom in the selection of jurors. It is exalting ignorance at the expense of intelligence and justice. Some remedy should be found for this growing and terrible evil.

A new field of artistic ability is being developed in the East. It is the decoration of the interior of private residences. Already in New York a number of young artists, who find it difficult to sell all the pictures they paint, are giving their attention to this work, which promises to be very remunerative and very extensive.

The Chicago agency of Alice H. Birch has been abandoned, and her old patrons may order any game previously advertised by her, at her home, Portland, Traill Co., Dakota.

The Commissioner of Education has prepared a table showing the illiteracy among voters in the South, which presents a painfully interesting study for educators and statesmen. In the formerly slaveholding States there are 4,154,125 men legally entitled to vote. Of these, 409,563 whites, and 982,894 colored, are unable to write even their names, and their ability to read is very limited. Many, who profess to be able to read, can only with difficulty spell out a few simple sentences in their primers, and really get no knowledge, such as the citizen needs, from either books or papers. Thousands of them have neither books nor papers, and could not read them if they had. Surely a great work must be done for these freed men and poor whites before they are quite equal to all the duties of citizens in a country like ours.

▶ ■ ◀

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Q. Dec'orus or deco'rus, which?

A. Webster authorizes both, giving preference to the latter. The former has the advantage of placing the accent on the root syllable, a rule that is very helpful in settling questions of pronunciation, and conforms to usage in the accentuation of cognate words, as "dec'orate," "dec'oration," etc. We prefer it.

Q. What is the meaning of "liberal," in the phrases, "liberal education," and "liberal religious views?"

A. An education extended much beyond the practical necessities of our every-day business and

social life, is liberal. It is not a possession belonging alone to the alumni of colleges and universities. Any person of culture, who, with or without the aid of teachers, has mastered the curriculum of studies prescribed by colleges, or its equivalent, is liberally educated. In the best sense, a man of "liberal religious views" is generous, freely according to others the right to their opinions on all subjects about which good men may differ. He is not creedless, but not bigoted; and cordially approves "things that are most excellent," wherever they are found. The claim to great liberality, set up by those who have no rule of faith, and no views they are willing to formulate, does not seem well founded.

Q. Where is the line, "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife" found? and should not the word "madding" be "maddening?"

A. The line is from Gray's *Elegy* (73). The adjective "mad" is made a causative verb, without the usual suffix, "en." We do not find the form in prose, and would not use it.

Q. Are there any books purporting to prove scientifically the immortality of the soul?

A. If by "scientifically," the querist means, as we suppose, rationally, philosophically, our answer is, yes, very many. More books have been written upon this one subject than one could read carefully in a lifetime. Several thousand distinct works, written in Greek, Latin, English, and the principal languages of Europe, have been catalogued by Ezra Abbott. The catalogue itself, published as an appendix to Alger's "Doctrine of a Future Life," would make a respectable volume, containing, as it does, a list of more than five thousand books, by almost as many authors, who discuss, more or less satisfactorily, the great problem of the soul. Some propose, not argument, but only a history of the doctrine of a future, immortal life as held by the different races of men, with various shades of opinion respecting it. Some doubt, some disbelieve, and some, discarding all rational processes, accept the dogma as a matter of faith alone, lying beyond the field of our reason. But many Christian writers, thankful for the "more sure word of prophecy," and that "life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel," hold also that outside the realm of faith, it is a fit subject for rational investigation, and as capable of proof or demonstration as other moral and psychical problems. Perhaps most of the works named in the catalogue consulted, treat of the soul and its immortality in connection with other principles and facts of the religious systems accepted by the authors, and are too voluminous for common use. Drew's "Essay on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul" founded wholly on psychological and rational principles is regarded a masterpiece of metaphysical argument—clear, logical, satisfactory.

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Q. Is the expression "as though" ever correct?

A. "Though" is often used in English, taking the place of the conditional *if*, especially in the phrases *as though* and *what though*, which interchange with *as if* and *what if*; *e. g.*:

"If she bid me pack, I'll give her thanks *as though* she bid me stay by her a week."—*Shakspeare*.

"A Tartar, who looked *as though* the speed of thought were in his limbs."—*Byron*.

Other examples need not be given. These approve the expression as correct, though not much used at present.

Q. Will the firing of cannon over water bring a dead body at the bottom to the surface; if so, why, or how?

A. The concussion or violent agitation of the water may loosen a body slightly held at the bottom, when, if specifically lighter than water, it will rise.

Q. In "Recreations in Astronomy," p. 163, it is said 192 asteroides have been discovered, with diameters from 20 to 400 miles; and on the next page it is "estimated" that if all these were put into one planet, it would not be over 400 miles in diameter. How can that be?

A. Allowing, as the author does, that the density of the masses remains the same, it would, of course, be impossible. We have not the means at hand to either verify or correct the diameters given, and can not locate the error.

C. L. S. C. NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS FOR NOVEMBER.

TIMAYENIS'S HISTORY OF GREECE.

PARTS 10 AND 11.

P. 258.—"Mummius," *mum'i-us*. See Timayenis, p. 251, vol. II.

"Delos," *de'los*.

"Mithradatic," *mith'ra-da'tic*. For history of Mithradates see Timayenis, vol. II., p. 254.

P. 259.—"Sulla," *sul'la*. (B. C. 138-78). A Roman general, the rival of Marius. After the close of this war Sulla went to Italy, defeated the Marian party and issued a proscription by which many thousands of his enemies perished. For the two years following he held the office of dictator, which in 79 he resigned to retire to private life.

"Epidaurus," ep'i-dau'rus. One of the most magnificent temples in all Greece, that of the god Æsculapius, was situated there.

"Peiræan," pei-ræ'an. Through this gate ran the road to the Piræus, and at the Sacred Gate began the sacred road to Eleusis where the festivals and mysteries were celebrated.

"Bithynia," bi-thyn'i-a; "Kappadokia," cap'pa-do'ci-a; "Paphlagonia," paph'la-go'ni-a.

P. 260.—"Chrysostom," kris'os-tom. See Timayenis, vol. II., 319 sq.

"Anthemius," an-the'mi-us; "Isidorus," is'i-do'rus. Eminent architects.

P. 261.—"Pompey." (B. C. 106-48.) Pompey had been a successful general from early life, receiving from Sulla the surname of Magnus.

P. 262.—"Soli," so'li. The word solecism (to speak incorrectly) is said to have been first used in regard to the dialect of the inhabitants of this city.

"Pompeiopolis," pom'pe-i-op'o-lis; "Armenia," ar-me'ni-a.

"Tigranes," ti-gra'nes. The king of Armenia from B. C. 96-55. He was an ally of Mithradates until this invasion by Pompey, when he hastened to submit to the latter, thus winning favor and receiving the kingdom with the title of king.

P. 263.—"Phillippi," phil-lip'pi; "Octavius," oc-ta'vi-us.

"Philhellenist," phīl-hēl'len-ist. A friend to Greece.

"Philathenian," phīl-a-the'ni-an. A friend to Athens.

"Actium," ac'ti-um.

P. 264.—"Ægina," æ-gi'na; "Eretria," e-re'tri-a.

"Stoa," sto'a. Halls or porches supported by pillars, and used as places of resort in the heat of the day.

"Athene Archegetes," a-the'ne ar-cheg'e-tes; "Peisistratus," pi-sis'tra-tus; "Nikopolis," ni-cop'o-lis.

P. 265.—"Cæsarean," cæ-sā're-an.

"Seneca." (B. C. 5?-A. D. 65.) A Roman Stoic philosopher. The tutor and afterward adviser of Nero. When the excesses of the latter had made Seneca's presence irksome to him, he was dismissed and soon after, by order of Nero, put to death. His writings were mainly philosophical treatises.

"Agrippina," ag-rip-pi'na. Nero was the son of Agrippina by her first husband. On her marriage with her third husband, the Emperor Claudius, she prevailed upon the latter to adopt Nero as his son. In order to secure the succession she murdered Claudius and governed the empire in Nero's name until he, tired of her authority, caused her to be put to death.

"Isthmian," is'mī-an; "Pythian," pyth'i-an; "Nemean," nē'me-an; "Olympian," o-lym'pi-an. See author for accounts of these games.

"Pythia," pyth'i-a. See Timayenis, p. 44-45, vol. I.

P. 266.—"Vespasian," ves-pā'zhī-an; "Lollianus," lol-li-a'nus.

"Aristomenes," ar'is-tom'e-nes. The legendary hero of the Second Messenian War. In 865 B. C. he began hostilities and defeated Sparta several times but was at last taken prisoner. The legends tell that he was rescued, from the pit where he had been confined, by an eagle and led home by a fox. When at last Ira fell, Aristomenes went to Rhodes, where he died.

"Aratus," a-ra'tus; "Achæan," a-chæ'an. See Timayenis, vol II., p. 242-243.

P. 267.—"Zeno." The founder of the Stoic philosophy. A native of Cyprus. He lived, probably, about 260 B. C. He is said to have spent twenty years in study, after which time he opened his school in a stoa of Athens. From this place his disciples received the name of *Stoics*.

Translation of foot-notes: "They call those sophists who for money offer knowledge to whomsoever wishes it." "A sophist is one who seeks the money of rich young men." "Sophistry consists in appearing wise, not in being so; and the sophist becomes wealthy by an appearance of wisdom, not by being wise."

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"Gorgias," gor'gi-as. "Leontine," le-on'tine. An inhabitant of Leontini in Sicily.

P. 268.—"Dion," di'on chry-sos'to-mus, or Dion, the golden mouthed, so called from his eloquence.

"Strabo," stra'bo. His geography is contained in seventeen books. It gives descriptions of the physical features of the country, accounts of political events, and notices of the chief cities and men.

"Plutarch." His "Parallel Lives" is a history of forty-eight different Greeks and Romans. They

are arranged in pairs, and each pair is followed by a comparison of the two men.

"Appianus," ap-pi-a' nus. The author of a history of Rome.

"Dion Cassius." (A. D. 155.) The grandson of Dion Chrysostomus.

"Herodianus," he' ro-di-a' nus.

"Epiktetus," ep' ic-te' tus. Few circumstances of his life are known. Only those of his works collected by Arrian are extant. As a teacher it is said that no one was able to resist his appeals to turn their minds to the good.

"Hierapolis," hi' e-rap' o-lis.

"Longinus," lon-gi' nus. The most distinguished adherent of the Platonic philosophy in the third century. His learning was so great that he was called "a living library." He taught many years at Athens, but at last left to go to Palmyra, as the teacher of Zenobia. When she was afterward defeated by the Romans and captured, Longinus was put to death (273).

"Lucian." See notes in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for May, 1883.

"Samosata," sa-mos' a-ta.

P. 270.—"Thesmopolis," thes-mop' o-lis. "Sappho," sap' pho. "Domitian," do-mish' i-an.

P. 271.—"Pliny," plin' i. (61?-115?) The nephew of the elder Pliny. His life was largely spent in literary pursuits. His works extant are the *Panegyricus*, an eulogium on Trajan, and his letters.

"Seleukidæ," se-leu' ci-dæ. So named from Seleucus, the first ruler of the Syrian kingdom, one of the four into which Alexander's kingdom was divided on his death.

P. 272.—"Archon Eponymus," ar' chon e-pon' y-mus. The first in rank of the nine Athenian Archons, so called because the year was named after him.

"Favorinus," fav' o-ri' nus. He is known as a friend of Plutarch and Herodes. Although he wrote much, none of his books have come down to us. "Herodes," he-ro' des.

"Mnesikles," mnes' i-cles. The architect of the Propylæa.

"Ilissus," i-lis' sus. A small river of Attica.

Translations of Greek inscriptions: "This is Athens the former city of Theseus." "Here stands the city of Adrian, not of Theseus."

P. 273.—"Stymphalus," stym-pha' lus. A lake of Arcadia.

"Patræ," pa' træ.

P. 275.—"Pliny." (23-75.) Although he held various civil and military positions, and during his whole life was the intimate friend and adviser of Vespasian, he applied himself so incessantly to study that he left one hundred and sixty volumes of notes. Pliny, the younger, says that the lives of those who have devoted themselves to study seem to have been passed in idleness and sleep when compared with the wonderful activity of his uncle. The only work of value come down to us is his "Historia Naturalis."

"Lebadeia," leb' a-dei' a.

"Stoa Pœkile." The painted porch, so-called from the variety of curious pictures which it contained.

"Theseum," the-se' um. The temple erected in Athens in honor of the hero Theseus. To-day it is the best preserved monument of the splendor of the ancient city.

"Kerameikus," cer' a-mi' cus. A district of Athens, so called from Ceramus, the son of Bacchus, some say, but more probably from the potter's art invented there.

P. 277.—"Commodus," com' mo-dus; "Caracalla," car' a-cal' la; "Dacia," da' ci-a; "Mœsia," mœ' si-a; "Decius," de' ci-us.

P. 278.—"Gallienus," gal' li-e' nus; "Valerianus," va-le' ri-a' nus.

"Pityus," pit' y-us; "Trapezus," tra-pe' zus; "Chrysopolis," chry-sop' o-lis; "Kyzikus," cyz' i-cus.

"Dexippus," dex-ip' pus. He held the highest official position at Athens. Was the author of histories, only fragments of which remain.

P. 279.—"Artemis," ar' te-mis. This temple of Artemis, or Diana, Lübke calls the "famous wonder of the ancient world." Its dimensions were enormous, being 225 feet broad and 425 feet long. "Aurelian," au-re' li-an.

P. 280.—"Flavius Josephus," fla' vi-us jo-se' phus. (37?-100?) The author of "History of the Jewish War" and "Jewish Antiquities."

"Philo Judæus," phi' lo ju-dæ' us. His chief works are an attempt to reconcile the Scriptures with Greek philosophy.

P. 281.—“Nikolaus,” nic’o-la’us; “Nikomedeia,” nic’o-me-di’a; “Claudius Ptolemæus,” clau’di-us ptol’e-mæ’us; “Pelusium,” pe-lu’si-um; “Plotinus,” plo-ti’nus; “Lykopolis,” ly-cop’o-lis.

P. 282.—“Zenobia,” ze-no’bi-a; “Palmyra,” pal-my’ra.

P. 286.—“Maximian,” max-im’i-an.

P. 287.—“Constantius,” con-stan’ti-us. “Chlorus,” chlo’rus, “the pale;” “Naissus,” nais’sus; “Galerius,” ga-le’ri-us.

P. 288.—“Eboracum,” eb’o-ra’cum; “Licinius,” li-cin’i-us; “Maxentius,” max-en’ti-us.

P. 290.—“Labarum,” läb’a-rüm. The word is supposed by many to have been derived from the Celtic word *lavar*, meaning command, sentence.

P. 292.—“Zosimus,” zos’i-mus; “Adrianopolis,” a’dri-an-op’o-lis.

“St. Jerome.” (340-420.) The most famous of the Christian fathers. He spent many years in study and travel, was the friend of Gregory of Nazianzus and Pope Damascus. Much of his labor was given to obtain converts to his theories of monastic life. His commentaries on the Scriptures and translations into Latin of the New and Old Testaments are his most valuable works.

P. 294.—“Athanasius,” ath’a-na’si-us.

Translations of Greek in foot-note; “Speech against the Greeks.” “Concerning the incarnation of Christ and his appearance to us.”

P. 295.—“Eusebius,” eu-se’bi-us. He afterward signed the creed of the Council of Nice.

“Porphyrius,” por-phyr’i-us.

P. 297.—“Tanais,” tan’a-is. Now the Don. “Borysthenes,” bo-rys’the-nes; the Dneiper.

P. 299.—“Arianism,” a’ri-an-ism.

P. 302.—“Magnentius,” mag-nen’ti-us.

P. 303.—“Sapor,” sa’por. “Nisibis,” nis’i-bis.

P. 304.—“Eusebia,” eu-se’bi-a. “Eleusinian,” el’u-sin’i-an. See foot-note p. 215, vol. II. Timayenis.

P. 305.—“Aedesius,” ae-de’si-us. “Chrysanthius,” chry-san’ti-us.

P. 306.—“Ochlus,” och’lus. The crowd, the populace.

“Thaumaturgy,” thau’ma-tur’gy. The act of performing miracles, wonders.

P. 307.—“Gregory Nazianzen,” greg’o-ry na-zi-an’zen; “Basil.” See page 312 for sketches of these men.

P. 308.—“Hierophant,” hi-er’o-phänt, a priest; “Oribasius,” or-i-ba’si-us.

P. 311.—“Dadastana,” dad-as-ta’na.

P. 312.—“Valentinian,” va-len-tin’i-an.

P. 313.—“Eleemosynary,” ël’ee-mös’y-na-ry. Relating to charity.

P. 315.—“Gratian,” gra’ti-an; “Theodosius,” the’o-do’si-us; “Eugenius,” eu-ge’ni-us.

P. 317.—“Rufinus,” ru-fi’nus; “Stilicho,” stil’i-cho.

“Claudian,” clau’di-an. The last of the classic poets of Rome. During the reigns of Honorius and Arcadius he held high positions in court, and from Stilicho he received many honors. Many of his poems are extant, all of them characterized by purity of expression and poetical genius.

P. 318.—“Eutropius,” eu-tro’pi-us; “Eudoxia,” eu-dox’i-a; “Bauto,” bau’to; “Gainas,” gai’nas.

“Alaric,” al’a-ric (all rich). Alaric made a second invasion into Italy in 410, taking and plundering Rome. His death occurred soon after.

P. 319.—“Libanius,” li-ba’ni-us. The emperors Julian, Valens and Theodosius showed much respect to Libanius, but his life was embittered by the jealousies of the professors of Constantinople, and by continual dispute with the Sophists. His orations and a quantity of letters addressed to the eminent men of the times are still in existence.

P. 320.—“Nectarius,” nec-ta’ri-us.

P. 321.—“Theophilus,” the-oph’i-lus; “Chalkedon,” chal-ce’don.

P. 322.—“Cucusus,” cu’cu-sus; “Comana,” co-ma’na.

P. 323.—“Anthemius,” an-the’mi-us. “Pulcheria,” pul-che’ri-a.

P. 324.—“Kalligraphos,” cal-lig’ra-phos; “Athenais,” ath’e-na’is; “Leontius,” le-on’ti-us.

P. 326.—“Nestorius,” nes-to´ri-us; “Germanikeia,” ger-man´i-ci´a; “Marcian,” mar´ci-an; “Yezdegerd,” yez´de-gerd.

“Successor.” This successor was Varanes I. He waged wars with the Huns, Turks and Indians, performing deeds which ever since have made him a favorite hero in Persian verse.

P. 327.—“Attila,” at´ti-la; “Aetius,” a-ē´ti-us.

P. 328.—“Aspar,” as´par; “Basiliscus,” bas-i-lis´cus; “Verina,” ve-ri´na.

P. 329.—“Odoacer,” o-do´a-cer; “Ariadne,” a-ri-ad´ne; “Isaurian,” i-sau´ri-an; “Anastasius,” an-as-ta´si-us.

P. 330.—“Sardica,” sar´di-ca.

“Prokopius,” pro-co´pi-us. (500-565.) An historian as well as rhetorician. His talents early attracted the attention of Belisarius, who made him his secretary. Afterward Justinian raised him to the position of prefect of Constantinople. Among his extant works are several volumes of histories and orations, besides a collection of anecdotes, mainly court gossip about Justinian, the empress Theodora, Belisarius, etc.

P. 331.—“Belisarius,” bel-i-sa´ri-us.

“Collection of Laws.” Justinian first ordered a collection of the various imperial *constitutiones* which he named “Justinianus Codex.” The second collection was of all that was important in the works of jurists, and was called the “Digest.” This work contained nine thousand extracts, and the compilers are said to have consulted over two thousand different books in their work. But for ordinary reference these volumes were of little value, so that the “Institutes” were written, similar in contents, but condensed. A new code was afterward promulgated; also several new *constitutiones*—together these books form the Roman law.

“Tribonian,” tri-bo´ni-an; “Side,” si´de.

P. 333.—“Kalydonian Kapros.” The Calydonian wild boar.

“Bronze-eagle.” In every race-course of the ancient Greeks a bronze eagle and a dolphin were used for signals in starting. The eagle was raised in the air and the dolphin lowered.

P. 334.—“Chosroes,” chos´ro-es. “The generous mind.” One of the most noteworthy of the kings of Persia. He carried on several wars with the Romans and extended his domain until he received homage from the most distant kings of Africa and Asia. Although despotic, his stern justice made him the pride of the Persians.

P. 335.—“Hæmus,” hæ´mus; “Aristus,” a-ris´tus; “Antes,” an´tes.

P. 336.—“Melanthias,” me-lan´thi-as.

P. 338.—“Fallmerayer,” fäl´meh-rī-er. (1791-1862.) A German historian and traveller. Among his important works are “Fragments from the East,” in which he publishes the results of his studies and travels there, and “The History of the Peninsula of Morea in the Middle Ages.” It is in this latter work that he advances the strange views here mentioned.

“Malelas,” mal´e-las. A Byzantine historian who lived soon after Justinian. He wrote a chronological history from the creation of the world to the reign of Justinian, inclusive.

P. 342.—“Heraclius,” her´a-cli´us; “Mauricius,” mau-ri´ci-us.

P. 345.—“Ayesha,” â´ye-sha. The favorite wife of Mohammed and daughter of Abubeker, who succeeded him. The twenty-fourth chapter of the Koran treats of the purity of Ayesha. After her husband’s death she in many ways supported the religion.

“Fatima,” fâ´te-ma. The only child living at the time of the Prophet’s death. She became the ancestress of the powerful dynasty of the Fatimites.

P. 347.—“Aiznadin,” aiz´na-din; “Yermuk,” yer´muk; “Khaled,” kha´led.

P. 348.—“Herakleonas,” her-ac-le-o´nas; “Pogonatus,” pog-o-na´tus; “Moawiyah,” mo-â-wē´yâ.

P. 349.—“Charles Martel.” (690-741.) The duke of Austrasia, and the mayor of the palace of the Frankish kings. The name Martel, or “the hammer,” was given to him from his conduct in this battle.

P. 350.—“Kallinikus,” cal-li-ni´cus.

“Naphtha.” A volatile, bituminous liquid, very inflammable.

P. 352.—“Rhinotmetus,” rhin-ot-me´tus.

P. 353.—“Chersonites,” cher-son´i-tes.

“Crim-Tartary.” The Crimea, also called Little Tartary.

“Absimarus,” ab-sim´a-rus; “Khazars,” kha´zars.

P. 354.—“Terbelis,” ter´be-lis.

P. 356.—“Bardanes,” bar-da´nes; “Phillippicus,” phil-lip´pi-cus.

P. 357.—“Moslemas,” mos´le-mas.

P. 365.—“Haroun al-Rashid,” hä-roon´äl-räsh´id. (765-809.) Aaron the Just, the fifth caliph of the dynasty of the Abassides. His conquests and administration were such that his reign is called the golden age of the Mohammedan nations. Poetry, science and art were cultivated by him. Haroun is the chief hero of Arabian tales.

“Nikephorus,” ni-ceph´o-rus.

P. 368.—“Theophilus,” the-oph´i-lus.

P. 369.—“Armorium,” ar-mo´ri-um.

P. 370.—“Bardas,” bar´das; “Theoktistus,” the-ok´tis-tus.

“John Grammatikus.” John the grammarian. It was he that held that there were three Gods and rejected the word unity from the doctrine of the being of God.

P. 371.—“Photius,” fo´shī-us. He played a distinguished part in the political, religious and literary affairs of the ninth century. After holding various offices, he was made patriarch by Bardas, deposing Ignatius. This incensed the Romish Church, and the controversy which arose did much to widen the gulf between the Eastern and Western Churches. Photius was deposed from his position, but replaced until the death of Basil, when he was driven into exile. Among his writings the most valuable is a review of ancient Greek literature. Many books are described in it of which we have no other knowledge.

P. 372.—“Arsacidæ,” ar-sac´i-dæ. So called from Arsaces, the founder of the Parthian empire. About 250 B. C. Arsaces induced the Parthians to revolt from the Syrian empire, of the Seleucidæ. The family existed four hundred and seventy-six years, being obliged in 226 A. D. to submit to Artaxerxes, the founder of the dynasty of the Sassanidæ.

P. 373.—“Porphyrogenitus,” por-phy-ro-gen´i-tus.

P. 374.—“Seljuks,” sel-jooks´; “Commeni,” com-me´ni.

P. 375.—“Robert Guiscard,” ges´kar´. Robert, the prudent. (1015-1085.) The founder of the kingdom of Naples. He had come from Normandy to Italy, where by his wit and energy he had been appointed Count of Apulia in 1057. Soon after he added other provinces to his kingdom, conquered Sicily, and drove the Saracens from Southern Italy. His hasty departure from Thessaly was to relieve the Pope from the siege of Henry IV. After accomplishing this he immediately undertook the second expedition against Constantinople.

P. 376.—“Kephallenia,” ceph´al-le´ni-a; “Durazzo,” doo-rät´so.

P. 377.—“Anna Commena.” The daughter of Alexis I. She wrote a full history of her father’s life; one of the most interesting and valuable books of Byzantine literature.

P. 379.—“Piacenza,” pe-ä-chen´zä. The capital of the province of the same name in the north of Italy.

P. 382.—“Nureddin,” noor-ed-deen´. A Mohammedan ruler of Syria and Egypt.

P. 383.—“Dandolo,” dän´do-lo.

P. 385.—“Scutari,” skoo´tä-ree.

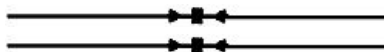
P. 386.—“Morisini,” mo-ri-si´ni.

P. 387.—“Boniface,” böñ´e-fäss; “Montferrat,” mönt-fer-rät´; “Bouillon,” boo´yon´; “Laskaris,” las´ca-ris.

P. 388.—“Palæologus,” pa-læ-ol´o-gus.

BRIEF HISTORY OF GREECE.

The November readings in the “Brief History of Greece” are almost identical with the October readings in Timayenis’s history. For this reason no notes have been made out on the work. By consulting the notes on Timayenis’s history in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for October, all necessary help will be obtained. The papers on Physical Science and Political Economy, also the Sunday Readings, are too clear to need annotating.



NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS IN “THE CHAUTAUQUAN.”

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GERMAN HISTORY.

P. 63, c. 1.—“Hermann.” The Latinized form of whose name was Arminius. He had learned the

language and the military discipline of the Romans when he led his tribe as auxiliaries to their legions.

"Varus," va'rus. He had been consul at Rome in B. C. 13, and afterward governor of Syria, where he accumulated great wealth. After this battle Varus put an end to his life.

P. 63, c. 2.—"Alemanni," al-e-man'ni.

"Sicambrians," si-cam'bri-ans. In early German history one of the most powerful tribes. They lived in Westphalia, between the Rhine and Weser.

"Chatti," or "Catti," so called from an old German word *cat* or *cad*, meaning "war." They dwelt south of the Sicambrians in the modern state of Hesse.

"Batavi." A Celtic people who had settled in the portion of the present Netherlands lying at the mouth of the Rhine. Their chief city was Leyden. The country was afterward extended and called Batavia.

P. 64, c. 1.—"Salzburg," sālts'boorg; "Ratisbonne," ra'tis-bon; "Augsburg," owgs'boorg; "Basle," bāl, or "Basel," bā'zel; "Baden," bā'den; "Spires," spīr'es; "Metz," mēts; "Treves," treevz.

"Ammianus," am'mi-a'nus mar'cel-li'nus. A Greek serving under the emperor Julian 363. Later we find him in Rome where he wrote a history from the time of Nerva, 96, to the death of Valens, 378. Many of the events were contemporaneous, so that the descriptions and incidents are particularly valuable.

P. 64, c. 2.—"Vandals." This tribe first appeared in the north of Germany, from whence they went to the Reisingebirge, sometimes called from them the Vandal Mountains. In the fifth century they worked their way from Pannonia into Spain, marched southward and founded the once powerful kingdom of Andalusia (Vandalusia). In 429 they conquered Africa. An hundred years afterward Belisarius overthrew their power, and the race disappeared. Many claim that descendants of the Vandals are to be seen among the Berber race, with blue eyes and light hair.

"Troyes," trwä.

"Catalaunian," cat'a-lau'ni-an. A people formerly living in northeastern France, their capital the present Châlons-sur-Marne.

"Méry-sur-Seine," mā-rē-sur-sane.

"Visigoths." In the fourth century the Goths were divided into the Ostrogoths and Visigoths or the Eastern and Western Goths; the latter worked their way from the Danube westward to France and Spain where they built up a splendid kingdom which lasted until 711, when it was overthrown by the Moors.

P. 65, c. 1.—"Genseric," jën'ser-ik. A king of the Vandals under whom the tribe invaded Africa in 429. They conquered the entire country, capturing Carthage in 439 and making it their capital. After the sack of Rome, the entire coast of the Mediterranean was pillaged. Genseric ruled until his death in 477.

"Heruli," her'u-li; "Sciri," si'ri; "Turcilingi," tur-cil-in'gi; "Rugii," ru'gi-i.

"Theodoric." The king of the Visigoths, who in 489 undertook to expel Odoacer from Italy. He defeated him in several battles and finally laid siege to Ravenna, where Odoacer had taken refuge. After holding out three years, Odoacer submitted on condition that he rule jointly with Theodoric, but the latter soon murdered his rival. For thirty-three years Theodoric ruled the country. He was a patron of art and learning and his sway was very prosperous. The porphyry vase in which his ashes were deposited is still shown at Ravenna.

"Thuringians," thu-rin'gi-ans. Dwellers in the central part of Germany between the Harz Mountains and the Thuringian forest.

"Dietrich," dē-trich; "Hildebrand," hīl'de-brand.

"Siegfried," seeg'freed. See notes on "Nibelungenlied" in this number.

P. 65, c. 2.—"Langobardi" or Lombards. A German tribe which migrated southward from the river Elbe. In 568 they conquered the plains of northern Italy and founded a kingdom which lasted two centuries.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

The article on German Literature is abridged from Sime's article on this subject in the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

P. 66, c. 1.—"Nibelungenlied." The song of the Nibelungen. "The work includes the legends of Siegfried, of Günther, of Dietrich, and of Attila; and the motives which bind them into a whole are the love and revenge of Kriemhild, the sister of Günther and Siegfried's wife. She excites the envy of Brunhild, the Burgundian queen, whose friend Hagen discovers the vulnerable point in Siegfried's enchanted body, treacherously slays him, and buries in the Rhine the treasure he has long before conquered from the race of the Nibelungen. There is then a pause of thirteen years, after which Kriemhild, the better to effect her fatal purpose, marries Attila. Thirteen years having

again passed away her thirst for vengeance is satiated by slaying the entire Burgundian court. The Germans justly regard this epic as one of the most precious gems of their literature.”—*Sime*.

“Ulfilas,” ūl’fī-las. (310-381.) The family of Ulfilas were Christians supposed to have been carried away by the Goths. In 341 he became the bishop of these people and soon induced a number of them to leave their warlike life to settle a colony in Mœsia. Here he cultivated the arts of peace, doing much to civilize the people. He introduced an alphabet of twenty-four letters and translated all of the Bible except the book of Kings. This work is the earliest known specimen of the Teutonic language.

“Wolfram von Eschenbach,” fon esh’en-bäk. He lived at the close of the twelfth century. A nobleman by birth and a soldier in the civil wars. He joined the court of Hermann of Thuringia in the castle of Wartburg (where Luther escaped after the Diet of Worms) and was a contestant in the famous musical contest called “The war of the Wartburg.” Leaving here he afterward sang at many other courts, dying in 1225.

“Parzival” or Parcival, par’ci-val.

“Holy Grail.” The chalice said to have been used by Christ at the Last Supper and in which the wine was changed to blood. As the legend runs it fell into the hands of Joseph of Arimathea, by whom it was held for centuries, but finally, at his death, it passed to his descendants, with whom it remained until its possessor sinned; then the cup disappeared. The Knights of the Round-Table sought it, but until Sir Galahad no man was found so pure in heart and life that he could look upon it. Sir Galahad in some romances is called Sir Percival or *Parzival*. Eisenbach wrote another romance, “Titurel,” founded on the same legend.

“Gottfried,” gott’freed; “Tristram and Iseult,” trīs’ttram, is’eult; “Gudrun,” gu’drun.

“Walther von der Vogelweide,” wäl’ter fon der fō’gel-wī’deh. (1165?-1228?) Walter “from the bird meadow.” He lived some time at Wartburg and was a friend of King Philip and of Frederick II. He died on a little estate the latter had given him.

“Sachsenspiegel.” Codex of the Saxon law.

“Schwabenspiegel.” Codex of the Swabian law.

“Berthold,” bër’tölt. (1215-1272.) His love for the poor led him to zealous work in their behalf. Through many years he preached in the open air in Germany, Switzerland and Hungary.

“Eckhart,” ëk’hart. The father of German speculative thought, as Bach calls him, was a Dominican monk who attempted to reform his order but preached so exalted a philosophy that the Pope demanded a recantation. Eckhart never gave this but claimed that his views were entirely orthodox. His prose is among the purest specimens in the German language.

“Meistersänger.” Master-singer.

P. 66, c. 2.—“Shrove-Tuesday,” or confession Tuesday is the day before Lent. Although originally a day of preparation for the Lenten fast, it was soon changed to one of merry-making and feasting. As everything was devised to increase the gaiety of the occasion, these plays soon became a regular feature.

“Reineke Vos.” Reynard the fox.

“Barkhusen,” bark’hu-sen; “Rostock,” ros’töck.

“Ulrich von Hutten,” ul’rich fon hoot’en. (1488-1523.) His life was spent in hot contests with the enemies of his reforms. As an advocate of the new learning, he went from city to city teaching and writing; “*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*” was written in defense of this theory. He espoused the cause of the Reformation more because it favored religious and secular progress than from sympathy with its principles.

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“Hans Sachs.” (1494-1576.) “Honest Hans Sachs,” as he was called, was a cobbler of Nuremberg, who had learned verse-making from a *meistersänger* of Munich. His verses included every style of poetry known, but the “Shrove-Tuesday plays” were the best, being full of strong characters and striking situations. The hymn mentioned, “Why art thou cast down, O, my soul?” is but one of several by him.

“Leibnitz,” līp’nits. (1646-1716.) Educated at Leipsic, he says of himself, that before he was twelve, he “understood the Latin authors, had begun to lisp Greek and wrote verses with singular success.” After taking his degree he went to Frankfort under the patronage of a wealthy gentleman; here he devoted himself to composing treatises on religion, philosophy, law, etc. All manner of projects interested him. He tried to bring about a union between the Catholic and Lutheran Churches, to introduce a common alphabet for all languages, to urge the king of France to conquer Egypt, and other plans, more or less Utopian. In the latter part of his life he received high honor from Hanover, Vienna, and Peter the Great. His correspondence was voluminous, and his works covered almost the whole field of human thought.

“Klopstock,” klop’stok. (1724-1803.)

“Wieland,” wee’land. (1733-1813.)

“Lessing,” lës’ing. (1729-1781.)

"Oberon," öb´er-on. The Oberon of Shakspeare. The king of the fairies and the husband of Queen Titania.

"Agathon," ag´a-thon. A tragic poet of Athens, who died about 400 B. C.

"Pietist," pi´e-tist. The name was applied to a certain class of religious reformers in Germany, who sought to restore purity to the Church.

P. 67, c. 1.—"Herder," hěr´der. (1744-1803.)

"Kant." (1724-1804.)

"Kritik." Critique of pure reason.

"Fichte," fik´teh. (1797-1879.)

"Hardenburg." (1772-1801.)

"Wilhelm von Schlegel," shlā´gel. (1767-1845.)

"Friedrich." (1772-1829.)

"Tieck," teek. (1773-1853.)

"Fouquè," foo´ka´. (1777-1843.)

"Schleiermacher," shlī´er-mā-ker. (1768-1834.)

"Feuerbach," foi´er-bäk. (1804-1872.)

"Schopenhauer," sho´pen-how´er. (1788-1860.)

"Freytag," frī´täg; "Heyse," hī´zeh; "Spielhagen," speel´hä-gen; "Reuter," roi´ter.

READINGS IN ART.

The papers on Sculpture are compiled from Redford's "Ancient Sculpture" and Lübke's "History of Art."

P. 75, c. 1.—"Mycenæ," my-ce´næ.

"Cesnola," ches´no-la. Born in Turin in 1832. He served in the Crimean war, and afterward in the war of the Rebellion. Having been made an American citizen he was appointed consul to Cyprus, where he discovered the necropolis of Idalium, a city which ceased to exist two thousand years ago. He began excavations, opening some eight thousand tombs, but an edict from the sultan stopped the work. Cesnola had already, however, gathered a magnificent collection of antiquities, which, in 1872 was purchased for the Metropolitan Museum of New York.

"Harpy." The reliefs on this monument represent harpies, fabulous monsters in Greek mythology, carrying off children.

"Frieze," freez. The broad band resting upon the columns of a porch is called the entablature. It is divided into three portions; the central one is the frieze.

P. 75, c. 2.—"Ageladas," ag´e-la´das. *Not Argeladas.*

"Myron." A Bœotian, born about 480 B. C. His master-pieces were all in bronze. The "quoit-player" and the "cow" are most famous. Myron excelled in animals and figures in action.

"Canachus," can´a-chus. (B. C. 540-508.) He executed the colossal statue of Apollo at Miletus, was skilled in casting bronze, in gold and silver, and in wood carving.

"Callon," cal´lon. (B. C. 516.)

"Onatus," o-na´tus. (B. C. 460.) "Hegias," he´gi-as; "Critius," cri´ti-us.

"Calamis," cal´a-mis. (B. C. 467-429.) He worked in marble, gold and ivory. His horses are said to have been unsurpassable, and his heroic female figures superior to those of his predecessors.

"Pythagoras." Lived about 470 in Magna Græcia. He executed life-like figures in bronze.

"Lemnians," lem´ni-ans.

"Paris." At a certain wedding feast to which all the gods had been invited except the goddess of Strife, she, angry at the slight, threw an apple into their midst with the inscription "to the fairest." Juno, Minerva and Venus claimed it, and Jupiter ordered that Paris, then a shepherd on Mount Ida, should decide the dispute. As Venus promised him the most beautiful of women for his wife, he gave her the apple.

P. 76, c. 1.—"Pellene," pel-le´ne. A city of Achaia.

"Rochette," ro´shět´. (1790-1854.) A French archæologist.

"Alcámenes," al-cam´e-nes. (B.C. 444-400.) His greatest work was a statue of Venus.

"Agoracritus," ag´o-rac´ri-tus. (B. C. 440-428.) His most famous work was also a Venus, which

he changed into a statue of Nemesis and sold because the people of Athens preferred the statue of Alcamenes.

"Pæonius," pæ-o'ni-us.

"Pediment." The triangular facing or top over a portico, window, gate, etc.

"Metope," met'o-pe. In the Doric style of architecture, the frieze was divided at intervals by ornaments called triglyphs. The spaces between these ornaments were called metopes.

"Cella." The interior space of a temple.

"Phigalia," phi-ga'li-a.

"Niké-Apteros." The wingless goddess of victory. Wingless, to signify that the prayer of the Athenians was that victory might never leave their city.

"Scopas," sco'pas. (395-350.) An architect and statuary, as well as sculptor. He was the architect of the temple of Minerva at Tegea, and assisted in the bas-reliefs of the mausoleum at Halicarnassus. The famous group of Niobe and her children is supposed to have been the work of Scopas.

"Praxiteles," prax-it'e-les. Born at Athens B. C. 392. He worked in both marble and bronze. About fifty different works by him are mentioned. First in fame stands the Cnidian Venus, "one of the most famous art creations of antiquity." Apollo as the lizard-killer, his faun and a representation of Eros are probably best-known.

"Nereid," nē're-id. A sea nymph.

"Mænad," mæ'nad. A priestess or votary of Bacchus.

P. 76, c. 2.—"Toro Farnese" or Farnese Bull. Was discovered in the sixteenth century and is now in the Naples museum. It represents the sons of Antiope tying Dirce to a bull by which she is to be dragged to death. The work when discovered went to the Farnese palace in Rome, hence the name of Farnese bull.

"Laocoon," la-oc'o-on. One of the chief groups in the Vatican collection; discovered at Rome in 1506. Laocoon was a priest of Apollo, who having blasphemed the god was destroyed at the altar with his two sons by a serpent sent by the deity.

"Niobe," ni'o-be. The group of Niobe and her children was probably first an ornament of the pediment of a temple. The subject is the vengeance of Apollo and Artemis upon the Theban queen Niobe, who had boasted because of her fourteen children, that she was superior to Leda who had but two. As a punishment all her children were destroyed.

"Pyromachus," py-rom'a-chus.

"Æsculapius," æs-cu-la'pi-us. The god of the medical art.

"Apollo Belvedere," bel-vā-dā'rā, or bēl've-deer'. This statue by many is considered the greatest existing work of ancient art. The subject is the god Apollo at the moment of his victory over the Python. It was discovered in 1503, and takes its name from its position in the belvedere of the Vatican, a gallery or open corridor of the Vatican which is called *belvedere*, (beautiful view) from the fine views it commands. It is of heroic size, and is considered the very type of manly beauty. [125]

P. 77, c. 1.—"Torus," to'rus. A large moulding used in the base of columns.

"Mæcenas," mæ-ce'nas. (B. C. 73?-8.) A Roman statesman. His fame rests on his patronage of literature. He was a patron of both Horace and Virgil.

"Tivoli," tiv'o-le.

"Varro." (B. C. 116-28.) "The most learned of the Romans and the most voluminous of Roman writers." He composed no less than 490 books; but two of these have come down to us.

"Arcesilaus," ar-ces'i-la'us.

"Genetrix." A mother.

"Septimius Severus," sep-tim'i-us se-ve'rus. (A. D. 146-211.) Roman Emperor.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

P. 77, c. 2.—"Sydney Smith." (1771-1845.) Educated at Oxford, he took orders and became a curate in 1794. Afterward he taught, and in 1802 assisted in establishing the *Edinburgh Review*, of which he was the first editor. Although he had charge, during his life, of various parishes, he was active in literary work; for twenty-five years he contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*; he published "Sketches of Moral Philosophy," several volumes of sermons, papers on "American Debt," and many miscellaneous articles, all characterized by humor and sound sense.

"Kames," or Kames, kāmz. (1696-1782.) A Scottish jurist, educated at Edinburgh, and for thirty years practiced law; was then made Lord Chief Justice. He wrote many works on law,

metaphysics, criticism, etc.

"Davy." (1778-1829.) The English chemist. His attention was first directed to chemistry by his medical studies, and he made such progress in original investigation that at twenty-three he was made lecturer on chemistry in the Royal Society of London. In 1817 he became a member of the French Institute, and his reputation as a chemist was second to that of no one in Europe. He wrote much and among his discoveries were the bases potassium, sodium, and iodine as a simple substance. His most valuable invention was the miner's safety lamp.

"Jeffrey." (1773-1850.) Educated for the law, but was deeply interested in literature. After being admitted to the bar this division of interest for a long time hindered his success. He was one of the original founders of the *Edinburgh Review*, and became its editor with the fourth number. He soon made the magazine an organ of liberal thought on every theme. His most valuable contributions were his literary criticisms. His work at the bar improved with his literary ability, and in 1834 he was made a judge, a position he held until his death.

"Passy," päs'se'.

P. 78, c. 1.—"Bancroft," băng'kroft. (1800.) See American Literature.

"Rufus King." (1755-1827.) American statesman.

"Everett." (1794-1865.) American orator and statesman.

P. 78, c. 2.—"Hessian," hěsh'an. The troops were from Hesse-Cassel. The king, Frederick II., between 1776 and 1784, received over £3,000,000 by hiring these soldiers to the English government to fight against the Americans.

"Lanspach," lanz'päk; "Kniphausen," knip'how'zen.

P. 79, c. 1.—"Brougham," broo'am. (1779-1868.) A British statesman and author. After leaving school he spent some time in traveling and writing before being admitted to the bar. In 1810 he entered Parliament, and his first resolution was to petition the king to abolish slavery. From this time he was allied with the reforms of the age: the emancipation of Roman Catholics, government reforms, etc. The education of working people and charity schemes received the aid of his pen and voice, and he was instrumental in founding several societies since very powerful. In 1834 the change of ministry ended his official life, but his interest and zeal in public works never ceased.

TRICKS OF THE CONJURORS.

By THOMAS FROST.

The dense ignorance which prevailed during the seventeenth century on the subject of conjuring, as the word is now understood, would be scarcely credible at the present day, if instances did not even now occur at intervals to show that there are still minds which the light of knowledge has not yet penetrated. Books did not reach the masses in those days, and hence the beginning of the eighteenth century found people as ready to drown a wizard as their ancestors had been.

A book which was published in 1716, by Richard Neve, whose name is the first which we meet with in the conjuring annals of the eighteenth century, bears traces of the lingering fear of diabolical agency which still infected the minds of the people. Having stated, in his preface, that his book contained directions for performing thirty-three legerdemain tricks, besides many arithmetical puzzles and many jests, Neve says: "I dare not say that I have here set down all that are or may be performed by legerdemain, but thou hast here the most material of them; and if thou rightly understandest these, there is not a trick that any juggler in the world can show thee, but thou shalt be able to conceive after what manner it is done, if he do it by sleight of hand, and not by unlawful and detestable means, as too many do at this day."

The following are a few of the tricks which puzzled the people of those days: The tricks of the fakirs, or religious mendicants of India were remarkable. One of these fellows boasted that he would appear at Amadabant a town about two hundred miles from Surat, within fifteen days after being buried, ten feet deep, at the latter place. The Governor of Surat resolved to test the fellow's powers, and had a grave dug, in which the fakir placed himself, stipulating that a layer of reeds should be interposed between his body and the superincumbent earth, with a space of two feet between his body and the reeds. This was done, and the grave was then filled up, and a guard was placed at the spot to prevent trickery.

A large tree stood ten or twelve yards from the grave, and beneath its shade several fakirs were grouped around a large earthen jar, which was filled with water. The officer of the guard, suspecting that some trick was to be played, ordered the jar to be moved, and, this being done by the soldiers, after some opposition on the part of the fellows assembled round it, a shaft was discovered, with a subterranean gallery from its bottom to within two feet of the grave. The impostor was thereupon made to ascend, and a riot ensued, in which he and several other persons were slain.

This trick has been repeated several times in India, under different circumstances, one of the most remarkable instances being that related by an engineer officer named Boileau, who was employed about forty years ago in the trigonometrical survey of that country. I shall relate this story in the officer's own words, premising that he did not witness either the interment or the exhumation of the performer, but was told that they took place in the presence of Esur Lal, one of the ministers of the Muharwul of Jaisulmer.

"The man is said, by long practice, to have acquired the art of holding his breath by shutting the mouth, and stopping the interior opening of the nostrils with his tongue; he also abstains from solid food for some days previous to his interment, so that he may not be inconvenienced by the contents of his stomach, while put up in his narrow grave; and, moreover, he is sewn up in a bag of cloth, and the cell is lined with masonry, and floored with cloth, that the white ants and other insects may not easily be able to molest him. The place in which he was buried at Jaisulmer is a small building about twelve feet by eight, built of stone; and in the floor was a hole, about three feet long, two and a half feet wide, and the same depth, or perhaps a yard deep, in which he was placed in a sitting posture, sewed up in his shroud, with his feet turned inward toward the stomach, and his hands also pointed inward toward the chest. Two heavy slabs of stone, five or six feet long, several inches thick, and broad enough to cover the mouth of the grave, so that he could not escape, were then placed over him, and I believe a little earth was plastered over the whole, so as to make the surface of the grave smooth and compact. The door of the house was also built up, and people placed outside, that no tricks might be played, nor deception practised.

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"At the expiration of a full month, the walling of the door was broken, and the buried man dug out of the grave; Trevelyan's moonshee only running there in time to see the ripping open of the bag in which the man had been inclosed. He was taken out in a perfectly senseless state, his eyes closed, his hands cramped and powerless, his stomach shrunk very much, and his teeth jammed so fast together that they were forced to open his mouth with an iron instrument to pour a little water down his throat. He gradually recovered his senses and the use of his limbs; and when we went to see him he was sitting up, supported by two men, and conversed with us in a low, gentle tone of voice, saying that 'we might bury him again for a twelvemonth, if we pleased.'"

A conjuror was exhibiting a mimic swan, which floated on real water, and followed his motions, when the bird suddenly became stationary. He approached it more closely, but the swan did not move.

"There is a person in the company," said he, "who understands the principle upon which this trick is performed, and who is counteracting me. I appeal to the company whether this is fair, and I beg the gentleman will desist."

The trick was performed by magnetism, and the counteracting agency was a magnet in the pocket of Sir Francis Blake Delaval.

In 1785 the celebrated automatic chess player was first exhibited in London, having previously been shown in various cities of Germany and France. It had been invented about fifteen years before by a Hungarian noble, the Baron von Kempelen, who had until then, however, declined to permit its exhibition in public. Having witnessed some experiments in magnetism by a Frenchman, performed before the Court of Maria Theresa, Kempelen had observed to the empress that he thought himself able to construct a piece of mechanism the operations of which would be far more surprising than the experiments they had witnessed. The curiosity of the empress was excited, and she exacted a promise from Kempelen to make the attempt. The result was the automatic chess-player.

The figure was of the size of life, dressed as a Turk, and seated behind a square piece of cabinet work. It was fixed upon castors, so as to run over the floor, and satisfy beholders that there was no access to it from below. On the top, in the center, was a fixed chess-board, toward which the eyes of the figure were directed. Its right hand and arm were extended toward the board, and its left, somewhat raised, held a pipe.

The spectators, having examined the figure, the exhibitor wound up the machinery, placed the cushion under the arm of the figure, and challenged any gentleman present to play.

The Turk always chose the white men, and made the first move. The fingers opened as the hand was extended toward the board, and the piece was deftly picked up, and removed to the proper square. If a false move was made by its opponent, it tapped on the table impatiently, replaced the piece, and claimed the move for itself. If a human player hesitated long over a move, the Turk tapped sharply on the table.

The mind fails to comprehend any mechanism capable of performing with such accuracy movements which require knowledge and reflection. Beckman says indeed that a boy was concealed in the figure, and prompted by the best chess-player whose services the proprietor could obtain.



TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Oliver Wendell Holmes is a philanthropist in the world of letters. Since his college days at Harvard, where he distinguished himself by his contributions to the *Collegian*, he has been giving

to his wide circle of readers strong, clean, good thoughts, mixed with the happiest humor. His essays have been among the most enjoyable of his writings. His publishers have recognized this and collected a dozen of them into "Pages from an Old Volume of Life."^[K] There are many subjects touched, but his "Phi Beta Kappa" oration of 1870, "Mechanism in Thought and Morals," is, perhaps, the best in the collection. The two essays, written during the war for *The Atlantic* readers, have a pathos so touching, it completely does away with the false idea that Holmes is only a humorist. The volume is a pleasant book for an hour's reading; indeed, it may well be classed along with what the author himself has aptly called "pillow-smoothing authors;" not a dull, heavy book, but one whose easily-flowing thoughts and continued good humor, quiet the mind and allow the reader to pass into dreamy forgetfulness.

"Things that have to be done, should be learned by doing them." Teachers know as well, perhaps, as any class of people how applicable this old truism is to their work. They only learn by doing; but too often they learn the routine, not the science. A little book just published by A. Lovell & Co.,^[L] is sent out in the interest of thoughtful teaching. There are some excellent development lessons, in which, simply by questions, and a few simple materials, are developed ideas of the senses, of forms, flat and solid, ideas of right and left, etc. A series of lessons on plants and insects have for their object "to bring the child into contact with nature, to teach him to observe, think, reason, and to express himself naturally." The book contains an excellent paper on the much-discussed "Quincy School Work." No new departure in the educational world has caused more talk. That there is something in it no one doubts that knows of the results of Superintendent Parker's system, but how to use it is not easily explained. This essay will help teachers to understand the method and show them how it may be used.

During this year Messrs. Harper & Brothers have added to the biographies of eminent Americans three very valuable works. Following Mr. Godwin's life of Bryant, is the "Memoirs of John A. Dix."^[M] In so pretentious a work as the latter it is unfortunate that the compilation should have been made by his son. The unbiased, impersonal judgment that makes a biography trustworthy, is wanting. The fondness of the writer is continually evident to the reader. The book, however, is valuable from its fullness and exactness. It is really an epitome of the history of the most exciting times in our annals. General Dix's part in the stirring events before and after the rebellion, his work as secretary of the treasury, as military commander during the New York riots in '63, and his position upon various questions of national policy, are all explained minutely, and his correspondence is given in full. Although so voluminous, the work is never fatiguing. A feature which adds to the interest of the book is the selections from his translations, sketches, etc. General Dix added to his political and military ability a literary taste that led him to cultivate letters. His translations are particularly good. *Stabat Mater*, his son has seen fit to publish; it seems a pity that *Dies Iræ* was not also given.

[127]

The third of these biographies is the "Life of James Buchanan."^[N] The author himself says of this work, that "it was followed within a week by an amount of criticism such as I do not remember to have seen bestowed on any similar book in the same space of time." Mr. Curtis was assigned a task from which most men would have shrunk. Mr. Buchanan's administration as President of the United States was not popular. The belief that he favored the secession of the Southern States has been general. For his biographer to treat him as a conscientious actor in the struggle before the war has necessarily entailed criticism. Mr. Curtis says in his preface, "My estimate of his abilities and powers as a statesman has arisen with every investigation I have made and it is, in my judgment, not too much to say of him as a President of the United States, that he is entitled to stand very high in the catalogue—not a large one—of those who have had the moral courage to encounter misrepresentation and obloquy, rather than swerve from the line of duty which their convictions marked out for them." Mr. Curtis will not change the popular opinion on the Buchanan administration, but he must modify that opinion. This treatment alone makes the work worth reading by both friend and foe. The most entertaining part of the book is the voluminous private correspondence, which well portray Mr. Buchanan's social and friendly nature.

One of the most delightful books of the season is "Spanish Vistas,"^[O] by Mr. Lathrop. The publishers have given us a genuine *édition de luxe*, heavy paper, numberless choice illustrations, and beautiful binding. The book is the joint product of two artists, and if one wields the quill instead of the pencil he is no less artistic. Two things are particularly noticeable in Mr. Lathrop's fine descriptions of scenery, of architecture, city sights and peasant gatherings: the skill with which he chooses his point and time of observation, and his really superior coloring. He knows at what hour the Alhambra will exercise its supreme spell, where the picturesque vagabondism of these handsome Spanish rascals will be most striking. To this power add his ability in colors and there is not a page but glows with effective pictures. Character sketches enliven the volume. The commonplace American abroad is introduced in Whetstone, a man of "iron persistence and intense prejudice," who continually exclaims "I don't see what I came to Spain for. If there ever was a God-forsaken country," and who amid the grandeur of the cathedral of Seville squints along the cornice to see if it is straight. The writer has been ably assisted by his "Velveteen," alias Mr. C. S. Reinhart, whose pictures give doubled value to the book. To all contemplating a trip to Spain the chapter on "Hints to Travelers" will be valuable.

"Spanish Vistas" represents one class of books on travels. There is another more interesting to the majority of people, in which facts and adventures are the chief elements. Such a work is "The Golden Chersonese,"^[P] by Isabella Bird. After having traveled on horseback through the interior of Japan, and braved the roughest passes of the Rocky Mountains, and spent six months among

the wonders of the Sandwich Islands, this indefatigable woman penetrates that *terra incognita*, the Malay Peninsula. The dangers and inconveniences which she undergoes to get there and get through are remarkable. She sailed from Hong Kong not long after a party of piratical Chinese, shipping as steerage passengers on board a river steamer, had massacred the officers and captured the boat. There was but one English passenger on board besides herself, and some two thousand Chinese imprisoned in the steerage, an iron grating over each exit, and an officer ready to shoot the first man who attempted to force it. The decorations of the saloons consisted of stands of loaded rifles and unsheathed bayonets. She penetrates the country where the mosquitoes are a terror to life; snakes, land-leeches and centipedes are everywhere, but the enthusiastic traveler mentions them but casually. The dangers and bravery of the writer of course add piquancy to the interesting description of the scenes, the customs and peculiarities of "The Golden Chersonese."

Along with these fresh works comes out a new edition of one of the pioneers in this field of literature. We refer to Dr. Hayes' "Arctic Boat Journey."^[Q] In 1860 it was first published, and speedily took its place as an authority on Arctic travels. The fresh interest given to this subject by the sad fate of the "Jeannette" has led to a new edition. The accounts lose nothing of interest by time, but rather become clearer from the added knowledge we have of the frozen seas and icy lands.

No work will be found a more valuable addition to a C. L. S. C. library than Lübke's "History of Art."^[R] In connection with the art readings it will be found invaluable. Since its first publication in 1860 it has gone through seven editions, and that, too, in critical Germany. The new translation from the latest German edition is the best.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Bible Stories for Young Children," by Caroline Hoadley. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

"Ancient Egypt in the Light of Modern Discoveries," by Professor H. S. Osborn, LL.D. Cincinnati: Robert Clark & Co., 1883.

"Woman and Temperance; or, The Work and the Workers of The Woman's Christian Temperance Union," by Frances E. Willard, President of the W. C. T. U. Hartford, Conn.: Park Publishing Co., 1883.

"The Soul Winner." A Sketch of Facts and Incidents in the Life and Labors of Edmund J. Zard, for sixty-three years a class-leader and hospital visitor in Philadelphia. By his sister, Mrs. Mary D. James. New York: Phillip & Hunt; Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe, 1883.

"The Preacher and His Sermon." A Treatise on Homiletics. By Rev. John W. Etter, B.D. Dayton, O.: United Brethren Publishing House, 1883.

"Seven Stories, with Basement and Attic." By the author of "Reveries of a Bachelor." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1884.

"Reveries of A Bachelor; or, A Book of the Heart," by Ik Marvel. New and revised edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1884.

"The Story of Roland," by James Baldwin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1883.

"Our Young Folks' Plutarch;" edited by Rosalie Kaufman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1883.

"Young Folks' Whys and Wherefores." A Story by Uncle Lawrence. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1884.

"Mrs. Gilpin's Frugalities." Remnants, and Two Hundred Ways of using them. By Susan Anna Brown, author of "The Book of Forty Puddings." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1883.

FOOTNOTES:

[K] Pages from an Old Volume of Life; a collection of essays (1857-1881) by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1883.

[L] Development Lessons for Teachers, by Esmond V. DeGraff and Margaret K. Smith. New York: H. Lovell & Co., 1883.

[M] Memoirs of John A. Dix; compiled by his son, Morgan Dix. In two volumes. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1883.

[N] Life of James Buchanan, Fifteenth President of the United States. By George Ticknor Curtis. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1883.

[O] Spanish Vistas, by George Parsons Lathrop, illustrated by Charles S. Reinhart. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1883.

[P] The Golden Chersonese, by Isabella Bird. New York: G. P. Putnam's;

Sons, 1883.

[O] An Arctic Boat Journey in the Autumn of 1854, by Isaac I. Hayes, M. D. New edition, enlarged and illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company, 1883.

[R] Outlines of the History of Art, by Dr. Wilhelm Lübke. A new translation from the seventh German edition, edited by Clarence Cook. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1881.



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Transcriber's Notes:

Obvious punctuation errors repaired.

Page 66, "Muremburg" changed to "Nuremburg" (of Nuremburg, is now)

Page 81, "Lybia" changed to "Libya" (deserts of Libya, there dwelt)

Page 82, "Fresho" changed to "Fresno" (four chief towns, Fresno)

Page 88, "Propylænm" changed to "Propylæum" (the Propylæum and enter)

Page 97, "ti" changed to "it" (huzzaing for me; it)

Page 98, stanza break placed between first and second stanza of poem.

Page 103, "Lousta" changed to "Louisa" (Lousia E. French)

Page 108, "be" changed to "he" (he came and gave)

Page 109, "invested" changed to "infested" (earliest times infested)

Page 116, "city" changed to "City" (New York City to introduce)

Page 128, "cannon" changed to "canon" (as to the canon)

Page 128, "Ulhorn" changed to "Uhlhorn" (Dr. Uhlhorn is favorably)

Page 128, "adaption" changed to "adaptation" (an adaptation of Northern)

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE CHAUTAUQUAN, VOL. 04, NOVEMBER 1883 ***

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