

about an awkward destruction of the service like that; there was no sense in such a song then. If singers cannot see the point when the picture is before them, logic is useless—as useless as Simon Peter found it on the day of Pentecost, after he had told the multitude that men did not usually get drunken before the third hour of the day. We do not want our congregations to lay themselves down in peace and *sleep* in the morning of an anniversary day.

Then there is a most unphilosophical way of dividing up the verses in hymns which are personal and experimental. It is as much as congregations can do to sing such things at all with four parts in the music; but traditional use helps us a little. The moment, however, that the attempt is made to present them in the so-called "artistic" form of distribution among the performers, a challenge is forced, and we have to accept the office of critical estimate thrust upon us unawares. When a choir in effect says, "See how we will do it," we try to see. For example, it is not dramatic, nor artistic, nor philosophical, to divide the hymn, "Lead, kindly light," so that a bass voice of a man should say, "The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou *me* on"; and then an alto voice should say with a woman's register of pathos, "I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou shouldst lead *me* on." For that inevitably suggests two of them in trouble, and the illusion is destroyed; we have no distinct conception of a soul struggling with an individual experience; if we have any conception at all, it is of a quartette of souls comparing experiences in different octaves.

Let me show what I mean exactly: some things are not perfectly clear unless they become melodramatic and exaggerated. Once in Brooklyn our tenor began thus, "Jesus, lover of *my* soul"; then the alto said, "Let *me* to thy bosom fly"; then the soprano said, "While the billows near *me* roll"; and the next line slid off on the bass, who added, "And the tempest still is high." So the organ proceeded to conduct the tempest to a successful issue with tremendous stops, which shook the glass overhead in the windows. Now, what a common man would like to know is, how many vocalists at a time were engaged in that prayer. This sending an individual experience all around the choir to supply singers with words for "musical thoughts" is of no sort of edification to churches—of no sort of comfort to preachers.

It is not quite fair to assert that outsiders do not know the difficulties which composers and leaders and managers of music-people have to contend with. But let me say, modestly, that for one I have been told with great pathos, and that more than once, during the past twenty years. The conductor of our choir, the one we had long ago, said frankly, on the sad occasion when I had what New England people call a "to-do" with him for cause, that, after a most extensive experience in leading, he had found it impossible to keep the peace in his gallery unless he would apportion the solos carefully among the performers from Sabbath to Sabbath, so that each should have a chance; hence, he often chose for the sake of a voice, or two voices, a composition the rendering of which would bring down praise from "the house."

Now, just for a moment, I should like to quote from "Aurora Leigh":

"The artist's part is both to be and do,  
Transfixing with a special, central power  
The flat experience of the common man,  
And turning outward, with a sudden wrench,  
Half agony, half ecstasy, the thing  
He feels the inmost."

After this fine burst of enthusiasm, Mrs. Browning explains and guards her meaning:

"Art's a service, mark!  
A silver key is given to thy clasp:  
And thou shalt stand unwearied, night and day,  
And fix it in the hard, slow-turning wards,  
And open, *so*, that intermediate door  
Betwixt the different planes of sensuous form  
And form insensuous, that inferior men  
May learn to feel on still through these to those,  
And bless thy ministration."

Is art a "service"? Does the exercise of it in divine worship partake of the spirit of the inspired counsel, "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant"? This thrusting forward of a personality of display does not look like it. Once our alto asked me, as I was entering the pulpit, whether I had any objections to changing the closing hymn, for she was expecting some friends that evening, and they could not come till late, and she wanted to sing a solo. And once, at a week-day funeral, our tenor crowded me even to my embarrassment with a request that he might be permitted to precede the arrival of the train of mourners with a vocal piece in the gallery, for he had just heard that two members of the music-committee of another congregation would be present, and he wished them to hear him, as he desired to secure the place of conductor there.

"Art's a service, mark!" But does it take the place of the rest of the service also? This entire discussion turns at once upon the answer to the question whether the choir, the organ, the tune-book, and the blower are for the sake of helping God's people worship Him, or whether the public assemblies of Christians are for the sake of an artistic regalement of listeners, the personal exhibition of musicians, or the advertisement of professional soloists who are competing for a salary.

In our travels, some of us have seen the old organ in a remote village of Germany on the case of which are carved in the ruggedness of Teutonic characters three mottoes: if they could be rendered from their terse poetry into English they would do valiant service in our times for all the singers and players together. Across the top of the key-board is this: "Thou playest here not for thyself, thou playest for the congregation; so the playing should elevate the heart, should be simple, earnest, and pure." Across above the right-hand row of stops is this: "The organ-tone must ever be adapted to the subject of the song; it is for thee, therefore, to read the hymn entirely through so as to catch its true spirit." Across above the left-hand stops is this: "In order that thy playing shall not bring the singing into confusion, it is becoming that thou listen sometimes, and as thou hearest thou wilt be likelier to play as God's people sing."

Charles S. Robinson.

#### Fielding.

WITHIN the past few months, a bust of Fielding has been placed in the vestibule of the shire hall at Taunton, Somersetshire. Both Old and New England may



be said to have united in paying this tribute to the great novelist; for the speech at the unveiling of the bust was made by the American Minister. No one needs to be assured that the address on the occasion was fitting and felicitous. Some surprise, however, has been excited by the view then and there expressed of the character of Fielding; for, whether correct or incorrect, it does not seem altogether to accord with either the contemporary or the traditional reputation of the man. Yet any false impression conveyed by it, if such there were, was probably not owing to the fact that what was said was untrue, but to the entirely different fact that all that may be true was not said. Let us not, however, scan too critically anything that comes from a quarter in which silence has never been a virtue. American literature has made to American diplomacy a gift it can little afford, when the published work of Lowell for six years would hardly fill six pages.

It is sufficiently appropriate that a recognition in this way of the Somersetshire novelist should be made in his native county. But the real monument which Fielding's memory most needs is one that does not ask for the chisel of any sculptor or the voice of any orator. It is, moreover, a memorial which it would neither be difficult to raise nor pecuniarily unprofitable. That memorial is a complete edition of his writings. Though one hundred and thirty years have gone by since his death, this act of justice to his reputation has never yet been performed. Apparently, it has never once been contemplated. A portion of his work — and, in a certain way, of work especially characteristic — is practically inaccessible to the immense majority of English-speaking men. We are the losers by this neglect more than he. The mystery that envelops much of Fielding's career can never be cleared away, the estimate of his character and conduct can never be satisfactorily fixed, until everything he wrote has been put into the hands of independent investigators pursuing separate lines of study. Equally essential is such a collection to our knowledge of the literary, the social, and even the political history of his time.

Fielding's collected works were first published in 1762. To them was prefixed an essay on his life and genius by Arthur Murphy — an essay more remarkable for what it did not contain than for what it did, and distinguished in particular for the lofty scorn it expressed of what it called the "cruelty of narrative" practiced by certain biographers who had no higher object than to pander to a depraved taste, seeking merely for information. Murphy's collection, or rather selection, remained for nearly a century the one generally adopted. Roscoe, however, added some pieces never before reprinted, and a still larger number of pieces of this class were included in the ten-volume edition of Fielding's works which was published in 1871, and especially in the supplementary volume which appeared in 1872. To this collection the ponderous *édition de luxe* of 1882 added a little. But it seems as yet never to have occurred either to publishers or editors that it was worth while to have all of Fielding's works reprinted. In one or two cases, this has been due more to ignorance than to design. It is pretty certain, indeed, that some of the novelist's miscellaneous writings have escaped the attention of most, if not of all, bibliographers and biographers. Reference, for instance, is often made to, and quotations

have sometimes been taken from, the unsigned preface which he prefixed to his sister's "Familiar Letters between the Principal Characters in David Simple," published in April, 1747. But it is certainly not generally known — I am not sure even that it has ever been observed — that five of these letters, extending from page 294 to page 352 of the second volume, were the work of Fielding himself, and not of his sister. Their style would betray their authorship, even were this not directly asserted. The first of these five, it may be remarked, has a certain special interest on account of its criticism of the stage during the season of 1746-1747, and its allusion to a certain actor, meaning Garrick, as one "who never had, nor, I believe, ever will have, an equal."

Without mentioning other pieces of Fielding's which have never been reprinted, there is one class of his writings that has been treated, not so much with neglect as with unaccountable caprice. These are his contributions to the periodicals with which he was connected. Fielding, during his career, was the editor of four papers, "The Champion," "The True Patriot," "The Jacobite Journal," and "The Covent Garden Journal." He was a warm partisan, he gave little quarter to his opponents, and he certainly received none from them. His attacks, however, were mainly directed against their intellectual flabbiness and political misconduct; theirs were directed against his morals and personal character. It is possible that they aimed at his vulnerable part, as he assuredly did at theirs. But these papers are not merely political; they are also full of references to the social and literary history of the times. Still, they have never been reprinted save in part. The meager selection made by Murphy, with little taste and less judgment, has until very recently been slavishly followed. The latest edition, though it has added something, is still far from complete; and this, too, when pieces much inferior in interest and importance have been carefully reprinted. It is perfectly safe to say that a complete set of the four journals above mentioned cannot be found in all the public and private libraries of the United States put together. It is even doubtful if there exists in this country a complete set of a single one of them. The essays from "The Champion" were, it is true, reprinted in two volumes in June, 1741, and subsequently republished in 1766. But these did not embrace anything written after June, 1740, and Fielding himself assures us that it was in June, 1741, that he ceased writing for that paper. In this respect, students of the period are doubtless far better off in Great Britain than in the United States. Yet it is a significant fact that, even there, Lawrence, in his "Life of Fielding," — a laborious though not altogether successful work, — confessed that he had never been lucky enough to meet with an original copy of "The Jacobite Journal." No genuine investigator would ever be satisfied with a selection from these essays: he wants them, for he needs them all. Moreover, little respect can be paid to the judgment which made the selection originally. Of the thirty-three numbers of "The True Patriot," Murphy published only ten. One of those that he did not publish was the twenty-eighth number, which appeared May 13, 1746, and was entitled "An Address from a Footman in a Great Family to his Brethren of the



Cloth on the Execution of Matthew Henderson,"—Henderson being a footman executed the preceding month for the murder of his mistress under peculiarly aggravating circumstances. In all of Fielding's writings, hardly a finer specimen can be found of the irony in which he excelled than in this essay, which will be sought for in vain in editions of his so-called complete works. This meagerness of selection is even worse in the case of "The Jacobite Journal," which was published weekly from December 5, 1747, to November 5, 1748. Of the fifty numbers belonging to it, two only can be found in any of the editions of Fielding's works.

It is certainly full time that everything produced by the first great English novelist should be gathered together and put where every man who wishes it can find it. A critical edition of Fielding's writings, in which every change of text made by the author during his life-time should be noted, would be nothing more than a just recognition of his claims as a classic. This may be too much to expect. But there is surely no reason, either literary or pecuniary, why we should be deprived of the possession of his complete works.

T. R. Lounsbury.

#### Trades-Unions.

I HAVE read with much interest the several chapters of "The Bread-Winners," as also the correspondence in "Open Letters" of the October magazine.

While I make no pretensions to an intimate knowledge of the methods advocated and pursued by trades-unions, yet I cannot help feeling that the trades-unionists have been misrepresented by the author of "The Bread-Winners."

The late unsuccessful strike of the telegraph operators was an ineffectual protest of underpaid labor against a gigantic and heartless corporation. So far from its being started by a "few conspirators whose vanity and arrogance blinded them to the plainest considerations of common sense," it was a national movement, advocated by nine-tenths of the operators, and had the sympathy of the vast majority of the American people, and which was deplorable only in its fruitlessness.

The members of trades-unions do not surrender their individuality, nor do they follow blindly the dictates of their leaders. They are principally intelligent and honorable citizens. Of course, it will be admitted by all that there is more or less destruction of property, etc., in most strikes. But the respectable should not be held accountable for the ill deeds of the rascals; the many should not be judged by the few. Labor, of course, has a perfect right to demand the highest price it can get, and so long as it leaves unmolested the property of others, it is entitled to the respect of the people.

Railroads, telegraph companies, and the like, as a general thing, pay immense dividends, the funds for which come out of the pockets of the people. The corporations force labor down to the barest minimum on which it can subsist, and when the laborers, like Oliver Twist, ask for more, the cry is raised that the security of society is threatened; and as in the novel, the request for more is denied, and the workmen are put upon a bread-and-water diet for their impudence. There is, I am happy to say, a growing sentiment in favor of the Government's taking control of

the railroads and telegraph wires. This done, transportation and telegraphing will be immeasurably cheapened, and labor in these departments will receive its full and natural reward.

The author of "The Bread-Winners" should bear in mind that "In union is strength" is as good a motto for laborers as for legislators. Men linked together for a common object, advising and counseling among themselves and accepting the views of a majority of their number, can always be more certain of success than if every one followed a policy of his own. Collectively, the workmen can accomplish wonders; individually, they can do nothing.

J. H. Loomis.

#### Petrography and the Microscope.

I TAKE pleasure in responding to your request for a brief description of one of the youngest of the sciences—petrography, or lithology, a science the delicacy and elegance of which, as well as its great economic importance, entitle it to rank with its sister science, spectroscopy, as one of the marvels of the age. The study is still in its infancy, being little more than twenty years old, and but few popular accounts of it have yet been written. The tool of the petrographer is the polarizing microscope, and his field of work the investigation of the intimate interior structure of rocks. The folk-lore tales have become true: we have magicians now who can look through the solid rock and tell you what lies hidden in its heart. Extremes meet in the new science; the rich pencilings of the spectroscope tell the atomic story of a star millions of miles away, and the translucence of the rock-shaving, as seen under the microscope, invites the eye to witness the solidifications and crystallizations that befell a million years ago.

To see what a vast new field of investigation is opened up, consider the old methods of identifying the mineral components of fine-grained and minutely crystalline rocks. These methods were two, the hand lens and chemical analysis, both rude and imperfect in the case of most rocks. To offer a chemical analysis of certain aggregations of minute minerals, and call it a complete account of the specimen, would be very much like trying to get an idea of St. Mark's in Venice from its ruins—reconstructing in the mind the infinite complexity of its patterns of colored marbles out of the heaps of dust and *débris* into which they had been shattered. For many rocks, differing widely in minute structure and mineral composition, yield identical results under mere chemical analysis, and there are numerous little interchanges in the composition and molecular arrangement of rock-aggregates which chemistry could never discover. There are building-stones which undergo disintegration when they should not, and there are rocks which ought to contain metalliferous lodes, but do not. Micro-lithology ought in time to solve these puzzles, and undoubtedly will do so. An instance of its practical application has come under my notice, *i. e.*, a microscopical study, by Dr. M. E. Wadsworth of Harvard College, of the iron ore, or peridotite, of Iron Mine Hill, Cumberland, Rhode Island, in which the metallurgical problems presented to the iron-master by that ore are for the first time practically solved.

It is difficult to give an untechnical explanation of