

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Open Constituencies.

It has been the rule in this country that a legislative officer shall be a resident of the district from which he is chosen, and to this rule there have been few exceptions. Many of the State constitutions, indeed, require it, though some do not; while the Constitution of the United States only requires that a member of the House of Representatives shall be a resident of the State from which he is chosen. But, whether required or not, the practice has been everywhere observed in State and nation; and there has been, so far as we know, no important movement toward abandoning it in any part of the country. To be sure, ambitious city men are sometimes elected from their country homes; but they are apt, naturally enough, to have to combat a prejudice in procuring a representative office by such a makeshift.

In England, on the contrary, no such rule is known. Members of the House of Commons are, indeed, chosen by districts, each having one or more representatives; but the member chosen need not be a resident of the district itself, but may be taken from any part of the United Kingdom. Hence, at every parliamentary election, many boroughs and counties select as their representatives men that have never been residents there, and whose capacity for legislation is their sole recommendation to the favor of their constituents.

There is a good deal to be said in favor of the American system, for in many respects it has worked well. It has brought out men who have proved of great use in public affairs, and who might not have come to the front under a different system. On the other hand, the objections to the American method are of no little moment. In the first place, the rule of always choosing a resident often results in putting into office men of inferior ability, to the detriment of the public welfare. It frequently happens that there is no resident of conspicuous ability whose views are sufficiently accordant with those of the voters to secure his election; and when this is the case, an inferior man is necessarily chosen instead. There is in all countries a tendency on the part of the ablest men to concentrate in or near the large towns, because it is here, as a rule, that they find the best opportunities for the exercise of their talents. Commerce necessarily centers in such places, and the wealth that thus gathers there brings with it a large proportion of the ablest lawyers, teachers, and other professional men, as well as men of business. In other words, the rural districts are largely drained of their ablest men by the superior attractions of the cities; so that, in some districts, the number of men really fitted for high political office is small. The consequence is, that men of inferior character are often unavoidably chosen as representatives; men who would hardly be selected if the English custom prevailed of seeking a representative wherever a suitable person might be found.

Again, the American custom has the effect of keeping out of office many men who would be of great service to the country if they could get elected, and who might get elected if they could have their choice of a constituency, but who stand no chance at all in the district in which they happen to live. Some districts, especially in the great cities, are peopled by ignorant masses, whose choice of a representative is but slightly governed by considerations of fitness, and the ablest man in such a district would have small chance of getting elected. Hence, there result from our method of election two closely related evils, the actual choice of inferior men who happen to be residents, and the resignation to private life of many abler men who reside among an ignorant or unsympathetic constituency.

But perhaps the worst effect of the prevailing custom is the spirit of provincialism infused by it into our national politics. Every member of Congress is obliged, under penalty of losing his seat, to look out for the local interests of his district, however opposed they may be to the general good; and thus local interests are liable to become paramount in his mind over the national welfare and the principles of justice. Conspicuous instances of this sort have been repeatedly seen in the case of tariff legislation, and in the river and harbor jobs, whose very name has become odious. And if a representative is unfaithful to these local interests, however sinister they may be, he may at any time lose his office, in spite of important services rendered to the nation at large. But if he could present himself for election in any part of his own State, it would often happen that, when he was rejected by one constituency, he would be chosen by another, and thus a man of eminent fitness would seldom lose his office on account of local jealousy or provincial dislike.

It is somewhat remarkable that the custom of always choosing a resident has been so long retained, notwithstanding its inconveniences. But the narrow, provincial spirit which leads to the magnifying of local interests has too widely prevailed among us; and so long as this continues to be the case, the irrational custom is likely to be maintained. We believe, however, that this spirit is much less prevalent than it was, and that the American people are now more truly one in feeling than ever before; and we think that, in the more enlightened constituencies, no great effort would be required to abolish the present cast-iron custom altogether. That its abolition would result, in many instances, in giving us abler legislators there can be little doubt, while at the same time it would promote the independence of the legislators themselves, by freeing them from the thralldom of mere local interests. In our opinion, a popular leader would render his country no inconsiderable service by breaking through the absurd custom of a hundred years, and presenting himself for election in a district where he did not reside; and we are confident that if the custom was once broken, the advan-

tages of the new system would speedily be recognized. One of the principal uses of a Congressman has hitherto been the obtaining of small federal offices for his "constituents." Under the dawning régime of reform this degrading misuse of representatives will be done away with, and "open constituencies" will be more possible and more probable in America.

Is the Old Faith Dying ?

THE question as to the present status of Christianity in Christian lands is now under discussion; and the statements made by debaters on either side as to the facts of the case are curiously variant. On the one side, it is asserted in the most unqualified manner that belief in the facts and doctrines of the Christian religion is nearly obsolete; that the faith of our fathers has no longer any practical hold on the community; that the intelligent and influential citizens have nearly all parted company with the churches; and that the day is not distant when Christianity will be numbered among the effete superstitions. The truth of this statement seems, to those who make it, so obvious that they take no pains to prove it; it is assumed, as a postulate, in all their reasoning; it would be superfluous, they think, to show *that* these things are so; all that is required is to show *why* they are so.

On the other side, the disputants begin by denying the existence of any such facts as these antagonists assume, and by demanding the production of them. Not only so, they have recourse to the census of the United States and to the various year books and published records of the various Christian sects, to show that Christianity is gaining instead of losing ground; that the number of communicants in the various churches is increasing faster than the population; and that the sittings in the churches are now three times as numerous, in proportion to the number of the people, as they were in the days of the Revolution; so that if one-third of the room in them is now occupied, the church attendance must be at least as large, relatively, as it was one hundred years ago. Every habitual church-goer knows that more than one-third of the room is occupied at the ordinary Sunday services; while the extent to which the church is used for purposes of worship and instruction is greatly increased by the multiplication of services, both on week-days and on Sundays, and especially by the rise and progress of Sunday-schools. In most Protestant churches, the congregation which meets at the Sunday-school service is nearly as large as that which gathers for the morning preaching-service, and the two congregations are composed, to a large extent, of different persons—not one-half of the members of the Sunday-school being present at the preaching-service. This state of things may not be desirable; but the fact must be noted in making up our estimate of the number of persons in the community brought under the influence of the churches.

To this class of facts constant appeal is made by those who dispute the assumption that Christianity is a waning faith. The volume of the Rev. Daniel Dorchester, in which figures compiled from the census and from the official records of the different sects are clearly presented, makes a striking presentation of the growth of the Christian faith. By tables which have

been for some time before the public, and which have not, so far as we know, been controverted, it is made to appear that the number of communicants in the evangelical Protestant churches has increased, since the beginning of this century, three times as fast as the population. Some of these figures, with others confirming them, have lately been adduced by Dr. Ward in a discussion of this subject in the "North American Review." The showing made in this compact and vigorous article should have the effect to push the debate back to the settlement of the question of fact. Before any further arguments are constructed to show why Christianity is obsolescent, it would be necessary to bring forth some reasons for believing that such is the case. To prove mathematically that Christianity is true, or untrue, may be somewhat difficult; but there can be no serious difficulty in making it appear whether or not it is losing its hold upon the thought and life of the people. And it would be a much more scientific method of procedure if those who maintain the decadence of the popular faith would take a little trouble to acquaint themselves with the facts that bear upon this particular point.

It is often said specifically that men of affairs, as a class, have lost their interest in the churches, and an attempt was lately made to test the truth of this assertion. In an Eastern city, with a population of a little less than forty thousand, the president and cashier of one of the national banks were requested to furnish a list of the fifty strongest business firms in the city, with the name of the head of each firm. The gentlemen furnishing the list had no knowledge whatever of the use that was to be made of it. In classifying fifty-four names thus given, it was found that there were seven whose relation to the churches was unknown to the gentleman who had obtained the list; six who were not identified with any of them; and forty-one who were all regular attendants upon the churches and generous supporters of their work—the great majority of them communicants. In a Western city of a little more than sixty thousand inhabitants, a similar list of fifty-two names was obtained in the same way; and the analysis showed three whose ecclesiastical standing was unknown; one Jew; six not connected with churches; and forty-two regular church-goers, of whom thirty-one were communicants. These lists were both made up by well-informed and sagacious business men; the cities represented by them are not conspicuously religious communities; and the composition of them gives small color to the notion that the business men of our cities are estranged from the churches. It is astonishing that such a notion should ever have gained currency, in the face of the palpable fact that so much money is contributed every year for the support of the churches and the prosecution of their charitable and missionary enterprises.

It is possible that a fair showing with respect to the business men of other cities might be less favorable than that here presented; but it is almost certain that a complete induction of facts would correct the impression that the churches have lost their hold upon this class of men.

It is true that a comparatively small number of very respectable persons have withdrawn from all connection with the churches, and have shut their minds, in a temper the reverse of scientific, against all ideas and

influences which proceed from this source. But for this, they would be made aware of two facts of which they now seem oblivious: first, that many of the churches are quietly and cautiously adjusting their current teaching to the growing light of the age, so that there is much less repugnance between their doctrines and modern science than is often imagined; second, that they are learning to enter, by a truer sympathy and a more intelligent ministry, into the real life of men, and thus to maintain and strengthen their hold upon the masses of the people. Unquestionably, the "non-church-goer" who started this discussion, and all that class of outside critics to which he belongs, have much to learn respecting the real condition and prospects of the church of Christ in America. If their information were better, their

estimates would be more hopeful and their judgments more sympathetic. And they cannot too soon disabuse their minds of the belief that the Christian religion is in its decadence. Such facts as those to which we have referred show its outward growth; but the real signs of its progress cannot be expressed in figures. It is the gospel of the leaven rather than the gospel of the mustard-seed whose triumphs are most signal and most sure. The one grand fact on which defenders of Christianity should rest their case is presented in these words of Canon Fremantle: "The Spirit of Christ is supreme over the whole range of the secular life,—education, trade, literature, art, science, and politics,—and is seen to be practically vindicating this supremacy." If this can be seen, it is worth seeing. No fact could be more significant or more impressive.

OPEN LETTERS.

Matthew Arnold in America.

ONE of the signs that this country has reached its majority—reached it through the ennobling sacrifices of the civil war, which changed our political boyhood into manhood—is the fact that Americans are no longer sensitive to foreign criticism. The nation is too big, prosperous, good-natured to care what Europe thinks. The continent no longer trembles when a distinguished foreign critic sets his foot on it. He is welcome to fill his note-book and go his way; and by and by, when he publishes his "Notes of a Short Journey in the United States," or "Observations on the Social and Political System of American Democracy," we will read his little book, perhaps with amusement, perhaps with profit to ourselves, but certainly without that eager curiosity to know how we look to our visitors that used to possess us in *ante-bellum* days.

Yet the arrival among us of so acute a social observer as Mr. Matthew Arnold deserves a passing notice. I am not going to try to prophesy what Mr. Arnold's experiences here may be, nor to anticipate his judgment of society in the United States. What he thinks of us in a general way we already know from the preface to "Culture and Anarchy," and from his article last year in "The Nineteenth Century," "A Word about America." The opinion there given was evidently quite firmly held, although modestly expressed, and there is little reason to expect that a brief stay in this country will modify it much. But as our critic is always insisting upon the need of a greater flexibility of mind and accessibility to ideas in people of British stock, we may predict that he will in this instance practice that favorite virtue, and hold his opinion subject to some revision. Indeed, he has acknowledged that it is difficult "to speak of a people merely from what one reads."

There are one or two things, however, which, it may with confidence be predicted, he will find here, and will find perhaps worth studying. He will find, for instance, that democracy which he foresees to be inevitable, and that equality which he thinks desirable

in modern society. But whether the particular type of democracy and equality which we have developed will seem to him admirable is doubtful. "In America perhaps," he once wrote, "we see the disadvantages of having social equality before there has been any high standard of social life and manners formed." Again, Mr. Arnold has written much and ably on the question of secondary education, and has advocated the establishment in England of higher schools for the instruction of the middle class, which should enjoy state support and supervision like the French *lycées*. He will, therefore, naturally be interested in the public school systems of our cities, and in the state universities of some of our Western States. It is true that he has expressed in advance an unfavorable opinion of our secondary schools, and has intimated that, like the English classical and commercial academies, they have not "a serious programme—a programme really suited to the wants and capacities of those who are to be trained." I venture, however, to express the hope that he will have time to look closer into this matter, and to give us the results of his observations.

Finally, he will find the Philistine here in great rankness and luxuriance; and my chief object in writing this letter is to say why I think that we need not be overmuch disquieted by the presence of the Philistine among us, or by Mr. Arnold's discovery that he exists here in overwhelming numbers and in flagrant type. It is well known that our critic has divided English society into three classes, which he politely names Barbarians, Philistines, and Populace. In America, he tells us, there are no Barbarians and hardly any Populace. The great bulk of the nation consists of the Philistines; a livelier kind of Philistine, he admits, and more accessible to ideas, than his English brother, but left more to himself, and without the social standard furnished by an aristocracy. I believe it was Mr. Arnold who, in his essay on Heine, first imported the word Philistine into English, and he has succeeded in domesticating it by dint of repetition in his later essays. Yet even now it may be doubted whether the great British and American public has any clear notion of

the right meaning of the term. There was an amusing discussion in the English newspapers some time since as to whether Macaulay was or was not a Philistine. I do not remember that Mr. Arnold ever called him one. He has in many passages of his writings been very hard upon Macaulay for being a rhetorician, for lacking intellectual delicacy, and for being dogmatic, superficial, uncritical, and what not. But surely it would be a confusion of terms to apply to a man of Macaulay's inquisitive and speculative spirit a term which always implies in Mr. Arnold's use of it a distrust of ideas, an inflexibility of mind, an adherence to routine and machinery.

The truth is that Mr. Arnold's Philistine is identical with what we know in America as the practical man; the man who is impatient of "theories," and who brings everything to the test of utility; who does not care for "the things of the mind" except in so far as they minister to immediate practical ends. To Mr. Arnold the representative *par excellence* of Philistinism is the respectable English Liberal and Puritan Dissenter of the middle classes, whose life vibrates between "business and Bethels." It is the "hideousness and immense ennui" of the life lived by this person which afflicts the critic's imagination. The Philistine, he insists, must transform himself. He has "a defective type of religion, a narrow range of intellect and knowledge, a stunted sense of beauty, a low standard of manners." He must be civilized, must get sweetness and light. He must aim at culture, which is "the study and pursuit of perfection." And the chief agency, at present, for the diffusion of culture is criticism, "a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." It is admitted, however, that the Philistine may and does possess all the solid virtues, industry, integrity, piety, etc.

Now, I think it is evident why we need not be overmuch disquieted by the reflection that the mass of Americans are Philistines. Mr. Arnold's vision of a transformed society in which the Philistine shall have been utterly abolished out of the land is, it is to be feared, an unattainable though a beautiful ideal. The rough work of the world has got to be done by men and women who have small leisure for the study and pursuit of perfection—even perhaps of moral perfection—and to whom a disinterested concern for the things of the mind will always be an impossibility. They have got to think of their business, and to find their happiness in it rather than in self-culture. And if their life outside of their business, if their religion, their amusements, etc., seem to the man of fine culture and wider horizons to be unsatisfactory, humdrum, and full of "immense ennui," he should not therefore call them hideous, though he may legitimately enough try to show them a better way. We cannot all of us employ our spare moments in reading Greek poetry.

I know that Mr. Arnold says, or seems to say, that there have been entire communities in possession of sweetness and light, but that appears doubtful. "By the Ilissus there was no Wragg, poor thing!" Perhaps not, but the Philistine was there; yes, we may feel sure that the Philistine was there, though the Ilissus is so far removed from us that the unfortunate man is not revealed to us as clearly as when he is our neighbor.

The best thing that we can do with our Philistine is to accept him and live on terms with him, while offering him every practicable means for self-improvement. Mr. Arnold complains that the English—and therefore, by implication, the American—middle class is vulgarized. This would be true if there went nothing to make vulgarity but the absence of high thinking and fine manners and tastes. But one may be without these and yet not be vulgar. Intellectual narrowness, social plainness, the absence of beauty, the hard conditions to which most men are more or less condemned, are far from constituting vulgarity. Mr. Arnold's impatience of the Philistine seems to spring from a certain unsympathetic attitude toward the homely—or, if he chooses, vulgar—aspects of human life which, though superficially ugly, are necessary, and therefore not unwholesome, nor indeed even altogether unlovely. Even in his more strictly literary criticism this defective sympathy is apparent. The quality which he praises most is *distinction* in style and thought, urbanity, dignity, intellectual delicacy, rather than what is most broadly and intensely human. He has no relish of the healthy coarseness of nature. In all his laudation of equality he remains at heart aristocratic. He does not feel with or for the lower classes as they are, but he wants to make gentlemen of them! If he wishes to understand the true spirit of American democracy, let him turn his attention for a moment to the remarkable literary phenomenon offered by the "poems" of Walt Whitman. Here, amid much rankness and formlessness, much slovenly writing and defective art, and some affectation, he will find the most vivid and powerful explosions of the true democratic spirit known in literature. By the true democratic spirit, I mean the spirit of exultant hope and confidence in the future of the people; the spirit of good fellowship, friendliness, brotherhood with the average man; and even a physical comfort in the contact of the healthy human animal, man or woman,—a liking for the warm, gregarious pressure of the crowd. This is the real equality: not merely the praiseworthy wish to elevate the middle and lower classes by culture up to a position where it is possible for a man of refinement to sympathize with them intellectually; but a willingness—nay, a strong thirst and impulse—to meet them on the basis of their common manhood; to interest one's self in their characters, feelings, life experiences. A man who may have an appreciation of Greek poetry, but who likes to put on a flannel shirt on occasion, go about among farmers, fishermen, commercial travelers, and see life from their point of view without being offended by their want of sweetness and light, is the ideal American democrat.

As to the welcome which our distinguished guest will receive in America, we do not doubt that it will be a hearty one—though heartiness is not, perhaps, a trait which Mr. Arnold specially prizes. It may be better to say, therefore, that his welcome will be appreciative. I do not allude to personal hospitalities, but to the respectful gratification at his presence in the country of the many who have long owed him an intellectual debt; or perhaps it might be truer to say the few who have owed him this debt. He has spoken of himself, now and then, as an unpopular writer; and possibly, in view of his rather low estimate of the

popular taste, the phrase is not altogether one of self-disparagement. His writings are certainly not as dear to the great heart of the people as are those of Dickens, Kingsley, and some other English authors who have visited their American constituency. Yet I know numbers of young men—and some, alas! no longer young—who have found in Matthew Arnold's poetry a more exact answer to their intellectual and emotional wants than in any poetry of Tennyson's or even of Emerson's. They have found, too, a classical purity and restraint of manner, "a certain Doric delicacy,"—such as Sir Henry Wotton was ravished with in the odes and songs of "Comus,"—which has imparted a finer gusto to their literary palates than anything else in contemporary poetry. They are apt to regret that a poet who has written such poetry as "The Scholar Gypsy" and "Thyrsis," as "Empedocles on Etna" and "The Sick King in Bokhara," should have—comparatively—wasted his time of late in scolding the British Philistine. And though they know that no poet can compel the service of his muse, yet they are fond of pointing to Mr. Arnold as an instance of the peril which attends a writer who allows himself to get more and more into an exclusively critical attitude, and to forget the habit of original creation. They know, of course, what their favorite poet's plea would be, what it already has been in his essay on "The Function of Criticism": that the times are unfit; that a period of criticism is needed to prepare another era of creative power. But, besides that, some of Mr. Arnold's admirers do not altogether believe the doctrine of that essay; they profess themselves eager to take prose if they cannot get poetry; such prose, *i. e.*, as that of his earlier and pleasanter essays—the essays "On-Translating Homer," on Heine and the De Guérins, on "Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment." Beautiful prose that was—simple, pliant, delicate, flowing so subtly and quietly into all the folds of the subject. But they are growing tired of hearing about the Philistine.

As regards the spread of Mr. Arnold's ideas about social classes, political tendencies, education, etc., or in other words, as regards the general influence of his writings in this country, I am afraid that his ideas in themselves are unpopular; and then that there is something fastidious, patronizing, *de haut en bas* in his way of remonstrating with the Philistine, which exasperates the latter and hardens him in his error. I once heard a public speaker fall with great fury upon a sentence of Mr. Arnold's in which he had declared that the Cornell University seemed "to rest on a provincial misconception of what culture truly is, and to be calculated to produce miners, or engineers, or architects, not sweetness and light." What, then, asked in effect this eloquent public speaker and influential statesman,—what, then, in Heaven's name is a university *for* if not to produce miners or engineers or other trained men to do their work in the world, and to do it thoroughly? And what is this vague, fugacious "sweetness and light" which this unpractical doctrinaire offers us? etc., etc. One can imagine with what delicate irony Mr. Arnold would reply to this orating Philistine. How gently he would point out to him that our need is rather for more light than for immediate acting; and that this mania for acting, on the part of the Liberal party in England, has re-

sulted in the bill for enabling a man to marry his deceased wife's sister.

Not that Mr. Arnold was wrong in what he wrote about the true purpose of a university; but that, in his way of approaching the tired politician or business man who has been bearing the burden and heat of the fight, with his proffer of sweetness and light and his complaint of the hideousness of such names as Higginbottom, Stiggins, Bugg, Wragg, and other Anglo-Saxon outrages on euphony which have come betwixt the wind and his nobility,—in all this there is a slight suggestion, to the tired warrior of the gentleman whose chat annoyed Hotspur.

Not, I repeat, that he was wrong, for it is for the steady maintenance in his writings of a "disinterested" ideal of culture that the friends of liberal education should be most grateful to him. At a time when many philosophers are telling us that the development of human society, being the final step in the evolution of life, is to be, and ought to be, accompanied by the closer and ever closer specializing of functions in the individuals of that society—so that the miner, *e. g.*, shall tend more and more to be merely a miner, and the engineer merely an engineer, and every man of continually less importance as an individual and continually greater importance as a "differentiated" crank or organ in the social machine or body,—at such a time Mr. Arnold upholds the old idea that the highest product of social machinery is a *man*, and not a miner or engineer, and the highest object of educational systems is the culture of a man, or in other words, "the study and pursuit of perfection." It is very true that, under present conditions, for a long time to come such culture is attainable only by the few. But for that matter, wealth, ease, leisure, and many other desirable things are attainable only by the few. Perhaps the time may come, in the future of the race, when every one will have the time and means to do his duty to society without neglecting his highest duty to himself. Of such a time Matthew Arnold is one of the prophets.

Henry A. Beers.

"The Bread-winners."

A COMMENT.

I BELIEVE that all editors receive constantly letters about novels which they are publishing; and as it is at least a sign of interest, I have general usage to warrant me in committing my first sin of the sort, with "The Bread-winners" as my text. This story is well written, and I all the more regret the assumption in its second number that trades-unions are composed either of ignorant and lazy dupes, or of such wretches as Offitt. It is a bit of snobbishness imported from England, where even it has been an impossible position to be taken by good writers since "Put Yourself in His Place" was written. Strong as that was, and attacking only one of the abuses of trades-unionism, it failed in its purpose; and while violence seldom now characterizes an English strike, it is because the unions have become so strong that they are a recognized power, whose demands must be respected. When such men as Mill and Thornton and George advocate the banding of laborers together for mutual protection, novelists who trade more largely on sentiment and

sympathy with the oppressed should at least advance sufficiently to keep an even front with the economists. Taking the wage-fund theory at its extreme,—that labor is a commodity,—it is absurd to say that the buyer only should dictate the price, and that both parties to the transaction should not stand on an equal footing in the “haggling of the market,” either side using all the advantages that it can obtain, in any way short of actual violence. But, apart from discussion of the wages question on its merits, it is simply untruthful and worthy only of the more ignorant class of journalists to continue the assertion that trades-unions are mainly controlled and strikes inaugurated by agitators, interested only for what they can make out of them. Such men as John Jarrett, the ex-president of the Iron and Steel Workers, receive salaries for their services, but they earn every cent of them; and among these “labor agitators” there is not only organizing ability of the highest order, but more unselfishness than is displayed in nine-tenths of the business and social bodies by which work of any sort is accomplished through united effort. Nor is it fair or true that only the incompetent and idle workmen support these movements. If this were so, they would never have attained the proportions to which they have grown abroad, and which they are daily reaching here. The whole thing is only a rational solution of the labor question, the only possible one while men are inclined to look only at their own interests, unless some equal or superior power shall compel them to consider the interests of those with whom they are dealing. Thackeray and Dickens were powerful because they supported justice against prejudice, not less than by reason of their great genius; and the author of “The Bread-winners” will never turn out permanently valuable work, so long as he misrepresents a legitimate force in the interests of a false political economy and an antiquated spirit of caste.

Edward J. Shriver.

REPLY BY THE AUTHOR.

As I have not represented Mr. Offitt and his friends as trades-unionists, I might properly decline any controversy as to the merits of these organizations. It may be as well, however, to say a word in answer to the sweeping assertions of Mr. Shriver, though anything like a discussion of the matter is impossible in the limits which THE CENTURY can allow to such a note as this. Mr. Shriver makes the familiar claim of the harmless and rational processes of trades-unions; yet he knows that no important strike has ever been carried through without violence, and that no long strike has ever been ended without murder. He insists on the right of the workman to sell his labor at the best price; yet he knows that trades-unionism is the very negation of that right. The inner circle of petty tyrants who govern the trades-unions expressly forbid the working-man to make his own bargain with his employer; his boys may become thieves and vagabonds, his girls may take to the streets, but they shall not learn his trade, or any other honest trade, without the consent of the union. It is only a few years since we saw the streets of Pittsburgh devastated by murder, arson, and rapine,

through a rising which agitators could originate but could not control; it is only a few weeks since we saw some thousands of telegraph operators foolishly give up their means of livelihood at the dictation of a few conspirators, whose vanity and arrogance had blinded them to the plainest considerations of common sense. No one who has read the newspapers, for the last ten years, is ignorant of the existence of those secret orders, the offspring and the hideous caricatures of trades-unions, which come to the surface occasionally in the Pennsylvania courts, in connection with a story which begins with assassination and ends, most properly, with the gallows. I have made, I trust, a legitimate use of these evident facts, and do not feel myself called upon to discuss the rights and wrongs of trades-unions. I am not touched by the appeal Mr. Shriver makes to my literary ambition. “I follow use, not fame.” If I could make one working-man see that, in joining a secret society which compels him by oath to give up his conscience and his children’s bread to the caprice or ambition of any “Master Workman” or “Executive Council,” he is committing an act of folly whose consequences he cannot foresee, and placing himself in the power of an utterly irresponsible despotism, I should be better satisfied than if I should “turn out” what Mr. Shriver and Mr. Offitt would consider “permanently valuable work.”

Author of “The Bread-winners.”

Opera in New York.

THOSE who ought to know shake their heads at the idea of two Italian opera companies singing in New York at the same time. German opera, at one of the two principal houses, offsetting the usual Italian opera, would be, they think, a healthier kind of competition, and would better serve the public and the interests of musical culture. Americans, and especially New Yorkers, have grown up with Italian opera, which for more than half a century has kept the field. Fondness for beautiful voices and appreciation of refined execution in singing have been greatly developed by this education; but it must be confessed that Italian opera has exerted a perverting influence upon church music, in so far as our composers have adopted its forms for sacred songs and church services. With increasing musical knowledge our people have learned to appreciate the great orchestral and choral works of the German masters; and in latter years the Italian opera company has attempted to give “Fidelio,” “Lohengrin,” and “Flying Dutchman,” but only with indifferent success. The widespread appreciation of Wagner’s music has been due to the selections given in concert by Theodore Thomas, who has brought the orchestral forces in New York to such a degree of perfection, that at the present day the Philharmonic Orchestra is almost unrivaled by any orchestra in Europe. And probably the deepest musical impression ever made in this country was when Frau Materna, at the May Festival, sang portions of Wagner’s “Ring of the Nibelung.”

One necessary requisite for German opera—a magnificent orchestra—we already possess. But we need besides a trained chorus of German singers, and,

most important of all, good soloists. Our public is accustomed to hear first-class singers in Italian opera; but it would not be easy to procure equally good singers of German opera. It is a peculiarity of German singers that they like to establish themselves at some court theater, where they will be free from the distractions and weariness of a nomadic life, and where they will have time for conscientious study and are sure of a pension when their vocal powers become impaired. On the other hand, singers who are in the employ of speculators or "impresarios" are as a rule overworked. A large sum of money must be made to satisfy the manager and the excessive demands of the soloists, and the singers, without being aware of it, fall into routine ways.

It would not be possible probably to secure the services of such singers as Frau and Herr Vogel, Frau Materna, Sucher, Marianne Brandt, Herren Scaria, Betz, Gudehus, Hill, Fuchs, and Reichmann; for the season in Germany lasts nine or ten months, and their contracts only allow them a leave of absence of, sometimes, a few weeks at a time, during which they sing as "guests" or stars in other cities. Their vacation is devoted to rest. But there are in Germany many good singers who are not engaged at court theaters, or are so attached only for six or seven years.

Thus we can hardly expect to hear German opera from the best representatives of vocal art in Germany, and would need to content ourselves with performances which excel in point of "ensemble" and correct interpretation of the music.

Owing to the cost of grand opera in this country, people of small means are, for the most part, reduced to hearing the lightest operettas, most of them of questionable value. It would be much better if those who cannot afford grand opera might hear good comic opera, such as is produced in France and Germany, like Mozart's "Figaro," and many works of Boieldieu and Auber. In fact, the only desirable solution of the pressing question of popular opera in America, is to have the best comic operas of France and Germany sung in English; until, of course, we may have operas in which both words and music are composed by Americans. The progress which the American people show in every branch of music is remarkable, and not less astonishing is the great number of young people having beautiful voices. This talent and these voices must be given the chance to be educated in an operatic school, where they may pass from the school-room to a practicing stage, upon which they may prepare themselves to step upon the stage of an opera-house.

G. Federlein.

 BRIC-À-BRAC.

Old Mrs. Grimes.

(Tune: "Old Grimes is Dead.")

OLD Mrs. Grimes is dead. Alas!
 We ne'er shall see her more.
 She was the wife of good old Grimes,
 Who died some years before.

A very worthy dame is gone,
 Since she gave up her breath;
 Her head was white with frosts of time
 She lived until her death.

Though rough the path, her willing feet
 E'er walked where duty led;
 And never wore a pair of shoes,
 Except when out of bed.

Busy she was, from morn to night,
 Spite of old Time's advances;
 Although her husband left her here
 In easy circumstances.

Good Mrs. Grimes is now at rest,
 She'll rest through endless ages;
 The sun has set, her work is done,
 She's gone to claim her wages.

A. T.

The Wedding on the Creek.

OH! I's got to string de banjer 'g'inst de closin' ob
 de week,
 For dar's gwine to be a weddin' 'mongst de nig-
 gers on de Creek.
 Dey's gittin' up a frolic, an' dar's gwine to be a
 noise
 When de Plantation knocks ag'in' de Slab Town
 boys!
 Dar'll be stranger folks a-plenty, an' de gals is
 comin' too,
 All lubly as de day-break, an' fresher dan de
 jew!
 A'nt Dinah's gittin' ready, wid her half a dozen
 daughters,
 An' little Angelina, fum de Chinkypen Quarters;
 Anudder gal's a-comin', but I couldn't tell her
 name;
 She's sweet as 'lasses candy an' pretty all de same!
 She's nicer dan a rose-bush an' lubly ebrywhar
 Fum de bottom ob her slippers to de wroppin' in
 her ha'r.
 Lordy mussy 'pon me, how 'twill flusterate de
 niggers
 To see her slidin' 'cross de flo' an' steppin' froo de
 figgers!

J. A. Macon.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Central Park in Danger.

WE have a comely city, we of New York,—a city of extraordinary natural advantages, some of which remain neglected, but many of which we have skillfully availed ourselves of for purposes of beauty and recreation. The trouble with us is that we do not fully know, appreciate, and cherish what we have. New Yorkers, as a class, seem to be more bent upon getting on in the world,—reaching out for something beyond,—than upon enjoying, providing for, and jealously guarding what they already possess. The city, collectively considered, is supposed to be proud, for instance, of its Central Park, and yet for years it has permitted the affairs of this same much-vaunted and really much-enjoyed pleasure-ground to be grossly mismanaged—until, to-day, notwithstanding the existence of a Board of Commissioners charged with the custody of its affairs, the only trustworthy and vigilant guardians of the Park are the newspapers of the city, which keep a sharp look-out, and now and again sound a note of alarm when some new act of vandalism is threatened.

At the moment of writing, the press is once again in full cry. The Board of Commissioners has succeeded in getting rid, one after another, of the two eminent experts, Messrs. Vaux and Parsons, whose engagement in the service of the Board was, not long ago, hailed as the beginning of a new *régime*; and, meantime, the Commissioners, it seems, propose to go to work and destroy, for the purposes of a menagerie, one of the prettiest and rarest spots in the whole Park. There being now no expert connected with the management of the Park, the proposed desecration is, of course, not recommended by any official whom the public are willing to accept as both competent and responsible; and it is known that the experts who have recently been forced to resign their positions would never have consented to the ruin of the meadow which the newspapers have been trying so hard to save.

We say that the newspapers are looking after the affairs of the Park with commendable zeal. But on the part of the general community there appears, at least, to be an apathy which we suspect would not exist, under the same circumstances, in any other large city of this continent. Park management by newspaper evidently works better in New York than park management by commissioners,—as said commissioners have been managing these many years. (Or shall we call it park butchery, tempered by newspaper criticism?) But if the people of this city had the proper feeling of citizenship, they would long ago have done something more effectual than grumbling by proxy. Yet, that the public are displeased with the present state of affairs there is not the slightest doubt. That the indignation is gathering force and intensity there is some reason to hope.

When the public does become thoroughly aroused, we believe that it will demand a more radical cure for the present evils of park management than has yet

been applied. One trouble with the Board, as at present constituted, is that the number of commissioners established—namely, four—makes it difficult to arrive at a majority vote for any measure. It has been found by experience that the Board is much more likely to be at a dead-lock of two to two than it is to reach a decision by a majority vote of three to one. This is in part the origin of the pitiable wrangling that, for the past half a dozen years (with rare intervals of apparent peace), has made the published proceedings of the Board of Commissioners of the Department of Public Parks a disgrace to the city. Of late, secret executive sessions have been instituted, and newspaper readers have been spared those grotesque accounts of meetings of the Board, which, at times in the past, have seemed more like reports of the inelegant altercations of pot-house politicians than the recorded debates of high public officials having in charge a costly and magnificent work of art.

When the public does act in good earnest—and, judging by analogy, it is sure to do so sooner or later—it will, we say, insist upon a radical cure. It will strike both at the membership and organization of the Board; and it will insist, moreover, upon the retention in the management of the Park of the very best and the very best known experts. Landscape gardening, architecture, and tree-planting are arts and occupations which ordinary business men, or politicians, or engineers, no matter how well trained and competent in their own lines, should not undertake without skilled and responsible advice. It happens that, just at present, one of the ruling four has more knowledge of a kind which should be valuable to a Commissioner than has often been the case with members of the Board. But this gentleman does not, we are sure, claim to be an expert on all the points covered by Messrs. Vaux and Parsons, nor has he the definite authority of an expert with his compeers of the Board, nor has his reputation as an “expert” been increased in the community by his having countenanced the installation of the menagerie in the South Meadow, and the consequent ruin of what we are inclined to believe the most beautiful glade of the whole Park.

In a word, the Department has forfeited the confidence of the public; every man in the Board pulls his own way; the experts are gone; the entire service is demoralized; and the Central Park is daily and hourly in danger.

The Spiritual Effects of Drunkenness.

THE curse of drunkenness, on the side of its physical devastations, has been abundantly depicted by the advocates of the temperance reform. The amount of grain consumed in the manufacture of intoxicating liquors; the number of men whose labor is worse than wasted in producing and in vending them; the number of lives destroyed by them; the number of paupers and insane persons whose woes are traceable to this source;

the effects upon the health of individuals of the habitual use of intoxicants,—all these things are frequently set forth with sufficient fullness in impressive rhetoric. Some allowances must be made for the over-statement of zealous advocates; but there are facts enough, of an appalling nature, in these representations, to call for the most serious thought.

But the worst side of drunkenness is not that which appears in these familiar figures. The most frightful effects of the drink-habit are not those which can be tabulated in statistics and reported in the census. It is not the waste of corn, nor the destruction of property, nor the increase of taxes, nor even the ruin of physical health, nor the loss of life, which most impresses the mind of the thoughtful observer of inebriety. It is the effect of this vice upon the characters of men, as it is exhibited to him, day by day, in his ordinary intercourse with them. It is in the spiritual realm that the ravages of strong drink are most terrible.

Body and mind are so closely related that when the one suffers the other must share the suffering; and the injury of the physical health resulting from intemperate drinking must, therefore, be accompanied by similar injury of the mental and moral powers. But the inclination of the popular thought is so strongly toward the investigation of physical phenomena, that the spiritual consequences of drunkenness are often overlooked. Degeneration of tissue is more palpable than degeneracy of spirit; a lesion of the brain more startling than a breach of faith; but the deeper fact, of which the senses take no note, is the more important fact; and it would be well if the attention of men could be fixed upon it.

The phenomena to which we have referred often report themselves to the quickened perceptions of those who stand nearest to the habitual drinker. Many a mother observes, with a heart that grows heavier day by day, the signs of moral decay in the character of her son. It is not the flushed face and the heavy eyes that trouble her most; it is the evidence that his mind is becoming duller and fouler, his sensibilities less acute, his sense of honor less commanding. She discovers that his loyalty to truth is somewhat impaired; that he deceives her frequently, without compunction. This effect is often observed in the character of the inebriate. Truthfulness is the fundamental virtue; when it is impaired the character is undermined; and strong drink makes a deadly assault upon it. Coupled with this loss of truthfulness is that weakening of the will which always accompanies chronic alcoholism. The man loses, little by little, the mastery over himself; the regal faculties are in chains. How many of his broken promises are due to a debilitated will, and how many to a decay of his veraciousness, it would be impossible for the victim himself to determine. Doubtless his intention to break off his evil habit is sometimes honest, and the failure is due to the paralysis of his will; doubtless he often asseverates that such is his purpose at the moment when he is

contriving how he shall obtain the next dram. It is pitiful to mark the gradual decay of these prime elements of manliness in the character of the man who is addicted to strong drink.

This loss of self-respect, the lowering of ambition, and the fading out of hope are signs of the progress of this disease in the character. It is a mournful spectacle—that of the brave, ingenuous, high-spirited man sinking steadily down into the degradation of inebriety; but how many such spectacles are visible all over the land! And it is not in the character of those alone who are notorious drunkards that such tendencies appear. They are often distinctly seen in the lives of men who are never drunk. Sir Henry Thompson's testimony is emphatic to the effect that "the habitual use of fermented liquors, to an extent far short of what is necessary to produce intoxication, injures the body and diminishes the mental power." If, as he testifies, a large proportion of the most painful and dangerous maladies of the body are due to "the use of fermented liquors, taken in the quantity which is conventionally deemed moderate," then it is certain that such use of them must result also in serious injuries to the mental and moral nature. Who does not know reputable gentlemen, physicians, artists, clergymen even, who were never drunk in their lives, and never will be, but who reveal, in conversation and in conduct, certain melancholy effects of the drinking habit? The brain is so often inflamed with alcohol that its functions are imperfectly performed; and there is a perceptible loss of mental power and of moral tone. The drinker is not conscious of this loss; but those who know him best are painfully aware that his perceptions are less keen, his judgments less sound, his temper less serene, his spiritual vision less clear, because he carries every day a little too long at the wine. Even those who refuse to entertain ascetic theories respecting these beverages may be able to see that there are uses of them that stop short of drunkenness, and that are still extremely hurtful to the mind and the heart as well as the body. That conventional idea of moderation, to which Sir Henry Thompson refers, is quite elastic; the term is stretched to cover habits that are steadily despoiling the life of its rarest fruits. The drinking habit is often defended by reputable gentlemen to whom the very thought of a debauch would be shocking, but to whom, if it were only lawful, in the tender and just solicitude of friendship, such words as these might be spoken: "It is true that you are not drunkards, and may never be; but if you could know, what is too evident to those who love you best, how your character is slowly losing the firmness of its texture and the fineness of its outline; how your art deteriorates in the delicacy of its touch; how the atmosphere of your life seems to grow murky and the sky lowers gloomily above you,—you would not think your daily indulgence harmless in its measure. It is in just such lives as yours that drink exhibits some of its most mournful tragedies."

OPEN LETTERS.

Recent American Novels.*

I WONDER if others have noticed as I have the large crop of novelists which has sprung up of late, and the number of works of fiction we have been favored with? I imagine that some of us are prone to under-rate both the quality and the quantity of current fiction. It is true that Mr. Cable and Mrs. Burnett have been silent for the time being, though Mr. Cable's silence is now broken. But without these two the list is far from short. There is Mr. Bret Harte speaking again with all his early vigor and point in a story of the Carquinez Woods. A rare impressionist in his own way, is he not, as he tells how tremendous influences of sunset and atmosphere overshadow the mighty forest of redwoods, and how in those shadows a deeper shade moves restlessly to and fro? A delightful bogey of the night turns into a wild beast no less thrilling; and when its slayer, the half-breed Cherokee and hero, steps from the flies—the heart of a redwood—on to the big stage of the forest so well described, one has the sensation that only boys are supposed to feel when they read their first dime novel. Mr. Harte appears to be able to take what is fine in the adventurous and thrilling quality of the dime novel and clothe it in English that charms one with its exactness and has the indefinable touch that constitutes style. Sometimes the dramatic is very near being overdone in the Carquinez Woods; perhaps the close is indefensibly hurried. It is an error one forgives because of other admirable qualities. Mr. Hawthorne is less forgivable. In "Fortune's Fool," he opens with strong and romantic figures, three in number, carries them through far too many adventures, unless he meant to write a "juvenile," and crushes all sympathy by a blood-and-thunder series of useless crimes. Judge Tourgée would also be dramatic, if possible, in "Hot Plowshares"; but while the dramatic is introduced unnecessarily, there are other passages which are successful in the same attempt, and which will serve as excuse for the abundant failures. Not the dramatic, but the historical, is the aim of Judge Tourgée, and in this field there are few authors who seek to rival him. Perhaps Mr. Hawthorne may be called historical in his other novel, "Dust," a charming but very irregular romance of London in the early part of the century, in which the author has, for

* In the Carquinez Woods. By Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Fortune's Fool. By Julian Hawthorne. James R. Osgood & Co.
 Hot Plowshares. By Albion W. Tourgée. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.
 Dust. By Julian Hawthorne. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.
 The Gentle Savage. By Edward King. James R. Osgood & Co.
 The Siege of London; The Pension Beaurepas; The Point of View. By Henry James. James R. Osgood & Co.
 A Woman's Reason. By W. D. Howells. James R. Osgood & Co.
 For the Major. By Constance Fenimore Woolson. Harper & Brothers.
 Mr. Isaacs. By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co.
 A Newport Aquarelle. Roberts Brothers.
 But Yet a Woman. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
 Dr. Claudius. By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan & Co.

the sake of picturesqueness, taken the liberty of giving to Englishmen of 1825 the ways and looks of men of 1750. The perspective of Judge Tourgée in "Hot Plowshares" is crude but bold; his coloring is somewhat lurid; his plots are needlessly crowded with incident; his text is out of all kindness long. Yet he gains continually one good trait or another, and shows at his best in this novel, which is the last in time of production, although the first in point of chronology, of his series of historical novels. Still another novel, midway between the historical and the romantic, is Mr. King's "Gentle Savage," who is more soberly a half-breed than the heroes of Mr. Harte and Mr. Hawthorne.

Among the realists, Mr. Henry James comes forward with "The Siege of London," a work by no means among his best, but interesting and able, as all his work is. Have you remarked how Mr. James brings lessons to bear on small but important points of etiquette? He is a Chesterfield in a gentle and roundabout way. One might suspect in him, hidden carefully under the assumption of art for art's sake, a mind not a little didactic in its leanings. Mr. Howells does not so impress me. And yet Mr. Howells really does set out to instruct much more than Mr. James; he hardly conceals, under "A Woman's Reason," a lesson peculiarly fitted for the time, for the country, and above all for his home by adoption, Massachusetts. The upshot of the troubles of his heroine, while trying to earn her own living, is that most women are only fitted by nature to aid a man in the struggle for existence, and when there is no man to lean on, and the woman must work, it generally turns out that her education has been such as to unfit her pretty effectually for any labor for which demand exists in the markets of the world. Much the same conclusion was reached in "Dr. Breen's Practice"; but it was not so clearly, not so finely, put. I have hardly anything but admiration for "A Woman's Reason." Unquestionably Mr. Howells has never before written so finely as regards diction and style nor so acutely as regards observation of the ways of women in his part of the world. I forgive him gladly the exaggerated morality of his heroine. I forgive him, too, the making such an odious prig as Ray anything but a poor stick; such hypocritical humility as his deserves at least one good chastisement to make a gentleman of him, and it is hard to take him for a gentleman as he is. A little well-dressed "cad," our cousins of London would call him. I forgive, also, the unreality of the auctioneer's trick and the qualms of conscience incidental thereto. What may not be forgiven a writer who can set so quietly and handsomely before the people that read his work the radical error in the education of their daughters? Few girls would have the pluck to fight so long against fate as Helen Harkness did, even if they strained ideas of honesty and honor so near to cracking as she. Still fewer, so few as not to be worth reckoning, are those who will even have a chance at a Lord Rainford. Mr. Howells has lived in Massachusetts, where "cultured" and "educated"

girls are at a maximum and young men able to afford the luxury of a rich man's wife are at a minimum. He sees the difficulty, defines the error, and goes as near as he dares to suggest a remedy without becoming absolutely didactic.

Miss Woolson was in a vein of uncommon power and delicacy when she wrote "For the Major." Its morality is very high, without loss to the charming quality of the work; as a whole, the slender fabric rises to the atmosphere of the ideal. Like Mr. Howells, she has forborne the attempt to gain picturesqueness by a foreign setting; more, even, than Mr. Howells, who makes some play of Pacific steamers, storms, wrecks, and Robinson Crusoe life on an atoll island. Her realism and her morality are in sharp contrast with the first novel by Mr. Crawford, that delightfully fresh romance of the Himalayas and the Indian jungles, "Mr. Isaacs."

This opens a large field of morals and ethics, without taking the first step to decide matters one way or another, or leaving the reader any better prepared to come to a decision. A true novice, Mr. Crawford broached questions that all the world is trying to solve—polygamy, Mohammedanism, Mormonism, spiritualism. His English girl in love with a Persian diamond-merchant, when regarded realistically, will not bear considering, so impossible is her attitude, so phenomenal her appearance in her own nation and station. Her death is no solution of the question; it is a mere begging of it. Another realist, but with a dash of the romancist, is the anonymous pen that wrote "A Newport Aquarelle." Evidently this is by a woman; equally so, by a new-comer. She has facility rather than experience, and offers a light and not displeasing sketch of the outside of Newport life—a guide-book to Newport picnics and polo matches, with one or two excellent touches of real womanliness toward the end. The plot is somewhat strained, and it has a flavor of the didactic in the moralizing parts. Like Mr. Crawford, a college professor seeks in "But Yet a Woman" the picturesqueness in a foreign setting which is very much harder to show in home pictures. Professor Hardy chose a cheap and pointless title for his first venture, which has far more romance in it than reality. It is full of sparkling things, good points smartly and well expressed, but it has not one really well-drawn, well-pondered character, and its close is too melodramatic to be in keeping with the excellent quality of many passages. Romance of the worst and the best kind appears in "Dr. Claudius," the second venture by Mr. Crawford. It has happy passages, but verges on the ridiculous from the overcharging of colors. Beginning well, the realism in the character of Barker ends in arrant nonsense; it is somebody else, not Barker, whom Mr. Crawford is drawing at the close. The book is dislocated in the middle, and the latter half is unworthy of the author. What a breaking down from the really delightful love-making between Dr. Claudius and the heroine in the beginning! As for Mr. Crawford's New York lawyer, he is too preposterous a creation to be mentioned as a creation at all. No human being has seen such a man in the flesh in New York or elsewhere. Neither has a man like Dr. Claudius ever been seen; but in him exaggeration is pleasantly romantic until it is grossly overdone and the

character ruined by its untrained and hasty creator. But perhaps the truest idealist of the year is Miss Woolson. Observe in "For the Major" how she finds that idealism on the soberest, most patient study of the real. She has painted life on its good side. A true woman, she defends her sex very nobly and subtly by showing a couple of women sacrificing their time to an old man, husband of the one, father of the other. The elder lady paints her face, wears false hair, and lives a daily lie, to save her husband, slowly dying of a weakened brain, from the shock of disillusionment. The younger, to shield her step-mother, allows the man she loves to misconstrue her attentions to that step-mother's son, who is a roving character and turns up unexpectedly now and then, first for aid, then for final care. As characters of women, we enjoy these quiet ladies more than Mr. Howells's heroine, with her straining over *noblesse oblige*. Somehow it is hard to imagine all of this conscientiousness in Boston on the part of the heroine and her guardian. But we must not forget that Mr. Howells had far the harder picture to paint.

Now let us see what the chief novels of the season tell us as to the locality of their scenes. Foreign-laid novels are Mr. Hawthorne's "Dust," Mr. Hardy's "But Yet a Woman," Mr. James's "The Siege of London," and Mr. Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs." Home-laid novels are Judge Tourgée's "Hot Plowshares," Miss Woolson's "For the Major," Mr. Harte's "In the Carquinez Woods," and the anonymous "A Newport Aquarelle." Novels laid partly at home, partly abroad, are Mr. Howells's "A Woman's Reason," Mr. Crawford's "Dr. Claudius," Mr. Hawthorne's "Fortune's Fool," and Mr. King's "The Gentle Savage." The foreign and home books are thus exactly balanced, being four each. We see from this that novelists here find it profitable to give foreign scenes, and in some cases ("Mr. Isaacs" and "But Yet a Woman") foreign characters. I do not agree with people who demand of the novelists America and Americans, from a motive that is patriotic in its origin. It is a narrow and ignominious patriotism, for the most part, that quarrels with the right of the artist to choose his ground and persons. At the same time it seems to me that, in estimating the success of a novel with the public, the reviewers do not sufficiently bear in mind the fact that to draw home characters acceptably is much harder than to draw foreigners, for the reason that readers are much more able to criticise the former understandingly; while if the scenes are foreign, they have to take them and the actors in them largely on faith. Very few people here have been in India long enough to be able to say whether "Mr. Isaacs" is accurate in its descriptions; the bulk of its readers swallow it all, like any other fairy tale. So "But Yet a Woman" is accepted on its own assumption, as depicting French people of the upper class in Paris. But a novelette like Miss Woolson's, a sketch like "A Newport Aquarelle," and, above all, a careful and very serious literary study like "A Woman's Reason," have in almost every other reader a fairly competent critic. It is only just that this point should be brought out much more clearly than it ever has been hitherto.

Suppose we recapitulate and divide up our novel-mongers of the season,—good, bad, and indifferent,—

in accordance with the strongest trait of their works this year, into (1) ideal, (2) romantic, (3) dramatic, (4) historical, (5) moral, (6) didactic, (7) realistic; then we get for (1) Miss Woolson, (2) Mr. Crawford and Mr. King, (3) Mr. Harte and Mr. Hawthorne, (4) Judge Tourgée, (5) Miss Woolson and Mr. Howells, (6) Mr. Howells and Mr. James, (7) Messrs. Howells, James, and King, and Miss Woolson. I may be wrong; but it seems to me that by classifying in this way one gets a clearer idea of the conscious and unconscious aim of these various writers, and brings into relief the really important elements in books which are necessarily complex mixtures in different proportions of all the above seven qualities. The field for the novelist is immense, the demand is great, the prizes are immediate and rich. Few novels reach the higher planes of literary art. Unfortunately there is every inducement for flashy and crude work. No wonder novelists feel that the sooner they rush into print the better, for the poorest and hastiest work often brings in most money; and if they have a good idea, ten to one it will occur to somebody else who wields the pen of the ready writer and appear before the month is up. Much trash is published, that we all know. Among the twelve novels considered above, much trash is distributed. Yet, perhaps, without the trash no general interest will awake; without the interest of the general, no keen competition will set in between publishers; and without keen competition no great novels of the future will be forthcoming. Meantime, with so many practiced and conscientious workmen and workwomen on hand, I for one do not despair of the republic of letters. Novels are not epics, but they are the books that are read to-day. The public has a right to demand that they shall contain the best the writer can afford; and people should feel individually bound to encourage those novelists who seem to aim for and reach the highest standard of literary art by the simplest, most obvious course—by purchasing their books.

Alfred Arden.

“The Temperance Outlook.”

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY:

Sir: The article with the above title, under “Topics of the Time,” in the September number of your magazine, calls for something to be said upon the other side; and presuming upon the spirit of fairness which has always characterized THE CENTURY and its predecessor, I shall ask to be heard in opposition to your views.

It is conceded that there is considerable force in your first objection to constitutional prohibition; yet that kind of legislation is justified by precedent. There is probably no State constitution which does not contain more or fewer of such “specific applications of principle”; and though it seems more appropriate to have laws enacted by the Legislature, composed of the representatives of the people, yet if the people, in their capacity as the primary source of all political power, see fit to indulge in legislation, they are perfectly competent to do so; and perhaps it is not unreasonable for them to do this where the object, as in this case, is to make the legislation more permanent, and not subject to repeal by a temporary change in

public sentiment or by the accidents arising from exciting partisan contests.

Your second objection rests upon assumptions which are unsound, or upon asserted facts which are not facts. You say, “This movement makes no distinction between things that differ. Fermented wine differs as widely from distilled rum or whisky as coffee differs from opium, and yet this prohibitory movement ties them up in the same bundle and puts one label on the whole! Human reason revolts at such arbitrary dealing.” I think it will be found, on investigation, that the human reason which revolts at this dealing is the reason belonging to a class of persons who have been educated to use fermented wine, and to think the use of rum and whisky vulgar. Fermented wine does not differ from distilled rum and whisky as coffee differs from opium. The difference between fermented and distilled liquors is a difference in degree only, and not in character or quality. The active element in all of them is alcohol; and if that were eliminated from them, no one would drink either. The alcohol in the fermented wine is the same as that in the brandy distilled from it. The latter contains four or five times the amount of alcohol which the wine did before the distillation,—that process having merely removed a large portion of the water which the wine contained; and the difference between them is the same as the difference between the punch which the novice in tipping delights in and the “whisky straight” which the old toper swallows with equal satisfaction. Both are drinking diluted alcohol,—the one drink simply containing a larger amount of nature’s own beverage than the other.

Perhaps some “men will not believe that a glass of wine at the dinner-table and a glass of whisky at the bar are the same thing”; but they nevertheless produce the same effect; and the only difference worth noting is that the latter is regarded in polite society as more vulgar. Both produce intoxication, and both are damaging to the drinker. It may be less disgraceful to eat one’s opium at home than to take it in a pipe at Ah Ching’s den; but the result to the individual who uses it will be no worse (physically, at least) in the latter than in the former. It will require a few more glasses of wine or beer at the dinner-table to intoxicate the drinker, but it will accomplish that result just as effectually as the whisky that is dispensed at the bucket-shop on the corner. And as for a glass of wine being the beginning of drunkenness, the experience of mankind for a thousand years and more has demonstrated the soundness of the theory; and although some men have heard this declaration with disgust, and have sneered at the fanatics who have urged it, yet a large portion of these same men, in their subsequent years, proved the correctness of the unsavory assertion. It is seldom, indeed, that men learn to be drunkards by drinking whisky, brandy, or any other distilled liquors, which usually contain fifty per cent. or more of pure alcohol, and never without diluting these liquors till the drink contains as small a percentage of alcohol as champagne. They commence with the lighter beverages or fermented liquors,—beer, cider, and wine; and in the use of these they can and do become as grossly intoxicated as they afterward do upon the stronger drinks. Alcohol creates and

strengthens a thirst for itself, and that thirst grows constantly, so that it is continually demanding a larger amount for its satisfaction. Thus, drunkenness grows from a glass of wine; and even so long ago as the days of the deluge, the drunken Noah would undoubtedly have resorted to whisky, had there been a distillery or licensed grog-shop convenient to Mount Ararat. If some people have heard, *ad nauseam*, the assertion that wine is often the beginning of drunkenness, they are like the members of the human family generally, who thus listen to unwelcome truths.

You speak of the impropriety of "classing the fermented juice of the grape from nature's own process with the results of the manufacture through man's alembics." Fermentation is, of course, nature's own process, and so is distillation. But left alone, without the aid of man, nature produces no alcohol; at least, none in any appreciable quantity. Wine and whisky are alike the products of man's skill and labor, using nature's own processes in their manufacture. But it does not follow that wine and beer are innocuous, even if they are produced by nature's own process, and without the aid of man; nor that rum and whisky are necessarily poisonous, because they "are the results of the manufacture through man's alembics." The deadly nightshade is "the result of nature's own process," but it is as destructive of animal life as are any of the products of man's manufacture. It is impossible to make a "discrimination between alcoholic liquors that are hurtful and those that are (in moderate use) healthful," because none are healthful. The alcohol which you abominate in whisky and gin is the same alcohol which the total-abstinence people abominate in wine and beer also.

The total abstainers occupy a position where they cannot be affected by the cry of fanaticism; for the total-abstinence principle or theory rests mainly upon the fact, now fully demonstrated by science and confirmed by experience, that *alcohol is a poison*. This being so, it cannot form an important element in a healthful beverage; and its use as a beverage must be injurious and destructive to health and life, at least when used in a quantity sufficient to produce an effect which may be either seen or felt. The experience of humanity for many generations proves that such is the effect of its use. But because we and our fathers, for hundreds of years, have been educated with the idea that this fiery liquid is not only not poisonous, but, used in a certain way, is healthful, nutritious, and a conservator of life,—an *aqua vite*,—we find it difficult to rid ourselves of this notion, and to learn how deadly and dangerous an agent it is. And many have not only had this error firmly rooted in their minds, but have also learned to love these fermented liquids so much that that love warps their judgment; and seeing the community laid waste by intemperance, and unwilling to admit that their favorite beverages have helped to produce the drunkenness that stirs us to action, they make their war against the distilled liquors, and thereby

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to."

The total-abstinence people being in the right, fidelity to truth and to their convictions compels them to

pursue the course which you condemn. To do otherwise would be to stultify themselves and justly subject them to the charge of pandering to falsehood, while professing a desire to suppress it. Knowing that alcohol is a poison, they must of necessity denounce its use, whether it is mingled with twice or six times its weight of water. And they must be allowed to differ with you in opinion as to the character of the legislation which they have defeated. They have never opposed the enactment of any laws "exactly suited to diminish the curse and destroy the political power of the rum interest"; but they have opposed, and will continue to oppose, the enactment of laws which are claimed to be in the interest of temperance, but which in reality are well calculated to strengthen the interests of the rum power.

Walter Farrington.

Hurricane Reform.

THE nostrum of constitutional prohibition of the liquor traffic, which is now pressed in many quarters as the panacea for the evils of intemperance, is a dose that should be well shaken before taken. Prohibition is one thing, and it may, in certain states of society, be a very good thing. But constitutional prohibition is quite another thing; and there are those who might under certain circumstances favor prohibition, but who would never, under any circumstances, consent to introduce prohibitory legislation into the organic law of the State. Such an attempt to forestall public sentiment, and to prevent the free expression of the popular will in legislation, ought not to be made and is not likely to succeed.

There are quite a number of methods of dealing by law with the evils of intemperance. No one of these methods will be found practicable in every community; much depends on the sentiments and the habits of the community. The people ought to be free to adopt those measures which seem to be the best adapted to their condition, and there ought to be no obstruction in the way of their changing a method which has proved ineffectual for one that promises better results. If they come to the conclusion that prohibition is the best method, they ought to be free to try it, and there should be nothing in their constitution to forbid the experiment. If they think that a combination of high license or stringent taxation with local option would be more effectual, they should not be debarred from trying that. But this scheme of constitutional prohibition shuts the Legislature up to one method. It is prohibition or nothing. So long as the Legislature is continuously and heartily favorable to prohibition, we shall have prohibition; whenever a Legislature that does not favor prohibition shall assemble, the prohibitory law will be repealed, or amended so that it will have no force, and then we shall have free liquor. One runs no risk in saying that there are but few States in this Union in which the Legislature will be continuously and heartily in favor of prohibition. In States where the public sentiment tends so strongly in this direction that such a Legislature could be kept in power, there is no need of any constitutional provision. The only State in which prohibition has been successful is Maine, whose constitution has until the last winter been silent

on the subject. In those States where the public sentiment cannot be relied on to send back a prohibitory Legislature term after term, the evil would remain, much of the time, wholly free from legal restraint, in spite of the constitutional provision.

In Ohio, after a long era of free rum,—the natural fruit of a constitutional provision forbidding license,—we have at last succeeded in securing a tax law, with a local-option section by which municipalities are empowered to prohibit the sale of liquor within their limits. The law seems to be based on a sound principle,—that of laying a special burden upon a business which is confessedly detrimental to the public welfare,—and there is no difficulty in enforcing it. It is compelling the liquor-sellers to contribute nearly two millions of dollars a year as a special tax to the treasury of the State. Doubtless this law can be improved. The tax ought to be heavier than it is, and it can be made heavier year by year. The privilege of local option ought to be extended to counties as well as to municipal corporations—the township in this State being a somewhat incoherent political division. With some such modifications, this law would probably prove about as effectual in restraining the evils of drunkenness as any law that we are likely to secure at present. But a strenuous effort is now making to pass a prohibitory amendment to the constitution. Under this amendment, the present law would, of course, be null and void. Whether anything would be gained by this change may well be doubted. The present law does not suppress all the evils of intemperance, but it does lessen them somewhat; it has closed a large number of the worst grogeries in the State, it has imposed a heavy fine upon the liquor business, and it is certain that it can be enforced in all parts of the State.

Could a prohibitory law be thus enforced? I have frequently put this question to my prohibitory friends, and they all, with one accord, confess that it could not. In the smaller communities it could be executed, they say; but not in Cincinnati, nor in Cleveland, nor in Columbus, nor in Toledo, nor in any other of a dozen cities or large towns that could be named—of course, not at present. "But," they say, "we are going to work up a public sentiment that will enforce it by and by." I confess that this seems to me a curious proceeding. It is proposed to enact a law which is sure to be trampled under foot by a good half of the population, and then, after enacting it, and while it is being mocked at and dishonored, to proceed to create the public sentiment which shall make it effective! The child Alice, in Mr. Carroll's fairy tale, found something like this in Looking-glass Land, but I never heard before of applying such principles to problems of statesmanship.

What the success of this attempt to introduce prohibition into the constitution of Ohio may be, I will not try to predict; before these words are in print the result will be known. But inasmuch as the same effort is making in other States, it may be well to consider the consequences of such a provision. These amendments all forbid the manufacture and sale as a beverage of all alcoholic liquors. The execution of a law based on this amendment would be a difficult undertaking. So far as the retailing of liquor in saloons is concerned, the problem is simple; the phrase "as a beverage" is easily applied to this part of the business. But how could it be determined whether the

manufacturer was manufacturing it to be used "as a beverage" or for use in the arts? Beer, of course, is used almost exclusively as a beverage, and the brewer could not shield his business against the prohibition. If the law were enforced the breweries would be closed. But the distillers could claim that they were manufacturing liquor not to be used as a beverage, but for other purposes; that they were selling it to the wholesale dealers with the understanding that it should be used for other purposes; and I am unable to see how the law could be successfully enforced against them. In this case the distilleries would all be running, and the breweries all closed; we should have an abundant supply of the stronger intoxicants, and a small supply of the lighter beverages; it would be difficult to get lager-beer and easy to get whisky. Perhaps the history of Scotland would then be repeated in our country. The date I am not able to mention; but students of history will recall the legislation which forbade or sharply restricted the manufacture of ale in Scotland, with the purpose of giving a monopoly of the business to the English brewers. The Scotch in anger forsook their ale and drank whisky instead, and the result was a swift and terrible increase of drunkenness. The excise returns of Great Britain to-day show that the average Englishman consumes nearly three times as much malt every year as the average Scotchman, and only one-third as much spirits. Scotland, as its best men sorrowfully confess, is one of the most intemperate countries in the world, and this sad result is partly due to the selfish and mischievous legislation to which I have referred.

There are a good many among us to whom a sharp reduction in the supply of both the stronger and the milder kinds of intoxicants would cause no inconvenience or regret; but even to us there appears to be a choice between evils; and we should be sorry to see whisky taking the place of beer as the popular beverage. Legislation having that tendency would certainly be ill-advised.

I find another serious difficulty with this prohibitory amendment. If it should accomplish the purpose of its authors, it would, of course, destroy the larger part of the capital now invested in the manufacture of spirituous and fermented liquors. Now I confess that I never look with enthusiasm on a big distillery or a big brewery. It is not a kind of business in which I should engage. I would starve first. It is a wonder to me that kind-hearted and otherwise reputable men (for there are such) should be willing, in view of the evils that flow from it, to get their living by it. Nevertheless, these men have embarked all their capital in the business, and it seems to me a harsh and inequitable procedure to sweep their property out of existence by an act of the Legislature. Even these men have some rights, and the State cannot afford to ignore them.

I have been reading an admirable speech lately delivered by the Hon. John Bright, at the opening of a coffee-house in Birmingham. Mr. Bright has long been a total abstainer; he believes himself to be a thorough-going temperance man; but he protests with vigor against such sweeping measures. "I am against dealing," he says, "with a question of this nature, affecting the interests of so many people, by what you may call a hurricane. That is fit only for times of revolution. I should like to deal with it in a

more just, and what I call more statesmanlike manner, according to the legislation that becomes an intelligent people in a tranquil time." Mr. Bright contends that, "if a trade in the country is permitted by law, that trade has a right to be defended by law." The liquor trade has been permitted, and is now permitted, and "it has a right to demand that it should not be subjected to violent and hasty legislation." The simple justice of this sentiment ought to be apparent to all fair-minded men. If for a long period of time men have been allowed, without censure of the law, to invest their capital in any kind of property, that property should not be extinguished by law without giving them some compensation. At any rate, some time ought to be given them to dispose of it, or turn it to other uses. It is quite possible that the people may come to the conclusion that a trade long permitted and protected by law is contrary to public morals or public policy, and may resolve upon extinguishing it, but the interests of the men engaged in it ought to be fairly considered. Slavery was a great wrong, and ought to have been abolished; but it would not have been right to abolish slavery in a time of peace by an act of Congress, without providing compensation to the owners of the slaves. It might justly be enacted, as in New York, that all persons born after a certain day should be free. The liquor business should be dealt with in some such manner. It could be restricted more summarily, no doubt; but some regard should certainly be paid to the property rights of the men who are engaged in it.

I am perfectly well aware of the answer that will be made to these suggestions. It will be said that the writer is undoubtedly a wine-bibber, probably a "rummy," and possibly in the pay of a Liquor Dealers' League. What will be charged upon Mr. Bright, I forbear to predict. But it is easy to anticipate the reception which awaits all moderate counsels in the camp of the professional temperance reformers. I see that THE CENTURY has been suffering this sort of violence, and am reminded of the treatment Dr. Holland received in his day from the same hands. The following brief paragraph on the temperance question, quoted from one of his "Topics," is particularly timely at this moment:

"It would be impossible for any set of men to manifest greater bigotry and intolerance toward all who have seen fit to differ with them on moral and legal measures, than have characterized those zealous and thoroughly well-meaning reformers who, through various organizations, have assumed the custody and management of this question. Editors who have undertaken to discuss the question independently—as they are in the habit of discussing all public questions—have been snubbed and maligned until they have dropped it in disgust, and turned the whole matter over to those who have doubted or denounced them."

This extract will show that Dr. Holland, though dead, yet speaketh in a way that should cause a tingling in the ears of a large number of temperance reformers.

Washington Gladden.

More About "Law-and-Order Leagues."

I HAVE read with pleasure the editorial in the October number of THE CENTURY on "Law-and-Order Leagues," and also E. V. Smalley's letter on

the enforcement of law. Your article probably answered his questions, but permit me to add a word of information, through your columns, with reference to the work that is being done in this direction, especially in the State of Illinois and in the city of Chicago. At the present time Law-and-Order Leagues are being organized all over the country, and on the 22d of February last a delegate convention was held in Boston, which resulted in the organization of a National Citizens' Law-and-Order League. This League is now ready to assist any community in organizing an auxiliary association. I shall be happy to furnish any information upon this subject that may be desired. The practicability of the suggestions made by Mr. Smalley has been fully demonstrated. To illustrate: We have had in Illinois for ten years a law that any person who shall sell or give liquor to a minor (without orders from his parents, guardian, or physician) or to a drunkard shall be subject to a fine or imprisonment. No effort was made to enforce this law until 1877, when a Citizens' League was organized in Chicago with the specific purpose of enforcing the law in relation to minors. In two years the law was so well enforced that the police reports show a decrease of one-third in the arrests of minors as compared with the arrests in the two years previous to the organization of the League. In other words, the actual number of criminals among boys and girls was decreased one-third. The law with regard to both minors and drunkards is now enforced, and our three agents who devote all their time to the work report the arrest and prosecution of an average of eighty-five saloon-keepers every month, and the conviction of more than two-thirds this number.

We have about four thousand saloons in Chicago. Many of them are notoriously vicious places, and their proprietors do not scruple to further their own interests whether in accordance with law or not. But so strong has our Citizens' League grown in the esteem of the public, that the Saloon-keepers' Organization has incorporated a clause in the constitution of its society to the effect that no one who sells liquor to a minor or a drunkard, knowingly, shall be eligible to membership in this society. It is now not infrequent for saloon-keepers to inform the League of other saloon-keepers who are violating the law.

If such an organization can live and do good in this city, in which the government is almost entirely controlled by the liquor interest; it certainly ought to live and do much more good in cities less under the control of the saloon element.

Through the efforts of the Chicago League, a bill was passed at the last Legislature, increasing the saloon license from \$52 to \$500 (license to sell beer only, \$150). This law is now being vigorously enforced.

Yours truly,

J. C. Shaffer,

Sec. National Law-and-Order League.

126 WASHINGTON ST. CHICAGO.

A Word about Christmas.

WHEN what was designed to be a pleasure becomes a burden, it is time to stop and examine it carefully, and see if it is the thing itself which has grown to be such a weight, or whether it is simply an awkward manner of carrying it. Certainly there must be some-

thing wrong in any celebration of Christmas which results in serious fatigue of mind and body. During the first three months of the year, nothing is more commonly given as a reason for ill health than an overstrain during the holidays. "She got so worn out at Christmas," or "She worked too hard in finishing her Christmas presents," or "The week before Christmas she was tired out with shopping," are excuses which appear as surely as January and February come. The question must occur sometimes to every one, whether all this worry and wear of heart and hand and brain are really worth while. Is there not some better way of celebrating this day of days than for women to wear themselves out in making or buying pretty trifles for people who already have more than they can find room for? Setting aside all effort of eyes and fingers, the mental strain is intense. Merely to devise presents for a dozen or more people, which must be appropriate and acceptable, and which they do not already possess, and which no one else is likely to hit upon, is enough to wear upon the strongest brain; and when one's means are not unlimited, and the question of economy must come in, the matter is still more complicated. The agony of indecision, the weighing of rival merits in this and that, the distress when the article which is finally decided upon does not seem as fascinating as one had hoped, the endless round of shopping, the packing to send to distant friends, the frantic effort to finish at the last moment something which ought to have been done long ago, result in a relapse when all is over into a complete weariness of mind and body which unfits one for either giving or receiving pleasure. Now, when all this is looked at soberly, does it pay? It is a remarkable fact that, although Christmas has been kept on the twenty-fifth day of December for more than a thousand years, its arrival seems as unexpected as if it had been appointed by the President. No one is ready for it, although last year every one resolved to be so, and about the middle of December there begins

a rush and hurry which is really more wearing than a May moving.

It seems to be a part of the fierce activity of our time and country that even our pleasures must be enjoyed at high pressure. While it is almost impossible, in matters of business, to act upon the kindly suggestions of intelligent critics that we should take things more leisurely, surely, in matters of enjoyment, we might make an effort to be less overworked. Cannot the keeping of Christmas, for example, be made to consist in other things than gifts? Let the giving be for the children and those to whom our gifts are real necessities. As a people, we are very negligent in the matter of keeping birthdays. If these festivals were made more of in the family, especially among the elder members, we should not find that we were losing the blessedness of giving and the happiness of receiving, even if we did omit presents at Christmas time. In many large families a mutual understanding that the Christmas gifts were all to be for the children would be an immense relief, although, perhaps, no one would be quite willing to acknowledge it. Sometimes a large circle of brothers and sisters can unite in a gift, in that way making it possible to give something of more value, and at the same time to lessen the difficult task of selection.

Above all things, if you give presents, be more anxious to give something which "supplies a want" than to send some pretty trifle which can only prove in the end an additional care. A little forethought and friendly putting of yourself in another's place will make this possible. In the great world of books something can be found to suit every taste. Flowers are always a graceful gift, and can never become burdensome by lasting after one has grown tired of them. There are numberless other things which can be procured, without a wear and tear of mind and body which make the recipient feel as David did of the water from the well of Bethlehem, that what cost so much was too valuable to be accepted.

Susan Anna Brown.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Fool.

From Ivan Tourguéneff's "Poems in Prose."

THERE lived a fool in the world. For a long time he remained content and happy; but slowly rumors reached him that everywhere he was held to be a brainless idiot.

Grieved was the fool, and began to think how he could stop these slanders. A sudden idea lightened his poor, darkened brain, and without delay he began to execute it.

He met an acquaintance on the street, who praised highly a renowned painter.

"Mercy!" exclaimed the fool, "this painter is almost forgotten. You do not know that? I did not expect to find you so naïf. You are behind the time!"

His acquaintance blushed, and hurriedly agreed with the fool.

"What a beautiful book I read to-day!" another acquaintance said to him.

"Beg pardon! are you not ashamed? This book is good for nothing; all have long ago abandoned it."

And this acquaintance also made haste to quickly agree with the fool.

"What a marvelous man is my friend, N. N.!" said a third acquaintance to the fool.

"Why!" exclaimed the fool, "N. N. is known to be a scoundrel! to have robbed all his relatives! Who does not know that? I pity you!"

The third acquaintance did as the others, and forgot his friend. Whomsoever or whatsoever was praised in the presence of the fool, he made always a similar reply, adding sometimes the refrain, "And you believe yet in authorities?"

"Malicious, captious man!" began the fool's acquaintances to say of him, "but what a head!" "And

comfortable fire in our sitting-room, with the curtains drawn and the soft lamp lighted, and the baby sleeping soundly in the adjoining chamber, I read the story to my wife.

When I had finished, my wife arose, and threw herself into my arms. "I was never so proud of you," she said, her glad eyes sparkling, "as I am at this moment. That is a wonderful story! It is, indeed! I am sure it is just as good as 'His Wife's Deceased Sister.'"

As she spoke these words, a sudden and chilling sensation crept over us both. All her warmth and fervor, and the proud and happy glow engendered within me by this praise and appreciation from one I loved, vanished in an instant. We stepped apart, and gazed upon each other with pallid faces. In the same moment the terrible truth had flashed upon us both:

This story *was* as good as "His Wife's Deceased Sister"!

We stood silent. The exceptional lot of Barbel's super-pointed pins seemed to pierce our very souls. A dreadful vision rose before me of an impending fall and crash, in which our domestic happiness should vanish, and our prospects for our boy be wrecked just as we had begun to build them up.

My wife approached me, and took my hand in hers, which was as cold as ice. "Be strong and firm!" she said. "A great danger threatens us, but you must brace yourself against it. Be strong and firm!"

I pressed her hand, and we said no more that night.

The next day I took the manuscript I had just written, and carefully folded it in stout

wrapping paper. Then I went to a neighboring grocery store, and bought a small strong tin box, originally intended for biscuit, with a cover that fitted tightly. In this I placed my manuscript; and then I took the box to a tinsmith, and had the top fastened on with hard solder. When I went home I ascended into the garret, and brought down to my study a ship's cash-box, which had once belonged to one of my family who was a sea-captain. This box was very heavy, and firmly bound with iron, and was secured by two massive locks. Calling my wife, I told her of the contents of the tin case, which I then placed in the box; and having shut down the heavy lid, I doubly locked it.

"This key," said I, putting it in my pocket, "I shall throw into the river when I go out this afternoon."

My wife watched me eagerly, with a pallid and firm-set countenance, but upon which I could see the faint glimmer of returning happiness.

"Wouldn't it be well," she said, "to secure it still further by sealing-wax and pieces of tape?"

"No," said I; "I do not believe that any one will attempt to tamper with our prosperity. And now, my dear," I continued in an impressive voice, "no one but you and, in the course of time, our son shall know that this manuscript exists. When I am dead, those who survive me may, if they see fit, cause this box to be split open, and the story published. The reputation it may give my name cannot harm me then."

Frank R. Stockton.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Difficulty of Political Reform.

THE difficulty of effecting political reforms is illustrated in every age, and is a frequent source of discouragement to those actually engaged in such work. Even simple reforms often require years for their accomplishment, while greater ones are sometimes delayed for generations. Nothing could be much simpler or more obviously advantageous, for instance, than the administrative reforms that have so long been desired in this country; yet, after more than twenty years of discussion and agitation, these reforms are only just begun. Among the greater political movements we may mention that for the abolition of slavery, which had continued for nearly a generation before public sentiment was thoroughly aroused. In this case, indeed, there was a powerful interest arrayed against the reformers; but the

strangest circumstance in the case was the prolonged opposition or apathy of the people of the free States themselves. Another remarkable example of the difficulty of reform was seen in the case of the anti-corn-law movement in England. The abolition of the corn-laws was obviously for the benefit of the mass of the English people; yet it is matter of history that at first the people could not be brought to take an interest in the reform, and that the difficulty of effecting it was so great that at one time Cobden himself, the great leader of the movement, was on the point of abandoning the task in despair. We think that few instances can be found in history of important improvements in political affairs without a prolonged and persistent agitation in advance.

The reasons for this fact are various. The sluggishness of public opinion, the opposition of sinister interests, the absorption of men's minds in their personal

affairs, and that pride of opinion which makes men unwilling to acknowledge that anything they have approved or sanctioned can be wrong, all have an influence in keeping things as they are, even when a change is imperatively required. The fact, too, that most men are impervious to new ideas after they have reached middle life is an essential factor in the case; and it not infrequently happens that a new generation has to be trained up in the reform principles before any outward improvement can be effected.

Our purpose at this time, however, is not to inquire into the causes which render political changes difficult, but to point out certain circumstances which, in a free country, go far to compensate the evil, and which deserve to be accounted among the benefits of free government. Some men, seeing the difficulty of moving public opinion in a democratic community, and eager to effect improvements in political affairs, are led to doubt the wisdom of popular government, and to say that a benevolent despot and an enlightened aristocracy is a better depository of political power than the people themselves. But, besides the difficulty of securing benevolence in a despot or enlightenment in an aristocracy, history shows that even if they possess these qualities, they are less easily moved to effect reforms than the people themselves.

There have been benevolent despots who effected nothing for the political improvement of the nations they governed. The Antonines, for instance, were among the best personal rulers the world ever saw; yet they did nothing of importance in the way of political reforms, but left the Roman empire as they found it. As for aristocracies, though they often administer the government with much intelligence so far as their own interests are concerned, they are, nevertheless, the most conservative, the most bigotedly opposed to progress of all the species of government that ever existed, as the history of Sparta, Carthage, and Venice abundantly proves. The states that have been most largely and most uniformly progressive have been without exception those of a popular character, or those in which popular influence has been powerfully felt; and therefore the impatience that earnest reformers sometimes feel at the sluggishness and perversity of the popular mind ought never to make them lose faith in the benefits of free government.

But even if monarchs and aristocracies were as active friends of progress and as ready to effect improvements as popular governments are, yet improvements made through the agency of the people are far more beneficial than those effected without them. For, in the first place, reforms effected by the people themselves, or in accordance with their deliberate desire, are likely to be permanent; while if not thus effected, their permanence is uncertain. A benevolent monarch may make great improvements in laws and institutions, and thereby largely promote the well-being of the people; but if his successor happens to be a man of a different stamp, as is quite likely to be the case, all the improvements thus made may be set aside, and the condition of the people may become worse than before. Besides, the government of a nation, even under an absolute monarch, is largely influenced by public opinion; and if public opinion has not been educated to approve and support a reform, it may be set aside or rendered nugatory by the opposition of the people

themselves. There are even instances in history where a nation has surrendered liberty itself, simply because the mass of the people had not learned to appreciate its value. But, under a popular government, where no considerable change can be made without the concurrence of the people, a reform once effected is very rarely reversed. So well is this understood in England, that when an important measure has been carried there with the express approval of the people, no statesman ever thinks of repealing it, but the popular decision is everywhere accepted as final. This, then, is one of the benefits of free government—that political improvements once effected are certain to endure; and in this fact reformers may find encouragement when their temper is tried and their patience exhausted by the sluggishness of public opinion and the seeming dullness of the popular conscience.

But there is another consideration of still greater importance. The general and prolonged discussion which necessarily precedes reform in a popular government has an educating effect of the highest value. This has long been recognized by political philosophers as one of the principal benefits that popular government confers, and the history of such government in all ages bears out this view. Even the routine work of government, such as the conduct of municipal affairs, has an educating influence of no little value; but it is far surpassed in this respect by those discussions of principle which necessarily precede the enactment of great reforms. Questions involving the principles of morals and the happiness perhaps of millions cannot be pondered by any man without improving to some extent both his intellect and his character; and this educating influence is especially valuable in the case of the masses of men, because of the narrowness of their mental horizon. Men of leisure and men of intellectual tastes can find means of culture and mental stimulus in various ways; but the minds of the uneducated and toiling masses are seldom roused to thought except by some matter of great practical importance. Now, political affairs are of the highest importance to every one; and hence, in a country where the control of affairs is lodged in the hands of the people, the educating influence of political discussion and action is felt in a high degree, and is one of the most potent means of popular culture. This influence cannot be made available except under popular government; for the people will seldom take a very lively interest in governmental affairs if they are not to be called upon to help in deciding them. But if their voice is potent in deciding what shall be done, no question of importance can arise in which they will not take an interest; and then the discussion of such questions by the more instructed minds will quicken the popular intelligence and educate the popular conscience as few other agencies will.

When, therefore, the advocates of political reform in a free country grow discouraged, as they sometimes will, and wish, perhaps, that they themselves had independent power to carry out their measures, they may find comfort in the thought that while the reforms they desire, if really beneficial, can hardly fail to be realized at last, the mere discussion of them before the people has an effect on the popular mind that may be little less important than the reforms themselves.

Religious Snobbery.

THERE is a tone in the manner in which some men preach religion that may be called demagogical. It is, as it were, an ignoble bidding for votes, an appeal to something not the best in the man who is listening in order to win his sympathy and suffrage. It is a spirit that ignores the decent instincts of human nature; that does not hesitate to offend the refined listener, while catering to the prejudices and vulgarities of the more ignorant and brutal. It is a kind of preaching that has not even the excuse of being based on the dangerous principle of doing evil that good may come. It is the preaching of vulgarians, who naturally express themselves in terms that are coarse, and who are, moreover, bent upon making effects by fair means or foul. They are themselves vulgar by nature, and their determination to be effective carries them into oratorical excesses, unmitigated either by taste or conscience. We could give numerous and recent examples of demagogical preaching of the Gospel, but we should then be compelled to disfigure our page with vulgarities, and even with shameless blasphemies.

On the other hand, there is a certain kind of religious snobbery which is not altogether unknown in America, but which has hitherto taken no very deep root here. That it is not a wide-spread or serious social disease in this country may be inferred from the fact that our fiction does not often deal with examples of this sort of snobbery, though the thing is, of course, by no means unknown, and is perhaps yet to receive the treatment it deserves at the hands of our story-writers.

Native religious snobbery does not flourish among us very vigorously, nor does the plant give signs of powerful growth in its exotic varieties. We are led to this statement by the comparative non-success, on this side of the water, of one who has been called in England "the apostle to the genteel." This apostle (famous not only socially, but by means also of the glamour wrought by the pen of an eminent romancer) came among us not long ago and began at once a public career of interviewing and lecturing. In the natural course of events, a number of "wealthy" and "fashionable" (in lieu of "noble") converts should have adorned the mission of the distinguished apostle. So far, however, we have heard of few or no "conversions," and we have been led to consider the cause. As nearly as we can determine, this cause lies in the fact that Americans recognized immediately the uncongenial tone and bearing of the religious snob. The interviewers early discovered in the apostle a willingness to talk, with seemingly deprecation, of the fact that he had been the means of converting the rich and the noble; and when the apostle called their attention to the fact that he had also converted at least one poor man, this poor man, it was noticed, was that interesting social phenomenon, a noble bankrupt. Finally the

reporters were called upon to chronicle the public statement, by the modern apostle, that his great predecessor as a converter, St. Paul, was the one man among the Apostles who might be called a "gentleman!"

It was, therefore, soon understood that the genius of the romancer had created a fascinating image which had no counterpart in reality; and as snobbery in religion is not considered beautiful or desirable in this country, the "apostle to the genteel" evidently made the same mistake, in coming to America, that was made by a fellow-countryman and fellow-apostle of his who, instead of the robes of a priest, wore the knee-breeches of an æsthetic.

"Minister and Citizen."

THE recent consecration of Dr. Henry C. Potter as Assistant Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York, while an event of unusual interest and importance inside the denomination to which Bishop Potter belongs, is also an event of public and general interest, not only on account of the prominence of the office, but more especially owing to the antecedents and character of the man. For Dr. Potter, as rector of Grace Church, has not only proved himself on occasion a sympathizer and co-worker with other communions, but he has shown himself to be one of those clergymen who were described not long ago in these columns (on the occasion of the death of Dr. Bellows) as equally zealous and useful in the capacity of minister and in that of citizen.

While rector of a parish which has been unfortunately known as "fashionable," Dr. Potter has distinguished himself and his church as leaders in charitable work; he has been a helper of the poor,—not of the miserably poor only, but also of the respectably (and therefore sometimes neglected) poor. He has not troubled himself with partisan politics in either church or state, but his labors have been directed to advance the causes of religion and civilization in this great and teeming city among the poor and among the rich as well; and he has been an earnest worker in every movement in which a good and public-spirited citizen should make himself felt. It is not every faithful preacher of the Gospel who has the qualities which fit him in addition for this work of citizenship; it is not necessary that every minister should be so gifted; nevertheless, such men are greatly needed in New York. They form, and always have formed, an important and most valuable part of our life as a community; and it is a satisfaction that Dr. Potter's church, in bidding him go higher, has not bidden him go away from a city where his usefulness has been so pronounced, but has merely placed him in an office of wider and more visible influence.

OPEN LETTERS.

"New York as a Field for Fiction."

COMMENT.

DEAR MR. BUNNER: The chief fault I should find with your literary family, as presented in your "Open Letter" on "New York as a Field for Fiction," in *THE CENTURY* for September, is that the best part of it is under ground. The next faults I should find are its over deference to the "foreign" sentiment and the episodic character of the material suggested as new. I dare say that you did not intend to convince me, but I do not see how you can expect to convince others, in these active times, that your Dutch colonists of the earliest period, or those coming next after them, with a "forced infusion of English blood,"—your Huguenots, your Knickerbockers of the middle period, your Battery beaux and Bowling Green belles,—are more suitable material than their descendants now actually alive and well. We want vital questions, even in our fiction. I will back Gertrude's descendant, "leading the dance of youth and love in some grander new house far up-town," for interest against Gertrude herself in old Bleecker street or Greenwood Cemetery, every time. So, too, the briefless young lawyer, whom we fully understand, struggling for his living up in the rarefied air of sky-offices near Trinity chimes and through Marine Court, Part II., seems a much more worthy object of sympathy than your English Cambridge graduate, whose customs we know nothing about except by hearsay, and whom we only half believe in. Such a one, if stranded here,—as he might be stranded anywhere,—would be but a mere episode in the life of the great city, and not an essential part of it. If it were intended to display New York, he would have to be connected with its typical and essential features, which would still remain to be discovered.

Nor do I see why even the Columbia boys should be ruled out of New York fiction. For my part, I no longer seem to yield the same prompt allegiance as once to the warm and mellow Good Old Times, to the Quaint, the Genial, nor even the Foreign; and I believe that many story-reading persons are of the same way of thinking. The old times have been pretty thoroughly utilized, in one way and another. To have recourse to them now seems a manner of dodging the present. Here we are, with all our passions, humors, fancies, stirrings of romance as genuine as ever were. Who will picture us? who go a little deeper than ever before? who add a trifle to the knowledge of human nature? That is the original field. The original man will have a keen eye for such study of character as can be actually put to the test. Something in the nature of social science is what is wanted, rather than archæology; the method of examination of the subject on his feet and going about his affairs, instead of that by exhumation and autopsy, after long burial.

I think, perhaps, I have been a rather extreme example of the opposite view. I fear that I was a bad case of it. I remember when I thought Egypt,

classic antiquity, knights, minnesingers, chatelaines, moss-troopers, burghers, pilgrim-fathers, and buccaneers,—you know the whole menagerie,—down to about the year 1800, the only part of created existence worth the slightest attention. The greatest recommendation to favor was that one should be dead and should have worn a party-colored costume. Next to this, if he *would* live, it was to be European. At present, I flatly do not believe in them. They were no better, no whit more worthy of interest, than ourselves. Come! They were not so good. We are the fish still remaining in the sea better than any yet caught.

It was Europe itself that finally dispelled that impression. I found that an individual was not necessarily the more great, glorious, wise, nor entertaining for being a European, and it occurred to me that he might not be for being dead, even for several hundred years. Foreignness is a kind of antiquity; distance in time and in space is practically the same thing, and the sentiment about them hangs together.

You allow a small modern and home department, however, to those who will not be satisfied, for a novel of New York, with colonial ancestors merely. A part of the new material is "the New England invasion." But you will surely remember that this is just what Rodman Harvey was,—a New England invasion. He had succeeded with his store in a smaller place, had come here and had married, for a second wife, a representative of the Knickerbocker blood, and had become a magnate. He must have resembled, in several ways, the late ex-Governor Morgan, William E. Dodge, and their class, and no men were more essentially of New York than these.

You omit from the list, entirely, low life, which we must agree to be full of interest, and characteristic, here as elsewhere. You omit, too, the life around the great newspaper offices, the seat of government and local politics, and the great financial institutions. And then you choose a class in one of the lower wards, who ran with the machine to fires in their youth, and now go to church on Sundays, and call them the bourgeois of New York. If there be a proper bourgeois of New York, since when has this thick-witted class anywhere—the Philistines of the violent modern protest—become the most entertaining material for the use of the literary artist? Upon what theory, too, can it be maintained that East Broadway, with half a dozen immigrant Mulligans and Lochmüllers domiciled in it to each ex-running-to-fires-with-the-machine bourgeois, is more essentially New York than the vast area of brown-stone houses above Twenty-third street?

Of all the material which you sketch in, after having somewhat too hastily cleared the decks, I venture to find most serviceable the contingent of Parisianized Americans fleeing from the wreck of the last French Empire. A similar contingent is at this moment intimately allied with the British Empire. Both of these would do excellently in New York as a field

for fiction, not simply for themselves, but because they are part and parcel of the society which gives New York its peculiar aspect at home and reputation abroad.

We must agree that everything cannot be put into a single book. What, then, is the thing to do, having set out with the purpose of giving some faint idea of the life of the metropolis in a story? Is it to take isolated and eccentric figures and episodes, however interesting, which might have passed anywhere? It is rather to take those leading personages, traits, and localities with which its identity is bound up. You appear to complain of the typicalness of the characters with which I have very inadequately attempted to do this, as if typicalness were a vice. I have taken, you say, "the typical merchant," "the typical belle," "the typical snob," and so forth; and you would seem to imply that this should not have been done, but that the future aspirant should depend for his effects upon personages of a very different sort, it is not at all clear what. An interesting supplement to your article would be a brief review of fiction in New York, to show whether the field is really so pre-empted as to leave no room on that score for the figures most prominent in actual life. I think it would be found much less full than indicated. It is doubtful if it can ever be so full as to exclude that central figure of our money-making day, the merchant prince, at all.

However poorly I have treated them, the typicalness of my characters cannot justly be blamed. There is considerable misconception on this point. It is fancied that a character which is a type must become a mere abstraction. But a type should be a very clearly cut individual, who has the added value of representing not only himself, but a whole interesting class. It is of such characters that we can say "How natural!" "I, too, have seen that." To seek for mere individuals who are not types, if such a thing were possible, would be to make a literature of bearded ladies and living skeletons, to pretend that "cranks" and monstrosities were the best material. I do not think we are really at issue on this point, but rather in some difference of statement. I have happened, just at the moment of writing this, upon Pailleron's amusing play of "le Monde où l'on s'ennuie." There is a short preface to it, in which it appears that he has been attacked for alleged portraiture in some of his characters. He replies, defending himself in a few words which express so well what types really are and ought to be as to seem worth quoting as a final definition. He says: "I have taken the traits of which I have made my types from drawing-rooms and from individuals in the privacy of home. And they are so thoroughly types and so little portraits that as many as five different names have been given to each of them.*"

Yours very truly,

W. H. Bishop.

MY DEAR MR. BISHOP: The chief fault I should find with your pleasant note, just received, is that it seemingly is addressed to some person of views very

different from those of the writer of the "Open Letter" in the September CENTURY.

I have looked carefully over that document, and I cannot find that anything I have said there makes me responsible for the somewhat startling theory which you attribute to me,—that an individual is the less an individual because he is also a type. What I did try to point out is that one cannot draw an individual by describing merely the traits he has in common with all others of his class,—which is, you will agree with me, simply substituting an abstraction for a character.

And I must have made myself sadly misunderstood if you have taken the few incidental suggestions I sketched out as prescriptive or directive, or designed to cover the whole field of fiction. I chose them, in fact, purely as illustrations of my idea,—that the roots of our metropolitan life are deeper and older, and the fruit that springs therefrom richer and mellow, than most people believe.

It makes little matter, I think, when or where a man finds the time and scene of his story. But it is all-essential that he should give his work sympathetic, conscientious, and unprejudiced study, and should not trust too readily to accepted traditions or unconventional valuations.

Allow me to thank you for the pleasant way in which you have met me, and to add a sincere wish that whatever field you choose for yourself may prove prolific in laurels.

Yours sincerely,

H. C. Bunner.

Our Jury System.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY:

SIR,—In reading in the June CENTURY the replies to "Is the Jury System a Failure?" it struck me that the defenders of the present system had confined themselves too strictly to a statement of the direct and immediate results that would be likely to ensue from the abolition of the jury system and the substitution therefor of a tribunal of judges. Not infrequently the indirect, uncalculated results of a sweeping change in civil government are of vastly greater moment to society than the direct results.

The consideration of such a change in our judicial system suggests three important queries as to its results. These are:

First. Its direct effect upon the administration of justice.

Second. Its ultimate effect upon the constitution and character of the new tribunal.

Third. Its effect upon public opinion regarding the administration of justice.

There is, I presume, no advocate of the jury system who will deny that it might be improved by wiser legislation, especially as regards the manner of selecting juries. And no one who has seen its workings will deny that it has some advantages over any system that has ever been tried. It is an advantage that no litigant can know, until his case is on trial, the precise personnel of the tribunal which is to decide his case. He may know a few days beforehand, it is true, who will probably compose the panel from which his jury will be drawn, but no man can tell him who will be drawn.

* "J'ai pris dans les salons et chez les individus les traits dont j'ai fait mes types. Et ce sont si bien des types et si peu des portraits qu'on a mis sur chacun d'eux jusqu'à cinq noms différents."

If he knows or believes that any member of the panel is hostile or prejudiced against him, or will be influenced by sinister motives in deciding the cause, he has only to challenge him peremptorily, without giving any reason, and his opponent has a like opportunity. And any party to a cause who desires to use improper means to influence the tribunal in his favor, is likely to be baffled in any attempt he may make by this uncertainty as to who will constitute this tribunal. In fact, the obstacles to any attempt to tamper with the jury are, in most cases, practically insurmountable, since the majority of cases which are tried by juries occupy less than two days after the jury is drawn, and this affords too little time to make the acquaintance of the individual jurors sufficiently to enable a man to approach them safely with corrupt propositions. It is the opinion of many of our ablest lawyers that on questions of fact, where the jury are carefully instructed as to the law, the average judgment of twelve good jurymen is quite as likely to be correct as that of a bench of judges.

Upon the second question, the ultimate effect of the proposed change upon the constitution and character of the new tribunal, we must first remember that we cannot presume that the new tribunals would be composed of the same quality of men as those who now constitute the judges of our courts; for I will premise, for the sake of the argument, that the judges of our courts throughout the United States are, as a class, upright, incorruptible, impartial, and able men. When it is charged in the public prints that the appointment of a judge of the most august tribunal of the nation (I might say in the whole world, since no other tribunal has such extensive powers conferred upon it) has at least in a single instance been the work of an unscrupulous speculator, would it not be well, whether we believe this terrible accusation or not, to pause before making such changes in our judicial system, to consider whether we should not be making it easy for soulless corporations and millionaires whose god is mammon, in many localities, and especially in our great commercial centers, to pack our judicial tribunals and to give us courts in comparison with which the New York city courts during the Tweed régime were Aristidean? — courts that would not only nullify as unconstitutional all legislation that sought to release the people from the toils of the masters whose behests these courts would be chosen to carry out, but courts that would, upon occasion, twist the facts in a case into conformity with the desires of their masters. It is said that some men of shining legal abilities, but of sullied personal character, have made very acceptable judges. It is not difficult for a lawyer to see how this might be. Since men are always controlled by the strongest motive, and with some men ambition may be a stronger motive than avarice, a desire to rank high as a jurist might prevail over any other incentive with a man not over-scrupulous. When a judge decides questions of law, he does it under the eyes and in the face of a jury he dare not defy, *i. e.*, a vigilant and critical bar. He has before him two interested contending parties, each ever ready and watchful to take exceptions to his errors of judgment even. He must state clearly his positions in regard to the law, and they are subject to revision by a higher tribunal. They then go into the reports,

and are read and reread by lawyers who have made a thorough and exhaustive study of their subject matter, and who are competent to pass upon his rulings. In matters of law, all his faults "observed, Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote." And a man of good legal abilities who, while occupying the position of a *nisi prius* judge even, should attempt to go very far in modifying or wresting the existing law, contrary to precedent and authority, would soon find that he had entered upon a thorny road, whatever might be his motive for wandering.

Any one who has prepared a case for an appellate court, when it is essential to review the evidence, knows how extremely difficult it is, in many cases, to present any adequate picture of the testimony to the higher court, even with the aid of a stenographer's report of the testimony. The appearance and manner of the different witnesses, which oftentimes, and justly too, has so much weight with the jury, is entirely wanting. A skillful and unscrupulous court, organized in the interests of a wealthy corporation, seconded by able attorneys, as such corporations usually employ, might make short shrift for a poor man with a doubtful or even a just cause, aided, as too often he would be, only by inexperienced counsel, such as his lack of means would frequently compel him to employ. The testimony in such cases would often not be reported, and very frequently the only spectators of the conduct of the court would be the litigants and their witnesses. Moreover, every party having a cause for trial could know with tolerable certainty, for days and usually for weeks and months before the trial, what persons would constitute the tribunal which would try the case, and, if he had corrupt intentions, would have ample time to discover the weakest points in the character of each individual composing the tribunal. The old saying, that "every man has his price," is undoubtedly true in the sense that every man is approachable in some way, and is susceptible to certain influences,— in some cases consciously, and in others unconsciously.

Proceeding to the third point,— the effect of the proposed system upon public opinion,— there are men, and their number is not small, whose own self-knowledge justifies them in the belief that all courts are corrupt and that a poor man has no chance in our courts, or who have so often asserted such an opinion that they have come to believe it. Under our present system, most reproaches of this kind are thrown upon the jury; but the jury is an impersonal, ever-changing body. The odium of an unjust verdict, or one that is condemned by public sentiment, whether such condemnation is merited or not, is divided among twelve men, who separate to their several homes and never meet again to act together under any circumstances whatsoever. If, through mistake, or for any other reason, they have given an unrighteous verdict, the harm is largely confined to the particular case decided; there is no danger that the same body will repeat the offense and thus acquire a cumulation of odium. Would not a succession of unpopular verdicts, occurring in tolerably close succession, even if right, tend to bring a continuing tribunal into contempt, and would not the tendency be toward causing the populace to suspect bribery and corruption on the part of the court? Would not every decision in which there was any general interest, if made contrary to an uninformed

public opinion, whether right or wrong, by a court already unpopular, add to its unpopularity? I need not occupy space to show that anything that tends to bring our courts into contempt, or to throw suspicion upon them, is subversive of our institutions.

When we see what an outcry is raised in one of the larger States of this Union against its supreme court, for deciding a question of abstract law, *i. e.*, whether a certain proposed amendment to the State constitution was legally adopted so as to become a part of that constitution, and such decision was against the wishes of what claimed to be a majority of the people of the State, and the renomination of the Chief Justice of that court was successfully opposed by some of the leading journals of his own political party for the reason, openly avowed, that his decision on this question was not satisfactory, we may well hesitate before we subject our courts to the odium to which they would certainly be subjected in doing their duty to men accused of heinous crimes and generally suspected by the community to be guilty, where there is yet no sufficient evidence of guilt. And a fair-minded man with an average amount of common sense has often but to carefully sit through and watch an important trial of this kind to know how unjustly juries are sometimes abused by the newspapers and the general public, for performing their plain duty under the law and the evidence submitted to them.

Eugene Lewis.

MOLINE, ILL.

Some New Inventions.

A DESCRIPTION was given in this magazine some months since of a new design in steam-ship construction, with a promise of further information when the design was realized in actual practice. A small steamer, built to test this design, has been launched, and from an examination of the vessel in dock at East Boston a note may be made of the present position of the experiment. The objects sought appear to be speed and safety. To insure these, the hull is extremely sharp and built upon very fine lines, the boat being very long and narrow, and with the greatest width somewhat in advance of the center. The upper part of the vessel is rounded, beginning just above the water-line, the sides bending inward and meeting in the center in the form of a low arch slightly flattened in the middle. To give the ship this peculiar form, the ribs are continuous from the keel upward and over the deck, the outer skin being carried directly over the top of the vessel. On the deck is a small wheel-house, with a dome-shaped roof of heavy glass, one or two hatchways, and the two smoke-stacks. A light railing serves as a guard round the narrow deck, and, beyond the ventilators and sky-lights, there is nothing more visible on the outside. This peculiar form is intended to give great strength to resist the shock and weight of water falling on the deck as the vessel is forced through the waves. It is thought the hull will plunge through the waves instead of riding over them, and that in rough water the deck will be often swept by heavy seas that, finding no hold, will simply roll off without inflicting damage or materially checking the headway. How far this interesting theory may prove correct, experiment can alone decide. At the present writing nothing has been done. This

is explained by an apparent failure of the motive-power put into the vessel. Suitable boilers and engines are to be provided, and the tests will be made upon a complete and thorough scale. The vessel as it now stands certainly presents an admirable opportunity to conduct what might be called physical research in the field of navigation, and it is to be hoped that when the new engines are complete something of value may be added to the science of ship-building.

Objections are sometimes raised against the study of mechanics by girls as being, in a general way, useless, seeing that the feminine mind is not inventive. To the mechanical mind this objection has a certain flavor of decayed absurdity, a mingled air of ignorance and prejudice. How shall the bird fly if it is born and reared in a cage? The most valuable mental faculty in invention is imagination. Women certainly have that. The trouble is not that they cannot invent, but that they have not imagined the necessity of an invention. One of the greatest of American inventors could construct complete in his mind a working carpet-loom, and then make the drawings and build the loom, and it would at once make such carpets as he saw in his mind. Given imagination, there need be only a knowledge of the laws of mechanics, patience, and work. These are the essentials of invention, and they are as much feminine as masculine. The seeing a want prompts to a lively imagination of a way of supplying the want, and this is invention. When women are educated to see the relations of things and understand something of mechanics, feminine inventions will follow quickly enough. In fact, the Patent Office reports already contain a very considerable number of patents issued to women, some of which have proved of great commercial value.

One of the two exhibitions recently opened in Boston devoted liberal space for the display of work by women and girls. From an examination of this display, something may be learned of the more recent inventions brought to a practical commercial position by women. The list is small, but suggestive, as it includes such diverse subjects as iron castings, bronze bearings for journals, and improved furniture. The only criticism that can be made against the display assumes the form of a regret that what seems to be a really good alloy, that has stood the severe test of regular work in heavy machinery, should not be boldly put with the machine tools in another part of the exhibition, where it would be seen of men. In the "woman's department" it is half smothered by the Kensington stitch. Among the inventions patented and exhibited by women, may be mentioned a few that seem to indicate a clear knowledge of what is wanted and the wit and skill to supply the want. A trunk with a tray has the objection that, if a dress is laid in the tray and it does not fill it to the top of the cover, the garment will not stow well, and if the trunk is turned over it will be injured. To obviate this, an improved tray is shown, having a canvas bottom with straps and pockets, and arranged in such a way that it can be placed in any position in the trunk and securely fastened there. The garment is placed in the tray and pinned to the canvas or fastened by the straps, and then, if the trunk is turned over, it cannot get out of place nor be thrown about, even if the trunk is half empty. In furniture three exhibits are made by women. One of these is a

bedstead with the space under the mattress utilized as a bureau, a number of drawers being provided on each side, the exhibit showing considerable skill in designing cabinet work. Allied to this is a large arm-chair for school-teachers, with smaller chairs arranged under the seat in the manner of drawers, and designed to be drawn out to give seats for children who, in the discipline of school life, must "sit with teacher." A bureau is shown, having apparently two sets of drawers. One of these is false and opens as a cupboard door. Within is a shelf that may be drawn out, and is intended to support a washing-bowl, while the space below is for the water-jar. These three exhibits clearly indicate the pressing necessity for economy of space in domestic life in city tenements and apartments, and will, no doubt, fill a want and find a market. The most profitable patents are often those that seem the most simple and commonplace. Perhaps the most promising design by a woman is an adjustable book-cover. Every one is familiar with the art of covering books with paper, but no one before seems to have hit upon the happy thought of a locking device that will keep the paper shield always firmly in position without the aid of paste. The idea was plainly suggested by the many forms of locking paper boxes, and it will, no doubt, prove quite as valuable in a commercial sense. An improved stove-grate, unfortunately not shown in position, a new oil-stove showing a clear understanding of the theory of this class of stoves, a new glaze for pottery, a new life-preserver, and a new plastic material that may be used as a substitute for clay are also exhibited by women. In practical scientific work there is also a creditable display of chemicals and dye-stuffs, all by women. These are only a few of the exhibits made by women that depart in any degree from the conventional needle-work, and they are worthy of notice for two reasons: they indicate an effort to grasp the wants of the world and a right understanding of means to ends; and they also show that there is a steady widening of the field in which women may find profitable employment.

The increasing attention given to outdoor life and sports has naturally led to the introduction of improved appliances for comfort or convenience in fields and woods. In boats, tents, and camping facilities this is specially noticeable. American canoes and traveling boats have exhibited several new types, some of which have been described in this magazine. Of late, attention seems to be given more to camping facilities. Among these is a tent of the common A shape, having rounded ends completely closed, and movable sides, which may be raised so as to make it by day in good weather into a large dining or shelter tent, fully open to the air; while at night or in rough weather one or both of the sides may be let down, closing the tent either partially or completely, one loose corner making a door when required. Another device consists of a lawn seat with a canopy or sun-shade, that may be turned into a single bed with a small, low tent over it for camp use. In camp furniture a new outfit, consisting of six chairs, two beds, and one table, may deserve attention, as all these pieces are designed to be packed into one trunk of medium size. The outfit examined seemed to be strong and well made, and very neatly and compactly fitted to the trunk.

An invention has just been brought out in this country as a substitute for stained glass. In stained glass, each piece of glass, in the mosaic that forms the design or picture, must be inclosed in the lead sash or "leads." These lines of leads cross the window in every direction, and often greatly mar the effect of the design. In the new method of treating window glass there are the same leads, but they are used in a manner that is not possible in stained glass, and for a wholly different reason. The method of preparing the glass is quite simple. A suitable design is prepared in colors, and in its treatment there may be the greatest freedom, as the leads that follow the main lines of the design or picture are merely the divisions between the colors. Over the pattern is laid a sheet of clear glass. A composition that melts only at a high temperature is then placed in a tube having a cone at the lower end and a small opening at the point. The heated composition flows through this, like paint from a color tube, and is allowed to fall on the glass over the pattern, where it leaves a raised line that instantly hardens and clings firmly to the glass. With this fluid pencil the main lines of the pattern are drawn on the glass, making the leads of the future work, and marking the divisions of the colors. It is plain that, in the hands of the designer, a picture, pattern, or geometrical design can thus be drawn directly in free-hand on the glass, which is a wholly novel method of treatment. The lines of the pattern having been drawn in the hot composition, the next step follows at once. Each of the spaces between the leads is then filled in with a colored composition that sets quickly and forms a transparent or translucent adherent film on the glass. In about forty-eight hours this coloring material is dry and hard, and when varnished will stand washing and all ordinary temperatures. The finished work examined appeared to give a closer imitation of stained glass than anything yet produced. The colors are pure and strong, and the designs showed a degree of freedom not before obtained in any decorative treatment of glass. The invention is worthy of examination chiefly on account of this very freedom, as any design or picture can be drawn on the glass and reproduced in transparent colors. The cost is said to be about one half that of the cheaper forms of stained glass.

Charles Barnard.

Free Trade with Canada.

IN the July number of *THE CENTURY* appeared an interesting article from the pen of Mr. Watson Griffin on the above subject. For us Canadians it possessed a peculiar value, indicating as it did the opinion of a well-informed and thoughtful American on the trade relations between the two countries. In a certain degree it was also flattering to Canada, Mr. Griffin freely recognizing the boundless resources of the Dominion and the rapid strides toward prosperity made in the past few years. Dealing with the question of reciprocity, Mr. Griffin has presented us with an American view—how widely entertained I know not—of the trade relationship between Canada and the United States. He urges on his fellow-countrymen to turn their attention to the land so rapidly

gaining in wealth and strength immediately on their borders, and before it is too late to secure better terms with a market which would repay them a hundred-fold. He readily sees the immense advantages which would accrue to the United States were the "tariff wall" removed, and the corresponding injury done to Canadian trade, and he candidly acknowledges that Canada would suffer as the United States would gain by a reciprocity treaty. Winnipeg would be forced into competition with Chicago, St. Paul, and Minneapolis, and, in Mr. Griffin's own words, a certain blow would be struck at its future greatness. Continuing, he confesses that the growth of eastern Canada would be greatly retarded, and that were free trade established between the two countries the United States would reap the lion's share of the advantages. But Mr. Griffin has a most peculiar view of "the eternal fitness of things," to use an Americanism. He coolly discusses the probabilities of the Canadian people agreeing to reciprocity, and, without showing any adequate results to be gained by them, concludes that they would accept it! No new markets opened up to us, no impetus to our manufactures, no demand for our products, our rising industries crushed in the bud, and our country sacrificed on the altar of a pure and disinterested affection. But we are an eminently practical people, and without some corresponding gain would hardly be inclined thus to lay bare our markets and expose our industries. Once on a time, not so very long ago either, we would gladly have accepted reciprocity, but the Federal Government at Washington saw fit to reject our advances. It was the best thing the United States ever did for us—the most fortunate event which has happened to Canada since confederation. In self-defense we were forced to retaliate; but what was once a mere means of protection has now become to us a tower of strength. Under the National Policy, the "tariff wall" of which Mr. Griffin writes, Canada has suddenly sprung from youth to young and sturdy manhood. Self-dependence has been taught her; she gives employment to her own youth—no longer annually sending them away; industries that were never dreamt of have come into existence, and she is on the opening of a career bright with every promise. We are not a particularly visionary people, but we have faith in our country. Perhaps it lies not on the surface and is not readily seen, but it is implanted deep and strong in the hearts of the people. Despite Mr. Griffin's opinion to the contrary, the Canadians have every trust in their National Policy. Since its introduction in 1879, Canada has made unexampled progress. A land rich and fertile to the verge of unbelief, of which Canadians themselves knew but little, has been opened up, trade with foreign countries has increased to an enormous extent, the people of the different provinces have been drawn into closer connection, and a new impetus has been given the varied interests of the country.

Canada, on the whole, gladly accepted the Reciprocity Treaty in 1854, throwing open her priceless fisheries in return for the manufactured products of her neighbor. But even then there was disappointment and grumbling in the provinces by the sea. And when the treaty expired, and the United States refused all offers of renewal, among those who looked into the future and saw the destiny awaiting the young

nation there was a feeling of relief. And how that foresight has been verified needs but a glance at the Canada of to-day. In 1881 her trade in proportion to her population exceeded that of the United States, and her shipping likewise in proportion was more than four times as great, while the volume of trade had increased from \$130,000,000 in 1868 to \$210,000,000 in 1882. The abrogation of the treaty forced her to find new markets, and to-day she enjoys the best of trade relations with the commercial countries of the globe. Her trade demanded new outlets; direct steam communication has been opened with France and Brazil; her products find a ready sale in South America, and the business done with the West Indies has more than quadrupled. The increase of immigration in 1882 was one hundred and ninety per cent. over that of 1880, and sixty-five per cent. over that of 1881, while the increase in the United States in 1882 was only three and a half per cent. more than the previous year. And while these statistics give us every encouragement as a growing people, still they show us our youth as a nation, being barely sixteen years of age, alongside the one hundred and six which have elapsed since the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The growth of Canada has been rapid since confederation, the intellect of the Dominion keeping pace with its progress as a State. In a speech recently made by Lord Dufferin at the Empire Club, London, he stated that, in his opinion, the population of Canada at the close of the next century would be forty millions. That, however, is but a moderate estimate.

Mr. Griffin writes that in the recent elections, in which the National Policy was the question at issue, many of those who voted for it did so merely with a view of forcing the United States, by retaliation, to entertain the idea of reciprocity; that in negotiations for free trade, Americans could rely upon the full support of the Reformers with a liberal sprinkling of Conservatives; and that as many of the Conservative members were elected by small majorities, a slight change in public sentiment might make a great change in parliamentary representation. This is certainly a surprising statement from one apparently so well informed as Mr. Griffin. Does he imagine that the Reformers would readily play into the hands of the Americans—cheerfully throw open the markets of their country for the surplus products of the United States? He should know that our political institutions are sufficiently democratic to allow the people to have something to say in such matters. It is they who say whether we shall have free trade or protection. And Mr. Griffin's notions of our political men must indeed be crude. Were the Conservative party defeated tomorrow, there would be but few changes made in their policy by the Liberals. For the policy is not a cast-iron one; it is regulated and moderated as the trade of the country demands, building up our industries, and discouraging all species of monopoly. Many of the Reform party support it as a general measure. But Mr. Griffin makes the greatest mistake when he thinks that a slight change in public sentiment would make a great change in parliamentary representation, and that free trade with the United States would be the result. Fully as many, if not more, Reformers hold their seats by narrow majorities as Conservatives. The

great mass of the people in the Dominion support the Liberal Conservative party. They have a majority not only in parliamentary representation, but also of the entire vote cast in every province but one, and it would take a very powerful and complicated combination of circumstances to oust them from their position. Time alone will solve the question which Mr. Griffin imagines is in the power of the Reform party, and which he considers they are only too eager to effect. The day of reciprocity has gone by; we were taught a severe lesson once, and we have profited by it, and though at some future time the "tariff wall" may be lessened, for the present Canada is content with matters as they are.

J. Fred. Harley.

Joseph Jefferson as "Caleb Plummer."

THE actor who permits himself to become identified with one impersonation imperils his artistic fame, however excellent as a work of art that impersonation may be. The reason of this is obvious. The public, which never looks below the surface, first learns to imagine that the man who plays only one part can play no other, and then, having studied and enjoyed each look, gesture, and vocal modulation which made the original characterization famous, is prompt, when the actor appears in a new guise, to recognize everything, however insignificant, which is familiar, and consider it evidence of his lack of versatility, without giving him credit for the many instances wherein that very gift of versatility is shown most clearly. Shallowness of this kind is to be expected on the part of the general mass of theatergoers, who never think of the means so long as the result is pleasing, and care more for the personality of the player than for his art; but is surprising when exhibited in the judgment of persons professing themselves to be thoughtful observers. And yet there is nothing more common in the current dramatic criticism of the day than the tendency to pronounce general condemnations of the work of even the most competent actors on the score of their "mannerisms," without vouchsafing any consideration to artistic merits which atone handsomely for many minor defects.

It is plain that in many cases the word "mannerism" is used without the least comprehension of the only meaning which it can have legitimately in dramatic criticism. An actor, being after all only a man, cannot be blamed because he does not possess supernatural attributes. It is manifestly impossible for him to change at will the physical characteristics which nature gave him to distinguish him from his fellow mortals. His figure, his carriage, his speech, his features, although they may be greatly disguised by theatrical device, impose certain arbitrary limitations in the way of impersonation; and to hold him artistically responsible for these would be just as reasonable as to denounce him for not having been born somebody else. The reproach of "mannerism" is not, therefore, necessarily applicable to the actor who fails to conceal his own identity (for that identity may be, and often is, exquisitely appropriate to the stage character; but to the actor who, through ignorance, incapacity, or conceit, is the slave of violent, absurd, and inartistic habits, which are foreign to his natural behavior, and

are displayed in every character he undertakes, from *Romeo* to *Caliban*.

There have been few more delightful examples of the art of the skilled comedian in this generation than that furnished in the *Caleb Plummer* of Mr. Joseph Jefferson, witnessed in the Union Square Theater. Nevertheless, many of the critics of the daily press, while admitting its charm and its effect upon the spectators, found fault with it because it reminded them at times of *Rip Van Winkle*, and reproduced certain little tricks of Mr. Jefferson's own manner. It would have been almost miraculous if it had not; and yet, as a matter of fact, this performance is no less remarkable for the versatility which it displays than for its extraordinary mastery of theatrical resource. That in it Mr. Jefferson occasionally awakens reminiscences both of *Rip* and of himself is indisputable; but what then? No actor ever did or ever will attain artistic eminence, without embodying in his best impersonations some of his own personal characteristics, for the simple reason that only men of strong individuality (in one direction or another) and with marked personal or mental traits can ever hope to comprehend or express the emotions, whether of joy or sorrow, which impart life and reality to the dramatic fiction. It does not follow at all that the great actor, either in tragedy or comedy, should be dominated by the emotions which he simulates,—this, indeed, is not commonly the case,—but simply that there must be in his own nature a chord which is capable of stirring in response to the feigned joys or woes to be portrayed. If any one, after witnessing Mr. Jefferson's *Caleb*, will take the trouble to read carefully Dickens's beautiful little story of "The Cricket on the Hearth," he will find a striking illustration of the truth of this theory in the radical difference between the author's conception of the old toy-maker and the actor's exposition of it. There is not a trace in Mr. Jefferson's *Caleb* of the dull, vacant, hopeless depression which the novelist paints with so pathetic a touch. He has not the dull eye and vacuous manner which tell of a spirit crushed by perpetual and remediless misery, because there is not in the comedian himself any sympathy with this particular phase of human nature. His own temperament is buoyant, hopeful, placid, and sunny, and he naturally—it might be said, necessarily—invests *Caleb* with some of his own brightness and humor. He effects this, too, without robbing the part of any of its exquisite pathos. He even heightens the color of the picture by the artistic employment of contrast. The scene with the blind *Bertha* and *Tackleton* would not be half so touching and suggestive as it is, if the pitiful anxiety and wistful tenderness of *Caleb* at this juncture were not emphasized by the memory of the childlike mirth and simple gayety of his meeting with *Peerybingle*, in the preceding scene. This old man, so ragged, cold, and timid, with his grateful appreciation of a kind word,—his bustling, nervous efforts to be of some assistance,—his beaming smile, playing around the pinched and drawn old lips,—his bright eye, now beaming with merriment, now eloquent with love or commiseration,—is a creation so absolutely human and real that, for the moment, all sense of the wonderful skill which creates the illusion is lost.

The full extent of that skill may be appreciated best by comparing this study of *Caleb* with that of

Rip, and noting, not the occasional intonation, the curious little gasp, and other trifling points common to both impersonations, but the radical differences which exist between them. These are to be found, not in the variety of costume only,—the only pretense of versatility afforded by the ordinary hack-actor of the day,—but in the man himself, in his walk, in his gestures, in his carriage, in his address, in his voice, and in his laugh. The only constant point of resemblance between the two men is in the matter of age. In all other respects they are as opposite as the poles. There is nothing in common between the reckless and shameless, if fascinating, jollity of *Rip* and the sweet, unselfish, indomitable cheerfulness of *Caleb*, or between the methods which throw a glamour of poetry and romance about the forlorn and forgotten reveler and those which are so infinitely pathetic in the case of the old toy-maker. On the one hand, a detestable character is endowed with irresistible charm by the sheer force of poetic imagination; and on the other, a nature of a type at once the simplest and the highest is portrayed with a truth which is as masterly as it is affecting. There is nothing in “*Rip Van Winkle*” more touching than those scenes where *Caleb* listens while *Dot* reveals to *Bertha* the story of his noble deceit, and where he recognizes the son whom he deemed lost in “the golden South Americas.” The play of emotion on Mr. Jefferson’s face at the moment of recognition, as wonderment, doubt, and hope are succeeded by certainty and rapturous joy,—his deprecatory, spasmodic action as he turns away from what he evidently fears is a delusion of the senses,—and his final rush into the arms of his son,—are triumphs of the highest kind. Here the actor is lost in the fictitious character, and the simulation becomes an actual impersonation, which is the highest possible dramatic achievement.

It would be easy to dilate, if space permitted, on the beauty of the merely mechanical as opposed to the spiritual part of this performance. The fineness of the finish, noticeable in all Mr. Jefferson’s creations, is equally remarkable in this. The minutest “business” is transacted with a neatness and precision which could not easily be surpassed. Nowhere is there a sign of premeditation or design; all is done simply, naturally, and without strain. The methods employed are those of comedy, and he never once permits himself to fall into extravagance except in his manner of kissing *Tilly* at the fall of the curtain. The indiscretion here is small perhaps, but it is a blot on a most delightful picture, which ought not to remain. It is only in works of the rarest excellence that the smallest blemishes are serious.

This impersonation would place Mr. Jefferson at the head of contemporary comedians if he had never been seen in other parts, and is an unanswerable proof, if any were needed, of the great range of his powers. It would be pleasant to say something of other recent achievements of the player who is now renewing the victories of a quarter of a century ago—of his *Bob Acres* and his *Golightly*; but the time does not serve, and nothing remains but to express the hope that it will not be long before he introduces some more portraits from his unrivaled gallery.

J. Ranken Touse.

Jefferson Davis and General Holt.

IN THE CENTURY for November is an article, “The Capture of Jefferson Davis,” by Mr. Burton N. Harrison. The following phrases and sentences are to be found in this article: In a note by the author, on page 136 of the magazine: “ * * * The scheme of Stanton and Holt to fasten upon Mr. Davis charges of a guilty foreknowledge of, if not participation in, the murder of Mr. Lincoln.” And in the text, on page 145: “Stanton and Holt, lawyers both, very well knew that Mr. Davis could never be convicted on an indictment for treason, but were determined to hang him anyhow, and were in search of a pretext for doing so. * * * To have been a prisoner in the hands of the Government of the United States, and not to have been brought to trial upon any of the charges against him, is sufficient refutation of them all. It indicates that the people in Washington knew the accusations could not be sustained.”

Now, I can safely leave the defense of Secretary Stanton to abler pens than mine. But I hold—contrary, I know, to the usual opinion—that the dead, whose time of action is past, stand less in need of vindication than the living. Therefore, I wish to speak as to the charges made by Mr. Harrison against General Holt; yet not with my own mouth; for it strikes me that the fitting answer to them is found in General Holt’s own statement concerning another matter, published within the month, but before Mr. Harrison’s paper was given to the public.

General Holt, in this statement (a reply, in the form of a letter published in the “Philadelphia Press,” under the date of October 8th, to an attack upon him by the ex-conspirator, Mr. Jacob Thompson), speaks as follows concerning the actions of a certain Sanford Conover, first known to the General and the public as a witness in the trial of the assassins of President Lincoln (though Conover’s testimony concerned not those conspirators executed for that crime, but others who were never brought to trial):

“In July, after the trial, Conover addressed a written communication to me from New York, of which the following is the opening paragraph:

“NEW-YORK, July 26, 1865.

“‘BRIG.-GEN. HOLT:

“‘*Dear Sir*: Believing that I can procure witnesses and documentary evidence sufficient to convict Jeff. Davis and C. C. Clay of complicity in the assassination of the President, and that I can also find and secure John H. Surratt, I beg leave to tender the Government, through you, my services for these purposes. * * *’

“On the second of August following,” General Holt continues, “another letter to the same effect, but more urgent, was received from him [Conover], and, after a conference with the Secretary of War, with his full approval the proposal was accepted, and Conover entered on the fulfillment of his engagement. Some six or seven months were occupied in this, and after all the witnesses produced by him—none of whom were known to me—had been examined, and their depositions filed in the Bureau of Military Justice, Conover, under the supervision of the Secretary of War, was allowed a compensation, which, with what he had previously received, was deemed just, and no more, for his services,—such sums as were required for the attendance of the witnesses themselves having been before paid out from

time to time. Conover himself gave no deposition. In this there was no departure from the course habitually pursued by all the departments of the Government. * * * At this time, nothing had occurred to excite the slightest suspicion of Conover's integrity in all that he had done, or in the credibility of his witnesses. Some time afterward, two of these witnesses, conscience-stricken, came and confessed that they had sworn falsely, having been suborned to do so by Conover. Investigation satisfied me that they were sincere in their avowals, and without delay appropriate action was taken. A prosecution was set on foot against Conover, and he was convicted and sent to the penitentiary for perjury and subornation of perjury, and on the margin of all the reports made by me on the depositions of the witnesses he had produced, an indorsement was made, stating that the depositions were withdrawn and had been discredited. * * * Fortunately, this most guilty deception was discovered so soon that neither the reputation nor the sensibilities of anybody had suffered by the temporary credit given to it."

Had General Holt been maliciously determined to have the life of any one, would he have acted thus? Of course not. He showed himself in this affair, as always, a most honorable, high-minded, and just man.

The Secessionists will never forgive him, because, being a "Border man,"—a Kentuckian by birth,—he chose rather to remain true to the Union than to join them. But no loyal person will make this a ground of complaint against him.

Loyalist.

The Influence of Christ.*

WHO, after the Evangelists, will venture to write the Life of Jesus? This deprecatory question of Lessing has not prevented, during the last three or four decades, the composition of numerous biographies of him whose career is depicted inimitably by the Four Evangelists. Germany has been most prolific of these works. France has produced one excellent book of this class, "The Life of Jesus," by Pressensé, and another famous writing, of a critical and distinctive cast, the "Vie de Jésus" of M. Renan. Even Scotland, where the abstract discussions of theology have still the strongest fascination, has made its contributions to this species of biographic writing. It is easy to see how the minds of men are drawn away from the problems of dogmatic theology, such as predestination and free will, and fastened on the wonderful personality of the Founder. The attention is drawn away from the circumference to the center. It is remarkable that this vivid interest in the question, "What think ye of Christ?"—this concentration of thought on the Person who gives to Christianity its being,—is simultaneous with a widespread tendency, rife in all the empirical schools, to make little of personality and personal force, and to make everything of general causes and impersonal forces as determining the current of history. The one-sided character of this

last tendency, in its undervaluing of the significance of persons, and of the mysterious personal agency which is not to be resolved into anything merely physical or distinct from itself, is specially manifest when the attempt is made to explain the origin of the Christian religion. Here the great originating cause is a Person. Nothing in his environment suffices to explain him. Nothing in his antecedents or circumstances accounts for the appearance, then and there, of an individual so transcendently gifted, and predestined to exert so transforming an influence on human society.

Akin to the tendency which leads men to dwell on the history of Jesus, and to gather up all that can be ascertained respecting him, is the disposition to trace the stream of consequences which have flowed from his life, teaching, and death. In the mist of critical conjecture which is thrown over certain portions of the Evangelical narratives, and the doubts which afflict many minds, it is a relief to contemplate the verifiable results of the work of Jesus among men. Not a few derive their profoundest impressions of his ineffable power and excellence from a close survey of the history of Christendom. The growth of the grain of mustard-seed, the spread of the leaven, have a reality and impressiveness which the most skeptical minds are capable of recognizing. It is one of the best services which a work like the "Gesta Christi" of Mr. Brace renders that it gives the reader a fresh idea of the energy, the beneficent energy, that resides in the religion of Christ, and emanates from him, account for it as one may. Mr. Brace's work confines itself to the various forms of philanthropy in which the influence of Christ is directly traceable. He dwells on the mitigation of the excessive paternal authority which prevailed in the ancient world; the elevation of woman under the benign and pure teaching of the Gospel; the sanctity thrown around marriage and the domestic hearthstone; the melting of the chains of the bondman; the abolition of cruel and brutal sports, like the contests of the arena; the increased tenderness for children, compared with the practice and spirit of antiquity; the abandonment of the private wars which prevailed in the feudal ages; the discarding of torture and the reform of criminal jurisprudence; the substitution of arbitration for war, and the astonishing mitigation of the horrors of war which the spirit of humanity in modern times has introduced, etc. The effect of such a discussion depends, of course, on the interest that belongs to the illustrative facts. One sees from such a broad survey that there has been steadily operating a subtle and powerful influence which, when followed back, leads to the Cross of Christ. The truth of the sacredness of humanity, of the dignity and worth of every human soul, be its outward condition never so humble, obtained then a permanent lodgment in the human heart. There it has been living and acting with an increasing efficiency. Thus human society becomes more and more Christian. Christ is seen, not in visible form, but in his spirit, incorporated into men's thoughts and lives.

* *Gesta Christi*; or, *A History of Human Progress under Christianity*. By Charles Loring Brace. New York: A. C. Armstrong.

George P. Fisher.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Uses and Abuses of Trades-Unions.

"TRADES-UNIONS are regarded, not unjustly, by most workmen as the most effectual agency they can use to resist unjust exactions. If there never had been unjust employers, there would be no domineering trades-unions. The political economy which teaches that cheap production is always a great good, that no man is bound to consider his workmen's needs, that every man must look after himself, is largely responsible for the growing indifference on the part of employees to the interests of their employers."

So writes an intelligent and successful manufacturer in this city. The tone of his testimony is somewhat less severe than that which we sometimes hear from those who take the side of capital in its controversy with labor. He is able to see the workman's side of the question as well as the master's. He is not alone. The number of those who stand with him is not so large as it ought to be; but there is an increasing class of employers who decline to adopt the maxims of political economy quoted by him, and who are learning to put themselves in the places of their workmen. Such employers have ceased to use the sweeping terms of condemnation which were formerly applied, almost universally, to trades-unions, and have learned to speak of them with some discrimination.

It is not necessary to argue concerning the methods frequently employed by trades-unions. Whenever they resort to violence or intimidation they put themselves beyond the pale of good neighborhood. If the police cannot cope with such banditti, let the military be summoned, with grape-shot and bayonets; if they will not yield to milder arguments, let them be relentlessly put down. No man is under compulsion to join a trades-union, and no man in this free country, who obeys the laws and provides for himself and his own, must be forced by his neighbors to work when he does not like to work, or to desist from working when it pleases him to work. If labor is not free, to this extent, in this country, it is high time that we have another revolution to set it free. Whatever points the trades-unions can carry by fair argument, or by moral forces, they are entitled to; whenever they attempt to carry their points by the use of force or fear, they are outlaws, and should be suppressed in the sternest fashion.

It is also true that these societies often behave themselves as if they had been organized for the discouragement of industry. Their apparent object is to secure the largest amount of wages for the smallest amount of work; and a society of which this is the main purpose is a doubtful factor in the commonwealth.

When the trades-unions forbid men to work beyond a certain rate of speed, as they have sometimes done, and forbid the employing of apprentices, and ordain that the least efficient labor shall be paid as much as the most efficient, they are simply setting the interests of the members of their own particular group against the interests of society in general,—and the

interests of the least worthy among themselves above the interests of the most worthy; they are attempting to grasp for themselves advantages which they have no right to monopolize, and to distribute these advantages among themselves in such a way as to discourage industry and skill; they are acting, in short, in a manner extremely unsocial and injurious, and they cannot expect the countenance of intelligent and patriotic persons. The best that can be said about these practices of the trades-unions is that the wages system, as based on unmitigated competition, is a system of warfare, and that everything is fair in war. On no other assumption can such practices be justified.

These violent and selfish methods form no necessary part, however, of the life of a trades-union; and although they are still in use, there is a decided tendency to abandon them, and to rely on peaceful measures. Attempts to coerce non-union men are made much less frequently than formerly. The trades-unions are beginning to see a little more clearly what purposes are legitimate and what methods are expedient, and in working out this problem they are entitled to the sympathy and the aid of all intelligent employers. Unqualified denunciation of such combinations of workmen indicates not only unfairness but ignorance. There are no respectable writers on political economy of the present day who do not distinctly say that such associations of workmen are, under the present system, not only permissible, but indispensable. So long as the wage-system of industry continues without modification, and the rate of wages is determined by sheer competition, it will be necessary for workmen to combine in order to protect themselves. Capitalists combine in great companies and corporations, and the companies and corporations combine in associations that represent millions of money; such combinations are authorized and protected by law. The laborers have the same right to combine for the protection of their interests, and they ought to be encouraged by public opinion and authorized by law to do so.

Professor Sumner of Yale is, perhaps, the most thorough-going Ricardian economist in this country, and his theories of the workingman's rights and claims are certainly not over-sympathetic. Yet he insists, in his latest volume, that "trades-unions are right and useful, and perhaps necessary," and he goes on to give strong reasons for this assertion. "They may do much," he says, "by way of true economic means to raise wages. They are useful to spread information, to maintain *esprit de corps*, to elevate the public opinion of the class. . . . Especially trades-unions ought to be perfected so as to undertake a great range of important duties, for which we now rely on Government inspection, which never gives us what we need. The safety of workmen from machinery, the ventilation and sanitary arrangements required by factories, the special precautions of certain processes, the hours of labor of women and children, the schooling of chil-

dren, the limits of age for employed children, Sunday-work, hours of labor,—these, and other like matters, ought to be controlled by the men themselves through their organizations. The laborers about whom we are talking are free men in a free state. If they want to be protected, they must protect themselves. They ought to protect their own women and children. Their own class opinion ought to secure the education of the children of their class. If an individual workman is not bold enough to protest against a wrong to laborers, the agent of a trades-union might with propriety do it on behalf of the body of workmen." Here is surely a clear recognition of the right of workmen to form such associations, and a broad basis for their operation. Whatever they can do, by consultation, by discussion, by united action, without resorting to force or fear, to increase the rate or prevent the reduction of wages, or to promote their own welfare in any such ways as Professor Sumner has indicated, they not only may do, but are bound to do. The same enlightened public sentiment which denounces the abuses of the trades-unions should emphasize their uses.

The late Congress of the Unions at Paris seems to have been temperate in its action. An international convention for shortening the hours of women's and children's work was proposed and agreed to, and the following minute was adopted :

"The identity of the interests of the working classes in different countries renders international legislation in labor questions necessary. This legislation will be the outcome of class organization, and, above all things, tend to abrogate laws against trade combinations. It should, in the first instance, apply to the weakest and oppressed, to those least capable of protecting themselves, as women and children. Further progress should result from the development of the working classes."

The debates at the Congress are largely the utterances of moderate and fair-minded men, who have no revolutionary propositions to make, and who are cherishing no unreasonable expectations. Undoubtedly the affairs of the local unions are often managed by men of a different temper ; but the presence of a wiser element in their councils should be recognized and encouraged.

What has been said involves the rightfulness of strikes, when these are not accompanied by violence or intimidation. It is doubtful whether the rate of wages is ever materially improved by striking—whether the advance gained would not, in most cases, have come in due season without the strike, and without the serious loss which the strike occasions to workmen as well as masters. Nevertheless, this power of united action belongs to workmen, and should be frankly conceded to them ; it is only to be desired that they should learn to use it intelligently and effectively, in such a manner as not to inflict undue injury upon themselves and their employers.

It should be added that this discussion all proceeds upon the basis of the wage-system. So long as this system is maintained in its strictness, the considerations here urged will be valid. But there is another system to which this reasoning would not apply—a system of federation between workmen and employers ; a system in which private property would be fully recognized, and in which the captains

of industry would reap the full reward of their organizing power, but in which the workmen should have, in addition to their wages, a stipulated share in the profits of production, and thus be consciously and actually, as well as theoretically, identified with their employers in their interests. It is not likely that the labor question will ever be settled until some such method as this is in vogue. Its adoption would not render trades-unions superfluous ; they would still have a legitimate work to do ; but it would change their character, and correct their worst abuses.

Modern Catholicism.

THE recent celebrations of Luther's four-hundredth birthday have borne good fruit. They have given a distinct impulse to historical study ; and the results of this study, as spread before the people in elaborate addresses and in the public prints, have contributed not a little to popular education. The people who read are largely slaves to the record of petty passing events and the novel ; whatever delivers them, though it be but for a brief space, from this bondage, and leads them out into the wide realm of history, is a salutary influence. Moreover, the tendency of the present time to seek out the causes of the things that appear has led to a more careful exploration of the ages preceding the Reformation. It was the popular notion that the Reformation had its birth in the brain of Luther : the more profound and philosophical of the recent discussions have made it plain to multitudes that many political and intellectual causes had been long conspiring to bring on the crisis of which he was the hero. This fact is familiar enough, of course, to students ; but the great majority of the people, even of those who have been educated in the common schools, have but dim notions of the operation of those secular causes whose results are harvested in the great epochs of history : in their hero-worship they are apt to ascribe the uprisings and overturnings of nations to the men whose names are connected with them. Thus they get the impression that great reformations can be produced at any time to order ; and they are impatient of the delays which always attend the working out of important problems in church and state. Wherever the work of Luther has been adequately treated, much light must have been thrown upon this whole subject ; and we may hope that a few of the more rational of the modern reformers will learn from it an important practical lesson.

But the most significant feature of these celebrations is the reasonably good temper with which, in the main, they have been conducted,—the comparative mildness of the *odium theologicum* which they must needs arouse. The old battle between Papist and Protestant has been fought over again by some of the more strenuous partisans on either side ; and there have been those who have sought to make this anniversary an occasion for widening the breach between the two wings of the Western Church. But these have not been the only voices ; many of the discussions have been characterized on each side by justice and moderation. It is known by most of the eulogists of Luther that the Roman Catholic Church of this day and of this country is a very different Church

from that out of which Luther went; that Leo XIII. is a far more exemplary and devout person than Leo X. and the popes who immediately preceded him; that, in short, a constant reformation in discipline, if not in doctrine, has been going on within the Church against whose errors and abuses Luther recorded his protest. Doubtless, there is still much that needs to be reformed; to this every intelligent Roman Catholic will consent; but the moral condition of both the clergy and the laity of the Roman obedience is far better now than it was four hundred years ago. To what extent this improvement has been due to the counter-irritant of Protestant criticism and example, to what extent it has resulted from the increase of general intelligence, and how much of it must be traced to the vital and remedial forces that are inherent in the organism itself, it would not be possible to determine. It is enough to recognize, with gratitude, the truth that the religious reformation of the last four centuries has not been confined to the churches of the Reformers.

Some of the orators, while fully justifying the Reformation, and giving to Luther and those who wrought with him the honor due to them, have been sanguine enough to express the hope of a reunion in the future between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant bodies. Such a hope might have seemed altogether visionary twenty-five years ago; but it cannot now be deemed irrational to entertain it. As the conflict with Materialism and Agnosticism has been waxing hotter and hotter, it must have become evident to intelligent Protestants that they have in the Roman Catholic theologians a strong body of allies with whom they ought to maintain friendly relations. It is not Protestantism, nor the Papacy, nor Calvinism, nor Trinitarianism, nor any other secondary Christian dogma that is now on trial; it is the main question whether there is any such thing as religion—whether there is a conscious God, and a life beyond the grave, and a free will, and a moral law. Upon these issues Protestants and Roman Catholics stand together; and their agreement, so far as it goes, ought to be recognized and emphasized.

In certain matters of discipline, vitally affecting the life of the family and of society, Protestant teachers gratefully acknowledge that the Roman Catholic Church takes high ground. The Roman Catholic doctrine and practice respecting divorce are much closer to the law of the New Testament than those of the Protestant churches have been; and there is an earnest effort at the present time to bring the practice of the Protestant churches a little nearer to the Roman Catholic standard. In contending against the foes that destroy the family, Protestants and Catholics can stand together.

It is thus evident that there is much common ground for the two great divisions of the Western Church; and it is to be hoped that the anniversary which has just been celebrated will have the effect of bringing the more moderate men of both sides into closer sympathy. Signs of this ironical temper are not wanting in recent literature. Two of the most successful books of the past season, "But Yet a Woman" and "The Story of Ida," exhibit a hearty recognition on the part of Protestants of the strength and loveliness of the Christian character as developed under the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church. Mr. Hardy has

not been accused of exaggeration in his pictures of the old priest and the two noble women of his story: he has painted what he has seen; but his work gives evidence that a born Puritan is able to treat sympathetically the religious life of those in whom, not many generations since, no Puritan could have found a trace of good without incurring the suspicion of apostasy. As for "The Story of Ida," its transparent realism is irresistible. The grimmest Protestant will gladly acknowledge this young girl's saintliness, and will be grateful to Heaven for the faith that inspired and glorified her life.

In spite of all these practical and sentimental agreements, there are still vast differences between the Roman Church and the Reformers,—differences that reasoning cannot extenuate, and that good nature cannot set aside. There never can be unity between these separated churches until great changes take place in the beliefs of those who compose them. Is there any prospect of such changes? So far as the Protestant bodies are concerned, there is nothing in their principles to hinder them from making any changes which increasing light may require; and it is certain that the tendency among most of them is to minimize mere philosophical and ritual distinctions, and to put the emphasis upon those elements of character about which there can be no controversy. But what can be said of the Roman Catholic Church? Is not that, by its very constitution and all its traditions, irreformable on the intellectual side? Such may be the opinion of bigoted Papists and of bigoted Protestants; but it is safe to predict that the Roman Catholic Church will not successfully resist the light of science and the genial influences of this new day. It has felt these influences already; it is sure to feel them more and more. To realize how sensitive is Catholicity to its surroundings, one has only to compare the atmosphere of the churches in the United States with that of the churches on the Continent of Europe, or even with those of the French part of Canada. Many of the Roman Catholics in this country have the Bible in their hands; it is not denied them, and there is light by which to read it. That mighty angel, the *Zeitgeist*, is abroad, and the rustle of his pinions is heard, now and then, under the arches of cathedrals and in the palaces of bishops. The growing intelligence of the people will make loud demands for reforms within the church. When the time is fully ripe for such reforms, the dogma of infallibility, as Dr. Dörner has suggested, may prove the engine with which to set them in motion. It was monarchy in the middle ages that brought in liberty on the Continent of Europe. The power of the king was strengthened, and he made common cause with the people against their feudal lords. The same thing may happen in the Roman Catholic Church. Some future pontiff, of a liberal spirit and a courageous temper, hearing the cry of the people for some lightening of their load of dogmas and ceremonies, and knowing that the time is at hand, may rise up and wield that supreme and unquestionable power which the Vatican Council has conferred upon him, in the reformation of many abuses, and in the great enlargement of the liberties of the Roman Catholic people. Such a movement, when it is once begun, is not likely to be arrested; it may be long delayed, but its hour will come.

The Proposed Library Building in Washington.

ALTHOUGH the question of securing better accommodation for the Library of Congress has long been a burning one in Washington, it has not received as much attention from the outside press or from the people at large as is warranted by its great national importance. Few who have not personally inspected the present library can imagine the deplorable condition of the collection; few who have not read the reports of the librarian can conceive how rapid has been its recent growth or how inevitably this will increase in the near future; and still fewer, probably, know what steps have thus far been taken toward the erection of a new structure.

At the end of the year 1874 the library contained 274,157 volumes and some 50,000 pamphlets; while at the close of 1882 the aggregate was no less than 480,076 volumes and 160,000 pamphlets. All this immense and so rapidly growing mass of literature is now housed in a way which prevents its proper use and endangers its very existence. Long years ago the shelves were filled; supplementary ones—necessarily of wood—have been introduced wherever possible; and books are piled in great heaps all over the floor, allowing scarce space for the library attendants to move from point to point. The Toner collection of 27,000 volumes, a donation of the past year, is lodged in the crypts under the Rotunda. Every other unoccupied chamber in the Capitol has been pressed into service, and the very valuable files of domestic and foreign newspapers are stored in a garret partly of wooden construction. It is needless to say that the accommodation left for readers is ridiculously meager, and that there is not a place where a Member of Congress can work in even comparative quiet and privacy. A few more years and the librarians will be buried alive, and it will be physically impossible to introduce another volume. To this prospect must be added the unavoidable and ever-growing risk from a fire, which would be surely fatal if once started in these crowded rooms.

It has actually been asked more than once why, under these circumstances, are additions made to the collection? Such a question hardly merits a serious answer; but a sufficient one is furnished by the mere fact that here—alone in all the world—the functions of a copyright bureau are combined with those of the library proper. From this one source came, in 1882, 22,000 additional numbers into the collection. Of course there can be no pretense of affording proper accommodation for the copyright clerks, or proper storage for the specimen volumes furnished under the law. The fire which may occur in spite of the great watchfulness of the attendants would not only be a public calamity, but a great private injury to multitudes of authors and publishers. Every man who pays for the copyrighting of a book or print has therefore a special right to demand that Congress shall provide a place in which the records of the transaction may be preserved in a suitable manner.

Of course none of these facts are new to our legislators. It is many years since the necessity of further accommodation for the library was demonstrated, and no fewer than nine years since active agitation has been under way for its attainment. The first proposal was to enlarge the Capitol itself by means of a projecting

wing. This was seen, however, by every architect who was consulted and by every person who realized the rate of growth of the collection, to be a plan that would not only ruin the appearance of the Capitol, but afford only a temporary, makeshift shelter for the books. "But," many a Member of Congress has been selfish enough to say, "it is the Library of Congress, and as such must not be removed from under our roof. Better have it improperly housed here than properly in any other place." Such a theory is to the last degree mistaken. To say that Congress needs for constant reference all these half-million volumes of miscellaneous literature is palpably absurd. If the bulk of them were removed to another spot, the present rooms would give ample fire-proof accommodation to a library of some 50,000 or 60,000 volumes, which would be more than sufficient for the needs of our legislators, and more than are to-day included in the library of the English Parliament—which, nevertheless, does not seem to pine to have the British Museum collection brought in under its roof. It is time, indeed, that this sort of opposition at least should give way to the absolute and crying needs of a library which is national in fact, if Congressional in name.

Nearly ten years ago a public competition was opened to obtain designs for a new library. Many architects responded, though few whose names would now be cited as among those of our better artists. The prize—there was no immediate prospect of actual work—was awarded to a local practitioner. The "Joint Committee on Additional Accommodation for the Library of Congress" long afterward authorized three architects—among them the former prize-winner—to prepare competitive designs once more, and this gentleman again won the suffrages of the judges,—not in an unqualified way, however; for he has since been requested or allowed to alter and correct his essays and to draw new ones in several different styles, until no fewer than nine or ten now hang on the walls of the committee room. Two years ago a bill to secure an appropriation to buy ground east of the Capitol, and to begin work according to the premiated design, passed the Senate, but was postponed in the House. Last session—February, 1883—a similar bill was defeated in the House by a majority of eleven votes. Shortly after, an amended bill providing for the construction of a library building, in sections and limited to cost two million dollars, upon some "government reservation" to be selected by a commission composed of the Secretary of the Interior, the Architect of the Capitol, and the Librarian of Congress, received a majority of fifty-eight votes in the House, but failed to pass because of the necessity for a two-thirds vote.

The failure of the first bill was undoubtedly owing to the site named therein. This site, which lies east of the Capitol, just beyond its own grounds, is not a government reservation, but would need to be acquired by purchase. Immediately there arose the dreaded cry of jobbery, and Congress shrank before it. Yet it seems as though this were the best possible site, since it is near the Capitol, and yet far enough away—remembering that there are rapidly growing groups of large trees between—to obviate the necessity of adopting a style of architecture absolutely identical with that of the Capitol itself. The only other available site is on Government ground south of the Treasury

building and between it and the Washington Monument. This, however, offers a less fortunate opportunity for architectural treatment, since it is partly surrounded by buildings which are mean and yet are likely to be permanent, and since it lies lower than the level of the approaching streets. A site formerly recommended for the purpose — on Judiciary Square — has now been appropriated for the new Pension offices, and few indorse the suggestion that more of the too-contracted public ground lying between the Capitol and the Potomac should be built over for any purpose. Surely the people would not grudge the necessary expenditure to secure the best possible site for their national library, and any Member of Congress who will say this in the present session should receive the thanks of the public and the support of his colleagues.

Thus the matter rested at the close of the last session. The committee in charge lapsed with the dissolution of Congress, and a new committee has now been appointed, which may either indorse the old plans and measures, or advocate new ones, and must then in either case appeal again to House and Senate.

Much as one regrets on general principles the failure of former efforts, it is yet impossible not to hope that the new committee will not feel itself bound in any way by the action of its predecessor, but will start quite afresh from the beginning. It is true that some little time will be lost by this method of procedure, and that time is of vital importance, since the present condition of the library is a national disgrace, and may result in a national misfortune. But it would be a misfortune and a disgrace were we to be given a building inferior to the best that might be obtained, — were one more to be added to the long list of architectural monstrosities, put up under governmental control, which deform our cities and corrupt the public taste. Ten years ago it would have been possible to secure a respectable, dignified, and scholarly building. To-day it would easily be possible to secure much more than this. We have now not one architect, but several, able to erect a structure upon which we could look with contentment and with pride. But it is well within the bounds of truth and charity to state that none of the designs of the architect who has thus far been most successful in competition come within this category. Pressing as is our need of a new library, we might better wait for a long time yet than afflict posterity by the execution of either of his essays. It is not a mere matter of "taste" which is involved in this decision. It is many matters of *fact* which are not readily perceptible, apparently, to untrained eyes (since they were not perceived by the various committees), but which could be thoroughly demonstrated to any mind whatever, were the drawings at hand for illustration. The first proposed elevation shows a so-called Gothic structure, impossible to describe according to any recognized type or formula. Not that one would deny freedom to the modern builder, whatever the style he chooses, or the liberty to recombine his elements and innovate upon the grammar of his predecessors. Architecture is, if anything, a living art, and may grow as does a living language, often welding together elements from various tongues. But it is not growth, it is not liberty or originality, to plan an immense front without any expression of the building's purpose or internal structure, without proper distri-

bution of masses or consideration of proportions, and then to cover it from top to bottom with a wilderness of applied details drawn from many times and quarters, without relation to the building they cover, the places they hold, or the functions they might reasonably be expected to fulfill, and utterly inharmonious with one another. Many of the details of this drawing could hardly be executed in their given places unless made of wood; none of them serve to strengthen or adorn the building, but all of them to deform, if not to drag it down.

Another design shows the same general outline with "Renaissance detail." One instance may serve to show the author's capabilities in this direction. The upper range of windows is of a type commonly found in early Italian Renaissance dwellings, round-arched, and divided into two round lights, with a circle in the space above these — the design being, of course, a reminiscence of Gothic tracery. Such a window is quite complete in itself; but here the designer, in his mad desire for "ornament," has placed above each a straight cornice with a triangular pediment, having no connection with the forms below; and to show that it has no use, even as a protection from the weather, it may be added that immediately over it projects the heavy cornice of the building.

The design which received the latest indorsement of the committee is a simpler Renaissance essay, less objectionable by reason of being less ambitious, but not really more excellent. Any visitor to Washington may examine these designs for himself, or may look at the new part of the Georgetown college for an example of what their author can produce. It would be, we repeat, nothing less than a public misfortune should the erection of the great new library be a sister work.

But since better architecture is surely to be had, how should the committee go about the task of securing it? The first and most essential thing is that they should abandon the idea of sitting as expert judges in an artistic matter. In no other province does the average layman hold himself capable of testing and directing professional work; but in the art of building it is the unfortunate custom for such capability to be claimed. If it is desirable that the library building should be a good work of art, then no lay committee appointed on purely political grounds should attempt to guide its erection. If it is *not* desirable and necessary, then let all pretense in this direction be frankly given up. Let us have a plain brick warehouse, in which our books can be safely stored until such time as we realize more clearly our needs, and the way in which they should be satisfied.

The first thing to be secured, of course, is a good plan. For this, the advice of competent librarians is absolutely necessary. A committee of such might be chosen, and some design agreed upon as to general features and requirements only; for if the architect is in the least competent, he will be able so to modify it — in consultation, if desired, with them — that their ends will be better served than by their own inventions. For the selection of this competent architect, there is more than one way open. The plan most usually adopted at the present day, in England as well as here, is to invite certain artists to join in a competition, each, whether successful or not, to be remunerated by a sum which will pay him for his time and

trouble. A simpler, more economical, and at the same time more sensible and dignified plan would be to choose an architect out and out. Surely a man's ability may be as easily judged from structures he has already erected as from architectural drawings, especially as these may be among the most hieroglyphic, untrustworthy, and misleading of earthly things. Whichever course is decided upon — whether that of competitive or of immediate choice — the Congressional committee should not trust in its own wisdom. Its proper work would be to designate a disinterested and well qualified judge or judges whose decision should be final and untrammelled. It would not be difficult to find men amply competent for this task, — men (like Professor Ware of Columbia College, for example) who are educated architects and accomplished critics, able to understand both the artistic and the material requirements of the problem, but who, not being concerned with the actual practice of their profession, would be above all suspicion of prejudice or self-seeking. Indeed, Congress has such a man close beside it in the person of the Capitol architect. He has his hands so full of his own work, is so averse to personally directing this project, and is, moreover, so thoroughly acquainted with the necessities of the case and the course of former agitation, that no better acting representative of the Congressional committee could be chosen. By thus putting the artistic part of the matter out of its own hands, the committee would not accuse itself of ignorance. It would clearly show, on the contrary, that it had a wise appreciation of the dignity and difficulty of the problem, a wise judgment as to how it should be met, and a wise wish to shift from its own shoulders upon those better fitted to bear them the burdens of public criticism and possible professional jealousy.

It may be added that, with regard to the selection of a site, no commission could be better qualified than the one we have above named as already once selected for this purpose.

On the Reading of Dante.

WE doubt if there is any name in literature at the same time so familiar and so unknown to those who speak English as that of Dante. It is an evidence, indeed, of Dante's unique power, that his character, in its sterner aspects at least, has impressed itself so strongly upon the imaginations of men that his name, even where his writings remain unread, stands as a type of deep and awful insight. Even those who have not read a sonnet of the "Vita Nuova" or a single canto of the so-called Divine Comedy, know that this is the mortal who, in a certain real sense, has seen Hell. As a mere word, even as a typical and expressive word, Dante is constantly before our eyes; and yet there are comparatively few who have read, even in translation, anything but extracts from the world-famed trilogy. As a rule the "general reader," if curiosity leads him that far, seldom gets beyond the "Inferno." This is true in America at least, notwithstanding that American scholarship has long been especially occupied in translating, or otherwise elucidating, the life and works of the great Florentine, — as is attested especially by the writings of Parsons, Norton, Lowell, and Longfellow. And now, another de-

voted student of Dante, Miss Sarah Freeman Clarke, is about to make public (in the pages of *THE CENTURY*) the results of many pilgrimages undertaken with a view to identifying the places and objects visited by the poet in his wanderings. By way of preface to these chapters, a study of Dante by Miss Rossetti and a paper by Miss Clarke on the portraits of the poet are printed in this number.

It is greatly to be regretted that an exaggerated idea of the obscurity of the poem should lead so many who are well fitted for its enjoyment to neglect the leading work with which Dante's name is associated. It is true, however, that as culture extends a knowledge of Dante grows among us in a rapidly increasing ratio, owing partly to the interest reawakened by the Rossettis, and also to the labors of American scholars already alluded to. A good work is being done, moreover, by the Dante Society. Readers are learning not to stop with the first book of the Comedy, but to continue through the "Purgatorio" and the "Paradiso" to the proper ending. In no other way, of course, can the full beauty and compass of this extraordinary conception be comprehended. Certain of the former writers on Dante are partly to be blamed for the slight thrown upon the second and third books of the trilogy — a slight strangely undeserved. For the "Inferno" (though not without a certain completeness in itself) is, of course, but a prelude part of the spiritual journey described in the trilogy. The climax of the wonderful story is not reached in this portion of the poem — or rather, neither of the two climaxes, for there are two. In the "Inferno" and in the "Purgatorio" Beatrice hovers unseen over the aspiring soul of her still earthly lover. As we read the "Purgatorio," we ask ourselves, can even Dante fulfill the expectations he himself has raised, when it comes to the actual meeting with Beatrice? But this he does in this second division of the poem, while to the third is reserved the still more difficult task of preserving the dramatic interest and bringing it to a second and higher culmination in the concluding vision. In describing Beatrice and glorifying her, how he marshals all history, all philosophy, and all theology! But the story rises ever upward, as it should, from Hell, through Purgatory, to Heaven, growing more and more ethereal, exalted, mysterious, till the final apocalyptic page is reached, and the poet comes at last to the central "abyss of radiance":

"O Light Eterne, sole in thyself that dwellest,
Sole knowest thyself, and, known unto thyself
And knowing, lovest and smilest on thyself!"

We cannot conclude this "advertisement for readers" of Dante better than by quoting the following from Dean Church: "The 'Divina Commedia' is one of the landmarks of history. More than a magnificent poem, more than the beginning of a language and the opening of a national literature, more than the inspirer of art and the glory of a great people, it is one of those rare and solemn monuments of the mind's power which measure and test what it can reach to, which rise up ineffaceably and forever as time goes on. * * * It is the first Christian poem; and it opens European literature, as the 'Iliad' did that of Greece and Rome. And, like the 'Iliad,' it has never become out of date; it accompanies with undiminished freshness the literature which it began."

OPEN LETTERS.

The Silver Dollar: Is it Honest? and, if Honest, is it Expedient?

By the Constitution of the United States, we, the people, have wisely surrendered to Congress the power to coin money and regulate its value. We hold the fallacy lurking in the meaning of this word "value" responsible in a great measure for the criticisms issuing from many trustworthy and honorable sources against the honesty of our national legislation in remonetizing the old silver dollar. In 1873 our nation was enormously burdened with debts, which were solemnly pledged to be paid in coin, and it became a question of vital importance to select the metal of which the coin should be made.

The silver as well as the gold dollar was then, as now, a full, unlimited debt-paying coin of the country. As for more than twenty years preceding this time it required on an average over one hundred and three cents of gold to buy enough silver to make a dollar, it was thought to be a happy, economical stroke of policy to cease coining silver as full legal-tender money, and use gold alone, as it was the cheaper metal. In 1878 this rash financial mistake was rectified, and the silver dollar was again ordered to be coined. In the meantime the legislation of our country and of Germany against silver was one of the most potent causes in decreasing the demand for this metal, and consequently decreasing its intrinsic value, so that we find ourselves coining silver dollars out of a quantity of silver that we buy for about eighty-six cents in gold. Hence this dollar has received the libelous nickname of the "dishonest" or "clipped dollar," when it is well known that the quantity of pure silver contained in it has never varied since the first organization of our mints. It is equally well known that our Government in 1834 removed over six and a quarter per cent. of pure gold from the gold dollar. Whoever contends for the perfect honesty of this silver dollar strives for the honor of his nation just as effectually as if fighting her battles in a just cause at sea or on land.

When this word "value" is used in relation to money, no discussion can be precise unless qualified, either mentally or in words, by something to show its real meaning, and thus avoid being misled by one of the most seductive of word-fallacies. Money has at least three distinct kinds of value—debt-paying, intrinsic, and purchasing. The legal debt-paying value of money is a question of statute law, and is regulated only by this law. Its intrinsic value is a question of supply and demand, and is regulated only by this rigid economic law. Its purchasing or exchangeable value is a question of prices, and is regulated by the will of the people without regard to statute law. Thus, the silver dollar now worth intrinsically so much less than gold has a home debt-paying value equal to gold, and will purchase the same quantity of commodities or services from our people.

One of the most strongly marked characteristics of

our marvelous age is the growth and magnitude of our private and public debts. Hence, this debt-paying quality of money is a question of commanding importance, and must not be seriously interfered with, unless in a great emergency. Congress has full power to fix permanently this debt-paying quality of money by maintaining the material, weight, and fineness of the coin. Whenever it changes these elements, existing contracts are violated. A legal debt is simply a contract or promise to pay at some future day a certain, definite quantity of the commodities, gold and silver, coined into full legal-tender money; or, if the promise is fairly settled by paper, it becomes a title to real money or its equivalent. We admit, however, that Congress has enacted that greenbacks are full legal-tender money, and that our Supreme Court has confirmed the law, and our people have indorsed these actions; yet this triple confirmation does not logically bridge over the immense chasm between real money and this fictitious paper representative. The civilization of the world would be paralyzed without the use of paper money in some of its various forms, and hence it is of inestimable utility; but we should never for a moment forget that it is not real money.

Gold and silver money is our measure of the exchangeable values of all other commodities. While this is true, let us examine if by any possibility the intrinsic value of either gold or silver in comparison with each other, or with the various exchangeable commodities in use in common life, can be maintained at a fixed point. All political economists without hesitation answer, No. The intrinsic value of coins, it matters not of what they are made, cannot remain fixed, but is continually varying from day to day, and from century to century. The supply and demand of the metals out of which they are coined, which are always variable, regulate this kind of value.

The assertion that the intrinsic value of gold remains comparatively fixed is almost as absurd in the science of finance as the Rev. John Jasper's astronomical assertion, that the earth remains fixed in position and that "the sun do move." Yet on this false theory how many of the arguments against the use of silver depend. As it is utterly impossible to have any standard of intrinsic value that will remain unvarying, shall we abandon the attempt to have one as steady in this quality as possible? The united wisdom of the commercial world for ages has given us this double standard of gold and silver as the most fit materials for money. We admit that this measure is a constantly varying one, but it is far more steady in this quality than either metal alone could be. Statisticians of the greatest reliability give us these two important facts, bearing on this case: Scarcely one-tenth of the people of the world now use gold as their sole legal standard, and about forty-six per cent. of the real money in use in the world is silver. Is it not then an immense stretch of the imagination to say that gold is "the money of the world"?

Should the world abandon the use of silver as a full

legal-tender money metal, does it require the mental caliber of a Newton to see that the demand for gold would be so great as enormously to increase its intrinsic value? It would approximately double all of our debts and decrease by nearly one-half the prices of all exchangeable commodities. It would cause a complete financial crash and revolution throughout the entire commercial world.

The demand for either metal for coinage increases its utility, and hence its intrinsic value; and if the civilized world would wisely make their principal demand for the cheaper metal (whichever that might happen to be) for coining full legal-tender money, the constant tendency would be to equalize the two metals at their old ratio in intrinsic value. The effect would be very marked should Germany alone change her unwise legislation of 1871 against silver, and should England again fully remonetize silver, as so earnestly advised by many of her most able financiers. This alternate use of these two precious metals is one of the most active forces in giving us money of comparatively great stability in this most essential quality of "intrinsic value."

It is a common but very captivating delusion to speak of a gold yard-stick, or of a silver yard-stick, when referring to coins as "measures of values." Nature has given us unvarying laws to test our "standards of weights and measures." Statute law may enact that the yard shall be reduced to one-third of its length, but this will not make the real height of a man who was two yards tall a single hair's breadth greater. We have no such unvarying natural laws to test the intrinsic value of our money standards. We can maintain the weight of the coins by accurate balances, their fineness by chemical analysis, their appearance by careful coinage, and their debt-paying value by statute law, but here we must stop.

The use of the phrase "standard of value," referring to the intrinsic value, is a mischievous delusion unless we conceive of a standard as being *elastic*. The phrase "agent of valuation," rather than "standard of value," will give a correct idea of this function of money.

By the adoption of the simple common-sense expedient, of leaving the coinage of silver entirely under government control, restricting it within reasonable limits, and of buying all of the metal needed at its market price, we have avoided the calamity of being overrun with the silver of the world. Notwithstanding our immense silver coinage, we have not met with the bankruptcy and ruin which it was foretold would result from this one cause alone; but, on the contrary, our national credit was never better than at present.

Coin is specially fitted for vault service, not for the pocket; and bankruptcy will not likely disturb us simply because our vaults are filled with real money and our pockets with its well-secured paper representatives.

John A. Grier.

COMMENT.

THERE is a difficulty in the way of answering or commenting upon Mr. Grier's article—the difficulty of knowing what he is driving at. There is nothing so discouraging as attempting to answer a writer

who has no clear idea of what he wants to prove, and who skips with bird-like freedom and unconcern from one branch of his subject to another, disdainfully any continuous line of thought. For want of any other fulcrum to begin work upon, let us take the caption of his article.

"The Silver Dollar—is it honest?" This query is of a piece with the general slipperiness and uncertainty of Mr. Grier's argument, because it may be answered in two or three different ways. If it is meant to ask whether the silver dollar really weighs four hundred and twelve and a half grains, nine-tenths fine, as the law requires, it is undoubtedly honest. If the question is whether the silver dollar is worth as much as any other American dollar, standing on its own merits, everybody knows that it is not, and that, so far, it is a fraud. Bear in mind that the silver dollar purports to stand on its own merits and calls itself a dollar, differing in this respect from the greenback dollar, which makes no such pretensions, but calls itself a promise to pay a dollar. "But," says one, "even if the silver dollar, standing by itself, is not worth as much as some other American dollars, it nevertheless passes for as much." So does a counterfeit dollar until people find it out. The silver dollar and the counterfeit dollar are dishonest and misleading in this, that both pretend to be the equivalents, as metal, of the property they exchange for. The silver dollar is at par with gold up to the present time because the Government redeems it at the custom house, the tax office, and the land office. The Government has never said that it would give a gold dollar for a silver one at the Treasury, but its action, for the time being, has the same effect, since otherwise its collections of taxes and duties would be made in gold—exclusively. Silver has thus received a factitious outside support over and above its metallic value, and it is this support which, for the time being, veils its dishonesty. The dishonesty consists in the very fact of passing for more than it is worth—as metal. Whether we consider twenty-five and eight-tenths grains of standard gold, or four hundred and twelve and a half grains of standard silver, the more fit and proper unit of value, all must agree that if the latter passes for as much as the former it passes for more than it is worth, and that its extra value must be borrowed from some extrinsic and foreign source, which may or may not always continue to lend it the necessary support. This proposition has all the force and certainty of mathematics.

If, however, Mr. Grier intends to ask whether the reintroduction of the silver dollar into our coinage after its value had fallen below the legal ratio of sixteen to one was an honest act,—if this is the purport of the query which stands in the caption, its pertinence at this time is not perceived. The question was debated in the forums of law and morals, at great length and with great heat, more than five years ago. The vote taken in Congress upon it never convinced anybody, and it is hardly worth while to go over the heads of the discourse now. What the Government did at that time was simply to assert its right to pay its own debts in silver dollars of four hundred and twelve and a half grains, nine-tenths fine, which it could produce at ten per cent, less than gold dollars. It did not authorize private persons to pay their debts in the same way, because it held in its own hands the

right to manufacture silver dollars, and refused to sell them to the public for anything less than the price of gold dollars. Having asserted its own right in the premises, it has never yet exercised it. It continues to pay its debts in gold or gold value. Whenever it shall exercise the right to pay its bonds, interest, pensions, and current obligations at anything less than gold value, the question of honesty will come up afresh. At the present time it is not important. The only other right which the Government assumed in the silver act was to take two million dollars per month from the tax-payers to pay for silver bullion to be stamped with the figure of a spread eagle, and laid back in the earth from whence it came. Although the question of honesty is not of immediate importance, the \$24,000,000 per annum of public money spent upon silversmithing is of real consequence to those who foot the bills.

Is the silver dollar expedient? This again depends upon another question—viz., how many silver dollars are meant? One silver dollar would be expedient as a matter of curiosity. A few millions would be expedient for small payments, although the superiority of whole ones over halves for this purpose is not apparent. Fifty or sixty millions would be expedient if all notes smaller than five dollars were withdrawn, and the gold quarter eagle stricken from the coinage. Finally, it appears that under our very cramped and rigid national banking law and the operation of rapid debt paying and bond cancellation, room has been discovered for the circulation and use of ninety-nine millions of silver certificates—these being the only form of paper currency which could be obtained in haste in any desired quantity, of denominations as low as ten dollars. No virtue need be attributed to silver for all this, since it is gold, or gold value, which is invariably deposited at the Treasury in exchange for silver certificates. An equal number of new greenbacks would have circulated as readily, there being a real demand for them arising from the country's growth. An equal number of new national bank notes would have been provided, if bonds had been plentiful and the price not too high. It happened shortly after the silver certificates were authorized that a great development of agricultural and mining industry took place in the West and Southwest, and a heavy stream of immigration set in from foreign countries. This Western development called for a new supply of paper currency, and the silver certificates were the only available source. They were taken out for want of anything better. They are not legal tender except at the custom house and the tax office, but being received there they answer the purposes of currency. Copper or iron certificates under like conditions would answer as well.

Taking things as they are, however, and pursuing the inquiry *how many* silver dollars are expedient, we may admit that of the whole amount coined up to this time, viz. \$158,000,000, all except \$39,000,000 are in use somehow either as coin or as certificates: \$39,000,000 remain in the Treasury, an altogether dead investment, representing at 3 per cent. \$1,170,000 of annual interest lost to the tax-payers; and this stock is invested at the rate of \$2,000,000 per month. It is shown that the services rendered by the silver certificates might be much more easily secured in other ways, but for

the sake of argument we will assume that about 119,000,000 of such dollars are expedient. The only question open to intelligent discussion is, whether it is expedient to go on manufacturing a particular coin after the limit of its circulation, either in its original or its representative character, has been reached and passed. Upon this question Mr. Grier throws no light. He does not seem even to apprehend it.

Never before in the world's history has any government charged itself with the duty of making metallic money, either gold or silver, beyond the needs of itself or its people. The United States alone furnish this example of wasteful and ridiculous excess. The solecism, it is well known, came about in the way of a compromise between two sections or factions of the "friends of silver" in Congress, one of which desired unlimited coinage, while the other desired limited coinage. It would be nearer the truth to say that one side desired to give everybody the privilege of scaling his debts ten per cent., while the other side desired to confine it to the Government. The result of the compromise was a limitation of the monthly coinage, but no limitation of the total. The arrangement was based upon no principles of finance. It was a mere "back fire" started against the Bland bill. It had the effect of stopping Mr. Bland's fire, but is itself still burning. What it may destroy hereafter is a matter of conjecture, but it is certainly consuming two million dollars per month of the public taxes, and serving no purpose except to steady the price of silver for mine owners in all parts of the world, and still more for the treasury and trade of British India, for which service we have as yet received no thanks.

The question, "Is the silver dollar expedient?" has no significance except as an inquiry whether the continued coinage of two millions per month, after all demands for silver dollars have been more than satisfied, is expedient. It must, of course, be answered in the negative.

Horace White.

Artistic Help in Divine Service.

It was thought to be of sufficient interest to the public to be stated in the reports of the meeting of the American Board at Detroit, last autumn, that at the beginning of the first service the hymn, "Joy to the world, the Lord is come," was sung "as usual." Of course, most of us understand that the tune always employed is "Antioch." It is worth the inquiry, as a curious little speculation, whether the third verse was produced with the reduplication of those expressive syllables "Far as," according to the music requirement, "Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far *a-as*—Far *a-a-as* the curse is found"; and also whether the fourth verse is still loaded with the singular division which makes the people say: "And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love, And *wo-on*—And *wo-o-on*-ders of His love." That is the way it used to be in Monthly Concert.

It is difficult to conduct a sober discussion on the special point to which I have long been wanting to draw attention, as one of the singing multitude, without seeming to be in fun instead of in dead earnest. The simple statement of our embarrassment makes people laugh. Now above is the example: I want to insist

modestly that even the authority of Lowell Mason is not enough to fasten on the churches such an awkwardness as this, which is plain the moment it is mentioned; though it looks like a joke to show it up. Lately the attempt has been made to slur over the whole strain, and that is certainly an improvement. But one must be pardoned if in candor he asks whether a hymn shall be travestied forever in order to carry out what a composer calls his "musical thought."

Such a question is far-reaching in principle. Which is it that singing is to follow, the words or the tune? What is the real purpose of the American Board, or of any one of our churches, in the act of singing in divine services? Is it to render a "musical thought" adequately, or to give a poetic sentiment fitting expression? Take another case: Once when I was preaching in a church beside the Hudson River, in May, the busiest month of the fishing season, I gave out the hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul." The leader set it to a tune which, for the sake of some man's "musical thought," repeated half of the final line. When I heard the first verse, I shrank with consternation in frightful prospect of the second; for the movement ran thus: "Oh, receive—Oh, receive—Oh, receive my soul at last." That did no harm, it was simply unnecessary. But the next was awful. When I repeat it, it will be supposed a joke, although I am writing in sad earnest of a fact which almost destroyed my service: "Cover my defenseless head—With the *shad*—with the *shad*—with the *shad*-ow of thy wing." The whole congregation stirred with irrepressible laughter. Must we all be forced to stand this?

Somebody will have to give in, and it is dangerous for a modern clergyman to criticise his choir. A good man in New Jersey last year came very near losing his charge for saying that he did not agree with his quartette in their adoration of the Virgin Mary, which they had been singing just for the sake of a piece of music. Frequently the worship is fashioned in order to admit of what are deemed artistic effects. Once in the city of Boston I had taken my place to begin; there had been presented to me a printed programme as I reached the vestry, the whole of which was filled in except the place for the closing hymn: it was issued by the choir as they had arranged it. While the organ was playing, up the pulpit stairs came a stranger; taking his seat by me on the sofa, he announced that he was the leader of the music, "basso." He purposed to sing for the anthem that morning a solo from "The Creation," and he desired me to read as the lesson the first chapter of Genesis, as "the most appropriate introduction." I meekly replied that if this was customary in that congregation, I had nothing to say. So I agreed to read the chapter, but I added that I trusted it would not be considered an innovation if I should put in afterward a few verses from the New Testament which I had selected. He bowed assent gravely as he left the desk. But when the moment arrived for the genesis of my perturbation to begin, once more I was favored with a visit, this time from the sexton, who only came to hand me a piece of a fly-leaf from a music-book, on which was written the gracious information that the leader of the choir, "basso," had concluded not to sing the solo, and I might feel at liberty to read what I pleased. How

much of that sort of artistic help is an educated minister, of a religious turn of mind, expected to endure?

It is of no interest to me to make issue with such willful vanity and outrageous conceit as this manifests; the man apparently assuming that the order of worship was to be constructed or modified to bring his voice into a proper orchestral setting. My troubles have come oftener from such sources as that intimated in the outset, than from the mere carelessness which grows out of a misconception. One of the older philosophers has said, "Incongruity is the soul of wit." This suggests a reason why we are not heard in stating our grievances; the cases have so much of incongruity in them, that our complaint is laughed out of court. We are supposed to be telling witty stories, when we are trying desperately to put an end to the dreadful incongruities in the divine service which destroy the worship we seek to conduct.

I wish to make this distinct point, and I never was more anxiously sober in argument in my life: I think that our choirs choose their "opening pieces" and their anthems with a view to the musical necessity of the voices or the day or the position, as they see it, and with no proper regard to the needs or wishes of those who have come to worship God. I do not assert that all do it, nor that any do it always; but I insist that this is the rule, and anything else is the exception.

Years ago, when I sought to hold our first Thanksgiving service in the Paris Chapel, it may readily be conceived by every New England heart how I was thrilled with eagerness of anticipation. My enthusiasm swept the people swiftly on with me. The leader wished me a hundred congratulations; he was full of joy; oh, he would give me such a grand anthem; but would I only let him put it in the place of the second hymn just before the sermon, after the congregation should all have come in and become still? I suffered it; and that was not all I suffered either. When the time came, the piece rolled out, "Bow down thine ear, O Lord." Ah me! you should have heard that splendid bass voice saying, "Thy will, O God, be done—*thy-ee* will, O God, be done!" Thus, there in the strange land, we hung our harps on the willows that Thanksgiving day; we had to send our cheerful gratitude aloft in the subdued strains of the most plaintive submission imaginable, for the entire choir were vying with each other in a chase to say best and most: "Thy-ee will, O God, be done!"

These things are among the commonest of all mistakes which try our patience. We started once last year upon an anniversary celebration; we planned to awake ourselves with a song. The pulpit shone with flowers; the Sunday-schools were trained in; the air quivered with sweet bright sunshine, hearts were alive, and memories full of exhilaration. The choir opened with a set piece, slow and hushed in tone, to which were adapted the words which they whirled over and over as they pushed on before them the involutions of an intricate fugue: "I will both lay me down in peace, and *sleep*; for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." I am not willing to call that artistic; I consider it nothing more than provoking; it was inartistic inappropriateness. The piece was chosen, I presume, because the music pleased somebody; no possible reference to the use to which it was to be put could have been had. I cannot argue

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

the methods of the science; but a general idea may be given of the working of the instrument and of the preparation of the rock-slices.

A polarizing microscope consists of an ordinary compound microscope, in which two Nicol's prisms of Iceland spar are placed at a certain distance apart. One of these prisms polarizes the light, and the other shows you that it is polarized. Theoretically, common light is looked upon as vibrations of the particles of attenuated matter, called ether, with which all space is supposed to be filled. While the motion is propagated directly forward in straight lines, the particles of the ether are supposed to vibrate in every direction at right angles to the propagated motion. Now, if in any way these vibrations can be forced to confine themselves to one direction only, the light thus modified is said to be polarized. To make the meaning clearer, let the reader imagine a cord tightly drawn between two points, one of which shall represent the source of light and the other the eye. Let that cord be struck at the first end, the motion will be carried forward to the other, but the particles of the cord will of themselves only vibrate from side to side. Now imagine that the cord has been so struck that it shall oscillate outward in every direction about its former place of rest, as water does about the point where a stone falls on it, and it will yield us an imperfect idea of the vibrations of common light. Now imagine this cord struck so that it will vibrate from side to side only, and we have the vibrations as in polarized light.

When a ray of common light enters, in certain directions, a crystal of carbonate of lime (Iceland spar), it is separated into two parts, and in both of these parts the light is polarized; but when they leave the crystal they unite again, forming common light. If, then, by any means, we can get rid of one of the portions into which the light-ray has been divided during the passage through the crystal, the other portion on its exit will remain polarized.

Nicol found that by cleaving a crystal of Iceland spar into proper shape, then sawing it diagonally through its longest direction and cementing the parts together again by Canada (fir) balsam, the balsam prevented one of the two portions of the light from passing through the crystal, but did not interfere with the other portion. These calcite prisms, known from their inventor as Nicols, usually have at the end a rhombic outline; and when the shorter diagonals of the two prisms are parallel, the field of the microscope is illumined; but when the diagonals are *crossed* at right angles, the field is dark. When minerals or glassy substances are placed between the crossed Nicols, they act differently upon it, according to the system in which they crystallize. Glasses and minerals belonging to the cubic (isometric) systems, like common salt, do not affect the light at all; but those belonging to the other crystallographic systems present more or less beautiful and brilliant colors, showing oftentimes the most surprising contrasts and effects, such as no art can imitate.

Interpose a strip of porphyritic pitchstone between the Nicols: the matrix, or mass, of the pitchstone itself is glassy, and therefore remains dark, but the feldspar or mica crystals imbedded in it instantly gleam out in the most brilliant colors in the polarized light.

In practical work, the lithologist uses his microscope, sometimes without any Nicol, sometimes with one only, and then again with both, according to the problem he has before him.

Besides the Nicols, there are other appliances used, like quartz, calcite, gypsum, and mica plates, specially constructed thermometers for measuring the expansion by heat of the liquids and gases inclosed in the crystals, etc., which the limits of this article prevent our describing. Petrography, as at present studied, enables one to ascertain the origin of a rock, the various vicissitudes its component parts have undergone, their relations to one another,—in short, it gives a more or less complete history of the rock, while it throws a flood of light upon points previously obscure. It gives information regarding the decay of building-stones, and points out the injurious materials therein. It determines the minerals in the rocks, and, however minute they may be, yields them up to chemical analysis. It enables one to read the history of those celestial visitants, the meteorites, as plainly as the spectroscope does the stars.

The rock-sections are prepared by first striking off a thin flake of the rock as big as the thumb-nail, and then grinding this flake down on a wheel with crushed corundum and emery till it is so thin as to be transparent, or at least translucent,—so thin, in fact, that a couple of turns more would entirely remove it from the little glass slide to which it is attached. When necessary, the slices are cut on the treadle machine by means of a soft iron disk charged with diamond dust. After being attached by its smooth side to the glass slide (Canada balsam being used to cement it), the section is then made still thinner by grinding down the other side; next, another glass is cemented to that other side, and a number is scratched on the glass with a diamond, a paper label being usually added for convenience of reference. All the processes are extremely delicate and elaborate.

The most eminent students of petrography are found in Germany. Rosenbusch, Zirkel, Cohen, and Von Lasaulx are among the great names there. The first-named seems just now to stand forth most prominent. Zirkel came over to this country in 1876 by invitation of the United States Geological Survey, and accomplished the first extensive micro-lithological work done in America. He examined twenty-five hundred thin sections, and the results of his labors are embodied in his report on "Microscopic Petrography," containing twelve beautiful colored plates. The late Dr. George W. Hawes of the National Museum, and Dr. M. E. Wadsworth, now professor of petrography in the Agassiz Museum at Harvard, were among the first American workers in the new science—the latter having taught the first advanced course in modern petrography ever given in this country. Harvard is the only American college employing a professor of petrography exclusively, and the present chair is maintained by the generosity of Professor J. D. Whitney, the geologist. There are already over two thousand mounted rock-sections in the lithological collection at Harvard. The only text-book of lithology in English written in the modern system is the inaccurate one of Frank Rutley.

Wm. Sloane Kennedy.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A Chinese Wall for American Art.

THE advocates of a tariff on the works of foreign artists are, at least, not without consistency. They regard art as a mercantile commodity, which must be "protected" in order to thrive at home; and furthermore, when they are told that American art-students and artists residing abroad are suffering socially from the action of Congress in increasing the tariff, and are also in peril of being turned out of the art-schools where they are being freely educated at the cost of foreign governments, they retort that it is all the better for American art that they should be turned out.

But we think that Congress takes a great responsibility when it virtually legislates American art-students out of their present privilege of studying their profession where it can best be studied—namely, in foreign schools and museums. From the time that the young Longfellow went to Europe for travel and study, before assuming a professorship at Bowdoin, American advanced students of all the arts and sciences have generally found it convenient to gain some part of their instruction in the Old World. Even when the time arrives that American students of medicine, of philosophy, of all the various sciences, strictly so called, will not need to study abroad, it will still be necessary that some part of the student life of artists shall be spent in the galleries, museums, and schools of the Old World. Shakspeare can be read nearly if not quite as intelligently in New York as in London; a student of anatomy can find as good a subject to dissect in Philadelphia as in Paris. But a student of art can find not one Greek statue in America; not one work of Michael Angelo; not one supreme example of any of the great periods of artistic production! Even when our art-schools and museums are improved in the matter of apparatus and examples, it will still be always desirable for the art-student and archæologist to spend a certain proportion of his time among the art monuments of the Old World.

Any one who does not comprehend these considerations does not understand the essentials of art, and is therefore incompetent to discuss wisely any æsthetic question,—much less to legislate, or to intelligently influence legislation, concerning art. It is true that art should, in a certain sense, be national; but before being *national*, it must first be *art*. The art of the American savage was protected by the laws of nature for many thousand years, and yet the painting and sculpture of the Indians can hardly compete with those of Italy. And if Italian art had been "protected" against that of Greece, where would have been the Renaissance? We get our language, our religion, our ancestors (some of the most patriotic among us get even ourselves), from abroad. Why should we be ashamed to receive instruction in art from the same quarter? The gentlemen, or gentleman, who sprang the thirty-per-cent. Chinese Wall tariff on the country should, in order to be ideally consistent, eschew the

European coat and trowsers so prevalent in our Eastern States especially, and return to the native American garb of the Indian Territory.

The tariff on art is legislation that discriminates against the poor man. The rich man can afford to have the picture of his choice, no matter what the tariff may be; in fact, the higher the tariff the rarer the gem with which his wall is adorned. The free admission of pictures intended for public galleries, in a law which taxes all other picture importations, is a delusion. The public galleries, by means of loans and bequests, are constantly benefited by the treasures of art owned by private individuals; and, besides, a good picture hung upon a poor man's wall, or in any private gallery, has an influence that cannot be measured.

There are some who would like to arrange the tariff so as to exclude "bad pictures." What nonsense! Who is to judge whether or not a picture is "bad"? Your "bad" may be my "good." If you pick up a Millet in Paris while Millet is comparatively unknown, has the cheapness of the purchase anything to do with the art-value of the painting?

The fact is, art should be free—free as air, free as sympathy, free as thought and imagination. Art should be fostered,—not "protected" by the clumsy devices of a tariff,—and the way to foster art is to give it liberty. Any attempt to restrict the free interchange of art throughout the world is an attempt to impede its development. As we have said above, the aboriginals had this country a good while to themselves: what did they do for American art? Unless we are to go back to savagery, we must admit no impediment to the free and stimulating entrance into America of the art of the Old World.

"The Christian League of Connecticut."

DR. GLADDEN'S "Christian League of Connecticut," both in magazine and book form, has been received with a welcome that is one of the healthiest signs of the times. It has often been charged that the churches are responsible for sectarian division and strife; in these chapters Dr. Gladden proves the charge, and that his words have been so well received indicates in the churches a mind ready for repentance, even if not quite ready yet to do the works that are meet for repentance.

The evils of sectarianism, foretold by the prophets of the New Testament, forewarned against by Christ himself, are so great and so apparent that the most enthusiastic sectary seldom ventures to deny or even to belittle them. The energies of the church of Christ, which should be wholly devoted to battling against superstition, ignorance, intemperance, covetousness, lust, and all forms of selfishness and worldliness, are diverted into controversies about forms, symbols, rites, and formularies of doctrine. While Hercules's right hand is busy contending with his left, the ser-

pents threaten to destroy him; to destroy them he needs all the strength of both his hands. This spirit of sectarianism is, by the confession of all missionary workers, the greatest obstacle to successful Christian work in our own land, and to missionary work abroad. The rival sects compete for congregations in the new towns of the West with a rivalry as intense and sometimes almost as unscrupulous as that of trade. In a single village in Kansas, numbering not over a thousand souls all told, there are, or were a few years ago, three Presbyterian churches,—a Northern, a Southern, and a Cumberland Presbyterian. Of course, other denominations were also represented in this very churchly but very unsanctified community. At the same time there are, or were, one hundred and fifty miles of railroad, with small villages scattered along its line, and not a single Protestant meeting-house of any description from one end to the other. Mormonism is an army; Romanism is an army; the liquor traffic is an army; all three are well organized and officered. That Protestantism, broken up into independent companies of minute-men, produces any effect whatever in checking the advance of these three great armies, is due not to the miserable methods which it employs, but to the magnificent divine endowment of truth with which it has been intrusted, and which it cannot utterly despoil of its power. Abroad, the effect of sectarianism on Christian progress is less disastrous, because the foreign missionary is rarely, if ever, a sectary, and pays as little attention to sectarian distinctions as he can do and avoid conflict with the churches from which he draws his support at home. But in spite of this fact, sectarianism is the chief obstacle to the progress of foreign missions. Mr. Mazoomdar, being told that he is only in the vestibule of Christianity, replies with a sarcasm, which, despite its exaggeration, has enough truth in it to be humiliating to the Christian, that, when he looks within the open door and sees the gladiators fighting with one another in the arena, he is more inclined to flee from the vestibule than to pass within the amphitheater of the church itself.

When these evils of sectarianism have been brought before the Christian public in the press or on the platform, the answer of the sectary has, at least of late, been in the nature of what the lawyers call a demurrer. "I grant," he has said, "that all you say is true; still, there is no cause of complaint and no ground of condemnation. If you allow that right of private judgment which is our inheritance from the Reformation, you must accept the evil with the good, in the faith that the evil will prove temporary and the good permanent. The Baptist cannot abandon his immersion, nor the Episcopalian his orders, nor the Presbyterian his organization, nor the Congregationalist his independency, nor the Methodist his Arminianism, nor the Calvinist his doctrine of decrees. These are matters of conscience with each of us, and we must hold fast to them. We cannot abandon our church organizations; we must work within our church lines; and we must be content to wait until free discussion and friendly fellowship, in Evangelical Alliance meetings and the like, shall, in some far remote period of time, obliterate our differences and bring us to see and to feel alike. What would you have? What practical remedy can you propose which does not involve either

the abandonment of the right of private judgment or the disregard of those conscientious conclusions to which the exercise of that right brings each individual soul?"

To this question Dr. Gladden, in "The Christian League of Connecticut," has furnished a reply. He shows how the Christian churches in any town can unite their forces for a common work against a common enemy without abandoning the right of private judgment, without violating the conscientious convictions to which it has brought them, and without destroying or even weakening their respective church organizations. He does this by a story which is so common-sense in its principles and so realistic in its art that it is not strange that many readers took it to be history. It ought to be history. Indeed, the only criticism which the sectary makes on Dr. Gladden's plan for a community of Christian work is that it is ideal and impracticable, and to the average sectary this criticism seems entirely conclusive. In fact, the first epithet is one only of praise; and the second, though it is a severe criticism, is a criticism on the sectary himself and not on the book which he criticises. The function of the minister of Christ is to hold up ideals of life. He is appointed to do this very work for the community; to set over against the average home, with its petty ways, its selfishnesses, its drudgery, and its bickerings, the ideal home inspired by hope and radiated by love; to set over against the actual state, with all the jealousies and the mean ambitions of practical politicians, the kingdom of God—the ideal democracy in which he only is accounted great who is the servant of all; to set over against the common industries of life, with all their grasping and their greed, the unselfish industry whose motto is, "My father worketh hitherto, and I work"; to set over against the actual church of Christ, with its strife and debate, the united church of Christ—many members, but one body. To say, as some do, that Dr. Gladden has painted in "The Christian League of Connecticut" an ideal Christianity, is to give him the highest praise. It is to say that he has done for Protestant Christianity in America what Moses did for the ethical life of all times when he preserved in the tables of stone the Ten Commandments, and what Jesus Christ did for the spiritual life of the individual of all times when he gave to his apostles the Sermon on the Mount. We should not ourselves agree to so high a praise as this. Dr. Gladden's Christian League falls short of our ideal, and we venture to think that it falls considerably short of Dr. Gladden's own ideal; but it is one step toward an ideal, and toward one which is not necessarily impracticable; that is, there is nothing in it which violates the essential and ineradicable principles of human nature. If it is impracticable, we may well ask whether this is not because the pride, and petty ambitions, and mean jealousy, and ignoble self-will, in a word, the unchristian selfishness of the Christian churches and the Christian ministry, make it so. If all ministers and all churches were as Christian in spirit as the ministers and churches of New Albion, there is no reason why Protestantism should not unite in a Christian League for its common Christian work by methods which undoubtedly would differ from, but on principles which would as certainly be essentially like, those of Dr. Gladden's "Christian League of Connecticut."

The Independent Voter in the Next Campaign.

IN his paper on "The Next Presidency," in the present issue of THE CENTURY, Mr. Wayne MacVeagh has presented some general considerations concerning the approaching political contest which are likely to outlast in usefulness the important occasion which gives them reason for existence. It will be long before such suggestive writing will cease to have proper interest for intelligent Americans of either party or of none. But it remains to make a little closer application of those excellent principles of political action which are held by Mr. MacVeagh in common with a large and increasing minority of voters; in short, to make more account of the personal equation in the political problem. In what we venture to say on this head below, we must not, however, be understood as advocating any one of the gentlemen named as a candidate. There is no public exigency that would warrant any such expression of preference in these columns at this time. We have simply chosen two well-known public men, of two well-defined classes, as types of the tendencies which are at work to shape the nominations.

We think it is quite safe to assume that Mr. MacVeagh is right in his belief that neither party will nominate anybody whose record or opinions would put his party on the defensive and require an apologetic or explanatory canvass in his behalf. The Democrats will not be foolish enough to name a man whose disloyalty during the war was sufficiently flagrant to offend the loyalty of the North, and revive the sectional issue; nor will they nominate a free-trader, as such a nomination, it is now clear, would inevitably split the party into two factions, and leave it as hopeless in the approaching contest as it was in that of 1860. On the other hand, the Republicans will not be foolish enough to name a man of the high protectionist school, so as to drive off the North-west; nor will they split themselves into two factions by reviving, in the person of their candidate, the fierce animosities which divided them in the spring and summer of 1881. What preceded the assassin's pistol-shot, and the prolonged sufferings of Garfield which followed it, will be allowed to rest as they now are—not talked about, but not forgotten. It is quite evident, therefore, that a good many men whose names are now frequently mentioned in connection with the Presidency will not be seriously considered when the necessity of an election as well as of a nomination is taken into account. The politicians composing the conventions may be trusted to avoid blunders which would be equivalent to suicide.

The Democrats will probably be reduced to choose between the two classes of public men represented, let us say, in the Democratic party by Judge Thurman and by Mr. Bayard, and the Republicans will probably be reduced to choose between the two classes of public men represented, let us say, in the Republican party by General Logan and by Mr. Edmunds. We do not mean that either party will restrict itself to these individuals; but we do believe that when the conventions face the responsibility of naming a man likely to be elected, they will be restricted to the two classes represented fairly enough by these names.

Judge Thurman and General Logan are both reliable

partisans of their respective parties, and both, we believe, possess records untarnished with any suspicion of corruption. They were both unsound on the currency question; but so were a great many other public men, and their unsoundness was, no doubt, due as much to their desire to keep their party on what was supposed to be the popular side as to their ignorance of the merits of the question. Neither of them occupies a radical position on the question of the tariff; and they both believe in "taking the boys in out of the cold and warming their toes." They are honest but unintelligent political partisans; and if either party could this year elect a man who was an honest but unintelligent political partisan, there is no reason why either or both of them should not be put in nomination.

Mr. Bayard and Mr. Edmunds, on the other hand, are statesmen of whom the best portion of the American people, without regard to party, are justly proud. This pride is not due to the fact that they are more free from suspicion of conscious wrong-doing than Judge Thurman or General Logan; but it is because they are really high-minded, able, and pure statesmen, who are always reasonably sure to be found on the right side of every non-partisan question. They stood shoulder to shoulder fighting for honest money, year after year, when it seemed a losing and hopeless battle. They have always been recognized as the relentless opponents of bad men and bad measures. The "spoils" system did not defile them in the days of its power; they never set up as "bosses," and everybody knew in advance that any practical movement for the reform of the civil service of the country would find in them ardent and resolute advocates. The simple truth is that these two men represent the high-water mark in American public life at present, and it is from this class or from the other that the candidates will be taken.

One thing more is sure: The independent voter will be "abroad" in 1884 as he never was before. Now, suppose the Republican party nominates a man like Mr. Edmunds, and the Democratic party nominates a man like Judge Thurman,—on which side will the independent voter be found? Or suppose the Republican party nominates a man like General Logan and the Democratic party nominates a man like Mr. Bayard,—on which side will the independent voter be found?

We wish it distinctly understood, and we here repeat, that the names of the four gentlemen mentioned are used merely as types, and not to advance or retard any movements or influences concerned merely with them as individuals. This is especially to be remembered in respect to the two names here most favorably mentioned. There are other public men who would represent the principles of the "independent voter" equally well with Messrs. Bayard and Edmunds, and in some ways perhaps even more satisfactorily than either of them. But we venture, thus early, two predictions: One is that the independent voter will be found on the side of the candidate whose past life gives the best guarantee that he is in sympathy with the convictions and aims of the independent voter, and the other is that the candidate supported by the independent voter will be the next President of the United States.

"The American Copyright League."

"THE American Copyright League is an association organized by American authors, the object of which is to urge a reform of American copyright law, and, primarily, the abolition, so far as possible, of all discriminations between the American and the foreign author."

The above is the brief but satisfactory platform of what we believe to be the largest association of American writers yet formed in furtherance of the principle of international copyright. It will be remembered that Dr. Edward Eggleston, in an article on "The Blessings of Piracy," in THE CENTURY for April, 1882, wrote: "If the present movement should fail, the next will probably be a far more comprehensive one, made by men of letters themselves, who are the real

principals in the case. It is hard to organize authors as such; there are too many questions of literary position involved. But we can readily organize, on a business basis, an association of producers of literary property."

The prophesied movement of "producers of literary property" has begun. American authors, in demanding justice for the pillaged foreigner, are incidentally asserting their own rights at home and abroad in the products of their brains. Through its executive committee, the American Copyright League is now besieging both Congress and the State Department. All writers and others who wish to help on this good cause are requested to write to their representatives in both branches of Congress, and also to send their names to the secretary of the Executive Council, Mr. G. P. Lathrop, The Benedick, 80 Washington Square, New York.

OPEN LETTERS.

Organs and Orchestras in Church.

GAVAZZI is reported as having once said: "The best music in the world is in Scotland, and without embarrassment of organs." Now, this deliverance of the great orator would not of itself establish the fact it seems to assert; for taste does not always bend to logic, and never yields to the authority of a mere opinion. As an offset to such a remark of the old patriot, which was forced to play a conspicuous part in the rather tumultuous discussions of the recent anti-organ convention at Allegheny City, it is amusing to recall a remark of one of our tourist party in 1877, a typical Scotchman in every feature of his enthusiasm. He was sitting with us to listen to a congregation of the Free Italian Church in Genoa,—the body of Christians whose cause Father Gavazzi pleads,—and while they sang, with the accompaniment of an organ, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," to our American tune, his emotion kept gathering head, until, when the pathetic strain ceased, he wiped the tears from his eyes and exclaimed, "That is the most effective music I ever heard in any church. How finely Italians sing; what sweet melodies they have!"

It is evident that a prejudice is growing up on both sides of this question concerning the use of organs and orchestras in the public services of the Lord's Day. The debate is sometimes too violent for edification. A party in the Scotch churches is fairly determined to bring in the despised "chests of whistles" to help in the rendering of even Rouse's psalms. There are some also who are not in such a religious connection, but dwelling among others who tolerate instruments clear to the verge of uttermost charity, who wish the trustees had the money back which, in the early days, they paid for the swell and the pedal, the great diapason, the vox humana, and the bells.

Now, most musical people like organs; some like other combinations of instrumental helps in the singing. One would imagine the cornet had become a means of grace. When I was only a boy of seventeen, I my-

self became a member of a village group of players, which sat for years in what we appropriately called the *orchestra* of the church. We had two flutes, two violins, a bass-viol, a double-bass, a tenor trombone, and an ophicleide. It would not be of any use at this late day for artists to laugh at that kind of accompaniment in divine service; the sounds we made were well enough in their way, and most of those musicians are out of reach of criticism long ago. The beloved conductor of the volunteer choir was the leader of a military band to which some of us belonged, and was no mean musician for those simple-hearted times; but he had weaknesses. He often composed our piece of music during "the long prayer," and handed it around in penciled parts for us to render at the regular time for the hymns. Of course, we, by instinct, kept all this part of the service as far as possible away from the congregation; for they were likely to interfere with what we considered artistic if they should try to sing. When I recall this impertinent wickedness,—I recognize it now, we did not know it then,—it seems to me I can understand why some of those devout people in the recent convention hated instruments so violently: they felt in danger of being deprived of their rights. So they spoke out in terms unmistakable: "We must withhold fellowship from those who use organs; if organs come in, we must go out." They gave what they considered reasons for a conclusion so revolutionary. "We charge that the use of instruments is at the expense of spirituality," so said one of the speakers, according to the printed report of the proceedings. "If I can make or find a church of a better kind, I will not stay in a church that sanctions instrumental music," so said another, with equal frankness and force.

These Christian men were in earnest. Is there any ground for the sober apprehensions with which they regard instruments in church? It is of no use to argue the case; taste is out of the reach of ordinary logic; this is a question of fact, and of taste too. Let us draw upon the experience of those who are ac-

quainted with music as it is now managed in modern congregations. How does this plan of ours work? Do organs destroy spirituality in worship?

Everybody would have some story to tell, if he had a chance to ease his feelings on this point. I have many to choose from. Once I preached on exchange for a neighboring minister. In that congregation the organist was the leader of the choir, and hence was responsible for the music altogether; and he had ordinarily his way. The opening piece occupied, by the time-piece directly fronting me on the organ case, seventeen minutes. During this performance we all sat and patiently listened, or watched each other impatiently; we had nothing to do with selecting it, with singing it, or with understanding it. Then I was at liberty to commence divine worship with the customary prayers of the people. After this a hymn was offered to the congregation, the verses of which were driven hopelessly apart by an interlude of wonderful construction on the instrument. The organist paused deliberately after each stanza, leaving us to stand and watch him, while in leisurely silence he contemplated the position, decided what, under the circumstances, he would do, then pulled out such stops as he deemed the fittest for his present venturesome undertaking, and, when he got ready, went on to play a strain of interlude as far away as perverse ingenuity could invent from the chosen music which was printed before us in the book. When he came home from his wandering, he quirked up a little sharp note, to start the choir out of inattention, and gave us another verse. So the hymn was jerked through eight minutes of ups and downs and offs and ons. By and by I gave out the second one, which was to be sung by the quartet alone. I shortened it to four stanzas, in a sort of trepidation; but they spent twelve minutes on it, and I never heard such full ranges of a church organ before. Those singers waited at each vacancy until their leader had, by every imaginable dexterity on the keyboard, settled the Sunday-school question, "Oh, what can little hands do?" Then a finale of orchestral intricacy wound up the performances, and the stillness gave us a season of peace. At the close of the services I used the Doxology, as the safest relief to my apprehensions; and then we were stunned out of church with nothing less than violence.

This is no caricature. I am not ashamed to say I felt indignant; I was hindered, embarrassed, annoyed. It seemed to me as if the congregation would be destroyed by such a parade of amazing and insufferable conceit. Does any one imagine that that man had the least reference conceivable to the wants and purposes of the worshipping assembly by whom he was trusted? I was truly saddened to see how he betrayed them in order to display himself. And now I have to add that the next day I received a letter early in the morning from this very organist. He said he would be pleased to secure an engagement as leader in our church; for although some particulars pleased him in the place he was filling, he desired a position where he "could have more liberty"! With such a reminiscence in my mind, I think I can understand why an exasperated president of a college should exclaim in the convention: "We are commanded to sing with the spirit and with the understanding; and an organ is incapable of either."

It is of no use to try to break the force of the argument in this illustration by asserting that this person was positively an exception in the profession. It is to be admitted in all charity that he combined more of the offensive characteristics of modern organists in his own person than any man of his class who ever came within my observation. But he was representative of possibilities which our Scotch friends have reason to dread. In the utter disregard of the congregation, both in the choice and rendering of the music; in the interminable prolongation of the services for the sake of personal display; in the hopeless heartlessness of the whole performance as a mockery of what was put forward as the worship of God; in these things that choir-leader was a representative of many, many, in his profession.

There are other infelicities more common still. Not long ago I was walking out of a neighboring church, into which, in one of my rare chances of worshipping without officiating, I had found my way. A gentleman whom I met there was speaking to me kindly, giving me cordial welcome. I tried to listen, but the roar of the organ drowned his voice. "Oh, I wish you would stop the awful noise up there!" I said; for the racket of tubes shook a chandelier over our heads, and rattled the glass in the windows. And my friend answered: "Well, he is in one of his loud moods now, that is a fact; but he is a splendid player. He is a little funny sometimes when he sends us home good-natured; very adroit and careful, but he makes me laugh now and then. He will begin an opera air, and go on with it half a dozen notes, until you are scared a little; he just touches it and leaves it, and, before he gets caught, away he goes off into something else. He is at 'Lohengrin' now, he will be in 'Lucia' in a minute, and will end up in some solemn old oratorio; and the elders never seem aware of what he is giving the congregation!"

Unfortunately, some of them do know it by the smirk which they see on the faces of the ribald ones who laugh at their innocence; and the minister knows it also; but what can they do? The chief trouble is not in the tubes and the reeds, nor even in the whistles, but in the living human being who sits responsibly in the throne to manage them, and is himself unmanageable.

Here, again, we are interrupted by the asseveration that a man who will do such things is a charlatan; he ought to be cashiered; the profession are not responsible for him. Let us see. The question is concerning voluntaries with which to open or to close the services, concerning choice of tunes for singing, and concerning interludes between the stanzas. Charles Fox used to say, "Great authorities are arguments." It may be helpful to quote from Mr. Richard Storrs Willis, to whom the musical profession have been accustomed to look with deference:

"The artist has his own sphere,—an art-sphere,—into which neither clergyman nor people have any right to intrude. For instance, the question of a voluntary being decided, and its length, if you will, no one has a right to dictate what the quality or style of that voluntary shall be. If the musical taste of the artist do not suit the society, let them dismiss him, and get another; he is master in his own field, and is right in rebelling against all dictation as to the manner

of managing an organ. When a society engage an artist they run this musical risk. And thus, after the number of hymns is decided, the number of verses to be sung, and where the hymns are to be introduced, no one has a right to dictate what music shall be sung, or how it shall be sung. Here, again, the artist is master in his own field. The only proper redress for dissatisfaction is dismissal. Again, the question of interludes being decided,—how many and of what length,—the quality and style of those interludes are solely at the discretion of the artist; and he may stun with sub-bass; he may torture with fancy-stops; he may rattle on without the slightest reference to the sense of the preceding or succeeding verse; and no one in the church has any official right to interfere. If the music committee have hired so crude an organist, it devolves upon them and the society patiently to bear with the same, until they can procure a better. It is as well to have this subject understood; for nothing, perhaps, has been the cause of so much dissonant feeling in the church as the church's harmony—generally arising from trespass on the one part or the other."

Let us assume, therefore, that the subject is at last "understood." Some of us have understood a good deal of it for quite a long time; but let us put our information into form. An organist may construct his voluntaries out of operatic snatches in the slyest sort of way, he may choose his tunes from unfamiliar collections or compose them in prayer-time, and in his interludes he is specially to be allowed to "stun," to "torture," and to "rattle on without the slightest reference to sense." And all we can do to relieve so excruciating a position is to give him warning of dismissal at the end of his fiscal year, or wait for him to lose his health. We cannot even arrest him by the police, as we could any other disturber of divine worship. If we interfere before his time is out, he will sue the church in a justice's court for heavy damages for dues and defamation; we had better bear patiently, and not trespass on his rights.

Well, "Art is long; life is short." But it strikes ordinary thinkers, especially Scotchmen, that art is getting too long, slightly tedious, perhaps; and life is vanishing swiftly amid so much stunning and torturing and rattling clear down to the end of the twelve-month—which is the shortest engagement that even a "crude" organist will make with a modern music committee. If these be the acknowledged principles upon which the "artist" proceeds, who is to say that the profession is not responsible for much of what oppresses the worshiping people of God? Can any one blame the gentlemanly Christian pastor who in the convention said: "If my brother insists that I must part with my convictions, I must part from him."

Is this declaration of Mr. Willis the "common law" of the musicians? This utterance which I have quoted was published as admirable and authoritative in one of the chief musical periodicals; and it now stands at the conclusion of an argument in the volume, "Our Church Music: a Book for Pastors and People," long before the public under his name. If it has ever been challenged, I do not know it, and I am perfectly sure no modern organist ever dreamed it ought to be; why should he?

I would like to state two facts, however, before I leave the point; I think I shall feel easier afterward:

A church which I have served as pastor once turned a drunken organist out of his seat before the end of the year, and the earth did not give signs of woe that all was lost; and once afterward they dismissed an organist who grew disagreeable, and paid him his salary to the end of the engagement. It is not always necessary, therefore, to endure tortures and stunnings and rattlings still in possible reserve.

Up to this stage of discussion, I confess all appears to be melancholy, and looks unfair. But why do not the noble men and true, who are Christian worshippers themselves, and serve God with highest acceptableness in praise with their instruments, come forth and restate the doctrine of relations between people and players? There are organists who preach as well as a minister, in their own way and according to their chances. Not one of them doubts the confidence and affection with which we in the pulpits turn to them for their aid and guidance. At the funeral of our dear old friend George B. Bacon, there was one organist who took the service into his own hands, while the minister was content to be silent for a space. William Mason made that dumb instrument speak as (so it seemed to me, and not to me alone) no articulate voice could have spoken. Some hearts which heard that dirge, that comfort, that triumph, that celestial song from the keys, forgot the player, and the playing, and the instrument, only to recall them afterward—as I do now—with a wondering, grateful, glad sense of help in an hour of trial. Sometimes clear, sweet, gentle music, all alone, can lift mourners' sadness better than words. It is a pity that cheats and charlatans should prejudice a profession which has its promised place even in God's sanctuary above: "the players on instruments shall be there."

George Macdonald, in one of his best stories, makes David Elginbrod say: "I always think that if I could hear Milton playing on his organ, it would be more like the sound of many waters than anything else I can think of." It would seem as if an instrument which, if properly managed, could prove itself so capable for good, ought to receive a brighter welcome and a more charitable judgment than is implied in those closing resolutions of the convention to which we have referred so pleasantly: "According to the standards of our church, the use of instrumental music is unlawful." Pity 'tis, 'tis true. Madame de Staël suffers her Corinne to say, what has been actually supposed to be the fact by many of the most devout people that ever lived: "Among all arts music alone can be purely religious."

There was once such fear of mere æsthetic feeling in divine worship, that at the Council of Trent it was fiercely debated whether any music, other than the simplest Gregorian chants, should be permitted in the house of God. It is curious to note that the next religious convention to discuss a similar prohibition is a denomination of Protestant Christians in the nineteenth century.

If the vexation proceeds from the man who manages the instrument, would it not be better to suppress the vexation than to banish the instrument he abuses? If helps hinder, is it an impossible thing to hinder the helps from hindering?

Charles S. Robinson.

National Aid to Education.

THE vast amount of illiteracy in the country has attracted much attention of late, and has led to the proposal that national aid shall be given to the public schools of the States. The census of 1880 shows that there were in the country at that time nearly five million persons over ten years of age who were unable to read, and six and a quarter millions unable to write. The chief centers of illiteracy are in the Southern States, in some of which the proportion of illiterate persons is over forty per cent, and among the Irish, the French-Canadians, and some other foreign-born inhabitants of the North.

The existence, among us of such a mass of ignorance is a very unpleasant fact, and the illiterate vote is justly regarded as dangerous to the political well-being of the country. The ease with which ignorant voters can be corrupted and led astray has often been illustrated in our political history, and is sure to receive further illustration hereafter, unless effective means are taken to prevent it; and no means will be effective except the public education of the whole people. As the maintenance of schools, however, requires large sums of money, and as many of the States are slack in appropriating it, it is proposed that the national government shall assist in the work; and a bill for this purpose was introduced into Congress last winter. By this bill it was provided that the national government should give to the States several million dollars a year for a series of years, for the support of public schools, distributing it among the several States in proportion to the numbers of their illiterate population, the expenditure and application of the money being left to the States themselves. The bill was not acted upon last winter; but as it will probably be brought forward again, it ought to receive at once such consideration as the importance of the subject demands.

That something ought to be done to remove the ignorance of the people and its attendant dangers is certain; but there is grave reason to doubt whether the proposed scheme for national aid to the public schools is either a lawful or a wise measure for attaining this end. An obvious objection to the bill, and one that has already been urged, is its doubtful constitutionality; and unless this point can be settled in favor of the bill, the question of its expediency and adaptability to its purpose is of little importance. The Constitution nowhere authorizes the national government to make provision for education; and unless the power to do so can be inferred from some authority that is given, it does not exist at all. The government of the United States is not a government of naturally unlimited powers restricted by constitutional provisions; it has no powers at all except such as the Constitution expressly gives it; for the Constitution itself declares that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to the people." Unless, therefore, authority to use the national money for educational purposes is implicitly contained in some express grant of power to Congress, no such authority exists, and national aid to education cannot be lawfully given.

Now, I believe the only provision of the Constitu-

tion on which the advocates of the measure rely is that about promoting the general welfare, which, it is contended, will justify Congress in granting the aid proposed; and we must therefore examine the provision in question to see if this interpretation is correct. The expression about the general welfare occurs in the Constitution twice. The first occurrence is in the preamble, which declares that one of the objects for which the Constitution is established is to "promote the general welfare." The preamble, however, would not be cited by any one as containing a grant of power, it being, in fact, a mere rhetorical introduction to the Constitution, and of no binding force whatever. But a similar expression occurs in section eight of the first article, which contains an express grant of power to Congress; and it is this clause that is relied upon by the advocates of national aid to education as a justification of the measure. The clause in question reads as follows: "Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises, to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States." The first part of this clause empowers Congress to lay and collect taxes, while the second part specifies the purposes for which the money so obtained may be used. Now, it is contended that Congress is here authorized to appropriate money to promote the general welfare of the people, and that in virtue of this authority it may make an appropriation in aid of public schools; and on the correctness of this interpretation the constitutionality of the proposed measure must rest.

In considering this question, I remark in the first place that, if the clause here cited really means what it is said to mean, it is of the utmost importance that we should know it; for such an interpretation leads to some rather startling conclusions, and, if generally adopted, may lead to startling political action. If Congress has unlimited power to spend money in providing for the welfare of the people, we may expect to see before long the reign of paternal government fully inaugurated. Public schools are not the only means of promoting the general welfare, and if one such means may be lawfully used without express authority to do so, it is hard to see how the use of others can be objected to as unconstitutional. If Congress may appropriate money for public schools in the States, why not for public libraries also? nay, why may it not give every citizen a private library of his own, which would be even more conducive to the general welfare than public ones would be? Then the national treasury might be drawn upon for the support of paupers in the States, and in times of commercial distress national workshops might be established, like those that were opened in France after the revolution of 1848. It is obvious, also, what demands might be made for national aid to commercial and manufacturing enterprises; and it is hard to see what objection could be made on constitutional grounds to any of these projects, if the bill for national aid to education is constitutional. Indeed, if Congress has unlimited power to spend money in promoting the general welfare of the people, there is not one of the many schemes now in the air for making everybody rich at the public expense that it may not be asked to adopt.

If, however, we read the clause under discussion with proper care, we shall see that no such interpre-

tation is admissible. It authorizes Congress to "provide for the general welfare," not of the people, but "of the United States." Now the term "United States" has a very definite meaning; it denotes a body politic, a federal union of States, and it is the welfare of this body politic, and not that of its citizens, that Congress is authorized to provide for. That this is the true meaning is evident from the context. The clause, as a whole, empowers Congress to lay and collect taxes "to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States." Here it is clear that the term "United States" qualifies all three of the preceding terms in the same member of the sentence; and, therefore, if the general welfare referred to is the welfare of the citizens, the debts referred to are the debts of the citizens, and Congress may appropriate money to pay all our private debts. But such an interpretation is absurd; equally absurd, then, is the doctrine that money may be appropriated to provide for the general welfare of the people.

The object of this constitutional provision undoubtedly is to provide for all the financial requirements of the national government, chief among which are the payment of its obligations and the necessary expenditures for the national defense; but as these two objects are not the only ones for which money is required, the others, instead of being specified, are grouped together under the provision for the general welfare of the United States. As for the welfare of the people, the national government does, of course, promote it in various ways, but only by discharging the specific functions imposed upon it by the Constitution; and it is in the discharge of these functions alone that the national money may be lawfully employed. To my mind, at least, this interpretation is the only one consistent with the rules of the English language or with the general spirit of the Constitution.

Nor will it avail to say that a grant of money in aid of education would be a grant to the States and not to individual citizens; for Congress may not lawfully give money to the States. The national government did, indeed, soon after the Constitution was adopted, assume the debts of the States, which was equivalent to giving them money; but these debts had been incurred in defense of the Union, and it was therefore eminently proper that the Government of the Union should assume and pay them. But Congress has no right whatever to give money or money's worth to the States for State purposes; and though the Constitution has in this respect been violated, that is not an excuse for violating it again. Under the administration of President Jackson, the sum of thirty-seven million dollars was distributed among the States, ostensibly as a "deposit," but really as a free gift; but by what authority this was done I am unable to see. Surely it is not lawful to use the national money except for national purposes, and Congress has no more right to give it away to New York, Virginia, and the rest, than it would have to give it to Great Britain or to France. Congress did, indeed, in 1812, give a sum of money to "promote the general welfare" of Venezuela, which country had lately suffered from an earthquake; and there is no knowing what extravagances may not be committed unless strict regard is paid to the fundamental law.

We conclude, then, that there is no constitutional authority for using the national money to assist the States in their proper business, nor to provide for the general welfare of the people, save only so far as this object is effected by the performance of the specific duties of the national government. But here, perhaps, the friends of the measure may present a new argument. Suppose it granted, they may say, that Congress may not lawfully use the national money except for national purposes, and that among these purposes the promotion of the general welfare of the citizens is not included; yet we maintain that the education of the people is a matter of national importance, and that the welfare of the United States, as a body politic, depends in no slight degree upon it. In a free country, where the people in the last resort are the rulers, the security and good conduct of the government itself are dependent on the wisdom and morality of the voters; and we, therefore, maintain that in giving money for the support of public schools, Congress is promoting the welfare of the Union itself.

To this I reply, in the first place, that the Constitution gives both the control of education and the regulation of the suffrage to the States, and by so doing deprives the national authorities of all voice in the matter. In regard to the suffrage, it provides that those persons may vote for Presidential electors and members of the House of Representatives who are permitted to vote for members of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature, thus leaving it for the States to say who shall vote in national affairs. Having thus deprived itself of all control of the suffrage, and of education too, the nation has no right to complain if the voters furnished by the State are not to its liking; and if it wishes to remove the difficulty, it must do it by amending its own Constitution, and not by appropriating money in violation of it. But, secondly, if the promotion of education is a national object, and the appropriation of money for that purpose is for the benefit of the United States, the money must be expended and applied by the President. The Constitution places the whole executive power in the hands of the President and his subordinates, and neither he himself nor Congress may delegate his authority to the officers of the States. If, therefore, the national money is to be appropriated for the support of public schools, on the ground that this is a national object, then the entire control of that money and its application to its purpose must be in the hands of the President. But this would involve the assumption by the President of the general management of the public schools all over the country, which is obviously impossible. It follows, therefore, that so long as the Constitution gives the national government no control over education, the national money may not lawfully be employed for educational purposes, and that whatever is done toward removing illiteracy must be done in other ways.

If, then, the proposed measure is unconstitutional, it ought to be abandoned, and the question of its expediency becomes of little importance. To my mind, however, its expediency is only less doubtful than its constitutionality. The bill proposed last winter provided no guarantees for the faithful use of the money by the States; and though the measure may be amended in this respect, it is hard to see how any

effectual guarantees can be obtained without national supervision of the schools themselves. Moreover, if national aid is to be given, it would seem that it ought to be distributed among the States in some proportion to merit. It might be well to give some preference to those States in which illiteracy most abounds, since the removal of illiteracy is the object in view; but surely some preference should also be given to those that are most earnest in the work themselves, and prove their earnestness by the liberality of their appropriations and the efficiency of their schools. But, under the measure that has been proposed, the States that do the least for education, and have in consequence the largest illiterate population, would receive the largest share of the national bounty, and the longer they allowed their people to remain illiterate the more money they would receive. In short, the effect of the measure would be to put a premium on ignorance; and it is hard to see how the cause of popular education can be subserved by such means as that.

Meanwhile, if the nation at large wishes to do something for the removal of illiteracy, there are various legitimate ways in which it may do so. One of the best would be to amend the Constitution so as to prohibit any person from voting, either in national or in State affairs, unless he can read and write. Another and equally useful amendment would be one providing that members of the House of Representatives should be apportioned among the States, not, as at present, in proportion to their whole population, but in proportion to that part of their population that can read and write. A third measure, no less useful than either of these, and not requiring a change in the Constitution, would be a law prohibiting the naturalization of any person that cannot read and write. It may be well that our country should be a refuge for the oppressed of all lands; but there is no good reason why it should be the refuge of the ignorant and worthless of all lands, as it practically is to-day. By such measures as these the cause of popular education would be far more effectually promoted than by gifts of money from the national treasury; for they would compel both the States themselves and their illiterate population to do their best to remove the ignorance that now so widely prevails.

J. B. Peterson.

The Temperance Question.

SUGGESTIONS REGARDING TEMPERANCE WORK.

ONE of the greatest hinderances in the way of our temperance reform is the indifference of those whom we are pleased to call our "reputable citizens." This sin of indifference, for it may be characterized by such a grave term, cannot be placed at the door of saloon-keepers and politicians. They are ever watching their interests, and pushing them with all their powers. We sincerely hope that the discussion of the various phases of the temperance reform now going on throughout our country will awaken the sluggish and indifferent among our better classes to action, and create enough public sentiment to establish in all parts of the land associations with the specific object of enforcing the laws.

The liquor business, like a huge giant, comes out with his heavy coat of mail—political influence—and defies the arms of virtue and of right. Who shall dare to resist this modern Goliath? He sends out his challenge, and we must either find a David to oppose him or be overcome. Suppose we believe that we have at last found our David. The next point is, how shall David fight, and what shall constitute his armor? Some will say, "Let religion be his coat of mail"; others, "moral suasion"; and others, "prohibition." But David declines all this cumbrous armor for his first venture, strong and invincible as it may be under some circumstances. So, taking his sling, he selects five smooth stones from the brook Experience, and, thus armed, goes to meet the foe. But now for a moment he hesitates. Which stone shall he throw first? The first stroke must not fail; else the giant may cast his spear in contempt, and David and his cause be overthrown at the very outset. At length he resolves to throw first his smallest stone, *No sale of liquor to minors*. His practice with this insures his lodging it somewhere in his enemy. A fair blow with this stone will sink it so deep that the giant will lose most of his blood; and while he is falling, David will throw his second stone, *No sale of liquor to drunkards*. This will draw more life-blood. Then *No sale of adulterated liquors* will bring the haughty giant to his knees. Quickly following up these strokes with *No music in saloons* and *High license*, and Goliath is forsooth ready to die. Then will David advance, and with the sword of *Prohibition* cut off the dying monster's head.

Some will say the sword should be used first. But the reply comes: It has been tried; but the attempts only wounded instead of killing, and the giant hid away for a time in the dark, feigning to be dead, only to make his appearance again when his strength returned.

Prohibition, to be successful, must take away the demand for liquor. The Women's Christian Temperance Union, of Chicago, in a recent call, acknowledge that, after nine years of reform work, they are convinced that the only means of stopping intemperance is by educating the young; and to this end they urge the organization of Bands of Hope all over the country. Keep the growing youth out of the saloons, and the demand for liquor in a very few years must cease.

There is no community that will not support organizations that seek to enforce the law against the sale of liquor to minors and drunkards. When this is done, you have taken away from the liquor-dealers four-fifths of their customers. If you, then, enforce the law against selling adulterated liquors, you take away nearly all their profits, as well as all their liquors. Then enforce the law against music and stage performances in saloons, and you will drive away most of the remaining fifth of their patrons.

There will be a few saloon-keepers who may live off the moderate drinker's appetite; but the number will be so small that their influence in politics will count for naught, and your mayor will close them up quickly when requested by the reputable citizens, *whose favor and influence he will then court*.

One of the great mistakes of the temperance reform to-day is, that we try to accomplish too much at one time. The liquor business did not grow up in

a night. Neither can it be put down in a night. "Nothing wins like success." It does not pay to risk *all* in a first encounter with the enemy. Hence it is better to gain some little vantage-ground by light skirmishing before attempting the "grand assault." Our cause may be just, but the means to accomplish the end still remains a hard problem to solve.

The Citizens' Law-and-Order Leagues have done much toward the solution of this problem. We have reason to hope that the battles they are now fighting in the enforcement of the laws, together with the education of the young in temperance principles, may lead before long to the grand Prohibition assault upon the forces of Intemperance.

Permit a word as to the kind of men needed in the carrying on of a Law-and-Order League. If possible, you should find such a man for president as Mr. Franklin, in Dr. Gladden's "Christian League of Connecticut," a man of enthusiasm, but neither rash nor impracticable. Then you want, as his associates, the men described by Dr. Holland,—

"Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;

Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking:
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worm creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!

J. C. Shaffer,

Sec. Nat. Law-and-Order League.

126 WASHINGTON STREET,
CHICAGO, ILL.

HIGH LICENSE.

NO SERVICE could be more valuable, or contribute more to the solution of the temperance question, than the discussions of its many phases now carried on in the "Open Letters" department of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. But the article entitled "More about Law-and-Order Leagues" closes with a sentence which seems to me misleading, though unintentionally so, I doubt not, in that it conveys the impression of the vigorous efficiency of the high license law now operative in Illinois. The sentence reads as follows: "This law is now being vigorously enforced." That it is not being vigorously enforced in Chicago may be discovered any day at the City Hall, where the books will show that nearly four thousand saloons are paying into the city treasury one hundred and three dollars each for the year ending April 1, 1884. The City Council took pains before the law came into effect (July 1, 1883) to issue these licenses for the period named at double the old municipal rates, and the Attorney-General of the State has given an opinion favorable to this evasion of the intent and purposes of the act.

At least a dozen other towns and cities whose operations have come under my own observation have adopted the same device for making the law of none effect, and probably this number might be multiplied tenfold by persons equally cognizant of the facts in the case. All of which must be considered a large abatement in the vigorous enforcement of the law.

That it has been and is in many places enforced, as well as the laws it has superseded, will doubtless be conceded by all; but this is a weak recommendation surely, when Law-and-Order Leagues have been found necessary to secure this enforcement. In a few conspicuous instances it has considerably diminished the number of the saloons; but it is nowhere claimed, to my knowledge,—and I have been at much pains to arrive at the truth,—that it has lessened drunkenness or the sales of liquor.

The high license law is regarded by the Women's Christian Temperance Union, first, as *unjust*, because tending to create a monopoly in liquor-selling—to build up the powerful dealers who already do the most harm, and to crush out the weak ones who do the least; secondly, as *unwise financially*, because if the dealer pays \$500, instead of \$100, for his permit to engage in the business, he must certainly prosecute his trade more vigorously to win back the extra \$400 which has gone into the city's coffers, thus producing more misery, poverty, and crime; thirdly, as *unwise morally*, since it lends respectability and tone to the dealers who can afford the tax, and increases their ability to lure "the weak brother" and the sons of respectable homes and parentage; fourthly, as *un-Christian*, because it is, like all license laws, a recognition and permission of a traffic which is a crime against civil and a sin against divine government. It is also such a recognition and indorsement as tends to perpetuate rather than weaken or overthrow the system.

These are the views of nearly one hundred thousand mothers of our land. The palace saloon is our terror. Make the dens of sorrow, vice, and shame less respectable if you can, rather than raise their level to the pathway where our sons walk unsuspecting and guarded by every device which a mother's love can suggest.

Mary B. Willard.

PROHIBITION IN KANSAS.

I HAVE read with some interest the articles which have appeared in late numbers of THE CENTURY on the temperance question, and I have wondered if the editor, or Mr. Walter Farrington, or the Rev. Washington Gladden, had any direct knowledge of the workings of constitutional prohibition in Kansas.

It would not be an easy task to the thoughtful observer, denied personal contact with citizens of this State, to explain satisfactorily why a public sentiment which was strong enough in 1879 to force constitutional prohibition on the State of Kansas is so shamefully weak and impotent to-day. But, in mingling with the people, one readily finds a solution to the moral problem.

One citizen, seemingly and presumably intelligent as regards most questions of State or national interest, admits that he did not fully understand the magnitude of the question nor its vital relation to society; but he voted for constitutional prohibition because, in the abstract, it was desirable; and another citizen, representing another class, reckless of the great responsibility which would be thrown upon the State, voted for the amendment because he "wanted to see it tried." To these two classes, more criminally careless, it may

be, in the handling of their suffrage, than wanting in intelligence, Kansas owes its present constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture, sale, or barter of intoxicating liquors.

The amendment, then, does not owe its existence to a strong, healthy public sentiment, but to the carelessness of easy-going, experiment-loving citizens. As a consequence, when the extreme difficulty of its enforcement first began to be apparent, we found these two classes of citizens (the classes which gave the amendment its majority) the first to drop the measure and inveigh against its practicability.

And as a further consequence of this heavy desertion from Prohibition ranks, the law has never been seriously enforced in any part of the State, if we may except those communities where public sentiment is really opposed to liquor; and in those communities practical prohibition would be a fact under any law.

Here in Abilene, a town of some four thousand inhabitants and one of the most thriving, intelligent, and moral communities in the State, we have six saloons and one wholesale liquor house. They are run in open defiance of the law and in spite of the opposition of the radical Prohibitionists. Practically, there is no attempt on the part of authorities or citizens to close these saloons, and free beer and whisky are sold *ad libitum*. A similar condition of affairs exists in all parts of the State, and this utter disregard of law must of necessity bring shame and reproach upon the Commonwealth, and be an active source of danger to its integrity and authority. And instead of getting better, the condition of things is growing worse.

The most unfortunate thing which has happened to this question is the dragging of it into politics, and no one can fully understand the situation unless he is found in the heat and dust of the conflict. Political questions are subordinated to this Prohibition and anti-Prohibition craze, and men are elected or defeated according to their expressed views on this one subject. Even those prosecutions which we do have are started through party interests and exigencies, and it is frequently the case that saloon men who "stand in" with the dominant local party are protected, while others, who happen to be on the "wrong side of the fence," suffer from a discriminating and therefore unjust prosecution.

So far has this intolerant spirit been carried, that Prohibition in Kansas has become nothing more than a screaming farce, and it would seem that the quicker the amendment is resubmitted to the people and repealed, the better it will be for the morals and peace of mind of the State. Fancy a condition of things which impels the thirsty resident of Kansas City, suffering from the Downing law which closes Missouri saloons on Sundays, to cross the State line into Prohibition Kansas for the purpose of supplying himself with all the liquor he wants! In an article of this kind it is impossible to speak of the strife between neighbor and neighbor, the perjuries of the witness-box, and the disregard of official oaths, which are directly traceable to the Prohibition amendment.

It is the candid opinion of your correspondent, considering the present state of public morals and public appetite, that the liquor question is to be successfully handled only by high license and local option.

S. K. Strother.

"The Bread-Winners."

A LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR.

FOR several months I have listened in silence to a chorus of vituperation which seems to me unjust and unfounded, until my original purpose of replying to no form of misrepresentation has been so far shaken that I beg for a little space to correct some errors and to justify at least my intentions.

The charges of my critics may be divided into three heads:

1. "The Bread-Winners" is conceived from an aristocratic point of view.

2. It is not well written. The incidents are extravagant and untrue to nature.

3. It is a base and craven thing to publish a book anonymously.

The first charge seems to me too absurd to be considered seriously. I hardly know what is meant by an aristocratic point of view. I am myself a working man, with a lineage of decent working men; I have been accustomed to earning my own living all my life, with rare and brief holidays. I have always been in intimate personal relations with artisans and with men engaged in trade. I do not see how it is possible for an American to be an aristocrat; if such a thing exists, I have never met it. But because, in my little book, more attention is bestowed upon certain dangerous or vicious tendencies among the poor than upon the faults incident to wealth, I am called an aristocrat, or a snob,—a name equally vague and senseless, which, so far as I can discover, merely denotes that the man using it does not like the man to whom it is applied. The question may be asked, Why do I talk more about the failings of the poor than about those of the rich? Simply because I know more about them.

The germ of "The Bread-Winners" was a remark made to me by a friend of mine, a carpenter of Detroit. He said one day, when we were walking past the High School and talking of social matters, "There is hardly a carpenter's daughter in this town who will marry a carpenter." The image of Miss Maud Matchin then formed itself in my mind. A few days later I met Mr. Offitt in a railway train, and afterward, I came to know him well in a boarding-house we both frequented. Almost without my consciousness the story took shape as it was written. The hero of the tale is Offitt, not Farnham; the heroine is Maud, and not Alice. I care little about Farnham. It is true I gave him a fine house and a lot of money,—which cost me nothing,—but that was only because Miss Matchin would never have looked at him otherwise. He is a commonplace soldier, with a large property; he pretends to be nothing else. Some of my critics, to my amazement, have said, as if they were making a great discovery, that there is nothing remarkable about him. I never intended there should be. I probably could not have made him wise or learned or witty if I had tried,—but I certainly never tried. I wanted him to be a gentleman, and I think he is; but that I cannot discuss, for I have never known two people to agree upon a definition of a gentleman.

The only other rich people at all kindly treated in the book are Mrs. Belding and her daughter. And here another astonishing criticism has been made. This comes from the Boston "Transcript." The writer

rebukes me for aristocratic leanings, and then goes on to discover a glaring inconsistency in the fact that Miss Belding is a nice sort of person, while her mother is not especially refined, and her father was a successful mechanic. My gentle, though wabbling critic, was it not I who decided that this nice young person should be a daughter of the people as well as Miss Matchin? and is it not possible that I knew what I was about as well as you? The same critic, whom I cite more than once because he is more than usually comic, decides that I am a Western man, because of a certain "raw Americanism" he sees in me, and because my personages lack grandfathers, as a rule. An Eastern man's personages, he says, "would have a more remote traditional background." If I shared his interest in the habitat of authors, I should say *his* ancestral home was in Connaught. The brain that evolved these startling syllogisms has been nourished by the potato and not by the bean.

I find that in Ohio the book has given deep offense because of a supposed unfairness to the laboring class. One editor says—and seems to think my work is condemned by that sentence—"There are five thousand men in Springfield to-day, honest, industrious, intelligent toilers, who earn their bread by the sweat of their faces, but who move in the very best social circles, and are as highly esteemed as any class of people we have among us." Because I have not described these five thousand honest working men, who move in the best social circles, I am anathematized as a libeler of the poor. Because I choose to talk about Miss Matchin, to whom the High School was of little service, I am unjust to the thousands of girls who get great advantage from our public schools. I am told my picture is one-sided. Of course it is—most pictures are. If I paint your face well, you do not complain that I have not done justice to your back. A man says he met a viper in the woods. You do not call him a liar because he says nothing about the singing birds which are there. I attempted to describe certain types of moral perversion which I have found among our working people, and I am denounced for not having filled my book with praises of the virtues which also abound among them. This is certainly a new canon of literature. May I not speak of Nero without writing the life of Brutus? Is it not legitimate for me to describe Justus Schwab without contrasting him with Peter Cooper? I have been unjust, it seems, to the labor unions. This is a gratuitous assumption. I have expressed no opinions about labor unions. I have told about a little society, organized for his own ends by a criminal, who uses the labor reformers' slang and something of their methods to swindle a few workmen out of their money. If any one says this is not true, he simply shows his ignorance of what is going on about him in every city of considerable size. I have not discussed the Labor problem at all. It was not in my province. A newspaper in Western Massachusetts, once edited by Samuel Bowles and now carried on by I know not what hysterical person, says I have left that question "without a word of sympathy or even pity" for the toilers. I can inform my falsetto deemster that the robust toilers of this country care as little for my sympathy as for his. The most intelligent and most prosperous laboring class in the world can live and

flourish without the patronage of novelists or *larmoyant* journalists.

2. I can defend myself but feebly against the charge that my book is ill written. I have little technical skill in writing, and no experience whatever in writing of this kind. The fact that my purpose and feeling have been so widely misunderstood is itself the condemnation of my style and method. If people think I meant to represent Arthur Farnham as an ideal hero, or that I have any sentiment but profound admiration and respect for the great mass of American working men, I admit that I have expressed myself with singular and lamentable awkwardness. If it be true also that what I have written has seemed in any point exaggerated or untrue, then I have fallen again far wide of the mark. I had but one thought in writing "The Bread-Winners"—to give an absolutely truthful picture of certain phases of our social life which I had never seen in print. The method by which I proposed to attain this end was perhaps faulty from an artistic point of view; but it was the only one I knew. I determined not to put a trait nor an incident into my story which was not strictly true—of which I was not clearly certain of my own knowledge. The personages, with the exception of Offitt, are not portraits of real people. But every trait I have described I have myself encountered, and a life-long observation of a good many kinds of society has, I think, kept me from mingling discordant traits in the same character. As to the incidents of the story which have been called overcharged, they have all been read in the daily papers and forgotten, and some of them narrated by the very editors who now call them impossible. For instance, the speech of Bott inciting the mob to sack Algonquin Avenue I took almost word for word from a Cleveland paper of July, 1877. The escape of Sleeney from jail I found in the same paper. The scene of the mob at Farnham's house was closely paralleled during the strikes of 1877 at Louisville, Kentucky; and far more tragic horrors than anything I have ventured upon were repeated over and over at Pittsburg. The sketch of the Mayor of Buffland has been called a malignant caricature. I do not know who held that office at the time of the riots, and I meant no personal allusion. But in a Cleveland paper, which I have begun of late to read with diligence if not with edification, I have found this paragraph, which shows what sort of a chief magistrate they now possess in that city:

"A special meeting of the Police Board was held yesterday afternoon. In the course of a general discussion, street beggars and tramps were referred to. Mayor F— made a remark to the effect that the poor fellows ought not to be molested. 'Are you in favor of street-begging, your honor?' asked Mr. B—. 'If I was hungry,' was the reply, 'and had no money with which to buy bread, I would beg for it; and if nobody would give me anything, I would knock down some fellow who was smaller than I, and get some money. An empty stomach knows no law.'"

All this, I admit, is a very inadequate defense against the charge that I have written an inartistic book. No matter how true it is, if the effect is untrue, the book has been badly written; but I, at least, contend that the book *is* true, and written with an honest purpose.

3. The idea that there is anything morally wrong in publishing a novel anonymously is entirely new

to me. I had never heard it advanced until it was made the basis of censure upon me in several newspapers. I will not refer to the numerous instances of reputable men and women who have committed this sin without loss of character in past and present times. I will simply leave it to the common sense of readers to say whether there is anything flagitious in withholding one's name from an entirely impersonal work of fiction. It was hard for me to understand why there should be such a feeling about so trifling a matter, until I saw an elaborate article on the subject in "The Critic." One phrase I will quote, showing with what gentle persuasion the writer, in the words of the nursery song, woos anonymous authors who write poor books "to come and be killed." "The whole world," he says, "calls upon you for your name, that it may avoid, condemn, mistrust, destroy you." Even this appeal, I think, will not be sufficient to tempt me out of my incognito.

My motive in withholding my name is simple enough. I am engaged in business in which my standing would be seriously compromised if it were known that I had written a novel. I am sure that my practical efficiency is not lessened by this act; but I am equally sure that I could never recover from the injury it would occasion me if known among my own colleagues. For that positive reason, and for the negative one that I do not care for publicity, I resolved to keep the knowledge of my little venture in authorship restricted to as small a circle as possible. Only two persons besides myself know who wrote "The Bread-Winners." One of these is an eminent man of letters, who had the kindness to read my manuscript, and whose approval encouraged me to print it. I am absolutely sure of the discretion of both these gentlemen, and, I hope I may add, of my own. I offered to give my name to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, who have published the story in book-form, if they should require it, but they had the kindness and consideration to decline. I am aware that this assertion is not in accordance with current rumors. I have met several persons who tell me they have talked with the author about the book, and two who gave me to understand, in the strictest confidence, that they wrote it themselves. But the unimportant truth is as I have stated it. I am ashamed to say so much about a matter of such infinite insignificance, but I would like, if possible, to put a stop to a discussion which has become ridiculous.

In conclusion, I beg to offer my sincere apologies to two or three distinguished writers who have been compelled to defend themselves against the accusation of having written "The Bread-Winners." Perhaps it may please them, hereafter, when suffering under undeserved strictures, to reflect upon the absurdity of *this* charge and the worthlessness of criticism which could ever have ascribed such a book to such names.

The Author of "The Bread-Winners."

NEW YORK, February 1, 1884.

The Lorillard-Charnay Collection of Central American Antiquities.

M. DÉSIRÉ CHARNAY'S words, written in the "North American Review" in 1882, have come true. Speaking of his labors in Central America, particularly

at Lorillard City, and the impressions of inscriptions and mural ornaments which he made there, he says: "We have taken casts of some superb bas-reliefs, and when they are put on exhibition in Washington and Paris they will excite no little astonishment." The collection which has recently arrived at the National Museum arouses not only the astonishment but the enthusiasm of the archæologists of Washington, as it will of all intelligent beholders when the hall shall be thrown open to the public.

M. Charnay first visited Central America in 1857, under authority of the French Government, and, in 1863, published the results of his investigations, in his work upon the "Cités et Ruines Américaines," together with a large series of photographs. In 1880 he was made chief of a much more elaborate expedition, undertaken at the instance of Mr. Pierre Lorillard, and sustained by the munificence of that gentleman and of the governments of France and the United States. He has visited in succession the antique cities of Mexico, Guatemala, and Yucatan, everywhere taking casts of inscriptions and carvings, photographing temples and statues, making measurements and notes, and submitting all things to the closest scientific scrutiny. With the aid of a force of twenty or thirty hired laborers, supplemented by others liberally furnished at various times by the Mexican Government, temples and palaces were exhumed, tombs explored, fallen columns reërected, inscriptions cleansed, and all the details of a rigorous survey carefully attended to.

The collection which is now being installed in the National Museum represents the first-fruits of his endeavors. It consists of a series of casts of some of the most interesting stone carvings which adorn the ruined antique palaces and temples of the Toltecs. They are from Palenque and Mexico, from Chichen-Itza and Merida and Lorillard City, and from other noted localities. There are in all eighty-two pieces of various shapes and sizes, the majority being in the form of rectangular tablets of inscriptions. The remainder are walls and altars, columns and capitals, door-ways and steps, and other similar objects. To describe them all would be impossible in this communication, but the reader may not weary if the salient features of a few are pointed out. Perhaps the richest part of the collection is from Palenque. Among the casts from this locality we find the altar of the famous Temple of the Cross, regarding the significance of the central emblem of which so much discussion has been aroused. This altar, which is now being restored in the Museum to conform as nearly as possible to the original, is not easily described. For those who have glanced at the figures in Waldeck or Rau or Bancroft it is unnecessary. In the center is a cross of almost Latin proportions, surrounded by a variety of irregular and fantastic ornaments, and surmounted by a large bird, whose head is also wrapped in an unintelligible mass of plumes and pendants. This bird is believed to be the royal trogon, or "quetzal," although I have heard it facetiously termed the "old rooster." On the right of and facing the cross is the figure of a priest, in scant clothing and ponderous head-dress, who holds in his outstretched arms a curious, elongate, bird-like object. On the opposite side of the cross is a shorter person of self-possessed mien, who stands on a small, square block, and holds loosely

in his hand, in a vertical position, a short, irregularly shaped rod. Behind each figure is a tablet covered with elaborate inscriptions in large hieroglyphics. These, as well as all the other inscriptions in the collection, are undecipherable at the present time, although several archæologists in Washington and Paris believe themselves far on the road toward the discovery of their true meaning.* It is probably well known that the original right-hand tablet of this celebrated altar has been in the National Museum for many years. On the front face of the two side walls, which stand out at right angles from the back of the altar, are two additional nearly life-size figures, known as the "old man" and the "young man"—names which are significant of their attitudes and bearing.

A second altar, having a remarkable resemblance to the preceding, but in which the positions of the large and small human figures and of the bird are reversed, was described by a traveler in 1879 as having been discovered by him in a small building at a stone's throw from the well-known temple. His story found little credence among archæologists; but to-day there stands in the National Museum a cast which is undoubtedly that of the group which he described and the truthfulness of his narrative is confirmed.

Another very similar altar with inscriptions is that of the so-called "Temple of the Sun." The sun takes the place of the cross of the preceding shrines, and is represented by a rotund face, hung like a shield at the intersection of two spears which cross.

The carvings from the circumference of the "sun stone" of Mexico City, which so narrowly escaped being pounded into paving-stones not many years ago, form an interesting object. Fifteen men of about half natural size hold fifteen others of equal proportions by the hair. Gama would have us believe that they represent religious dancers; but the mind at once recognizes in the attitudes of the figures the probable correctness of Berra's view, that they depict the conquerors and the conquered. "The central cavity in the center of this stone (at the top)," says Charnay, "which formerly received the hearts of the victims offered to the sun god, is now used as a bath by the doves which frequent the court-yard of the Museum (of Mexico)."

Another procession of warriors is from the walls of one of the great chambers of the "Tennis-court" at Chichen-Itza in Yucatan. The wall is sixteen feet in

height and more in length. There are five rows of warriors, one above another, many carrying in the one hand three or more arrows or rods, and in the other a curiously formed object, believed by M. Charnay to be a sacrificial knife.

The columns and capitals of Chichen-Itza look heavy and unskillfully formed, when we remember the fair proportions of those of Greece, but we must not be too ungracious in our comparisons.

A curious small bas-relief from Lorillard City represents two persons approaching each other, each bearing in his outstretched hand a large cross of peculiar shape. The arms of the crosses end in round knobs, and from the summit of each extends a long curved feather. The significance of the group is unknown.

A vein of resemblance runs through all the sculptures. There are warriors and priests, conquerors and slaves, spears and arrows and feathers. The profiles of all the faces show much similarity, the features having a strong Semitic cast.

But the interest of the observer centers at last in the odd hieroglyphics of the inscriptions. Their very inscrutability arouses in the mind an ardent desire to know their meaning. The mysterious dots and bars, the rudely carved faces and circles, provoke profound meditation.

Who shall say what new light may be thrown upon the history of American civilization when the inscribed tablets, now mute, shall be made to speak? Perhaps we shall learn only of names of gods and of seasons and feast days; but we hope for more. If the conjectures of M. Charnay should be established as facts, we must bring the period of the rise and downfall of the Toltec civilization in Central America within seven centuries. It may be childish to desire a thought-confounding antiquity. The tendency to-day, among the leading students of India and Egypt and China, and even among geologists, is in the opposite direction. The doctrine of the slow development of a people is no dogma; but to ascribe to works of human art an antiquity, in comparison with which the hills are young, would seem to be a manifest absurdity.

The hall in which the casts are now being arranged is scarcely suited for exhibiting them properly, and it is probable that in course of the winter they will be transferred to another room.

Frederick W. True.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

*The reader who is interested in this subject is referred to a paper by Prof. Edward S. Holden, in this magazine for December, 1881, entitled "The Hieroglyphs of Central America," in which the writer lays down principles for the study of these inscriptions. The illustrations of that paper include cuts of several of the pieces now in the National Museum. It should be borne in mind, however, that, although the majority of them are from the drawings of a no less skillful artist than Catherwood, they do not represent the originals with photographic accuracy. A number of important errors occur in the delineations of the glyphs of the inscriptions.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

A Seville Love-Song.

(BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DANUBE RIVER.")

I.

LOOK down from your window, dearest:
The mists of night are fled,
Venus, of stars the clearest,
Burns just above your head.
I am not at your sweet eyes' level,
Nor above, where the jasmines blow
Round the golden towers of Seville,—
I am here, at your feet, below!

II.

Send me a flower, dearest,
A word from that common speech,
To all mankind the clearest,
Which peasant, like king, may reach.
I am here, as it were, in December,
And you are in May, up above—
Oh! send me a bud to remember
The spring's first promise of love!

Hamilton Aidé.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Future of the Metropolitan Museum.

WHILE we do not purpose to discuss the recent protracted libel suit of *Feuardent vs. Cesnola* (proceedings in which are indeed still pending in the courts), nor the collateral issues involved therein, we desire to "improve the occasion" by some general suggestions based upon the experience of the past, and having regard solely to the future well-being of an institution whose objects command the deepest sympathy of every intelligent member of the community.

Suppose the gentlemen composing the Board of Trustees had to establish in this country a branch of manufacture new to us, but which had been carried on successfully elsewhere, would not their first step be to procure the best-trained ability that money could buy in that special branch? Could they afford to take any other course under penalty of certain failure? So here it would seem that the thing of first importance would be to find the men who know best, and in a strictly professional and practical way, what the Museum should be, what the objects to be accomplished are, what classes of exhibits are of the first importance, how they can be procured, what they should cost, and especially what relative importance should be given to the departments of which a museum must be made up. In a word, every man of business is aware that the first essential in any enterprise is a person who actually knows how to do the thing, and that for practical purposes amateur knowledge is worse than no knowledge.

To carry on a Museum of Art is, indeed, a very complicated business. First, as to its uses and objects,—above all, the educational (in the highest sense), which in this country is the first object. It is to teach something, the importance of which is felt, and the knowledge of which does not exist among us except in the vaguest sense. There is no greater or more common fallacy than the idea that this knowledge is of easy attainment. Every one who goes to an art gallery feels the right to pronounce as to the value of the works before him, when, in fact, in nine cases out of ten, his judgment shows nothing at all except his own stage of culture. The man who has a gallery of fashionable pictures never doubts that he sees in his Meissoniers or Milletts or Boughtons all there is in them, just as he knows the qualities of the horses in his stables. In fact, the commonest error among the uneducated in art is that the difference in pictures is in the degree of skill with which nature is photographed; while the real value, the new aspect of the world, or of nature, or of thought which they unfold, is unsuspected and invisible to the untaught eye.

The true value of art consists in this, that it is a language embodying those high ideas of the finest races, which could be expressed and recorded in no other way. Apply this definition, for instance, to the music of the Germans, which is their art. Suppose that we knew about them all that we now know except their

music; and then consider what a new light on German character would be thrown by its revelation, and what a treasury of new thought and feeling for us would be opened. Now Greek sculpture not only reveals the Greek spirit to us as nothing else could, but has been a legacy out of which all subsequent ideas of the human form as a type of ideal beauty are derived; so that now no picture is painted, no statue molded, which does not trace back to it. For, though all original artistic nations—the Egyptians, the Indians, the Chinese, the Japanese—have represented the human form under various aspects, hieratic, characteristic, or grotesque, the Greeks first presented it as pure beauty and ideal humanity.

So of Greek architecture, and so of Italian painting. All these great arts are languages which are speaking to us all the time. They are languages *we* have barely begun to speak, hardly begun to understand; not understanding them, we cannot rightly understand modern art, which has its root in the ancient; nor those numerous subordinate arts growing out of them, and appropriated by the different nations to express their national spirit or ideals of grace. In this country it is only through great museums that these monuments of art can be brought before us. Individuals may be trusted to ornament their houses with (and lend or give to museums) specimens of the smaller and simply decorative arts, with blue china, and Capo-di-Monte and Limoges enamel, all of which have their great but subordinate value; but no American millionaire is going to compete with the museums of Europe for the rare and fragmentary specimens of Greek art that come to light. Even Italian pictures are so far beyond the common appreciation, that if a single specimen of acknowledged first-rate Italian work exists in this, one of the very richest countries in the world, the public does not know of it.

It would seem natural that the first attention of a great American museum should be directed to such things as these; that one of the first acquisitions should be a collection of casts of all the great Greek sculptures. Sculpture has the immense advantage that it can be more adequately represented by copies than any other art. An ample Architectural Museum or Department would be of first-rate importance in a country and city where more bad architecture has been perpetrated in the last thirty years than was perhaps ever accomplished elsewhere. Some masterpieces of Italian painting might still be procured. A full Art Library for students would be of inestimable value; and, above all, a trained corps of genuine experts.

Few know how far from easy it is to acquire a "knowledge of art," as it is called, and to have an authoritative judgment; and, on the other hand, how superficial amateur proficiency mostly is. Mrs. Mitchell (a writer well known to our readers, who has just published her "History of Ancient Sculpture") might tell us something about it. Prob-

ably she would say that to be a good expert one should have seen in their originals most of the extant specimens of pure Greek art, all the good Roman reproductions, all the important collections of Greek vases; should know Greek architecture, mythology, poetry; and that only by degrees would its wonderful lesson be learned, and its perfection revealed; that to know Greek sculpture is an education in itself. What is true of Greek sculpture is true of every great branch of art. This is what it is to be an expert, this along with rare natural aptitude, and this is what "expert" means in the great European museums. This is what we shall have a class of young men growing up to be, to take charge of our museums, when once we have the right man to show us the way. But let us not be misunderstood. There have always been men of special acquirements and scholarly and artistic tastes connected with the Museum, and devoted to its interests. But these very men have been hampered for lack of experience of a practical kind close at hand and always available.

We refer to the Cesnola collection merely by way of illustration. Gathered not only without sufficient means but without sufficient scientific knowledge; bought, as should never be forgotten, in the most generous and commendable spirit, but hurriedly; prepared for exhibition by men without museum experience,—the controversy and annoyance it has occasioned have been largely owing to a lack of expert knowledge in every stage of its history. And yet the very controversy that has been waged over the manner in which it should be exhibited may be taken as an evidence of the unique value of the collection. This value, which is mainly historical, so far from desiring to underrate, we wish rather to insist upon. We wish, in fact, to see the collection so carefully studied and sifted and scientifically guaranteed, that this value will be everywhere acknowledged; while the collection itself will be made to take its proportionate place in the work of public information and instruction. If, in this sifting process, however, a part of the collection should be either set aside as *artistically* so much incumbrance, or sold to, or exchanged with, other museums, we should not be surprised; for it will be admitted that a large part of it is fatally lacking in artistic value, and that owing to its very magnitude and repetition there is danger lest it should be actually misleading in a museum whose main object is to *educate the public in art*, that is, in the best and truest artistic expression.

There is a homely maxim that "hindsight is better than foresight." What has been said is to hint at the future that is open to the Museum rather than to criticise the past. Those who are old enough to remember the greatness of the impulse given to the study of natural science when Agassiz was brought to this country, can appreciate the force of the argument. The Museum needs, and should have, a munificent endowment; then, with the constant presence and advice of experts of the character described,—men of acknowledged authority in the realm of art, commanding the confidence of the entire public,—its present collections would form a valuable nucleus for the systematic building up of a truly educational museum.

The Metropolitan Museum conducted in this spirit would itself be an unrivaled center of artistic influence; but the time, we trust, is coming when its

treasures and resources will be reduplicated in value by an intimate connection with other of our large educational institutions; which institutions will perhaps yet be a part, more or less formal and official, of the great Metropolitan University of the future.

Mob or Magistrate.

DURING the year which has just closed, the telegraph has reported fifteen hundred and seventeen murders in the United States. This record is not supposed to be complete, but it is nearly so. The cases of capital crime are few which the enterprising reporter does not drag to light and publish to the world. The reader of any daily journal connected with the Associated Press is speedily informed of nearly all the desperate deeds that are done in the dark or by daylight upon this continent. The fullness with which crime is reported gives an impression of the increase of crime stronger than the facts will warrant; yet the facts are bad enough. During the year 1882 twelve hundred and sixty-six murders were reported. A comparison of two years is not conclusive, for there is considerable fluctuation in the number of crimes; it is only from comparison of periods of five or ten years that any trustworthy inferences can be drawn. But there is no dispute concerning the rapid increase of capital crime, and the fact is ominous.

Over against the fifteen hundred murders of the last year, we have the report of barely ninety-three legal executions. Many of these must have been cases in which the crime had been committed during 1882, while many of the criminals of 1883 had not yet been brought to trial. It is not, however, far from the truth to say that, while thirteen or fourteen hundred murders are committed in this country every year, fewer than a hundred of the murderers suffer the extreme penalty of the law. When the willful slayer knows that he has thirteen chances out of fourteen of escaping the full penalty of the law, the deterrent influence of punishment cannot be said to be very powerful.

What the law could not do, or has not done, lawlessness has undertaken to accomplish. The failure of judge and jury has let loose the private avenger and the mob. Quite a number of these fifteen hundred murders, as every reader of the newspapers will easily remember, were committed in obedience to the *lex talionis*, to expiate some previous crime. The Oriental avenger and the frontier lyncher join hands in this mad dance of anarchy. The same year that witnessed ninety-three legal executions witnessed one hundred and eighteen lynchings. The lawless executions outnumber the lawful ones by twenty-five per cent.

No very profound philosophy is required to explain the relation of these facts. The inefficiency of the machinery of justice has led to the introduction of these barbarous methods. In some of the States adultery is regarded by the law not even as a misdemeanor. What wonder that private vengeance sometimes rushes in to redress a mortal injury of which the law refuses to take cognizance. But it is not so much defective legislation as inefficient administration that produces lawlessness. The laws against murder are strong enough; but when the people know that not one in a dozen of the willful murderers receives the just recompense of his deeds, and that technicalities and quibbles are constantly allowed to shelter the

worst criminals, they themselves become desperate; and, breaking through the just and salutary restraints of law, they deal vengeance right and left in a bloody and turbulent fashion.

It cannot be too often nor too strongly proclaimed that these lynchings themselves are crimes; that they are utterly without excuse; that they furnish a remedy which is worse than the disease. When a score of men can find no better way of expressing their detestation of murder than by becoming murderers themselves, our civilization seems to have reduced itself to an absurdity. Moreover, lynch law is not much more accurate in its measurement and dispensation of justice than the lax administration against which it protests. The mob is neither judicial nor chivalrous; the weak and defenseless are far more likely to suffer at its hands than the strong and prosperous, as is shown by the fact that the victims of more than half the lynchings reported last year were Southern negroes.

Nevertheless, the failure of criminal justice, which makes room for mobs and lynching, is a greater disgrace than the savagery of the mobs. The fact that thirteen out of fourteen murderers escape the gallows is the one damning fact that blackens the record of our criminal jurisprudence. No American ought to indulge in any boasting about his native land, while the evidence remains that the laws made for the protection of human life are thus shamelessly trampled under foot. No occupant of the bench and no member of the bar ought to rest until those monstrous abuses which result in the utter defeat of justice are thoroughly corrected.

It is often alleged that the failure of juries to convict murderers is due to their unwillingness to inflict capital punishment; and it is argued that if the extreme penalty were imprisonment for life a much smaller number would escape. It is possible that this reasoning may explain some cases of disagreement or acquittal, but the real difficulty is much more serious. It arises, in part, from the exaggeration of the rights of the individual as compared with those of society. The tendency of our jurisprudence is all in this direction. The protection of the individual is the one great achievement of modern criminal practice. It is a noble achievement, and Anglo-Saxon legists are justly proud of it. But a principle as good as this may be over-developed. The rights of the individual must be protected; but society also has rights, and these must not be sacrificed. And the question often arises in the mind of the layman, whether our judges, in their carefulness to guard the criminal, do not often expose and jeopardize the lives of honest and law-abiding citizens. That the rules of the courts should be modified is a suggestion which no well-instructed layman would have the temerity to make; but it is easy for any one to see that the spirit of the laws is of more importance than the letter, and that, if the court is under the influence of a tradition or a spirit which makes rather more of protecting the criminal from the vengeance of society than of protecting society from the violence of criminals, much mischief will result, no matter what the rules may be.

Out of this exaggerated estimate of the criminal's rights have arisen those methods of legal procedure which so disgrace our criminal courts, under which

crafty lawyers are permitted the use of all manner of ridiculous quibbles and technicalities for the sake of defeating the ends of justice. The fact that the American bar is distinguished for its fertility in the invention of these vicious expedients, by which trials are endlessly protracted, and the processes of the law are fatally entangled, and the minds of jurors are hopelessly confused, is a fact not greatly to our credit, but it throws a flood of light on the figures we are studying. The Guiteau trial and the trial of the Star Route conspirators in Washington furnish illustrious instances of the way in which criminal trials in this country are often managed. It is through the use of such methods that the best laws are nullified, and the magistrate, ceasing to be a terror to evil-doers, becomes their laughing-stock.

The small number of murderers hanged by the sheriffs, and the greater number hanged by the mobs, should be evidence enough that the administration of our criminal courts in many quarters is fatally defective, and needs reforming. The only classes of persons interested in maintaining the present state of things are the criminals and the criminal lawyers; and it is not for their exclusive benefit that society is organized. The contrast between the swift, firm, and sure methods of English and Continental courts in dealing with great criminals, and the tardy, feeble, and abortive methods of our own, should sting our national pride to some energetic measures of reform. The people must rouse themselves to demand a more vigorous enforcement of the laws, and they must see to it that judges and prosecuting attorneys are chosen who have the ability and the will to bring evil-doers to justice. The judges on the bench may well inquire whether the protection of the criminal has not assumed disproportionate importance in our criminal procedure. If, in our fear lest an innocent man may suffer, the law itself, which is the only protection of innocent men, becomes utterly paralyzed, then there is a call for a revision of our methods and our maxims, and the infusion of a new spirit into our laws. Every judge who will brush aside the hair-splitting devices of the lawyers, and insist that criminal trials shall be conducted with rigor and directness of purpose, will deserve, and will be likely to win, the approval of his fellow-citizens.

When it shall become evident that the notorious and willful murderer generally receives a speedy and impartial trial and suffers the just penalty of his crime, the day of the lynchers will soon come to an end. This is not conjecture; the experience of many a frontier community illustrates our proposition. Out of a lax administration of criminal law a crop of vigilance committees and regulators has often sprung, spreading terror and anarchy on every hand, until the election of some stern judge or some courageous prosecuting officer has restored to the law its rightful majesty and supremacy, and restrained the lawlessness of both criminals and lynchers. What has so often been done in different localities may well be undertaken with resolute purpose in all parts of the country where these evils now prevail. It is to be hoped that the record of the current year will show that the majority of those who have died for crime have met their fate at the hands of the magistrate, rather than at the hands of the mob.

OPEN LETTERS.

Worshiping by Proxy.

IF there be any hope of reaching an agreement in the discussion of such vexed questions as those concerning the musical performances in our modern churches, it is evident there ought to be settled at once some point of departure or some point of approach. What *purpose* is expected to be served by singing as a stated exercise in the service of the house of God? The answer, which is ready on the instant, is that it is part of divine worship. But do we adhere to that in our further argument?

They tell a story hereabouts, for the first part of which I can, as usual with my illustrations on these themes, vouch as a fact; but I am not sure whether I rehearse the conversation that follows with exactness in choice of terms, though accurately enough, I presume, for all needs. A clergyman gave out his morning selection from the hymn-book, as was customary, for the congregation to sing. The organist-leader preemptorily and perversely changed the music, and set the words to a tune of unfamiliar and highly artistic character, through which the willing quartette, with due sense of the fun, wound their intricate way on to the end. Then the minister calmly rose, and with proper dignity said: "We will now commence divine worship by singing the same hymn I gave before, and we will use the tune which is very appropriately set to it for our help." And without even a moment's pause he started the strain himself with his clear tenor voice, before the choir had recovered from their positive consternation. As if by instinct, the people rose on their feet, showing that they comprehended the posture of affairs, and unaccompanied joined in the song.

When the services were over, the chorister descended from the gallery, and marched up the aisle to the pulpit platform, where the preacher was waiting. He was angry to the supreme verge of impertinence. "What do you mean, sir?" he asked. "If you will attend to your end of the church, I will attend to mine!" Quietly enough the clergyman replied: "You make me think of an old story my father used to tell when I was a child. A mate was frightened at the ship's nearness to a rocky shore, and went aft to inform the captain that he thought the course should be changed. 'You attend to your end of the ship, and I will attend to mine,' was the answer. The mate went back to his place, but in five minutes more the captain heard the rattle of a chain, and the splash of iron in the water. 'What are you doing?' he thundered; and the mate said: 'Only what you told me, sir. I have anchored my end of the vessel; you may do as you please with yours.' And so," continued the undisturbed pastor, "I have anchored my end of the church, as you call it, *in the worship of Almighty God*, which is what we came here for. What do you propose to do with yours?"

It would astonish many quite belligerent disputants in ordinary congregations to observe how quietly a

vessel of discussion rides, the moment the anchorage of a definition is attained. All this cant about "good music" and "artistic execution" and "soprano solos" would be banished into thin air, if agreement were reached that the worship of God was the purpose to be served by the performances in the gallery. It is not unkind or ungracious to inform many of our musical friends that the usual assemblies of religious people do not have any sympathy with artists in their rivalries for place or emolument. They come to the house of prayer for other reasons than to listen to trills of a voice or tremolos of an organ. They do not converse about the merits of the performers half so much as some suppose. For many years it has been deemed quite witty to fasten upon clergymen the brunt of a well-remembered couplet; but the facts point to another application. Bononcini was a fierce rival of Handel in the city of London. Dean Swift sided with the former, which of course made Handel angry, and he cut Dean Swift in the public street; and then Swift wrote his now-famous epigram:

"Some say that Signor Bononcini,
Compared to Handel, is a ninny;
While others vow that to him Handel
Is hardly fit to hold a candle.
Strange such a difference should be
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee."

Very quickly also would this consideration settle the worrying differences about worshiping by proxy. One of our preachers has lately declared that he would as soon accept four people to write his love-letters for him as to do his singing for him in the house of God. But suppose one should accept the four ready-writers, not being up in penmanship, or in good form, you know, and then discover afterward that his damsel adored was only being mocked by those who were competing for custom, and his affection was not in the epistles at all: what then? A bass singer, who knows the facts if they can be known, himself an artist of the highest character, told me frankly five years ago that the relations of quartette choirs to congregations were, in the majority of cases, purely mercenary. Sweet tones, and finished execution, and wonderful compass, all may be bought for money, no doubt, but can we buy worship from ungodly and mercenary people? And if one proposes to worship by proxy, does he imagine God is ignorant of the difference between aesthetics and devotion? A friend of mine, perfectly trustworthy as to facts, told me that while he was in one of the churches of New York City the book lay in the rack before him, and he took it up mechanically, as he was wont at home. Finding the hymn, and noticing that the music was familiar, he began to sing quietly with the voices he heard, when suddenly the sexton tapped him on the shoulder, and deftly whispered, "It is expected that the singing in this congregation will be performed by the choir."

It might be to edification sometimes to look up the proxies when off duty during the sermon or prayers. A few years ago we had a soprano who used to spend

the spare time in the lecture-room, where her husband kept his tobacco for a smoke. Once a German among the bass went regularly off for lager for months, to our discredit, for he always kept looking at the clock so as to get back before the doxology, and the toppers knew he was doing a job of "worship" over at the church for us. Close by us, in a neighboring congregation, the choir used to have lemons or lemonade behind the curtains, in the intervals of worship. Once the bass, handing a slice to the alto, upset the pitcher upon the floor, and the desecration became known to the rector by an awkward trickling down of wetness on his surplice. Is it harsh for me to go on with these stories? Believe me, I have preferred to keep within the limits of what might be considered playful, rather than tragic; most of us could speak more to the point in sterner facts, if we were not ashamed of our arraignment. For all this goes to show that in many instances, our music committees are to blame as well as the hired creatures under them.

The principle which vitiates all this form of service is found in the acceptance of mere tones of one's voice as church music, and of swift and delicate execution of syllables as intelligent psalmody. This betrays our committees into indiscretion; they listen only to sounds, and care less for characters, for behaviors, and for devotion, than they do for flats, sharps, and *unnaturals*. So some churches are betrayed into most embarrassing complications by the headlong enthusiasm of a few musical men who never professed to have much worship to let out into the hands of the proxies whom they engage prematurely.

There was once a congregation in Albany whose pastor felt himself obliged to clear the gallery of a choir which was turning his Sabbath services into a young people's visiting resort. Just so a church in New York, whose committee hired a choir for twenty thousand dollars a year. Eight singers gave an entertainment in the sanctuary for six months, which was the talk of the town as the wonder of excellence. The chief soprano received four thousand dollars; one of the basses traveled from Boston every week. But the religious authorities were constrained to interfere in the middle of the engagement: they dismissed the whole train during the summer vacation. They paid the remaining ten thousand dollars without a grimace rather than worship by proxy in such a concert-room style clear on to the end of the year.

In this subordination of sense to sound, this grading of musical effects above intelligent worship, is found the reason why choirs claim the liberty of reconstructing hymns for their own convenience. A chorister once told me without any hesitation, as if it had been a matter of perfectly accepted principle between his profession and the public: "We always shorten or lengthen the number of stanzas according to the necessities of the music. How could we do otherwise? If the tune is double, we can sing but four verses." But when I inquired how such frightful cases as three stanzas could be managed, he answered, as if he took me in dead earnest, and deemed me rather sympathetic on the whole: "Oh, repeat the last one; that is easy enough! Indeed, we always give them four verses; that is all they need." I once called the attention of another leader to the fact that the hymn I gave out was not the same in the sheet-music he had been

singing from as it was in the hymn-book which the people had before them in their hands. He was not surprised, but rather pleased, I conjectured, at the chance I gave him to say that the words were always softer in properly prepared music, for "a true artist liked them liquid and flowing"; and he added gently that he wished all the hymns were in Italian or Latin.

That is to say, the purpose of singing in church is simply ignored; we drag our anchor the moment we begin to discuss. But common law speaks of "congregations for *public worship*" in the provisions of the statutes; and presidents' proclamations are addressed to the "assemblies for *the worship of God*." What do we come together for, unless it is for the purpose of worship? And is all this artistic parade of style the worship of God?

Now, I am exceedingly anxious, in bringing these "open letters" to a close, to show the friends to whom I am writing them how amiable I am in the discussion. I cannot deny that I have had serious thoughts all along in my mind. But I desire to leave off in good humor; and I think I see the way out, if I may be allowed to mention one particular more.

It is this, likewise, which introduces so many Germans and Italians into our organ-lofts. These people are declared to be the natural singers of the world, and so are engaged as musical performers. It is not rare that members of the opera troupes and attachés of the minstrel companies are put into our churches to order the worship of God's pious people. It is enough to speak at present about the effect of their poor knowledge of intelligible English pronunciation. Once a choir-leader asked me as a favor if I would criticise the singing at his rehearsal. I willingly consented, and gave my whole patient attention to the two anthems which the choir practiced. I was obliged in candor to tell him that, though I was somewhat well acquainted with ordinary canticles, and might perhaps be permitted to say I could recognize a song of the Psalter if I could get a little started in on it, I had not been able to guess or surmise what these two "opening pieces" were about; I had no clew whatsoever. Not one in a score of our trained singers can be understood through a verse in the hymns which are travestied just to get sounds to suit taste. And, generally speaking, I think it will be found that professional "artists" pride themselves upon the success achieved when their consonants are not suffered to be heard.

Here comes in another incident in my observation; I would rather not name the church in which it occurred. Glorious Easter was at hand and great preparations were made in the rural parish for its celebration; boughs were twined in the arches of the building; flowers swung in wreaths overhead and shone in beautiful baskets among the aisles; children had been rehearsing carols. All the town came in on that notable morning. It was a scene never to be forgotten. The minister was radiant; his eyes beamed with delight. But a thought struck him: this audience, so happy, so generous, so enthusiastic, — would they not hear him a moment for a stroke of business? After the invocation and the first song, he surprised them with a proposition to bring "Easter offerings" now at once to God's altar, and lift the dear old church out of debt: oh, then there would be a

resurrection! The congregation would come up from under its great stone into a new life, if they would roll it away! Then the plates went their course, and hearts were touched, and purses were emptied, and the heaps of money lay before the moistened eyes of the relieved pastor as he tremulously thanked a good God for his people's fidelity in response. "The money is here, I am sure it is," he exclaimed. "If there be a little in arrears, it can be made up in a day, and now we are ready heartily to go on with the worship of our risen Lord." So the fixed programme proceeded. A little German had been procured from the metropolis for an annex to the tenor; his solo came in at this exact crisis of grateful emotion; he rendered it with a fresh aplomb, though the consonants were awkward: "An' de *det* sall be raised — de *det* sall be raised — an' de *det* — an' de *det* — sall be raised — sall be raised — in de twinkling of an ay-ee!"

Now it is quite safe to say that after the congregation went home, the theme of the day was dissipated, and the two events uppermost in everybody's mind were the surprise which the eager minister had sprung upon the people, and the ridiculous appropriateness of the declamatory solo which followed it. On general principles, we have no objection to the collection of money to discharge religious obligation, even in divine service; but it does seem a pity that a humorous episode should be the chief reminiscence of such a solemn occasion.

Charles S. Robinson.

"Music in America."

SOME two or three years ago, a much-respected musician, whom I had seen very rarely during an acquaintance which dated from my boyhood, came to me with the proposal that I should write a history of music in America. He urged this upon me, and kindly offered me all the help that he could give. My reply was that, although I should probably write something in regard to the art in which I had been so much interested, and with the professors of which I had been more or less acquainted all my life, I could not undertake a history of music in America; and for these reasons: First, that I was already committed to the assertion that there is no such thing as American music, nor, indeed, such a thing as English music since the days of Henry Purcell*; and second and last, that there were no efforts in musical composition and no public performances here worthy of historical record or critical examination until the beginning of this century; since which time what has been done here publicly is mere repetition of what had been done before in Europe, the performers as well as the music being in both cases European. The subject must necessarily prove somewhat like that of the snakes in Ireland. To write a history of music — of that which is worthy to be called music — in America would be mostly to record the performance here, from time to time, and here or there, giving dates and places, of music written in Europe by artists born and bred in Europe, — a sort of literary work for which I had little liking. To this the rejoinder was that the thing would surely be done, and that I ought to do it, because, in the first

place (as my visitor insisted), I was the only man of letters who was a musician and who had the requisite knowledge of the facts and of the country; and next, because another man who was quite incompetent to the task was about to undertake it, and would do so unless some one "headed him off." This office I was obliged to decline undertaking: partly for the considerations I have already mentioned; and partly because the office was not to my taste. However, I promised my earnest and urgent friend that I would as soon as possible do something of the sort that he desired; and thereupon we parted.

A few weeks after this unexpected interview, I received from the conductors of THE CENTURY an equally unexpected proposal to write a History of the Opera in New York. They were entirely ignorant of the suggestion which had already been made to me, and, indeed, knew not of the existence of the maker. The result was the series of articles on this subject which appeared in THE CENTURY in March, April, May, and June, 1882. I was able to prepare them so quickly, because I had most of the requisite material at command, either in contemporary records which had in one way or another come into my possession, or in the recollections of friends of an elder generation, or in the memory of my own personal experience. No inaccuracy or omission of moment has been pointed out in these articles; and the conductors of THE CENTURY and the writer personally have received from long-retired artists and from competent critics, public and private, in Europe as well as in America, testimony, tinged with surprise, to their remarkable accuracy, — surprise for which there was really little occasion; for the writer simply related what he knew upon the best evidence.

A day or two ago I bought Professor Frédéric Louis Ritter's "Music in England" and "Music in America," recently published, but announced some months ago. Passing quickly over his long discussions, in the latter volume, of New England psalm-singing and of psalm-book makers and country singing-school teachers, which seemed to me about as much in place in the history of musical art as a critical discussion of the whooping of Indians would be, or as a description of the battles of kites and crows in a history of the art of war (not because their labors were simple and unpretentious, but because they were the development of no germ, and themselves produced no fruit, except some chorus material), I reached the pages where true music begins to receive the writer's attention. Dipping into his book, back and forth, I found here and there inaccuracy, erroneous statement, and evidence both of ignorance and of insufficient and perfunctorily acquired information; and some of this it was my purpose to correct, not publicly, but, as I have done before in such cases, by letter to the writer, that he himself might set himself right. Soon, however, I came upon a misstatement of such a character that it changed at once my point of view and my purpose. I read it with mingled wonder and resentment, — wonder and resentment which were enhanced by the fact that, even if it had not been a misstatement, an elaborate and carefully made misstatement, it was entirely superfluous, supererogatory, of not the slightest importance or interest to any intelligent reader of Professor Ritter's book, and having for its only pos-

* See "National Hymns," 1861; Part II.

sible purpose the impeachment of my correctness, and more, of my good faith.

Professor Ritter, in his record of the first appearance of Malibran in New York, presents his readers a long contemporary criticism or report of that performance, and to this he appends the following note:

"The above criticism is copied from Ireland. Mr. R. Grant White, in his article, 'Opera in New York,' in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for March, 1882, gives the same criticism, although somewhat altered and mixed with other matter, saying 'it is from the "Evening Post" of the 30th November, 1825.' Ireland did not say from what paper he copied the article. I have looked carefully through the files of the 'Evening Post,' and have not been able to find it there."

The assertion concerning me in the second sentence of this passage is absolutely untrue; untrue in every particular; without the semblance of foundation in truth. It is not true that I gave the same criticism which Professor Ritter gives; it is not true that I said that that criticism is from the "Evening Post" of the 30th November, 1825, or of any other date; above all, it is not true that I garbled what I did give by altering it and mixing it with other matter. Finally and moreover, all the criticisms in question are from the "Evening Post."

I cannot, of course, produce here the criticisms which I cite and that cited by Professor Ritter; but they may be easily collated by those who desire to do so. The former are on p. 693 of THE CENTURY for March, 1882; the latter on p. 187 of Professor Ritter's book. The truth of the case will be difficult of belief to those who do not make the collation; as, indeed, it was somewhat perplexing to me until I had compared the two pages. It is this: After the first six lines and a half of the long article given by Professor Ritter, there is, in the two short paragraphs which I give, not one sentence, not one phrase, which appears in the former; and, although he asserts they are the same (after comparison, for he pronounces mine altered and mixed with other matter), there is not one sentence, not one phrase, in either which has even a likeness to a sentence or a phrase in the other. The two criticisms quoted by me and that quoted by Professor Ritter are wholly different, and are clearly from three different sources. The historian of Music in America (who goes to Ireland for his facts, and therefore not strangely finds blunders) is plainly ignorant of their origin. I will tell it to him.

The first passage quoted by me, beginning, "An assemblage of ladies so fashionable," etc., is from the "Evening Post" of the 30th November, 1825, second page, fifth and sixth columns. The next, beginning, "But how, or in what terms," etc., is from the same journal of the 20th December, 1825, second page, third and fourth columns, and is copied by the editor, as I mention, from another publication, the "New York Review." On the other hand, the criticism which Professor Ritter quotes from Ireland, and which he says I garbled, was taken (that is, the most of it) from the "Evening Post" of the 6th December, 1825, where the historian of Music in America may find it on the second page, last two columns. I was well acquainted with it, but the other articles in the "Post" served my purpose better. The two (after the six and a half lines already excepted) are about as like each other as the

first chapter of Genesis and the first chapter of John. They bring to mind Fluellen's famous river in Macedon and river in Wye—of which it was true that there was "salmons in both," as it is of these articles that there is a Malibran in both; which, it seems, was enough for the Fluellen of musical history.

One cause of all this confusion and misstatement on the part of Professor Ritter is that, while my quotations are in every sentence and every phrase copied exactly, word for word and letter for letter, from the "Evening Post," the so-called article which he presents is made up from two articles in that paper; the first six lines and a half being from the article of November 30th, 1825, already specified, and the rest, making nearly a full page of his book, from another article in the same journal of December 6th. These are welded together as if they were one article, although they are plainly by different writers. Moreover—must it be said!—the greater part of our censor's quotation is much garbled not only by omission, but by alteration and insertion of words and phrases. Of this, see the following evidence:

From the "Evening Post,"
November 30th, 1825.

From the "article" in Ritter's
"Music in America."

The daughter, Signorina Garcia, seems to us as being a new creation, etc.

The [] signorina [] seems to us as being a new creation, etc.

From the "Evening Post,"
December 6th, 1825.

The best compliment that could be paid to the merit of the acting was the unbroken attention that was yielded during the whole performance.

The best compliment that can be paid to the merit of the company was the unbroken attention that was yielded during the entire performance.

In one respect the exhibition far excelled all that we ever witnessed in any of our theaters—the whole troupe were [] equally excellent.

In one respect the exhibition [] excelled all that we ever witnessed in any of our theaters—the whole troupe were almost equally excellent.

Signor Garcia indulges in a florid style of singing; but with his fine voice, fine taste, admirable ear, and brilliancy of execution, we could not be otherwise than delighted, nor wished to curtail this exuberance, if it deserves such a term. * * * We will not particularize where all was so admirable, but cannot, if we would, avoid expressing our wonder and delight, etc.

Signor Garcia indulges in a florid style of singing; but with his fine voice, fine taste, admirable ear, and brilliancy of execution, we could not be otherwise than delighted, []. We [] cannot [] avoid expressing our wonder and delight, etc.

How shall we speak in suitable terms of the enchanting Signorina Garcia? Her voice, which is the first requisite in a singer, is what is denominated in the Italian a fine contralto,—that is, one with a good top and bottom to it, but in which its principal excellence lies in the middle tones; and her science and skill in its management, etc.

[] Signorina Garcia's voice [] is what is denominated in the Italian a fine *contra-alto* []; and her science and skill in its management, etc.

The facts of the case, therefore, are that, while the writer of the article in THE CENTURY on Opera in New York, going to the original authority, set forth the criticism of the day, as represented in the "Evening Post" (eminent then, as now, in all the departments of higher culture), *verbatim et literatim*, it was the historian of Music in America who, quoting at second hand, gave a hodge-podge made up of an article "somewhat altered" and also "mixed up with

other matter" from another article. His assertion that he "looked carefully through *the files* of the 'Evening Post'" without being "able to find it there" does not raise our estimation of the value of his testimony, whether we take "it" as referring to his article or to my two paragraphs; for all are very prominent in the pages of the journal in question, within a few days of each other, in the places to which I have referred.

My musico-critical censor is, however, not content with this exhibition of sagacity and accuracy. He cannot resist the temptation to turn the light of his dark lantern upon another grievous error of mine—my remark that in 1825 there was but one theater in New York. He finds that Ireland and Wemyss (compilers to whom properly informed persons do not look for instruction, much less for correction) both say that the Chatham Garden Theater was built in 1824 and occupied by theatrical troupes; and as in 1831 a French opera company gave representations there, "consequently there must have been two theaters in New York in 1825." Truly a grievous error! But, indeed, I would rather have made it a dozen times over than have been guilty of such a petty piece of fault-finding. Of what appreciable consequence or interest is it in the history of Music in America, whether New York had two theaters or one in 1825, or what is said on such a point in a magazine article? But, again, our historian is all abroad. I cannot go into full explanation in this brief and hurried communication; but my readers may find that Professor Ritter was in a fog (or something worse), by simply turning the leaf of the article in question and finding on p. 694 this paragraph:

"Nor did New Yorkers at *this time* (1825) fail to offer encouragement to other musical artists, or to enjoy other operatic music and Italian singing. Signora Bartolini, an artist of fair European repute, was engaged at the *Chatham Garden Theater*,—a place in Chatham street, not far from the City Hall, and something like Niblo's Garden of after years,—where she sang operatic airs between the two or three plays which at that time almost always made up an evening's theatrical entertainment."

THE CENTURY, March, 1882, p. 694.

And if the historian will consult the list of public buildings, churches, etc., in the New York Directory for 1825, he will find only one theater mentioned, and simply as the "theatre." It is not until 1827 that it becomes necessary to give it the name Park Theater, to distinguish it from any other like place of amusement. On one momentous point I confess, with becoming humiliation, the historian has detected me in error—that of saying that the English version of "Der Freyschütz" was performed at the Park Theater in 1823 instead of 1825. My error was due to the very easy and very common mistake of a 5 for the 3 of my authority; and I thus grievously gave "Der Freyschütz" eighteen months' instead of six months' precedence of Italian opera in New York. But in the opera articles in THE CENTURY I distinctly announced that I did not profess or even desire particular accuracy in dates, and often I did not give them at all,—"before" or "after" such or such a musical event being sufficient for my purpose, which was not that of a musical annalist. Professor Ritter, however, as becomes the dignity of a historian, is very strong, as

we have seen, on this point, and very captious upon it as to others. But, alas, alas!

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft agley";

and our historian is wrong upon the very point on which he holds me up for correction. "Der Freyschütz" was produced not on "March 3d, 1825," as he says, but on March 2d: see the New York newspapers of that time.

Nor is other more important evidence lacking that Professor Ritter should be the last person to point out errors that may be the result of misprints or of momentary inadvertence, as even my hasty examination of his book discovered before I found myself called up for discipline. He tells us, for example, that Theodore Eisfeld "was born in 1616 in Wolfenbüttel." That good man and good musician must, therefore, have attained the ripe age of two hundred and sixty-six years before he departed to his place in the heavenly choir. And (on p. 288) we are told of a tenor at Palmo's named "Ambogini." No such tenor was ever heard in this country. Perhaps Professor Ritter confused the name of that admirable tenor Antognini with that of the buffo Ambrogetti, and so "made a mess of it"; or perhaps his copy was not clear and his proof not carefully corrected. He tells us, too (p. 232), of the musical doings of a Mr. "Kirchhoefer," and with clear intention, for the name is thus repeated (p. 274). Now, no such person is known in our musical annals. Mr. Kieckhoefer, a foreign amateur once resident in New York, is the person whom he is groping for. Some of the music used on the occasions to which he refers (p. 232) is in my possession. We find, too, the somewhat astonishing assertion that a concert of the Musical Fund Society (regarded by him as important) was given "at the City Hall, May 10th, 1830." The City Hall has, indeed, been the scene of various performances not quite so harmonious as the one in question, but it was hardly ever put to that use. The concert was given, he may be sure, at the City Hotel, in the lower part of Broadway, which had a large assembly-room, that was frequently at that time used for public musical performances. These are characteristic examples of the accuracy of Prof. Ritter's book. There are more of the same sort. I hope he will be becomingly self-abased and repentant. As for me, I say plainly that under other circumstances I should be ashamed to point out publicly such slips upon unessential points in his work or that of any other man. To do so has always seemed to me the most contemptible business in which a critic can be engaged.

It is not the fault of a foreigner like Professor Ritter that he knows nothing of the society of New York and "America" at the times of which he writes, and that he has, as we shall soon see, a very confused notion even of our public musical performances. But his ignorance leads him into some very queer mistakes. For example, he gives (p. 186) Mr. Lynch as the "manager" of the Garcia company at the Park Theater in 1825. Shade of Brummel, the elegant Dominick Lynch! Professor Ritter's Mr. Lynch was a prominent leader of the gayest set of New York fashionable society at that time; a distinguished

musical connoisseur and amateur, a great promoter and patron of the opera, and doubtless an adviser of Garcia, but hardly his "manager." He lived then in Greenwich street, directly upon the Battery—the most desirable site in the then most fashionable quarter of the town. He was one of the directors of the old Philharmonic Society, whose officers were: Wright Post, president; Augustus Brevoort, Dominick Lynch, Daniel Oakey, Fanning C. Tucker,* Henry Carey, Robert Ray, Ab'm Schermerhorn, Robert Emmett, James I. Jones, H. F. Rogers, B. W. Rogers, I. Delafield, directors. All these gentlemen were then prominent in society; all were connoisseurs, and some of them amateurs of music. But in this respect, as in others, Mr. Lynch was the most distinguished. Of him, of course, I never saw anything more than his portrait; but his daughter and his niece, one of whom became Mrs. Nicholas Luqueer, of Long Island, and the other, Mrs. Julius Pringle, of South Carolina, were as matrons my gracious friends in my days of hobbledehoydom. The latter distinguished herself in connection with our subject by a strange freak. She appeared in her father's box at the opera (Rivafanoli's, I believe) with the most extraordinary bracelet ever worn by woman, at least in this country—a small living green snake, which she kept as a pet, and which was seen not only winding itself around her beautiful arm, but (fashionable women went to the opera then always in full evening dress) over her shoulders and around her neck. This snake was her constant companion, even in bed. It was venomous, but had been deprived of its poison-glands; and she was told by the person of whom it was bought that if it were allowed to eat milk these glands would be reproduced. One morning, as she was dawdling over breakfast in bed, she looked up from a book that she was reading, and saw her pet with its head plunged into the milk-jug. It was killed immediately. A strange story this; but my authority for it is the lady's sister and my own uncle, a frequenter of the opera and familiar with New York society at that time.†

Let us now consider, as briefly as the subject will admit, a few of the examples which my hasty examination of "Music in America" has thus far discovered of the author's knowledge of his subject. The lack of a taste for good music in America is insisted upon strongly, again and again (see pp. 189-194, 214, 215, etc.), and an especial point is made in this respect in regard to chamber music, which is regarded by the writer (correctly, it need hardly be said) as an eminent form of the highest style of music. Professor Ritter is very particular upon this point; he refers us back and forth to his assertions and opinions in regard to it; and we may justly assume this part of his book as a test of the value of the whole. He tells us (p. 232) that the playing of pianoforte trios in private by two professional musicians and an amateur, in 1838, was the "beginning of the cultivation of chamber music in New York." Then, under the special head "Chamber Music" (p. 274), he indicates the first feeble begin-

nings of a taste for this music in the following passage:

"Thus, about 1848, a Mr. Pirsson, who lived in Leonard street, had regular quartette playing at his house. He was then almost the only amateur in New York who appreciated chamber music. . . . In 1849 Saroni's "Musical Times" arranged four concerts of classical music, to be given by subscription. . . . These concerts appear to have been tolerably well patronized. They, at any rate, proved that there was a small public that began to take delight in that style of music."

There is more of such assertion and remark which need not be specified. Surely, thorough ignorance was never more elaborately set forth. The Mr. Pirsson here set up as an "amateur," whose tastes were indicative of the musical cultivation of the New Yorkers, was a humble English professional musician, a John Bull of the bulliest sort, and a very second-rate double-bass player. His position our historian might have easily discovered by examining any one of the early programmes of the Philharmonic Society, on which, in the list of performers, we find: "Double basses—Jacobi, Loder, Pirsson, Rosier." The idea of old "Jim" Pirsson being set up as a salient type of the most cultivated "American" amateurs of thirty-five years ago will be sufficiently amusing to those who know anything of our musical annals. He was not only a British professional musician, but one of a family of professional musicians. Father and sons played in the orchestra (!) of the Albany Theater; one of his brothers taught the pianoforte; another was a pianoforte maker in a humble way. And this is our historian's acquaintance with the cultivated amateurs of New York society and their tastes.

The performances to which he refers were wholly without significance, the players being all foreigners and professional musicians. I could give their names: Timm, Boucher, and Loder were among them. These Germans, Frenchmen, etc., might just as well have played their trios and quartettes in a private room in one of their own native towns. But it is significant and important in connection with Professor Ritter's subject that eight years before this time—in 1840—there was in New York a chamber music club of "American" amateurs, who met weekly throughout the year (excepting July and August), and who played only Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn. Of this I have written evidence. Their meetings continued regularly for many years.

Of public performances of classical chamber music he shows a like ignorance. He gives an elaborate "notice" of that enthusiastic and enterprising musician, Mr. U. C. Hill, with a "record of his labors";* and yet he can set forth the Saroni quartette concerts as our first public classical chamber music, and say that they were a sign that there was in 1849 a small public that began to take delight in that style of music! Now the fact is, that six years before this date, and five years before that wonderful New York amateur, "a Mr. Pirsson," had quartette playing at his house, the best classical chamber music ever written had been publicly and successfully performed in

* Mr. Hill was so constant a factor in the public musical entertainments of New York thirty years ago that a musical amateur (I believe he was the same who gave Bosio her sobriquet of Madame Beaux Yeux), being asked who was the conductor at a certain concert, answered, "Well, if you go into almost any concert-room and look for the conductor, you see Hill."

* Major Tucker was also president of the St. Cecilia Society, which is referred to on page 952, and leader of the notably fine choir of St. Anne's Church, Brooklyn.

† Mr. Chandler White, of the Narrows, L. I. who was the first vice-president of the Atlantic Telegraph Company.

New York. In 1843, a series of "quartette soirées" was given at the Apollo Rooms. The performers were: U. C. Hill (violin), Apelles (violin and clarinet), Lehmann (violin), Derwort (viola), and Hegelund (violoncello). The soirées were given on the 4th and 15th of March and the 1st and 15th of April of that year. The programmes are before me, and what their character was may be gathered from the first and the last, which I quote. First soirée: Quartette No. 1, op. 18, Beethoven; quintette (clarinet and strings), op. 34, Von Weber; quartette No. 2, op. 59, Spohr; quintette, op. 4, Beethoven. Fourth soirée: Double quartette, op. 65, Spohr; septette, Beethoven. When the fact that these soirées were well attended and successful is considered, and that at least one chamber music club of "American" amateurs had been established in New York three years previously, it will probably be thought somewhat inconsistent with the assertions that "a Mr. Pirsson" was almost the only "amateur" in New York who had a taste for classical chamber music, and that the first concerts of such music were given in 1849, and showed that there was a small public which then began to take delight in that style of music.

Whether there were chamber music concerts before Hill's in 1843, I do not know. No evidence of it is in my hands. But I do know, upon very trustworthy testimony, that the assumption that the playing of pianoforte trios by two professional musicians and an amateur, all foreigners, in 1838, was the beginning of the cultivation of chamber music in New York, is laughably inconsistent with the facts. Long before that time, and then, there were performances of chamber music in private by amateurs. Some of the performers I knew personally in my youth and their old or middle age. I could name more whom I did not know. There are now in the country pianofortes and violins and cellos which were used in such private concerts three-quarters of a century ago. I have had them under my hands, and have seen the old music books that were used. I have some of them myself; among them, a set of Boccherini's quintettes, with two violoncellos, which were used here by native amateurs three quarters of a century ago, and which show evidence of their use. One friend of mine has a cello which has been in his family more than a hundred years, and during most of that time has been used in the performance of classical chamber music. Our author is lamentably ignorant of the musical taste and experience of the people whose musical history he has assumed to write.

And even as to public performances, and of another sort, what shall we say of a historian of Music in America who asserts, positively and without qualification, that in 1848 "Mr. Timm also brought Rossini's *Stabat Mater* out for the first time in America," when it was performed by eminent vocalists no less than six years before, on the 2d October, 1842, within a few months of its completion and first performance at Paris! The programme is in my possession and is before me. The solo parts were sung by Mrs. Seguin, Madame Spohr-Zahn, Mrs. Morley, Signor Antognini, and Mr. E. Seguin. The conductor of the orchestra was Mr. Pearson. Our author seems to be in like ignorance as to the first performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in this country. In like manner, he is in the dark,

or at least leaves his readers there, as to the old St. Cecilia Society, although it was the first to perform orchestral music in this country (its elegant certificate of membership, showing St. Cecilia surrounded by angels, which was engraved in New York in 1791, is interesting), and also as to the Arion Club of Brooklyn, and the Church Music Society, all of them much more important as signs of the condition of music in America than a great number of the professional companies or associations on which he wastes many words, and the last of which had for its conductors, first that able musician Dr. Pech, and last the gifted Charles Horseley, the hero of "Counterparts," neither of whom is mentioned in Professor Ritter's pages. This association, the performing members of which were amateurs from the more cultivated circles of New York society, among its notable achievements coped creditably with that musical *crux*, Beethoven's Mass in D minor, rarely heard even in Europe. And in his special chapter on "Musical Theory, Musical Grammars, Dictionaries, etc.," "between 1771 and 1815," he seems unaware of the existence of Pilkington's "Musical Dictionary," published at Boston in 1812; a manual so thorough and so sound that (although it has no biographies or histories of inventions) it is all-sufficient for general purposes at the present day. It is not a reprint, nor composed of selections, but is an original work, wrought out of the general mass of musical literature, supplemented by the author's own knowledge. Its author was, or soon afterward became, one of New York's many resident professors of music.

In like manner, writing in this third period, of the time between 1815 and 1825, he says (p. 142): "In order to give my readers an idea of the style of music cultivated by the American amateur at this epoch, I will copy the titles of some of the pieces then advertised by music-sellers"; whereupon we are furnished with the general announcement of a Boston music-seller, who (wonderful tradesman!) calls his stock "fashionable," that he has overtures, battles, songs, glees, catches, little ballads, waltzes, dances, Mozart's songs, etc.; and we are told that "the dance-pieces and the ballads sold best." How does our historian know which sold best? What possible authority can he have for this positive historical assertion? However, he is probably right. It is true that music-sellers in Boston and in New York did at that time sell and advertise glees, catches, dance-pieces, and ballads. But so at the same time did the music-sellers in London. It may be assumed that they sold better (*i. e.* in greater numbers) in New York and Boston than at that time sonatas and Mozart's songs did; for so they did in London; and so they do in Boston, New York, and London to this day. That a historian of music should gravely utter such a platitude as a criticism of social and musical culture! Why, so far is this advertisement and others like it (which might be found by the score nowadays in London and New York) from giving an idea of the style of music cultivated by the American amateur (worthy the name) of the period in question, that it is exactly the sort of announcement in which that typical person took no interest. Many years before the coming of Malibran (in 1825) American amateurs had collections not only of pianoforte sonatas and other chamber music, but of all the celebrated operas in (so-called) pianoforte score. My first boyish ac-

quaintance with Cimarosa's beautiful "Matrimonio Segreto," with "Don Giovanni," and with Rossini's operas was made through a collection of this kind, formed early in the century, and showing, when I first saw the books, evidence of long use. And in the decade in question (1815-1825) Messrs. Dubois and Stodardt, 126 Broadway, then the fashionable music-sellers of New York, advertise that they have received among other music Mozart's and Rossini's operas. One advertisement before me mentions "'Mosè in Egitto,' 'La Donna del Lago,' 'La Cenerentola,' and 'Ricciardo e Zoraide.'" This is done without any fuss, but as a mere matter in the ordinary course of business; and these then-fresh works (as well as the Stabat Mater seventeen years later) came here promptly, it would seem, in those slow-going, slow-sailing times. It would have been well for a historian to know all this before he undertook to give an idea of the style of music cultivated by American amateurs at this epoch, and to do this by copying advertisements of dance-pieces and ballads.

Desultory as these remarks upon "Music in America" have necessarily been, they point in the latter part of my letter to one conspicuous deficiency in that book—an entire lack of knowledge of our society, and of the condition and the influence of cultivated American amateurs. The author, it would seem, has been dependent, in regard to New York at least, almost entirely (and how could it be otherwise?) upon what he could (or could not) find in newspapers, and upon the personal communications of foreign professional musicians, most of them Germans of late importation. Now all this has its place, although subordinate, and its value; but it does not tell of the condition of musical culture among cultivated Americans. This is indicated by a phenomenon which has not escaped Professor Ritter's eye, which he mentions frequently, and which, as he lacks the knowledge that is the key to it, seems to puzzle him. It is that the earliest performances of the several styles of the higher music were invariably of the greatest and, so to speak, the profoundest, compositions in each style. In regard to this our historian says, commenting upon a concert given in 1831:

"In the face of such a programme at so early a period of American musical culture [ignorance here], we are scarcely justified in speaking of our present progress [who are 'we' and 'our'—Professor Ritter's countrymen or mine?] in musical taste."

And again, remarking upon the Eisfeld quartettes, given in 1851, he says:

"Here again a commencement at the top of the ladder. Musical progress in the city of New York for the last thirty years—in fact from 1825 up to our time—witness the first introduction of Italian opera, the first concerts of the Philharmonic Society, the above first regular series of quartette concerts—has been marked by its horizontal and its upward direction."

We have already seen that what our historian calls the first regular series of quartette concerts, which awakens in him so much admiration, was preceded (eight years before) by a regular series of higher—of the highest possible grade.

The cause of this general starting at the top is simply the influence of the amateurs in cultivated circles of society. These are naturally appealed to by professional musicians at such times; they naturally take the lead in the promotion of such enterprises; their tastes naturally are consulted. But they are not, and especially they were not, able to support these undertakings; and the professional musicians who entered upon them were soon obliged to lower their standard and appeal to the general public, or to abandon them altogether. Moreover, the cultivated amateur is not in this country the freest patron of public musical performances. This is true even as to opera; and as to classical chamber music it is notably true. I may venture to say that I have had an unusually large acquaintance among amateur students of classical chamber music; and I know that they are not frequenters of concerts of that music. Indeed, I know those who for many years have met weekly for the enjoyment of that music, who not only will not buy tickets for concerts, but will not use those that are presented to them. They enjoy the musical ideas in the compositions which they perform, and the social pleasure which attends their gatherings. They don't care to go and sit in rows on benches in a big hall (not a fit place for chamber music) and listen to quartette playing, be it ever so good. The apathetic colored gentleman who was slow to respond to demands for his admiration of a reverend sable Boanerges suddenly accounted for his reluctance by the remark, "I'se a preacher myself." Cultivated taste corresponding in degree to that of London or any town in England has not been lacking here; but it is only of late years (if indeed even now) that our town populations have been large enough and rich enough to furnish a public which could and would support musical performances of a high order at the prices which prima donnas, virtuosos, and professional musicians generally have demanded (out of Germany and Italy) within the last half-century.* We have grown bigger and richer, and there are more of us to go to theater and opera, and more dollars to spend; but we can hardly be said to have advanced in taste or in the quality of our amusements very far beyond our fathers and grandfathers, who used to go one night to hear Edmund Kean in "Othello" or "King Lear," the next to hear Malibran in "Il Barbiere," and the next to hear the elder Wallack in old English comedy; which was actually the case in 1825.

A year, however, before the latter date—in 1824—a concert was given in New York, the high quality of which extorts the manifestly puzzled admiration of Professor Ritter; and considering his necessarily slight and scrappy information as to the people about whom he is writing, this is not surprising. For the programme of the concert (which was given at St. George's Church by the New York Choral Society)

* Apropos of this slowness of cultivated amateurs to give pecuniary support to musical entertainments, see the following remarks by a writer of fifty-seven years ago in regard to the old Philharmonic Society:

"By an unanimous vote passed this season, a subscription was to have been raised . . . which would have established it on a solid foundation. However, although all the members were present at those expensive concerts, although the vote was passed, although the list of members comprehends a large number of our richest citizens (and most of the fashionable world), not more than half have paid their subscriptions."—*"New York American,"* Feb. 8, 1827.

was composed entirely of selections from the finest sacred compositions of Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven. Of this programme Professor Ritter says, and rightly, "Many [he might well have said any] of our present societies might be proud of such a one." Now this concert was not only given with amateur performers in the chorus, and even in some of the solo concerted pieces, but it was planned and managed entirely by amateurs, as I happen to know; for my father, although then only twenty-six years old, was a prominent member of St. George's parish, and an amateur of acknowledged taste and a fine voice; and he was one of the chief promoters of this admirable concert, of which I remember hearing him speak often in after years, he saying then that the professional people would find it hard to beat "our great concert." The programme of this concert which so impresses Professor Ritter was only a fair representation of the taste of the cultivated amateurs of sacred music in New York sixty years ago.

The relation of a remarkable musical feat incident to this concert shall bring my letter to an end. During one of the last rehearsals it was suddenly discovered that the music of one of the solo parts of a concerted piece was missing. Search for it was in vain. Whereupon a Mr. Sage, who had an important part himself in other pieces, undertook and successfully performed this feat: While he sang his own part sufficiently for purposes of rehearsal, he wrote out the music of the missing part. I admit that the story is almost beyond belief. The mental process by which it was accomplished is far past my comprehension—to me quite inconceivable. For it must be considered that it was a double process of memory and of execution. Mr. Sage remembered and sang one part while he wrote down the other also from memory (perhaps foreshadowing the process by which a man may sagely chew up one railway while he is swallowing another); but none the less the feat is astounding and incomprehensible, and I should not believe it upon less unimpeachable evidence. My informant was one of those men who not only shun exaggeration and even hyperbole, but who watch their lips that no idle word may pass them; and he told me, as I have heard him tell others, that he stood by Mr. Sage's side and heard him sing one part and saw him at the same time write down the other. Here is a psychological problem worthy of the study of Henry Maudsley; but unless he is a musician he cannot apprehend its perplexity. This first really great classical concert given in America sixty years ago has never yet been surpassed in the quality of the music performed,—a point very significant to a historian of Music in America, and one quite inconsistent with our present historian's estimate of the taste of American amateurs of music at that period, or even in later years.

I could say much more to the same effect even now, but I must stay my hand. A very hasty examination of Professor Ritter's work has revealed to me these striking misstatements and deficiencies. I have not time at present to look at it more carefully; but it would seem necessary that some competent person should do so hereafter. I regret that self-defense against the wrongful public imputation of careless work and, more, of a violation of literary good faith

in the garbling of quotations and the falsification of evidence, the highest literary crime, has made it necessary for me to write thus of an author whose previous writings I have read with interest.

Richard Grant White.

NEW YORK, 29th December, 1883.

P. S.—The necessary delay in the publication of this letter has enabled Professor Ritter to publish a declaration that errors and misstatements "crowd the pages" of my musical writings. Of the value of any assertion of Professor Ritter's as to matter of fact, the reader is now able to judge. This one I pronounce absolutely untrue, like his previous charges. I stop at no labor of research to get at essential truth. When, without a "perhaps" or "probably" or "about" or equivalent phrase, I say that a thing is or was, I do so on contemporary evidence, on the testimony of trustworthy witnesses of the past generation, or of my own personal knowledge, of which I have contemporary record. Consequently, the coming of a gentleman from Alsatia to correct me as to matters of fact, and his calling in the aid of two such book-making compilers as Ireland and Wemyss, is amusing—when it is not intended otherwise.

29th January, 1884.

R. G. W.

Lawrence Barrett and his Plays.

MR. LAWRENCE BARRETT will begin an important engagement in London on April 14th. He will appear at Mr. Irving's Lyceum Theater. Not long ago—it was during the last performance of Mr. Boker's play, "Francesca da Rimini," at the Star Theater, New York,—Mr. Barrett made a brief speech, in which he laid stress upon the fact that he had done something to encourage the American drama. That is perfectly true, and it is also noteworthy. Mr. Barrett has helped forward the drama and the dramatists of our country, just as Mr. Forrest helped them years ago. This is noteworthy, because Mr. Barrett is quite alone in what I may be permitted to call his literary work. Mr. Edwin Booth apparently cares nothing for new plays, nor for the American play-writers. Mr. McCullough uses the American plays that Forrest used, and other plays by Payne, Sheridan Knowles, and Shakspeare; he has, I believe, purchased two or three American dramas, but only to send them back to their authors. Both Mr. Booth and Mr. McCullough lack, apparently, a certain creative instinct,—the desire to bring fresh and salient characters upon the stage. Mr. Barrett, happily, does not lack this instinct. He is even a much more potent force among the American dramatists than Mr. Irving is among the English dramatists. Mr. Irving is not afraid to produce, occasionally, a play by Mr. Wills, or by the Laureate; yet he has given, after all, little encouragement to the English writers of drama. Mr. Barrett, on the other hand, has taken pains to establish his reputation in novel and experimental works, like "The Man o' Airlie," "Dan'l Druce," "Yorick's Love," "Pendragon," and "Francesca da Rimini." Three

of these dramas were written by Americans, and all three are worthy of more respect than one is inclined to offer to many new plays which are now popular. The selection and the production of such dramas show, lucidly, that Mr. Barrett has a fine literary sense, a proper regard for the duty that an actor of distinction owes to contemporary writers, and a moral courage with which actors are not commonly gifted.

It must not be thought, however, that Mr. Barrett's reputation was made altogether in the plays that he has had the taste and the courage to produce. Mr. Barrett is an old and tried actor. For thirty years he has been known in the theaters. He was born in April, 1838, so he is now about forty-five years old. He began to act during 1853 at Detroit, Michigan. His career has been eventful and laborious. At the beginning of his stage life he acted with persons like C. W. Couldock, Edmund Conner, Eliza Logan, and Julia Dean. When he came to New York for the first time, the chief theaters in the city were directed by famous actors—by Blake, Burton, J. W. Wallack, and Laura Keene. Mr. Barrett joined Mr. Burton's company. But it is not my purpose to follow Mr. Barrett through the thirty years of his career. I wish to point out, simply, that he has had unusual opportunities to observe various schools of acting. He has been a good observer from this side of the footlights,—his "Life of Edwin Forrest" demonstrates so much,—and he has acted with Forrest, Burton, E. L. Davenport, Edwin Booth, John McCullough, Charlotte Cushman, and with most of the distinguished players of the last quarter-century. In 1869 he began his brilliant management of the California Theater. In 1870 he acted *Cassius*,—one of his most remarkable performances,—with Davenport as *Brutus* and Walter Montgomery as *Antony*. In the same year he went to Booth's Theater. The first production effected independently by Mr. Barrett was a magnificent revival at Booth's Theater of "A Winter's Tale," in which he and Mark Smith and other well-known actors had parts. "The Man o' Airlie" followed "A Winter's Tale." It was in 1871 that Mr. Barrett appeared as *Cassius*, in the splendid revival of "Julius Cesar" at Booth's Theater, with Mr. Booth as *Brutus*, and Mr. Bangs as *Antony*. At the sad period of the Brooklyn Theater fire, Mr. Barrett produced Mr. Gilbert's play, "Dan'l Druce." Thenceforward he branched in a new direction, and sought to win popularity in well-written American dramas.

Mr. Barrett has, it is needless to say, acted in many Shakspearean characters; for example, in *Hamlet*, *Shylock*, *Richard III.*, and *Lear*. His *Cassius*, however, is the most truthful and impressive Shakspearean performance that he has given us. Mr. Barrett, the actor, may be described in a few words. He has quick dramatic instinct, a passionate intensity, which goes high and deep at moments, a noble sincerity, and a bright intelligence. His faults are more conspicuous and irritating than the faults either of Mr. Booth or of Mr. McCullough. He has a stiff, hard manner, a droning voice, and an unfortunate habit of putting noise in the place of strong feeling and inspiration. He is, therefore, a particularly uneven actor. Of late, it is noticeable, he has made a serious effort to overcome his worst faults. His finest performances

are in characters like *Richelieu*, *Cassius*, *Yorick*, *Pendragon*, and *Lanciotto*. He carries some of these characters with singular spirit and intensity, and his bursts of power are occasionally real bursts of power.

"Yorick's Love," in which Mr. Barrett will make his first appearance before the public of London, is a play of uncommon beauty and vigor. It is not, I am sorry to add, an American play from top to toe. It has a Spanish body. The author of the work upon which "Yorick's Love" is based is Señor Estebanez. The American writer who fitted it to our stage, and whose fine and subtle talent added an unexpected beauty to it, is Mr. W. D. Howells, the novelist. Mr. Howells has not altered in any marked degree the purpose and the action of Joaquin Estebanez's drama. A few new scenes have been furnished by him, certain details of the play have been dispensed with, and the characters have been retouched here and there. Mr. Howells has handled this charming work with the taste and the feeling of an artist. His dialogue is fresh, unconventional, and convincing. "Yorick's Love" is a play of direct and simple emotion. It is not one of those ingenious and extravagant theatrical intrigues which have so much popularity upon the stage, chiefly because the public confounds movement in the theater with the pathos and the passion of life. The chief character of this play is *Yorick*, a comedian of the Globe Theater. The scene is laid, therefore, in Shakspeare's time. His wife, *Mistress Alice*, is a young and beautiful actress, who loves *Master Edmund*, a friend and foster-son of *Yorick*. In the beginning of the drama, a new play by *Master Woodford* is about to be produced at the Globe Theater, and the story of this new play deals with an illicit love and with the betrayal of the woman's husband. *Master Woodford's* play is, it is evident, a mimic representation of the real drama at the hearthstone of *Yorick*. The three persons in the real drama are chosen for the corresponding parts in the play. This is an essentially dramatic conception, and it is treated with breadth and strength in the last act, which occurs on the stage of the Globe Theater. It is here, while *Master Woodford's* play is on the stage, that *Yorick* learns the truth: himself, who is acting the character of a wronged husband, has been betrayed by his own wife and by his foster-son. This knowledge once clear to him, he makes ready for a speedy and terrible revenge. The play within a play develops his purpose, and he kills *Edmund* before the audience at the Globe Theater. There is a weakness, however, in "Yorick's Love," for which I can hardly account. Unlike those lovers of the sturdy and frank Elizabethan drama, the lovers in "Yorick's Love" are guiltless; that is to say, they have not done a criminal action, though they have confessed their passion to one another. The play lacks, therefore, a needful element of reality. It is not felt that *Yorick* has justification for his tragic vengeance.

"Pendragon" is the work of a young poet and dramatist, Mr. William Young. "Francesca da Rimini" is the work of an old poet and dramatist, Mr. George H. Boker, and was written more than two decades ago. Both plays have a serious tragic interest, and are seriously treated, though in a somewhat old-fashioned and artificial manner. Both are versions of the sweet and melancholy tale of *Lancelot* and

Guinevere. There is a picturesque simplicity throughout Mr. Young's drama that touches and holds the imagination. The play has good diction, and deserves attention. Mr. Boker's drama is more theatrical and showy, and less poetically written; yet "*Francesca da Rimini*" is conceived in the right tragic spirit.

George Edgar Montgomery.

Dante's Portrait in the Bargello.

IN her paper on the portraits of Dante, in the number of *THE CENTURY* for the current month, Miss Clarke has done me the honor to cite a description of the portrait of Dante in the Bargello at Florence, from a tract of mine printed in 1865. At that time, relying upon the authority of Vasari, as others had done, I ascribed the portrait to Giotto. But there was a difficulty, which seemed to be insoluble, in assigning a date to the picture in accordance with the known facts of the lives of the poet and of the painter. In any case, the picture could not have been painted before 1301, when Dante was thirty-six years old. He is represented, however, much younger than this, and in a sentence, not cited by Miss Clarke, I said: "The date when this picture was painted is uncertain, but Giotto represented his friend in it as a youth, such as he may have been . . . at the season of the beginning of their memorable friendship." Miss Clarke says: "The picture is supposed to have been painted when Dante was about twenty years old." She has inadvertently fallen into error, in stating that this had been supposed; for, if so, the picture must have been painted, if we accept the common chronology, which there seems no sufficient reason to doubt, when Giotto was but nine years old.

At the time when I was preparing my little work as a contribution to the celebration of the six hundredth anniversary of Dante's birth, a commission appointed by the Minister of Public Instruction in Florence was engaged in examining the question as to what was the oldest and most trustworthy portrait of Dante. The members of this commission were the late Count Luigi Passerini, one of the most learned and thorough students of Florentine antiquities, and Signor Gaetano Milanesi, the well-known editor of the best edition of "*Vasari's Lives*," and versed beyond other men in the story of Tuscan art and artists. The report of this committee was published in 1864, in the seventeenth number of the journal entitled *Il Centenario di Dante*, and was followed by a supplementary report later in the year. The first report was reprinted in 1875, by Count Passerini, in his *Curiosità Storico-Artistiche Fiorentine, Seconda Serie*; and the substance of both reports is embodied by Milanesi in an appendix to the "*Life of Giotto*," in the first volume of his new edition of the works of Vasari, Florence, 1878.

The conclusion reached by the commission concerning the picture in the Bargello is that it is not the work of Giotto, but of one of his scholars, and that it was probably painted in 1337. A conclusion so far at variance with the statements of Vasari and other early writers, as well as with popular tradition, has naturally been warmly disputed. It is not established by positive documentary evidence. But the force of the cumulative argument by which it is supported is in-

creased by the difficulties, both chronological and historical, that attend the ascription of the picture to Giotto. The details of the controversy are hardly of interest, except to special students.

That the portrait of Dante, whether painted by Giotto or by one of his pupils, was derived from a sketch by the great master, seems altogether probable. It is the most interesting portrait that has come to us from the middle ages. In the dignity, refinement, sweetness, and strength of its traits it is a worthy likeness of the poet of the New Life, and as such it is a work worthy of the most poetically imaginative of Florentine painters.

C. E. Norton.

CAMBRIDGE, January 23, 1884.

The Proposed Congressional Library—A Reply.

WE notice in the February number of *THE CENTURY* some remarks with regard to the proposed Congressional Library building, in Washington, which seem to us calculated to mislead the public. It is important, of course, that all should be correctly informed of a matter of such great public interest, but we submit that the proper method of doing this is not by allowing an anonymous writer to shoot at random the arrows of crude and uninformed criticism.

The plan which has been offered for the Library is the matured result of upward of twelve years' study of this special branch of architecture, including a personal and exhaustive examination of the arrangements of all the principal libraries in this country and in Europe. No labor has been spared to master thoroughly this very difficult problem of architectural science. The plan does not come from a clique or from favor shown to a "local practitioner," as your correspondent sneeringly insinuates, but is the result of a victory won after the keenest public competition in which twenty-eight competitors participated, and a running competition extending over eight and a half years, one of the competitors being Mr. Clark, who is officially known as the Architect of the Capitol, and whom your correspondent suggests as eminently qualified to select an architect, and another being Mr. T. U. Walter, who designed the Capitol and the building generally known as the Patent Office, more properly the Interior Department. In what sense the victors in the competition can be called "local practitioners" is not understood, unless to reside at the seat of government be considered a sin against architectural canons, as their work appears in nearly every State from Virginia westward to Colorado.

That plans made under such circumstances, and fully approved by the Librarian of Congress, who has also specially studied the subject, deserve more consideration than to be relegated to the waste-basket at the behest of an anonymous writer, seems obvious enough; and we may add that in the only forum where the subject can be properly judged, that is to say, in the professional periodicals devoted to architecture, the excellence of the designs is not questioned.

Various modifications of architectural detail have been shown in the elevations submitted from time to time, at the desire or for the information of the Congressional committee, and further changes will prob-

ably be found necessary before the final execution of the plans. The architects are willing to receive suggestions from any competent source, but it is not likely that any large amount of benefit can be derived from a writer who is not aware that a round-arched window, surmounted by a triangular pediment for "ornament," is a feature frequently found in the best Renaissance architecture.

Nothing is easier than to criticise a work of art which those addressed have not seen; it is like defaming the absent, and is especially unworthy when the attempt is made before a non-professional audience, unaware of the facts and difficulties of the case.

Very respectfully,

J. L. Smithmeyer, } Architects,
Paul J. Pels. }

authors of the design for the proposed Congressional Library Building at Washington, D. C.

[We gladly give place to the above communication in reply to a statement of the situation in "Topics of the Time" for February. The well-considered opinion expressed in our editorial department is not, however, correctly described in the language used by the architects whose work we felt compelled to criticise, in the interests of the public.—ED.]

Sidney Lanier on the English Novel.

IT is greatly to be regretted that the late Sidney Lanier did not live long enough at least to have revised the course of public lectures on the "English Novel" delivered by him at Johns Hopkins University in 1881. The lectures now published lack not a little in symmetry and finish. There are rough breaks and repetitions, and an unfortunate survival of marks of the original oral delivery. But all unpolished as the book is, it is a work to be thankful for. Like all Lanier's writing, it is rich in thought—in that combination always rare and remarkable of the new and the true. In the "English Novel and the Principle of its Development," as in the earlier "Science of English Verse," the author is deeply philosophic; he seeks to go to the root of the matter. Highly interesting, indeed, the present volume must be even to the most cursory of general readers, for it abounds in apt quotation, searching comment and vigorous expression of personal opinion; and, as we turn its pages, we find ourselves face to face with one of the freshest and most acute of the writers who have discussed literary problems from a scientific point of view.

At first glance the scheme of this study seems ill-balanced. Of the twelve lectures, as originally delivered, seven are occupied with philosophic disquisition not at once seen to be pertinent; and the remaining five are chiefly a discussion of the novels of George Eliot. Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne are dismissed hastily and together. "I protest that I can read none of these books," said Lanier, "without feeling as if my soul had been in the rain,—dragged, muddy, miserable." Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" is called "a snow-drop springing from the muck of the classics"; but no space is spared for Goldsmith, nor for Scott's novels, "which we have all known from our childhood as among the most hale and strengthening waters in which the young soul

ever bathed." A few words of commendation are given to Bulwer, and a few more and warmer to Dickens. Thackeray fares worse. "Under this yearning of Thackeray's after the supposed freedom of Fielding's time lie at once a shortcoming of love, a limitation of view, and an actual fallacy of logic, which always kept Thackeray's work below the highest, and which formed the chief reason why I have been unable to place him here, along with Dickens and George Eliot" (p. 204). Of minor English novelists Lanier says little, and of any American novelists he says nothing.

Now, there is no use in discussing these opinions here, or in offering any defense of Fielding or of Thackeray: if Lanier could not get high pleasure out of their manly pictures of life—so much the worse for him. What gives value to Lanier's book is not these heretical views; it is his philosophic idea of the parallel development of prose fiction and the idea of personality. This it is which gives unity and value to this book far beyond that of more symmetrical volumes of literary criticism, only too often as bare and sterile as this is full and fertile. Lanier declares that "the modern novel is itself the expression of this intensified personality, and an expression which could only be made by greatly extending the form of the Greek drama" (p. 75). In other words, he holds that it is the expression of man's individuality, and of his personal responsibility, as opposed to the idea of Fate. The old theological antithesis between foreordination and free-will represents fairly enough the beginning and the end of the artistic curve. Mr. Lanier shows us successive stages of the evolution by concrete examples. In the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus we see the individual full of the desire for improvement, but helpless in the hands of Fate; even the mighty Jove himself, with all his illimitable force, is powerless against the decree; and on this point the Greek audience was at one with the Greek poet. But when in the course of two thousand years Shelley takes up the same myth, the poet cannot but feel that the attitude of his audience has completely changed; and so there comes a tang of insincerity into his work, and a sense of self-conscious effort in his attempt to handle Jove's thunderbolts. "We—we moderns—cannot for our lives help seeing the man in his shirt-sleeves who is turning the crank of the thunder-mill behind the scenes; nay, we are inclined to ask, with a certain proud indignation: How is it that you wish us to tremble at this mere resinous lightning, when we have seen a man (not a Titan, nor a god), one of ourselves, go forth into a thunder-storm and send his kite up into the very bosom thereof, and fairly entice the lightning by his wit to come and perch upon his finger, and be the tame bird of him and his fellows thereafter and forever?" (p. 96). And it is no far cry from Shelley, with this conscious handling of an old myth, to George Eliot, whose work is the most modern yet vouchsafed us, in that it deals almost altogether with the development and the action of the moral responsibility of the individual. When we have thus seized the sequence of Lanier's argument, most of the apparent want of proportion disappears, and the treatise is seen to possess essential unity. That the idea which gives this coherence is more philosophic and nearer the truth than we can find in the work of any one who has hitherto

considered the history of fiction, is indisputable. And it is equally indisputable that no one can afford hereafter to write of the evolution of the novel, or, indeed, of any important department of literature, without taking account of this book.

Arthur Penn.

Central Park as a Botanical Garden.

THE timely comment in *THE CENTURY* and elsewhere on the proposed removal of the caged animals now located around the old Arsenal building at Sixty-fourth street to the South Meadow of Central Park, and the subsequent assurance in the daily newspapers of the abandonment of that scheme by the Park Commissioners, must have given great satisfaction to all who have New York's beautiful pleasure-ground at heart. If the animals are to have a place anywhere in the Park, by all means let them remain where they are.

It is a disgrace to this great city that we have here neither a zoölogical nor a botanical garden — both so generally regarded as valuable agents of popular education in Europe. While the Central Park is no place for a zoölogical collection, it might easily be made useful, to some extent at least, as a botanical garden; * and to bring this idea before the public is my object in writing this letter.

In walking through any part of the Park, a person at all familiar with plants remarks at once the number and variety of rare and interesting trees and shrubs, both native and exotic, and notices also that kinds before unrepresented are occasionally added; there is abundance of room for many more of these. The number of common indigenous species is also noticeable. At present, however, other than as mere objects of beauty, their value to the non-botanical public is lost from the fact that none of them are named, and the same is true of the herbaceous plants and tender shrubs which are placed along the walks in summer, and in winter removed to the conservatories at Mount St. Vincent. It would be an easy and inexpensive undertaking to affix painted metallic labels bearing the scientific and popular names and habitats to the trees themselves, and to stakes driven in the ground alongside of the shrubs and herbs, adopting one of the many methods employed in the popular botanical gardens of the Old World. This would afford a source of great satisfaction and useful instruction to the thousands who daily visit New York's great breathing-place.

The Torrey Botanical Club and a prominent publishing house of this city are now considering the feasibility of preparing a complete catalogue of the plants in the Park, this catalogue to indicate the position of the rarer species along the walks and drives; and as the consent and coöperation of the Commissioners and gardeners has been obtained, this desirable work will doubtless be accomplished. If the plants could also be labeled, a very valuable addition would be made to the Park's usefulness.

In Europe every city of considerable size has a botanical garden, in some cases owned by societies, in

* A century ago there was such an institution in the city, the Hosack Botanic Garden.

others under government control. Why should New York not follow their example?

N. L. Britton.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

I HAVE read the letter from Professor Britton with much interest. In regard to his plan for labeling the most choice and noteworthy specimens of trees along the walks and drives of Central Park, I would like to make the following comment.

Several years ago I wrote a letter to the "Tribune," which was published at the time, proposing a plan of labeling the trees of Central Park, similar to that of Professor Britton. During the past year, while acting as Superintendent of Planting in the Park, I undertook and carried out such a plan of labeling to the extent of importing from Smith's well-known label manufactories, at Stratford-on-Avon, England, samples and price lists of galvanized iron labels, with the names in raised letters.

Unfortunately, however, I was forced to leave the Park at this juncture, when, of course, my plan of labeling trees fell to the ground.

Samuel Parsons, Jr.

A Practical Suggestion.

NOTHING has been published in *THE CENTURY* of late that has commended itself more pointedly to the religious, or even semi-religious, portion of your readers than Dr. Gladden's "Christian League" articles; and as you have kindly offered an "open" space in your magazine for the benefit of readers who do not pretend to be *writers*, permit me to express my own view, as well as that of many who have, in a large sense, the solution of this great question in their hands.

Many of the calls made in behalf of destitute churches are for aid to a feeble, struggling congregation in some Western village where there are already one or more churches, and they but feeble. But there are two or more families that are starving for a Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Methodist, etc., gospel, and it is our duty to help start another weakling. What is the plain duty of the Christian business men on whom rests the responsibility of determining how long this waste of money, energy, and charity shall continue? Evidently to refuse to give, except when the conditions are in accord with common-sense business principles. Denominational boards, enthusiastic agents, and sentimental namby-pamby peripatetics will plead; but pay no attention. Carry out this programme consistently. Consolidate at home as far as possible; where that is impracticable, adopt the League; but in any case put the cause first, methods second. For many years I have *felt* Dr. Gladden's plan, and have finally come to the conclusion that if our money must be so scattered to sustain such un-Christian methods, I would withhold. Praying is a burlesque, in the face of such misapplication of our Christian principles.

When my brother banker Franklin returns from England, if he will visit us I will give him hearty welcome.

Again I express my gratitude to Dr. Gladden for

his timely and sensible contribution, and assure him of the hearty indorsement of many others.

JACKSONVILLE, ILLINOIS.

M. P. Ayers.

"High License."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY:

SIR: SINCE writing of the working of high license in Chicago, I have learned that since July 1, the date on which the law went into effect, some eighteen saloons have taken out licenses in accordance with the

law, four paying \$500 each, and fourteen paying \$150 each, for the privilege of selling wine and beer only. I make this statement in justice to Mr. Schaffer, whose statement that the law is being vigorously enforced refers only to the period following July 1.

The Citizens' League is, however, the only vigorous law-enforcer, and has now several suits against the wine and beer sellers who have been selling spirits as well, but without the spirit license.

Mary B. Willard,

Editor "Union Signal."

161 LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, Feb. 13, 1884.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Epigram on an Epigram.

YOU recollect there has been sung
A proverb, famous in our tongue,
That he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day.

Methinks the witty adage erred,
And needs a substituted word,—
For he who fights and runs away
May live to *run* another day.

Ben Wood Davis.

Love's Heritage.

BEND o'er me, blue as summer skies,
The azure splendor of thine eyes,
And smile with lips whose murmur tells,
Like lingering sound of far-off bells
O'er shining seas, that thou for me
Art skies and sound and summer sea!

Skies that contain the sun, the moon,
The stars, the birds, the winds of June;
And tones that, swelling far and near,
Bear more than music to mine ear;
And sea, above whose changeless hue
The sun is bright, the sky is blue!

Art thou my star? Sweet Love, thou'rt more
Than all that ever twilight bore.
Art thou my song? Dear Love, from thee
The whole world takes its melody.
Art thou—nay! what can words impart
To tell one dream of what thou art!

Thou art my all: I know that Love
Rains from the deepening dome above
In silver dew-drops, that the earth
Receives with hushed and solemn mirth:
So thou—all seasons linked in one—
Art flower and bird and breeze and sun!

William M. Briggs.

Aphorisms from the Quarters.

'TAINT no consolation to git chewed up by a fus'-class dog.

De bobbykew takes 'way heap o' bad feelin's.

When a man gits too keerful to was'e his 'tater-peelin's, he' runnin' de thing in de groun'.

Sunday breeches fit bes' when dey been paid for.

De dog-chain tromples on ekal rights.

A po' man out o' wuk is wus orf dan a stray dog, 'cause he got to keep on explainin' his sivation.

'Tis dangerous to hab de rotten round ob de ladder on top.

De norf wind hollers 'fo' it hit you.

De quicksand don't fool you but once.

De rabbit aint pertickler 'bout holes when dehoun's git in sight.

J. A. Macon.

It Was a Lass.

It was a lass, for love a-seeking,
In every heavy red rose peeking—

Ah, well-a-day!—

To see if there he might be hiding;
And all the while herself a-chiding
For shame, that she desired him so,
And sought him if she would or no.

Ah, well-a-day!

And when by chance a laddie meeting,
She'd blush, and give him trembling greeting—

Ah, well-a-day!—

And shyly in his eyes be peeping,
To see if Love lay in them sleeping;
And if to wake he 'gan to stir,
And dazzle at the sight of her—

Ah, well-a-day!

It was a lass, for love a-hunting,
So still, for fear of him affronting—

Ah, well-a-day!

At last, one eve, with tears and sighing,
She spied him in her own heart lying,
And nowhere else, fore'er and aye—
Ah, well-a-day,

Ah, well-a-day!

Mary E. Wilkins.