

swung himself down from his horse, and with an impulsive gesture threw his arm to its full length, and offered his rifle to General Howard. The latter motioned him toward General Miles, who received the token of submission.

Those present shook hands with Joseph, whose worn and anxious face lighted with a sad smile as silently he took each offered hand. Then, turning away, he walked to the tent provided for him.

His scalp-lock was tied with otter fur. The rest of his hair hung in a thick plait on each side of his head. He wore buckskin leggings and a gray woolen shawl, through which were the marks of four or five bullets received in this last conflict. His forehead and wrist were also scratched by bullets. White Bird, the only other surviving chief, would not surrender, but with his immediate family passed between the lines that night and went to British Columbia. As has already been explained, Joseph could not have controlled this, even if he had known of it. In surrendering he could really act only for those willing to follow him.

On the second day after the surrender the prisoners were disposed of according to the terms of the following letter, the final result being that they were taken to Fort Leavenworth, where many died of malarious fever,

and the others removed to the Indian Territory, where they now are :

“HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE COLUMBIA. IN THE FIELD. BATTLE-FIELD OF EAGLE CREEK, NEAR BEARPAW MOUNTAIN, MONTANA. October 7, 1877.”

“COLONEL NELSON A. MILES, FIFTH INFANTRY, COMMANDING DISTRICT OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

“COLONEL: On account of the cost of transportation of the Nez-Percé prisoners to the Pacific coast, I deem it best to retain them all at some place within your district, where they can be kept under military control till next spring. Then, unless you receive instructions from higher authority, you are hereby directed to have them sent, under proper guard, to my department, where I will take charge of them and carry out the instructions I have already received.

“O. O. HOWARD,
“Brigadier-General, commanding Department.”

Joseph at this time must have been about thirty-seven or thirty-eight years old. He is tall, straight, and handsome, with a mouth and chin not unlike that of Napoleon I. He was, in council, at first probably not so influential as White Bird and the group of chiefs that sustained him, but from first to last he was preëminently their “war-chief.” Such was the testimony of his followers after his surrender, and such seems to be the evidence of the campaign itself.

C. E. S. Wood.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Military Morality.

READERS of Mr. Spencer's books on sociology are familiar with his doctrine that society is slowly emerging out of militarism into industrialism. It may be doubted whether any “essentially militant” types of society have ever been known; a society in which war was the sole occupation could scarcely be called society, neither could it subsist. It may be hard to enforce upon all individuals the Scripture law, “If any man will not work, neither shall he eat;” but it is certain that some must work or none can eat. Doubtless, however, there was a time when the males among our ancestors did little else but fight, and the warriors were fed by the labors of their women. From this “essentially militant” society the evolution of the more peaceful and beneficent forms of social life goes on very gradually; the arts and methods and maxims of peace steadily propagate their kind, seeding the thought and life of the race. But much that belongs to that old régime still persists and crops out in unexpected places; it is evident that many a day will pass before militarism will be extirpated, and the millennial harvests cover the whole earth.

Industrialism itself, if we may appropriate Mr. Spencer's word, is still infected with militarism. The

political economy which undertakes to expound the relations of capital and labor assumes and justifies a state of conflict between the interests of the employer and the interests of the workman. The two classes are expected to struggle for the profits of production—the laborers to get it if they have the power, and the capitalists to keep it if they can. No violent methods are approved by economists; but it is assumed that unmitigated competition is the only sound theory of distribution; and the idea is that the interests of both classes will be promoted when each class disregards the welfare of the other, and pushes strenuously its own exclusive claims. In short, it is assumed that, although in some remote and transcendental sense the interests of capitalists and laborers are identical, yet in their habitual behavior they must regard each other as antagonists, and that each party must seize as much as it can, and yield no more than it must, of the goods for the possession of which they are contending. This may fairly be regarded as a survival of militarism in political economy. It is certainly an open question whether a more pacific theory would not bear better fruit.

In politics the militant maxims still hold almost undisputed sway. But a fraction of the members of either party is able to conceive of the other party in

any other light than that of an enemy. All the phrases of the caucus and the stump involve this conception. The average Republican thinks that the principal object to be secured by political action is the defeat and destruction of the Democratic party; and the average Democrat heartily reciprocates this sentiment. Each will admit that some good men may be found in the other party; but each will contend that the party to which he does not belong is the foe of the State. Out of this persistent notion grow many of the evils of our political contests. Politics is war, and "everything is fair in war." Artifices and stratagems of all kinds are freely resorted to with little sense of dishonor. Misrepresentation and falsehood are part of the game of war, and they are employed without compunction in politics. Any statement, no matter how partial or unfair, that will hurt the enemy, is freely made by organs and advocates. What is even worse, each party constantly endeavors to trick the other into the adoption of measures and the taking of positions that are known to be detrimental to the State. Each party is glad to have the other make gross blunders, and pursue hurtful and vicious policies, even though the public may suffer greatly in consequence. "The worse they behave," says the partisan, "the better we shall like it, for then we can turn them out of office all the sooner." It is not merely the political leaders who talk in this tone; the same sentiment is often heard from intelligent and reputable men, who have no political ambitions. When each party wishes that the State may be harmed rather than served by every act of the other, when each party rejoices in the injury done to the State by the other because of the advantage that may thus accrue to itself, it is evident that we have militarism enough, and more than enough, in politics.

Something of this spirit survives even in the dominions of the Prince of Peace. It is hard for the separate sects to refrain from treating one another as rivals, if not as enemies. The militant temper often exhibits itself in the relations of churches. But chiefly is this habit of mind displayed in the discussions of fundamental truth. Very few of those who esteem themselves called to defend the faith are capable of regarding questioners or critics in any other character than that of foes. The very title "defender of the faith" involves the military conception. It is assumed by the great body of believers that all men are either assailants or defenders of the doctrines held by themselves; that all discussion of religious truth partakes of the nature of warfare. Those who do not agree with them are enemies to be overcome, not friends to be counseled with and aided in their investigations. Accordingly, the maxims and habits of warfare are continually employed in theological discussions. They are often styled polemics, and justly. A modern champion in the arena announces it as one of his chief aims to discover "strategic" positions in theological debate. The word itself uncovers a great evil. "The strategic" is matter of too great concern. The question of holding positions now occupied, or of gaining an advantage over the critics who assail them, is with many far more important than the question, What is truth? In the current discussion respecting the Bible, for example, there are many who seem to have resolved stubbornly to dispute the ground with the critics, inch by inch, rather than candidly to in-

vestigate the subject, and frankly to accept what is clearly proven. This polemical temper is not the right temper for learners or for teachers; and Christianity is suffering continual losses from the prevalence of a militant theology.

It is too much to hope that this spirit will soon be exorcised. The theory of Hobbes that a state of war is the natural state of man rests on a great array of facts drawn from history and observation. Yet it is evident that peace is better than war, and there is reason for hoping that the warlike maxims and conceptions may at length give place to those of peace. It will be a great gain to industry when the employer and the laborer cease to regard each other as antagonists, and come to think and speak of each other as partners and co-workers; our politics will be speedily civilized when the welfare of the State rather than triumph over the opposing party becomes the mainspring of political action; and the kingdom of heaven will come, when militant theologians are ready to sheathe their swords, and to sit down and reason together as friendly seekers after truth.

Wanted: A Party of Progress.

THE great political need of this country at the present time would seem to be a party of progress, a party that would pursue a policy of reform from love of reform itself, and not merely in obedience to popular clamor. Reforms of various kinds are now urgently needed, and they can be properly dealt with only by a party earnestly devoted to the work. We want our system of taxation reformed, we want the reform of the civil service completed, and many other matters of more or less importance will demand treatment in the near future. Nor is it for the near future alone that such a party is needed, but for as long a time as American society continues to progress.

The progress of society does not depend exclusively nor even mainly either on political agencies or partisan agencies; yet it cannot continue for an indefinite period without a concomitant progress in politics. With the lapse of time, abuses grow up that require to be removed, old institutions grow obsolete, and new laws are perpetually required to meet the exigencies of advancing civilization; and unless these wants are supplied, the progress of society will be impeded.

This being the case, the need of a party of progress is obvious, for no other can be depended on to do the work required. A party whose leaders take no interest in reforms, and will not take a step in advance until driven by public opinion to do so, is wholly inadequate to the work; yet this is the only kind of party we have in the country now. The Republican party held the right position on the slavery question, and did a great work for progress in setting the bondmen free; but since the slavery issue passed away, the party leaders have rarely taken up important reforms except when public opinion has compelled them to do so. As for the Democrats, they have for many years been avowedly a conservative party, and only a radical change of policy on their part can convert them into a party of progress.

The people, however, are determined on having certain reforms effected, and they will not much longer endure a policy of inaction from both their national

parties. The American people are determined on a career of progress. Already their material progress has been wonderful, and intellectual and moral progress will not be long delayed. They demand, therefore, a progressive policy on the part of their rulers, and the party that will pursue such a policy is the party that will rule the country in the future. Politicians, then, would do well to give heed to this fact. It is of slight importance, comparatively, which party wins the election next autumn; but it is a question of no little interest what party will take its stand in the path of progress in the years to come. If party leaders are wise, therefore, they will look beyond the present year and the conditions of immediate success, and will adopt a policy that will bring their party into harmony with the progressive tendencies of the people, and make it a potent agency in promoting the national destiny.

But after we have said this, we are inclined to add that the present condition of affairs has its compensations, and that there are, moreover, indications that the old political order may be to some extent passing away. Perhaps, after all, even political reforms may be accomplished in the future in America without the identical partisan methods which heretofore have generally been thought necessary. There are many reforms to be made in the system of government, and in our national and State legislation, which can be, perhaps, quite as well accomplished by those intelligent on these subjects inside the various established parties. This way of doing things is now in great favor, and may be more and more useful, perhaps even necessary, as our population increases and extends, especially in a country covering such an enormous area as ours, and with such varying exigencies and social interests. At any rate, while we are waiting for the great reform party of the future, each citizen can be his own party of reform, and "make himself felt" not only individually, but by acting in concert with others who are with him interested in special reforms.

The Dorsheimer Copyright Bill.

WE trust that before this reaches the eyes of our readers Congress will have removed the stain of literary piracy from our national honor, by the passage of Mr. Dorsheimer's excellent International Copyright Bill. It would be curious to imagine on what grounds Members or Senators can longer resist the petitions on this subject of the writing classes of the country, which at various times for *forty-seven years* have protested against the iniquitous disregard of the rights of intellectual property. If these classes are not to have weight in our legislation, especially on a moral and non-partisan question, it is difficult to see the use of education. Here is a measure, the principles of

which have been advocated in the past by Clay, Webster, Everett, John Quincy Adams, Rufus Choate, and Charles Sumner, and by every American author of note, and are now being urged upon Congress by the entire guild of authors, some six hundred in number, known as the American Copyright League, including the presidents and members of faculty of Harvard and Johns Hopkins Universities, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Williams, Dartmouth, and other colleges in all parts of the country, by the body of the daily and weekly press, and by the leading clergymen and ministers of different denominations; and advocated, mark! almost with unanimity, as a *measure of justice*. These principles, moreover, have the indorsement of the Administration, as expressed in the wise and statesman-like letter of the Secretary of State to the Executive Committee of the League. They are cordially indorsed by most of the leading publishers, and it is announced will not be opposed by the others; while even of the piratical reprinters the two most prominent have announced their conviction that the bill is a desirable one. Against this array of advocates are the other "pirates" and a few theorists who are playing into their hands. And the civilized world, which for half a century has pointed the finger of scorn at us for this tolerance of wrong-doing, is looking on with little expectation of an honest issue of the contest.

As we write, the opponents have raised as a cover for their greed the cry that the bill will make books dear, as if it were a function of Congress to keep commodities cheap (in this case, by authorizing theft), and not, first of all, to establish justice. One of the opponents of the bill has much to say of the unwillingness of the public to give themselves the "luxury of doing justice," if English books are to be made dearer, as he exaggeratingly assumes they will be made, by the bill. We think too well of the American people to assume that they deem justice a luxury, and not a necessity. Said Daniel Webster in his oration on Judge Story, in 1845, "Justice, sir, is the great interest of man on earth." Many friends of the reform, disheartened by hope deferred, will not believe that it is likely of accomplishment even now; but we cannot imagine that any body of Americans will deny such a righteous and widespread demand by the best classes of our citizens, merely on the ground that justice may cost something. Justice always costs. Indeed, if it cost nothing to be just, then the honest man were no better than the rogue. It is because the interests of national honor and morality, which are largely in the special keeping of Congress, are paramount to business interests (or in this case to *assumed* business interests) that the list of names of those who vote for the Dorsheimer Bill, as it has been reported to the House of Representatives, will be a roll of honor forever.

OPEN LETTERS.

Three Years' Experience in Managing a Tenement-House.*

ABOUT four years ago my attention was called by chance to the neglected condition of a large tenement-house in one of the poorer wards of Boston, and in November, 1879, a friend agreed to take with me a lease of the building for one year, at a rental of one thousand dollars, in order to see whether by careful management and constant supervision we could improve the character of its occupants, and at the same time secure a sufficient pecuniary return for the time and money invested in the enterprise. We were encouraged to believe that such results were possible by the previous experience of Octavia Hill and Mrs. Miles, who—the one in London and the other in New York—have demonstrated clearly that a very effectual means of helping the poor is by establishing a definite relation with them, such as is secured by the positions of landlord and tenant.

The house in which our experiment has been tried successfully for more than three years contains in all twenty-seven tenements, fourteen of which were occupied when it came into our possession. Although originally called a "model building," it had fallen greatly out of repair, and its moral character had degenerated in proportion to its decay. When we first examined the property, with a view to hiring it, we were told that the house had a bad name, and was half empty, because of the desperate character of some of its occupants. Certainly the foul sinks, dirty entries, and ill-kept stairs bore evidence of great neglect.

Our landlord generously agreed to paint the house and to make the necessary repairs, among which were included a means of lighting and ventilating the sinks, and of devoting one room on each landing to the construction of suitable wood-closets for the tenants, who had previously been obliged to keep their fuel in the cellar of the building. The torn and moldy paper in the entries was also replaced by a fresh coat of plastering, which from year to year we are able to renew by whitewashing, thus giving to the house a clean and cheerful appearance.

Under these favorable circumstances we began our first year of work, and we were very successful. The building is in a central locality, and is open to the air on three sides, to which advantages was largely due the fact that the rooms were soon let, and in most instances to worthy families. Though very curious in regard to our motive in taking the house, our tenants manifested no unwillingness to have new and untrained landladies in place of their former rent-collector, and I can remember no instance of any lack of courtesy in welcoming us to their homes on rent-day.

Our printed rules in regard to the daily sweeping of the stairs and entries and the care of the sinks were rigorously enforced, until after a time the fact that it was a common benefit seemed to dawn upon

the tenants, and the necessity for daily supervision in these matters diminished.

The punctual payment of rent was insisted upon, except in cases of sickness or great distress, when it was our experience that a little delay was keenly appreciated, and resulted in no ultimate loss to us.

Habitual drunkenness we never tolerated; but when it was possible by threats or expostulations to make some impression on the general character of the offender, we had patience with occasional transgressions, believing that such leniency, when not carried too far, was productive of good results.

Some of the reforms which we instituted were very acceptable to the tenants—noticeably the custom of giving a receipt for rent received. One woman told me she had paid rent in the building for eleven years, and had never had any receipt to show for it.

The tenants also learned in time to appreciate the advantage of having the street-door locked at night, each tenant being supplied with a pass-key. It had been no unusual occurrence for men and women to sleep in the entries; and, although at first both lock and door were frequently broken, the greater privacy and safety secured to the tenants by the rule of locking the door at ten o'clock gradually brought about the result that they themselves became responsible for the regular performance of this duty.

It was our custom to visit either the former home or the employer of any person who applied to us for rooms; and we found that the invariable rule, "references required," saved us much trouble and expense by excluding the more degraded class of tenants.

At the close of the first year there was a balance on hand of \$111.67. During the year \$1,257.05 had been collected. Of this only \$10.50 had been spent for repairs, as the house was already in good order; \$61.45 had been paid out for scrubbing and general care of the house and drains; and the water, gas, and other bills amounted to \$73.43. The rent paid for the building was \$1,000. The balance, therefore, amounted to eleven per cent. on the rent we had to pay, or six per cent. after allowing for the cost of a paid agent, an expense which we were saved because we preferred to collect the rents ourselves.

We also considered it important to keep another sort of balance-sheet, where we estimated the loss we had sustained because of the advantages we offered to our tenants over and above those they could have obtained elsewhere. It was one of our rules, in order to prevent overcrowding (which is one of the great evils of the tenement-house system), to allow a family to hire a second tenement for very much less rent than they paid for the first one. If for the first tenement of two rooms they paid \$1.25, we gave them the second tenement for seventy-five cents additional. Our loss, as compared to the actual rental of these rooms at their full value, was in the first year \$145.99; but we considered it very necessary, from the outset, to inculcate ideas of cleanliness and decency by encouraging families to occupy a number of rooms.

* (Read at a general conference of the Associated Charities of Boston, Nov. 23d, 1883.)

As a premium on prompt payment, we also allowed ten cents weekly to be deducted from the usual rental if the rent was prepaid. This rule has worked admirably. The amount deducted being the same for all, the proportion was larger and the gain more important for the poorer tenants than for the richer ones; and though it involved to us a loss of \$27.90 in the year, we considered it a desirable stimulus to thrift and industry. We have often heard the remark, "I wish I could get ahead again; that ten cents a week helps me a good deal."

Through rooms that were unlet we lost \$186.

For the greater convenience of those who are interested in the financial result of the experiment, I will call attention to the comparative statement of the three years' receipts and expenses, which want of space obliges me to give without detail at the close of this report. The various fluctuations which will be observed are due to the inevitable changes which take place from year to year. For a number of months in 1882 we were obliged to employ a paid agent, and there have been incidental expenses of painting and plastering or whitening. It will be seen, however, that notwithstanding the low rates at which we leased the rooms, our profit has always been over eleven per cent. on the rent we had to pay (or six per cent. after allowance for an agent), and this, too, in a building which we do not own, but are under the necessity of hiring.

Of the surplus which we have had yearly, a portion has been reserved as a fund for any unforeseen emergency, and a small amount has been expended for the benefit of the tenants. During the second winter we gave the children a stereopticon exhibition; the following year we distributed blankets among the various families; and last Christmas a pitcher, bowl, and washstand were supplied to each household. Recently we have changed or renewed the papers in many of the rooms, but only on condition that the tenants themselves should first clean and prepare the walls. We have never found that these efforts to increase their comfort tended to pauperize the tenants.

We have had occasion in these three years to raise the rent twice, but as the advance in each instance was only twenty-five cents weekly on a tenement of two rooms, the measure was accepted cheerfully, and recognized as just, in view of the improvement in the times.

I have endeavored to set forth our financial position, in order to show that such an undertaking as this need not involve a loss to its managers; but there is a far more important side to any such work, and of this I cannot speak too earnestly.

A tenement-house need not be a den of disease and iniquity. Our house has been very healthy during the years of our tenancy, and we have been fortunate in securing a respectable class of tenants, although the prices asked for our rooms are almost the lowest in the city.

We have had time in our three years of experience to see the slow but steady improvement in some of our tenants, and noticeably in the general tone and character of the house. Just as we have seen that from the weekly scrubbing of the entries, on which we have insisted, and for which we have paid, it has come about that almost every tenement is voluntarily

cleaned and scrubbed on Saturday, so we have seen that a certain degree of improvement is manifest in the homes and manners of the tenants.

Of course there are many instances where this is not the case, because of the unavoidable changes which take place. In any large tenement-house, which is intended to meet the needs of the poorest classes, the population must of necessity be somewhat floating, and so less subject to improvement than if it were more permanent; but, on the whole, the result has been very encouraging. There are at present eighty-three souls in our building; and of the nineteen families which compose that number, only five have been with us since the time that we first took the house.

We have seen that in dealing with the poor there is nothing which is so important as to help them to preserve their self-respect, and this is a delicate and difficult task. We have had to stand by and see many a desperate struggle with poverty, many an instance of such self-denial as is unknown in a richer class; and yet no lesson has been so impressed upon us as that the best way to help these people is to allow them to help themselves. Those tenants who receive outside assistance for which they do not give a fair equivalent in labor, are almost invariably the most difficult class with which we have to deal.

We have seen a young woman rise from a position where she could not afford to buy meat at eight cents a pound, to a point where she can command by her honest labor ten dollars a week; and we have watched a workman who was literally in the depths of poverty struggle for, and obtain in time, a modest competence which enabled him to remove his family from the city; but only once have I infringed our rule and given a dollar in charity. Their independence and self-respect are worth more than food or home to these people, and surely any one who interferes with their right to provide for themselves assumes a grave responsibility.

There are, however, other ways in which they can be helped. There are many matters about which they are glad to have kindly and disinterested advice, and they often ask it with a frankness which goes far to prove that their feeling toward us is a friendly one.

Then there are the sick to be cared for, perhaps a child to be taken to the dispensary or hospital, or a young girl to be placed in a safe and desirable situation; or work is to be found, or we are asked to speak a good word for a deserving mechanic. Occasionally we have been able to secure prompt payment for some one of our people whose employer withheld the hard-earned wages, although such cases are rare. In short, there are various ways in which we can help our tenants, and we always find them grateful for such assistance.

It is not my intention to present too bright a side of a picture where we all know there is a reverse. There are many trials and discouragements to be met with in any such work. How can it be otherwise when the evils of ignorance and superstition, and most of all intemperance, are so active in the world?

All I claim is, that it is of much value for men and women of the better educated classes to know something of, and do something for, their less fortunate brethren.

If the rich, who can afford to own tenement-houses,

would give a little more of their attention to the poor who would be glad to be their tenants, better results would certainly follow than where the management of the homes of the poor is left to landlords who are but little higher in position, and occasionally even more steeped in ignorance, than the tenants themselves. That tenement-houses are an evil, none will deny; that they are in most large cities a necessary evil, we are all obliged to admit. What I wish to urge is, that those who are willing to help the poor would do so by being to them kind and equitable landlords, thus establishing a relationship in which there should be a common interest and a mutual sympathy. To any one who wishes to undertake such work I would say:

Choose a central locality; let no one become your tenant whose previous history you have not investigated; make a few strict rules and adhere to them closely; and you are sure of success, if your heart is in your work.

Of course, experience is of service; but so far as our own individual work is concerned, we feel that the greatest value of the experiment is, that it may induce others to come forward to profit by its success, and in this hope we have presented the report of what has been done.

Alice N. Lincoln.

BOSTON, May, 1883.

	Receipts.	Repairs.	Care of house.	Sundries.
1879-80.....	\$1257.05	\$10.50	\$ 61.45	\$ 73.43
1880-81.....	1422.05	59.17	87.54	117.87
1881-82.....	1441.77	40.00	118.60	166.89

	Rent.	Total of expenses.	Balance on hand.
1879-80.....	\$1000.00	\$1145.38	\$111.67
1880-81.....	1000.00	1264.58	157.47
1881-82.....	1000.00	1325.49	116.28

	Loss by allowance on extra rooms.	Loss by prepayment.	Loss by rooms unlet.
1879-80.....	\$145.99	\$27.90	\$186.00
1880-81.....	159.20	29.70	70.75
1881-82.....	133.45	31.50	47.50

Since the above was written a second tenement-house has been taken in the same neighborhood, and has been managed substantially in the same way for nine months with gradually increasing prosperity and success.

Though hired by the Boston Co-operative Building Company, this building has been under the same control and subject to the same rules as the one to which the article refers; and it is gratifying to find that an experience of even three or four years has been of much service in undertaking a second enterprise of the same nature.

That "Hurricane Reform."

Among the "Open Letters" in the December CENTURY, I have read with great interest the article of my friend Dr. Washington Gladden entitled "Hurricane Reform." I happen to be one of the three hundred and twenty thousand in Ohio who do not agree with him on that subject; and, feeling that it is a matter of grave importance to this State, I beg the privilege of a friendly reply.

1. The first point of Dr. Gladden's argument against constitutional prohibition is that it would "forestall public sentiment and prevent the free expression of the popular will in legislation." Now, if this means that it would prevent free popular discussion on this subject, preparatory to legislation, I fail to see any force in the language. For example, we have had for thirty years a constitutional provision forbidding

license. Does Dr. Gladden intend to say that such provision has prevented the free expression of the popular will on that subject? If I mistake not, there has always been, and especially for the last ten months, the freest possible expression of the popular will in regard to license. Why should it not be so if the Constitution should forbid the existence of the liquor traffic itself? The truth is that the free expression of the popular will, preparatory to legislation, never has been and never can be prevented by anything in the Constitution.

If the above language means simply that the Legislature would be "shut up to one method," and not at liberty to try any other experiment, it is pertinent to ask, in the first place, how long, and to what extent? The Constitution is not the laws of the Medes and Persians. It can be changed whenever the popular will sees fit, and the Legislature chooses to submit a proposition for that purpose. In the second place, the Legislature would always have the utmost room for the play of ingenuity in perfecting legislation for the execution of the organic law. And it could hardly damage the Ohio Legislature to be shut up for a season to this one method, now that it has tried license for fifty years, and regulation without license for thirty more, and has ignominiously failed in both either to reduce or to mitigate the evils of the liquor traffic. Our fathers, in deciding to have a Constitution at all, seemed to think it important to have some things settled long enough to fairly test their efficiency. Indeed, the great advantage of constitutional over statutory prohibition is that it would, so far as law is concerned, lift this, the greatest moral question of the age, above the fluctuations incident to party scrambling for office and power. It may seem to the people of this State that, after three-quarters of a century of legislative trifling with this infinite evil, a few years of something else would be a blessing.

2. The second point of Dr. Gladden's argument is that prohibition would not work if secured. "It could not be enforced." This is a prophecy which has been repeated by many good men, together with the whole liquor fraternity, for many years in this State. On what is it based? What does it mean, to say that, among a certain class of citizens, constitutional law "cannot be enforced"? It means that the liquor fraternity are *law-breakers*, that they will not be governed by righteous laws. It means rebellion. Dr. Gladden knows that the average saloon-keeper in Ohio is a law-breaker, not simply as an individual, but by organized conspiracy against all law that tends to restrain his business. This admission is just as fatal against regulation as against prohibition.

Has it come to this, then, that the law-abiding majority of Ohio must succumb to the law-breaking minority? Is anarchy to be our rule for the future? I submit that, if law cannot be enforced among such men, that is a reason for striking at the existence of the traffic itself by constitutional enactment, rather than for playing at legislation any longer with professional criminals. To say that public sentiment will not sustain prohibition even if it were carried, means one of two things: either that it would be carried by a minority, which is impossible, or that it would not be sustained by the public sentiment of the law-breakers, which is not to be expected. It seems to be for-

gotten that whenever a majority of voters put prohibition in the Constitution, it will have the public sentiment at its back.

3. In the article under discussion, the remarkable assertion is made that, in Ohio, "the long era of free rum is the natural fruit of a constitutional provision forbidding license." I beg to call my friend's attention to the fact that he quite overlooks the history of the liquor traffic in this State. He seems to imagine that the no-license clause has been in the Constitution from the birth of the State, and that free rum has arisen from that circumstance. What are the facts? Ohio had the license system from 1802 to 1851. Did those forty-nine years of license abolish or diminish or even check the evils of intemperance? Did the liquor traffic dwindle and die under that treatment? The reverse is the fact. It grew to such enormous proportions that the people rose up in alarm and demanded the prohibition of license. The "popular will" has been expressed on that subject, and cannot be now turned back. It was during that long era that rum became free. For thirty-two years, now, we have had regulation without license. Has the evil been abated? No man will assert that it has. No; the fifty years of license gave the liquor traffic its legal standing, and the thirty years of regulation, not daring to touch the evil itself, has only attempted to mitigate its appalling results, and has failed even in that. And yet Dr. Gladden informs us that "free rum in Ohio is the natural result of a constitutional provision forbidding license." I venture the assertion that rum always will be "free" till a new thing happens in Ohio: till the whole weight of organic law is thrown, not against its consequences, but against the existence of the evil itself. When the heel of Government is put squarely down on the head of the viper, instead of the tail, we may begin to hope. When a sovereign State by its fundamental law prohibits and exhausts its power to enforce the prohibition of a great, organized, aggressive, defiant public evil, it has reached the ultimatum in both legislation and morals. If it fails then, it can at least die with a clear conscience.

4. Dr. Gladden's chief hope is in the tax-law. For one, I have no objection to taxing the liquor men of Ohio. I would as soon tax the business to death as prohibit it to death, if that were possible. But granting all that may be claimed for the Scott law, it is a poor, half-way measure, which does not appreciably reduce the evil against which it is aimed. While it recognizes and practically authorizes the traffic, its one redeeming feature—the local-option clause—is now well known to be an absolute failure. No man can truthfully assert that license and tax laws have ever really abolished the evil or even materially abated the evils of the liquor traffic in any State of this Union. On the other hand, prohibition has, until recently, been tried on a large scale only in one State; and there, on Dr. Gladden's own admission, it has been a success.

5. But a fifth point in this argument is that, under prohibition, "The distilleries would be all running and the breweries all closed." "Whisky would take the place of beer as the popular beverage." "Therefore, legislation having that tendency would certainly be ill-advised." This conclusion is certainly true, but what about the premise? Is it true? Does anybody, apart from Dr. Gladden, believe that a constitutional

law forbidding the manufacture and sale of all intoxicants as a beverage would keep all the distilleries running? Has anybody ever discovered such an anomaly? Are the distilleries all running in the State of Maine? How many are there, and where? Scotland is referred to. Was there ever in Scotland any "ill-advised" prohibitory law, such as we advocate here, which gave rise to the exclusive use of whisky? There were restrictions placed upon ale which may have had that tendency to some extent, but any parallelism between that case and ours is difficult to see.

6. The last objection that Dr. Gladden advances is one which seems to have a good show of fairness. "It would destroy the larger part of the capital now invested in the manufacture of spirituous and fermented liquors" (which looks a little as if Dr. Gladden did not really expect "all the distilleries to be running"). John Bright is quoted on this point to the effect that "if a trade is permitted by law, that trade has a right to be defended by law." A sentiment which no one will question; a sentiment, too, which suggests the madness of permitting by law what we do not wish to defend by law. I would commend this utterance to all the friends of license. But Dr. Gladden claims that, after allowing men for a long period of time to invest their capital in a certain kind of property without censure of law, it would be unjust to extinguish that property by law without some compensation. I agree with Dr. Gladden on this principle. It may be the duty of the State to compensate the brewers and distillers. The State could better afford to do that than to build asylums for inebriates, *provided* these men will absolutely abandon the business. There is one difficulty even with that. Nearly every man engaged in the liquor business, distiller, brewer, and saloonist, both in theory and in fact, is a conspirator against the laws of Ohio. When men stand in that relation to the laws of their country, a plea for indemnity does not come with very good grace. Dr. Gladden should remember that prohibition is sought, if at all, as a protection from a crime against society.

There is on foot just now in this State a benevolent movement for a State asylum for inebriates; each inmate is to be received after due conviction before a magistrate or a county court as a confirmed drunkard, and hence as a criminal; and to be put to penal service till cured. I should favor such an institution, provided the other class of criminals whom Governor Foster calls rebels against the laws, and who help to make the drunkards, could be received on similar terms. That might possibly help to solve the problem of State compensation for the loss of property.

On the whole, I recognize the argument of Dr. Gladden as able and adroit; but he does not seem to me adequately to grasp the moral aspects of the case. He seems to believe in license, but does not say whether it is morally right to legalize an essentially bad business. He advocates taxation, but does not tell whether taxing a saloon "disinfects it so that it will not produce pauperism and crime." He does not touch the question whether the payment of a tax lessens the vice of putting the bottle to our neighbor's lips, or whether it mitigates the doom of the drunkard and the woe of his family. He does not inform us whether, in the sight of God, law-makers, charged with the government of

moral beings and the welfare of the State, have done their whole duty when they have simply levied a tax upon law-breakers who are daily inflicting upon society an immeasurable wrong.

Dr. Gladden's suspicion that he would be called a "rummy" or a "wine-bibber" for uttering his sentiments on this subject, it is to be hoped, is not well founded. He is too well known as an earnest, active preacher of God's Word, to be liable to any such epithets. But many will regret that he, who is so forward in all good works in other directions, should take a position twenty-five years behind the wave of Christian progress in this.

James Brand.

OSBERLIN, OHIO.

Comment.

MR. BRAND has placed me under great obligation by the courtesy of his reply. It is, so far as I know, the first answer from a prohibitionist to the arguments which I have lately ventured to print, that has not contained more or less of personal abuse or mean insinuation. To meet a gentleman in this field of controversy is really a very great pleasure. Let me speak, as briefly as I can, to the points which my friend has raised.

1. By the expression of the popular will, of course, I meant legislation, and not discussion. Popular opinion or prejudice may be expressed in talk; the popular will is expressed by legislation. A prohibitory amendment to the Constitution is intended to prevent the people from passing any other kind of laws respecting the liquor traffic except prohibitory laws. So long as this amendment should remain a part of the Constitution, the Legislature would be shut up to the alternatives of prohibition or free rum. It is true, as Mr. Brand says, that the Constitution might be re-amended; but it is a difficult matter to secure an amendment to the Constitution of Ohio; it takes time, in any case; and the real reason for desiring a constitutional amendment is that it would, so long as it existed, forbid the Legislature to pass a tax-law, or a local-option law, or a high-license law. It is an attempt to control future action. Now, this is precisely one of those subjects about which laws that do not express the *present* opinion of the people are seen to be futile and mischievous. The people of Ohio might have had prohibition this year if they had elected a Legislature that would enact a prohibitory law. And if the law had been successful in controlling or lessening drunkenness, and had commended itself to the people of Ohio, they certainly might have elected a Legislature two years hence that would have refused to repeal the law. If at that time the law had proved a failure, then it ought to be repealed. Any law, on a subject like this, that cannot steadily and continuously justify its own existence, ought not to be continued in existence. The prohibitory amendment is an attempt to obstruct the removal from the statute-book of a law which may have lost its hold on the convictions of the community — to perpetuate a dead letter. The argument for such an amendment reduces to this: "We can crowd the people up to the enactment of prohibition this year, but we fear that those who will vote two years from this time could not be trusted to maintain prohibition, so we will do what we can to

put it beyond their power to repeal it." The whole movement springs either from distrust of the people or distrust of the efficacy of the law, or both. If the law will do what is claimed for it, the people will know it; and if they care about having drunkenness suppressed, they will see to it that a Legislature is chosen every two years that will sustain and strengthen the law by which it is suppressed. If they do not care enough about prohibition to choose continuously such a Legislature, then they do not care enough about it to enforce a prohibitory law; for it takes a much stronger moral sentiment to enforce a law like this than to enact it. It is simply because it is found that the people cannot be kept up to the sticking point on this question that this amendment is proposed. It is a device of feebleness and faithlessness. It is an attempt to entail a moral rule upon future voters whose convictions we are not able to trust; to preserve upon the statute-books a law respecting conduct, behind which there is no adequate moral sentiment.

It is not only a device of feebleness and faithlessness; it is a device of foolishness. The notion that constitutional prohibition is going to "settle" this question, or lift it out of politics, is chimerical and quixotic. Any Legislature may repeal a prohibitory law, no matter how stringent the Constitution may be, and may adjourn without passing any new law, leaving the traffic in liquor wholly free. No constitutional amendment can compel legislative action. The whole subject rests, so far as any positive action is concerned, with the Legislature, and there it will rest. It cannot be taken out of politics by a constitutional amendment, any more than the malaria can be taken out of the atmosphere by constitutional amendment. The attempt to settle it once for all, and have it out of the way, is like the scheme of "getting religion" once for all. This fight with intemperance is not a three months' campaign, nor even a thirty years' war; it will not be fought out for many generations, and any resort to shifty expedients or factitious advantages is folly. It ought to be kept steadily before the people, and made a vital issue in every political campaign.

2. I think that Mr. Brand does not get the point of the argument that a prohibitory law, in the present state of moral sentiment in Ohio, could not be enforced. To say this, he says, is to say that "the liquor fraternity are law-breakers." By the "liquor fraternity" he means the liquor-sellers. But if liquor-sellers are law-breakers, liquor-buyers are their accomplices. If it is a crime to sell liquor, the buyer is *particeps criminis*. It cannot be morally wrong to sell liquor unless it is morally wrong to buy it. Mr. Brand will pardon me for saying that he, and all those who stand with him, utterly "fail to grasp the moral aspects of this case," when they put the whole weight of their legal condemnation on the sellers of liquor, and none on the buyers. They always indignantly deny that they seek to make it a crime to buy liquor; they only wish to make it a crime to sell it! Now, I think that the sellers and the buyers stand together under the same condemnation. The traffic originates with the demand of the buyer, though it is doubtless increased considerably, as every business is, by the supply which the seller furnishes. How large, then, is that "certain class of citizens" which resists the

enforcement of prohibitory laws? Mr. Brand argues as though it consisted merely of the sellers and manufacturers of liquor. That is the amazing assumption on which prohibitionists always rest. The truth is that this class of citizens includes all the buyers and drinkers of liquor, as well as the sellers. That is to say, it includes nearly if not quite half of all the voters in this State. I have lived here long enough to be able to affirm with confidence that a moiety of the voters here drink intoxicating liquors more or less habitually, and think that they have a perfect right to do it. I do not believe that so many as half of the voters are consistent total abstainers. If this is so, then the attempt to enforce a law which makes the liquor traffic criminal, is an attempt of one-half of a community to make the other half criminals, or the accomplices of criminals; and this is a legislative absurdity. It never yet has been done anywhere, and it never will be done. So long as the practices and sentiments of the people of Ohio respecting the use of these articles remain what they now are, a prohibitory law in large portions of the State would be a dead letter; and this not merely because the liquor-sellers would resist it, but because the liquor-sellers would be solidly supported in their resistance by the great army of liquor-buyers.

3-4. I have no time here to go into the history of liquor legislation in Ohio; but I have heard it said by intelligent temperance men a hundred times since I came to this State, that the anti-license amendment, which was supposed to be a temperance measure, has resulted in making the traffic practically free; and that it has had the effect to prevent legislation by which the traffic might have been restricted. Two or three statements that follow seem to me conspicuously inaccurate. The Scott law has reduced the number of saloons by more than three thousand. I should call that an "appreciable" result. Its local-option clause is not known to me to be an absolute failure. I know several communities where it is in full force. To say that license or tax laws have not materially abated the evils of the liquor traffic in any State of the Union, is to fly in the face of facts. And it is equally hazardous to assert that prohibition has, until recently, been tried on a large scale only in one State; it was faithfully and thoroughly tried in Massachusetts.

5. How could a law against "the manufacture and sale of liquors as beverages" be enforced against distilleries? Suppose the distiller asserts that he is manufacturing this liquor for use in the arts; who can disprove his assertion? It is possible that laws might be framed which should make such a constitutional provision effective against manufacturers; but it has always seemed to me that such a qualified provision would be easily evaded. To prove that a distiller making high-wines was manufacturing them *to be used as a beverage*, would be somewhat difficult.

6. I am glad to see that Mr. Brand feels the force of the considerations urged against a sweeping confiscation of property. I am sure that he will feel it all the more strongly when he considers that the traffic which is a "crime against society," and which prohibition seeks to prevent, has sprung from the demand of a large portion of the community, and that the attempt to make the liquor-sellers responsible for the whole of it is a monstrous injustice. I am well aware,

however, that in the persons of these liquor-sellers we have an organized and powerful body of men, with whom we shall be called to wage a long and fierce battle; and I am for this reason all the more anxious that in our controversy with them we shall never put ourselves in the wrong, nor take a single step in which they may charge us with encroaching on their rights.

As to Mr. Brand's concluding queries, I can only answer that while, as a teacher of ethics, I hold up before individuals an ideal rule of morality, I never expect while I live to secure conformity to the ideal of morality in the legislation of Ohio. Any law, though framed by angels, that the people did not want and would not enforce, would not be a good law for the people. Legislation on moral questions must follow, and not try to force, public opinion. Divorce for slight causes is an "essentially bad business," but it was wisely "licensed" by divine authority. The intentional slaying of an innocent man is an "essentially bad business," but it was "licensed" under the same authority, with good reason and with good results. Questions as to whether this is morally right are respectfully referred to Moses, who wrote the decalogue as an ideal rule of morality, but who adjusted his laws to the moral condition of the people. I am not, however, in favor of license in Ohio, since I believe that taxation, combined with local option, is a more practicable method. Mr. Brand will pardon me for saying, in conclusion, that, while I recognize his purpose as the highest, he seems to me fatally to miss the moral aspects of this case. His notion appears to be that the chief agency for securing the great reform which he seeks to promote is law—that is, force; that the first thing to do is to get the law passed, if it be only by a bare majority, and then work up public opinion to its support. The whole prohibitory movement, as at present managed, puts physical force at the front, and sends the moral forces to the rear. This is fatal error. The whole community must be stirred, from the top to the bottom, by a genuine, profound, mighty moral enthusiasm on this subject before anything will be accomplished by means of sweeping legislation. This is not guess-work. About some things I am not at all confident, but I do know something about the moral order of this universe; and I know that it can be depended on, and that it has got to be observed. I know that the cause comes before the effect; the blossom before the fruit; the spring before the summer; the lightning before the thunder; and I know, just as well, that any attempt to control by means of stringent law the social life of a community, before a thorough preparation was made in the convictions and the personal habits of that community for the changes introduced, would be a reversal of the divine order, and that it would end in a miserable failure.

Washington Gladden.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

"Prohibition in Kansas."—A Reply.

[The following is one of many letters of similar import received from responsible persons claiming acquaintance with the subject.—EDITOR.]

A CORRESPONDENT in Abilene undertakes to enlighten the readers of THE CENTURY in regard to the workings of prohibition in Kansas. His state-

ments are so wide of the truth as to awaken doubt whether he has ever been outside of that "town of some four thousand inhabitants." He assures us it is "one of the most thriving, intelligent, and moral communities in the State;" yet coolly adds, "We have six open saloons and one wholesale liquor house run in open defiance of the law, and there is no attempt on the part of the authorities or citizens to close them." Most people would raise the question, "What kind of morals have they in Abilene, anyhow?" It surely cannot boast of a *very high* standard of morality, that openly defies the laws of the State, and tramples the Constitution under foot! Let me give the proof.

But when he affirms that "a similar condition of affairs exists in all parts of the State," he maligns and defames our noble commonwealth. And when he adds, "Instead of getting better, the condition of things is growing worse," he states what is exactly the reverse of the truth!

Proof: Six months ago there were open saloons in Topeka, Lawrence, Emporia, Newton, Wichita, and many other cities, where you will not find one to-day. More saloons have been closed in the last three months than during any similar period since the law first went into effect. It is true there was a reaction after the election of Governor Glick. The liquor-sellers imagined it was a victory over prohibition, and grew bold and defiant. But they "reckoned without their host," just as your correspondent has done. He claims that "the amendment does not owe its existence to a strong, healthy public sentiment, but to the carelessness of easy-going, experiment-loving citizens." Perhaps he can tell us how it happened that the whole Republican ticket, nominated on a strong prohibition platform, was elected, with the single exception of its candidate for Governor, by twenty-five to thirty thousand majority; and why the Legislature—a majority of whom were chosen at the same time—*refused* by a large majority to *resubmit* that amendment to the people! The fact is, the great body of the people of Kansas are more strongly in favor of the amendment to-day than they have ever been. The Atchison "Champion," one of the most influential papers in the State, and *not* a champion of prohibition, said recently, "There are scores of prohibitionists now where there was one two years ago." It says there is a growing respect for law, and disgust and alarm at the utter disregard by liquor-dealers of any restriction of the traffic. A Law-and-Order League has been organized in that city, officered by some of its leading business men, who declare that they can no longer bear the disgrace which the lawlessness of these men is bringing upon their city. Prosecutions have been commenced, and forty-five saloon-keepers indicted. The Atchison "Globe," a strong anti-prohibition paper, said recently, "A sense of duty compels us to remark that, notwithstanding our earnest opposition, the cause of prohibition is *gaining ground every day.*"

No one who reads the reports of the success that has attended efforts to enforce the law, in all parts of the State save in a few cities, like Leavenworth, Atchison, and Abilene, can doubt the truth of the above statements. Prosecutions are more frequent, and convictions usually follow. In Douglas County thirteen offenders were tried in the District Court last year, and every one convicted. In the justices' courts there were

five convictions and two disagreements. At the last term of court sixteen saloon-keepers pleaded guilty on forty counts, and were fined \$4200 and costs, and closed out because it didn't pay! The Secretary of the State Temperance Union reports that of four hundred and sixty cases tried in district courts, there have been three hundred and fifty-one convictions—or seven-ninths of the cases; in justices' courts, five hundred and twelve cases and three hundred and seventy-eight convictions, or three-fourths of the whole. The aggregate fines imposed exceed \$100,000 beside the costs, while eighty-one liquor-sellers have been sentenced to imprisonment for periods aggregating eleven years, five months, and nineteen days. There are to-day *more than fifty counties* in which there is not an open saloon; and of the three hundred reported in the remainder, one hundred and sixty are in the city of Leavenworth. In fact, take out a half-dozen places, and saloons are few and far between. Even in these excepted localities, public sentiment is steadily growing and crystallizing in favor of obedience to law, and it will not be very long before men engaged in defying it will find that "it is hard to kick against the pricks." If "prohibition in Kansas is a screaming farce"—as your correspondent affirms—we say, "All right! *Let it scream!*" We are very well satisfied to listen to such music. The only screaming that comes to our ears is the mournful cry of the convicted saloon-keeper, as he puts up his shutters and hangs crape on his door, beside the label "To Rent!" Prohibition was never so strong, its friends were never so hopeful, nor was Kansas ever so prosperous, as to-day. If your correspondent wants "high license," and more liberty, he had better emigrate to Missouri or Illinois. We have done with such foolishness in Kansas.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

A. M. Richardson.

William M. Baker.

THERE has been a good deal of surprise among that inner circle of readers who appreciated William M. Baker's work at its real value that his death created so little public interest. It seems to me that there were several reasons for this popular neglect of a man of power so abnormal and peculiar.

From a singular combination of circumstances, Mr. Baker stood more alone, probably, than any American author since Hawthorne. He was outside of all literary cliques; he had no following of influential friends, of sect or party, and hence had none of that professional backing and advertising which counts for so much with the public. Hawthorne might have remained "the obscurest man of letters in America" if Mr. Fields had not found him out and advertised him. In Baker's case the herdsmen did not signal, and the herd did not follow. He was Southern by birth, temperament, and sympathy, but he sided with the North from principle. Neither section, therefore, adopted or pushed him into success as a favorite son. He grappled the dangerous problems of thought with a courage bolder than that of any agnostic, yet liberal thinkers did not count him one of themselves because he was a Presbyterian clergyman, while Presbyterians could not boast of him as a representative sectary. He was too profoundly Christian to be the exponent of any narrower creed.

He had thus the advantage of nobody's beliefs or prejudices to urge him into popularity. He built on no man's land, but preëmpted his claim on the broad ground of humanity. What he built there I believe the American people will know and measure more accurately, now that he is dead. Posterity is a slow-witted judge, but inexorably just.

William Baker was of an eminent Georgian family; his youth was passed in Virginia, and the most of his middle age in the then wildernesses of the Southwest. He came of a race of preachers, or, in the significant old word, *gospellers*—earnest men, who, like Jacob, wrestled with God for the truth. He was born into the pulpit, so to speak; and, probably, if he had been asked at the last what work he had done in the world, he would have named only that of a Presbyterian minister. His novels were written rather as side issues to his life-labor; they were thrown off with feverish haste, their inequality showing how wholly they were the growth of the mood of the moment. He seemed to be as unconscious that the writing of them was his real power and vocation in the world as a child is of the beating heart or warm blood which nature has given it. If he had been less unconscious, if he had been a more skillful and careful artisan, he would have ranked among the foremost of living novelists. As it is, his readers complain that his books are deficient in plot. They are rather a collection of startling portraits of powerful, strong-featured characters, such as are common in the States. The oily politician, the clergyman whose nature is higher than his petty sectarian creed, the statesman slowly sinking into a drunken sot, the educated half-breed, at war with God, man, and himself—there they are, live men, whom we meet face to face, and love or hate ever after. They are not sketched in with countess, slow, patient touches, but photographed upon the page with a single electric flash. Baker himself saw with keen distinctness the naked souls of these men and women, and then dragged them out before us. He troubled himself but little as to what outer circumstances befell them. He brings you before Ross Urwoldt, with his red skin, his atheist's brain, and his weak woman's heart, and shows him to you. But it matters nothing to him what clothes Ross Urwoldt wears, or whether he loses his money or marries the woman he loves. All that interests the ordinary reader he treats with superb indifference, and he tells you very little of such gossip. Hence, the story as a mere story is a failure, the public grumble, and the author is unpopular.

But there is a peculiar indefinable power in these fragmentary sketches which sets them apart from any other American fiction. There is, too, a virility, an unsparing truth in them that sometimes, as we read, suddenly stops the breath and clogs the heart, as if too bold a hand had been laid upon our own secret of life.

William Baker may have been a careless worker; he may have lacked, as an artist, that shrewd cleverness that knows how to please the public taste; but no one can question his claim to that rare intangible quality which, for want of a better name, we call genius.

His principal books are: a life of his father, "The Virginians in Texas," "Inside," "The New Timothy," "Mose Evans," "His Majesty Myself," "A

Year Worth Living," and "Blessed St. Certainty." Besides these were innumerable short stories and studies which have never been collected. He held his pen until almost the last hour of life. During the earlier part of last year, while slowly dying, inch by inch, from the torture of a terrible disease, he wrote "The Blessed Ghost" and two books just published: "Thirlmore," pronounced by some to be the best novel that he wrote, and "The Ten Theophanies," a cry of faith out of the very shadow of death. "If ever a poor fellow put his whole heart into a thing, I have done it into this book," he wrote to a friend.

Of his private life I shall say nothing. The public have a right to nothing of a man but the work which he gives them. Only this, in justice to him. There was a singular contrast between his own character and that of his genius. One could hardly believe that the man who exposed shame with such pitiless scorn, who had dragged to the daylight some of the strongest natures and most brutal passions that sway our American life, could be this most gentle of high-bred gentlemen—pure, sensitive, and tender as a woman; impulsive, gay, and whimsical as any of the children whom he loved so much. There was something which reminded us of Hawthorne in his commanding presence, and in a certain old-fashioned, shy, stately courtesy, which even in his most cordial moments held him aloof. There was in both men, too, the same incompetency to understand business oddly joined to an airy arch shrewdness.

The trait in which William Baker's character and his creative power were as one, was his abnormal sympathy with nature. He did not describe trees, rocks, or sea; he did not look at them as an artist; he lived in them, with them. There are no word-pictures in his books, but the sun shines in them and the rain falls.

"A man," he says, somewhere, "must not climb a mountain now and then to say, 'How beautiful!' He must lose and forget himself in things. He must fly with the birds, blow with the winds. When you see buffalo grazing upon the slopes, you must have in your mouth the flavor and sweetness of their mesquite-grass. Many a time I have been simply another horse out on the prairie beside the one I rode."

After he had been shut up by months of merciless pain in a square brick house of a square brick Philadelphia block, he asked to be carried, if possible, to some place where he "could lie down for a while on the grass in real woods." But it was not possible.

So strong was this trait in his character, that when the word that he was dead came to us in the country last September, it seemed at the first moment selfish for us to sit in the yellowing harvest-fields, with the sun shining and the friendly trees crowding close, while he, blind and deaf, lay under the clay. But that was only the first foolish impulse. He is still alive to all who knew him. The Master whom he loved so faithfully knows what things he has need of. I am sure that, wherever he is, he can lie in the grass now, while the sun shines and the trees give him welcome. It seems to me after all that God could give no better rest than that after the long struggle of living, to him or to any of us.

Rebecca Harding Davis.

Recent American Novels.

"THE BREAD-WINNERS."*

THIS story did not lack comment, more or less impassioned, during the course of its publication in *THE CENTURY*, and its characteristics will probably have been canvassed still more thoroughly before these pages meet the eye of the reader. From the first it was noticeable that the criticism it received concerned the morality of the story, and even the morality of the writer, rather than the art of either; and, on the whole, we do not see why this was not well enough. It was, we think, a wholesome way of regarding the performance, and, even in those who most disliked it, implied a sense of conscience and of thinking in the book, however warped, however mistaken. It was a better way of looking at it than a mere survey of its literary qualities would have been, and it marked an advance in popular criticism. The newspapers did not inquire so much whether this or that character was well drawn, this or that incident or situation vividly reported, as whether the writer, dealing forcibly with some living interests of our civilization, meant one thing or another by what he was doing; though they did not fail to touch upon its literature at the same time. The discussion evolved an interesting fact, which we recommend to all intending novelists, that among us at least the novelist is hereafter to be held to account as a public teacher; that he must expect to be taken seriously, and must do his work with the fear of a community before his eyes which will be jealous of his ethical soundness, if nothing else. What did the author of "The Bread-winners" mean by making his rich and well-to-do people happy, and leaving all the suffering to the poor? Does he believe that it is wrong for the starving laborer and operative to strike? Are his sympathies with the rich against the poor? Does he think workingmen are all vicious? Does he mean that it was right for Captain Farnham to kiss Maud Matchin when she had offered herself to him in marriage and dropped herself into his arms, unless he meant to marry her? Was he at all better than she if he could do such a thing? Was it nice of Mrs. Belding to tell her daughter of this incident? Ought Alice Belding to have accepted him after such a thing as that?

Some of these voices — which still agitate the air — are unmistakably soprano and contralto; some, for which we have less respect, are falsetto. We do not know whether it would be possible, or whether it would be profitable, to answer them conclusively. At any rate, we shall not attempt it; but we would like to call attention to the very important fact that the author of "The Bread-winners" shows no strong antipathy to strikers till they begin to burn and rob and propose to kill; and we will ask the abstract sympathizer to recall his own sensations in regard to the great railroad strike in 1877, after the riots began. In our own mind there is no question that any laborer, or any multiple of him, not being content with his hire, has the right to leave his work; and we should have been well content to see the strike of the telegraphers succeed, and not ill pleased to see those who thought them paid enough put to live awhile on their wages.

* *The Bread-Winners. A Social Study.* New York: Harper & Bros.

But if the striking telegraphers, like the striking railroad men, had begun to threaten life and destroy property, we should have wanted the troops called out against them. We cannot see that the author of "The Bread-winners" has gone beyond this point in his treatment of the question of strikes.

We cannot see, either, that he has in any sort a prejudice against the workingman as a workingman. We are all workmen in America, or the sons of workmen, and few of us are willing to hear them traduced; but, for our own part, they do not seem to us preëminent for wisdom or goodness, and we cannot perceive that they derive any virtue whatever from being workmen. If they were lawyers, doctors, or clergymen, they would be equally respectable, and not more so. They are certainly better than the idle rich, as they are better than the idle poor — the two classes which we have chiefly, if not solely, to dread; and it is the idle poor whom our author does not like, whom he finds mischievous, as other writers of romance have long found the idle rich. It is the Offitts and the Botts and the Bowersoxes whom he detests, not the Matchins, nor even the Sleenys. These are treated with respect, and Sleeny, at least in the end, is rather more lavishly rewarded than any of the millionaires, if his luck in escaping the gallows is not more than neutralized by the gift of Miss Maud Matchin as a wife. But there is no doubt the author meant well by him; and we think there is no doubt that he means well by all honest, hard-working people. He has not made them very brilliant, for still "the hand of little employment hath the nicer sense"; he has not heaped them with worldly prosperity, and it must be owned that Divine Providence has done no better by them. Let us be just before we are generous, even to the workingman. Let us recognize his admirable qualities in full measure; but let us not make a fetish of him, impeccable, immaculate, infallible. We suspect that in portraying a certain group of people as he has done, the author of "The Bread-winners" meant no more nor less than to tell the truth about them; and if he has not flattered the likeness of his workingmen, he has done the cause of labor and the cause of art both a service. Workingmen are in no bad way among us. They have to practice self-denial and to work hard, but both of these things used to be thought good for human nature. When they will not work, they are as bad as club men and ladies of fashion, and perhaps more dangerous. It is quite time we were invited to consider some of them in fiction as we saw some of them in fact during the great railroad strike.

When we come to the question whether Captain Farnham ought to have kissed Maud Matchin, or turned from her with loathing, we confess that we feel the delicacy of the point. Being civilians, we will venture to say that we fear it was quite in character for an ex-army man to kiss her, and so far the author was right. Whether it was in character for a perfect gentleman to do so, we cannot decide; something must be conceded to human nature and a sense of the girl's impudence, even in a perfect gentleman. But, having dodged this point, we feel all the more courage to deal with another, namely, whether he was not quite as bad as she. We think not, for reasons which his accusers seem to forget. Miss Matchin did not offer herself to him because she loved him, but be-

cause she loved his wealth and splendor, and wished to enjoy them; and, though she was careful to tell him that she would only be his wife, it is not clear to our minds that if she could have been equally secure of his wealth and splendor in another way, there was anything in her character to make her refuse. He did behave with forbearance and real kindness to that foolish and sordid spirit; he did use her with magnanimity and do what he could to help her, though she had forfeited all claim upon his respect. He may not have been a perfect gentleman, but he was certainly a very good sort of man, in spite of that questionable kiss.

We might wish to have Miss Matchin other than she was for her own sake; but if she were different, she would not be so useful nor so interesting. She is the great invention, the great discovery, of the book; and she is another vivid and successful study of American girlhood, such as it seems to be largely the ambition of our novelists to make. She is thoroughly alive, caught by an instantaneous process, in which she almost visibly breathes and pulsates. One has a sense of her personal presence throughout, though it is in the introductory passages that we realize most distinctly her mental and spiritual qualities, and the wonderful degree in which she is characterized by American conditions—by the novels of the public library, by the ambitious and inadequate training of the high school, by the unbounded freedom of our social life. These conditions did not produce her; with other girls they are the agencies of inestimable good. But, given the nature of Miss Maud Matchin, we see the effect upon her at every point. We can see the effect, also, of the daily newspaper and of the display of Algonquin Avenue, with its histories in brick and stone of swift, and recent, and immeasurable riches. The girl's poetry is money, her romantic dream is to marry a millionaire. She has as solid and sheer a contempt for the girl who dreams of an old-fashioned hero and love in a cottage as she has for her hard-working father and mother. There are no influences in her home to counteract the influences from without. She grows up a beautiful, egotistic, rapacious, unscrupulous fool. But take the novels and the high school away, and she would still have been some kind of fool. The art of the author consists in having painted her as she exists through them. The novelist can do no more. He shows us this creature, who is both type and character, and fitly leaves the moralist to say what shall be done about her. Probably nothing can be done about her at once; but if she is definitely ascertained as a fact of our civilization, it is a desirable step in self-knowledge for us.

At the end the author's strong hand seems to falter a little in the treatment of Miss Matchin. We read of her "rosy and happy face" when the man she has driven to murder is acquitted, and the chief weakness of the book here betrays itself. Something should have been done to show that those people had entered hand in hand into their hell, and that thenceforth there could be no hope for them.

There are some admirable passages of casual or subordinate interest in the book, and a great many figures drawn with a force that leaves a permanent impression. The episode of Maud's canvass for the place in the public library, and her triumph through the "freeze-out" that leaves Pennybaker "kickin' like a

Texas steer"; the behavior of the rascal mayor during the strike; all the politicians' parlance; the struggle of Alice Belding with herself after her good-natured but not very wise mother has told her of Maud's offer to Farnham; her feeling that this has somehow stained or "spoiled" him;—these are traits vigorously or delicately treated, that may be set against an account of less interesting handling of some society pictures. The scenes of the riot and the attack on Farnham's house are stirringly done; that of the murderous attack on Farnham by Offitt less so; and it appears to us rather precipitate in Alice to fall asleep as soon as she hears that her lover is not fatally hurt. But these are very minor points. Generally speaking, we think the author has done what he meant to do. We believe that he has been faithful to his observation of facts. If the result is not flattering, or even pleasing, that is not his fault, and neither his art nor his morality is to blame for it.

W.

MISS HOWARD'S "GUENN."*

MISS HOWARD'S new story of "Guenn" is remarkably good reading; and it is a notable novel, inasmuch as it suggests a question to be answered by her next book: whether or not the class of novelists to which Miss Woolson belongs is to receive a brilliant recruit through the round, ripe art of Miss Howard? If "Guenn" were a story dealing with American life and manners as boldly, as strongly, as imaginatively as it does with the simple, passionate natures of Breton fisher-folk—the setting of the story being as picturesquely observed, and the workings of the conflicting characters being as genuinely felt—then Miss Howard, on the score of "Guenn" alone, would be entitled to a place near, if not with, American novelists of the first rank. It is true that Hamor, the artist-hero of "Guenn," is sufficiently American in his clever, self-sufficient, practical, selfish, ambitious way. But "Guenn" belongs distinctively to the "local color" class of novels, of which much has been said in connection with the camera-like talents of Mr. Crawford; and, as such, "Guenn" is "international" literature, and its author an unbiased cosmopolite, so far as a New England woman may be supposed capable of moral and mental neutrality as an observer of foreign life. But compared with Mr. Crawford's studies in local color, "Guenn" is more natural, more wholesome, more evenly brilliant in style, quite as absorbing, more dramatic, more mature in thought and sympathy, and far more important as history of the human heart and manners. Mr. Crawford has shown wider amplitude of ideas and of color, but he has exhibited neither the reserve nor the sustained fidelity and power of Miss Howard's tragic story.

When a powerful imaginative study of a foreign locality, like this Breton fishing village of Plouvenac, is set before a people of different notions and habits, the effect on the reader's mind is essentially that of romance, no matter how real the study might appear to the people who served as the subject. For this reason, while Miss Howard captivates us with her story of the waywardness of pretty Guenn Rodellec, the daughter of the brutal Breton fisherman; with Guenn's determi-

* Guenn: A Wave on the Breton Coast. By Blanche Willis Howard. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

nation not to pose for the American artist; with her submission; with her gradual absorption in Hamor's scheme of painting with her assistance as model, a picture which shall be the talk of the *Salon*; with the growth of an attachment without reciprocal foundation, so natural and so strong that when the slender chords break at Hamor's apparently deceitful departure, the poor dazed girl flies to swift destruction;—while Miss Howard captivates us, we have said, by this vivid, character-acting tragedy, we are not quite sure, after all, that we have not been juggled with; that we have not been hoodwinked with romance instead of real life.

On strictly American ground, therefore, "Guenn" serves to show us that important steps toward the "great American novel" might be expected of Miss Howard if she were as good a student of American life as of that of Brittany. But her first little book, "One Summer," though a slight sketch, is of more importance to American literature than "Guenn," which is far more the successor of "One Summer" in point of growth than is her second book, "Aunt Serena." No reader of that amateurishly clever but rather tame pastel picture of American girls abroad would have suspected Miss Howard of having the ability to write in the vigorous, flexible style of "Guenn," or to conceive such a dramatic combination of fresh characters and novel circumstances. Nannic, the demoniac cripple brother of Guenn, is sketched in with perfect art. Thymert, the young priest of the Lannions, which are adjacent islands, whose life is wrecked by the death of Guenn, is almost a heroic figure; but his existence is more real, perhaps, to the Protestant mind than a devout Roman Catholic would be willing to grant. And as for the incidents, the striking picture of village life which opens the story, the chatter of the gossips at the river on washing-day, the festival of the Pardon at Nevin, Guenn's rescue of Hamor and of "their" picture from the plot of her father and her disappointed suitor, and, above all, her bewildered and fatal effort, on learning of Hamor's departure, to reach Thymert's island in a sail-boat under full canvas, in a gale, are scenes which the most desultory novel-reader could not pass over slightly, or, having read, could not forget.

C. C. B.

MR. LATHROP'S "NEWPORT."*

"NEWPORT" is Mr. Lathrop's third novel, and an advance from "In the Distance" and "An Echo of Passion," his first two stories, which were rich in observation and in the "properties," so to speak, of novel writing. But they were deficient in literary repose, in story-telling charm, in dramatic clearness and cohesion; and the former betrayed an awkwardness of method that was more like a mental characteristic than a curable attack of inexperience. While both of them commanded a certain respect, they awakened doubts as to their author's call to write novels, which may account for the degree of indifference attending the serial publication of "Newport" in the pages of the "Atlantic." One would suppose that so clever a study as "Newport," of summer life at the most charming and most fashionable of American water-

ing-places, would give a fillip to society talk, and command its share of printed comment and gossip. Perhaps there is weariness of curiosity among us in regard to a novel without plot, which deals with the fatigued, self-conscious, and butterfly types of a summer capital of fashion. But certainly the medium of publication was favorable to making the impression we have mentioned. Yet the serial form was undoubtedly against it, because "Newport" is a story of such nearness in point of date (as if it were a correspondent's relation of the happenings of yesterday), and of such realistic, and in a certain sense, commonplace quality, that you must take a good deal of it at once to appreciate the breadth of its motive.

In other words, it is a book to be read at a sitting; but not to be lightly forgotten. It seems to lack serious purpose beyond the apparent aim to photograph the most obvious and superficial side of Newport life. Undoubtedly its trivial, pleasure-loving characters are drawn to the life, but not one of them is actuated by other than commonplace motives, even the hero, Oliphant, being a young widower who, you are made to feel, deserves well of life only on account of a sort of negative manliness and generosity, handicapped by the recollections of an unhappy marriage, by a neutral ambition, and by narrow sympathies. He behaves well as friend and as acquaintance; he receives his jilting by the deliberate young widow coquette with rather fine self-possession and indignation; he recoils with weakness of character on a slight expression from Octavia Griffin of repentance for her cruelty; and he dies like a hero in the steam-boat collision, after giving up his piece of drift-wood to a woman with a babe. And really there is no good reason in the book why he should have been saved. His disappearance is a calamity to nobody except Josephine Hobart, who was every way more worthy of him than the widow, and who, after his death, finds little difficulty in consoling herself with the commonplace youth she had previously rejected. While Oliphant and his environment are described with noteworthy truthfulness to modern life, we should prefer to find working through such a story a little more of the saving elements of conviction and moral tendency.

However, "Newport" is worthy of commendation to novel-readers because it abounds in wit; because it has grace and quality of style; because it discovers numerous types of character, like the gossipy old beau, the trifling wife, the selfish jilt, the unprincipled speculator, the spurious Englishman, the unaffected though rather fatuous genuine Englishman (and others too numerous to mention, and we might add too numerous almost for the author to handle effectively)—types which are drawn with considerable distinctness. One chapter, describing the death of little Effie, shows depth of feeling and literary power.

C.

MISS LITCHFIELD'S "ONLY AN INCIDENT."*

"ONLY an Incident" is a young writer's first novellette, and if we do not misread its promise, we have in Miss Grace Denio Litchfield another American writer

* Newport. By George Parsons Lathrop. Charles Scribner's Sons.

* Only an Incident. By Grace Denio Litchfield. New-York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

who, with experience and criticism, is likely to become one of those to whom the public may look for faithful and entertaining interpretations of character. This little study of New England village life is in most respects admirable, and its defects do not impair the reader's confidence in the ability of its author to produce noteworthy work. Considering also her story of "One Chapter," in the December CENTURY, her work exhibits piquancy and buoyancy of narrative, a fine touch of comedy, an admirable sense of proportion in moral values and in construction, and withal a high-bred literary accent. Where the present volume comes short, one is inclined to say that it is a defect of mood rather than of power; and where it is satisfactory, one has a keen sense of personality. The contrast of the self-contained, ill-mannered New York woman, Gerald Vernor, with her love of animals and her dislike of children, with the confiding, humble, and devoted nature of Phebe Lane, of whom nothing is expected but service, is thoroughly indicated—more thoroughly, perhaps, than are the sources of the rector's love for Gerald, which supplants his attachment to Phebe. The bantering and wholly confident attitude of De Forest toward the petulance of Miss Vernor, to whom he is paying languid suit, is excellently in character. Despite an occasional excess of satire in the drawing of one or two scenes, the whole good-natured, gossiping village is presented as background, with an agreeable effect of *ensemble*. Minor personages are remembered by the reader with distinctness, though with a distinctness beyond the interest they excite in the progress of the story. Indeed, when we have finished the tale we wonder why we were not more moved in the recital. Perhaps it is that sometimes we feel the actuality rather than the reality of the story. The vessel on which the reader has embarked sometimes drifts so near the shore of fact, that the grating of the keel reminds us where we are when we are looking seaward, with all the feelings of mid-ocean. Miss Litchfield will do well to trust more to herself and less to her material, and to beware of cleverness.

R. U. J.

Does Prussia Love War?

I HAVE read Helen Zimmern's biographical essay on "Moltke," and while I trust that a certain statement of the writer, which I will quote, is due to a habit of off-hand generalization rather than to an absolute ignorance of the subject, yet this statement is so gravely unjust as to justify me in asking you for the privilege of calling attention to it.

We are told: "Neither in America nor England—countries that are rapidly outgrowing the *love of war for war's own sake*, in which respectively an Emerson and a Herbert Spencer have preached that this sentiment is one allied to barbarous times—is it possible fully to conceive that, at our very doors, in this latter nineteenth century, there exists a people strangely like the ancient Israelites—educated, yet combative, advanced in many directions of thought, yet left far behind in one of the most essentially civilizing. In Germany the army is the darling of the nation." etc., etc.

I have passed the better part of a quarter of a century in Germany, and another in this country; I was

born and educated in the very heart of Prussia; I served in the Prussian army, in obedience to the law, and can claim that I know its people, not only as they were twenty-five years ago, but, from visits made not long ago, as they are now; and I can truly say that, though I have met thousands of Prussians of all classes, professors, students, artisans, merchants, etc., etc., I have, professional soldiers excepted, never met a Prussian whose ideas of war were essentially different from those entertained by men like Herbert Spencer or Emerson. I distinctly claim that a personal acquaintance in various portions of Prussia, and a study of the papers of the day, newspapers, reviews, magazines, as well as of the most representative books published in Prussia, justify me in asserting that there is nowhere a more peaceful people than the people of Prussia. Spencer and Emerson, as far as their estimate of war is concerned, can be matched by hundreds of the best Prussian and German authors, and they reflect the feeling of the people at large. That Prussia has an excellent army is true; and that the people are willing to make every sacrifice for its being kept in an excellent condition is also true. Prussia or Germany was taught by bitter experience that her neighbors "loved war for its own sake." Was it a fault that she was able to strike such vigorous blows when France forced her to fight? Or ought she never to have tried to effect unity for Germany, only that France might not take it ill?

There are some publications in Prussia, as there are elsewhere, which treat of war. Perhaps no country with such a record has a smaller proportion of such works than Prussia. The works of peace are so prominent in Prussia, that there is no country in the world that has not been taught by Prussia in some striking way or other. Take the subjects of railroads, the telegraph, the postal service: in all these, and many others, Prussia ranks first.

But to praise one's own country is, like praising one's wife, a species of vanity. Let it suffice to state here, that if there is a people that loves war for its own sake, it is not the people of Prussia. I do not say it is the people of France, or, for that matter, of England. I know the people everywhere are essentially peaceful; but if one may judge from actual facts, it would seem that France with some five hundred thousand more of available soldiers than Germany, and Great Britain with her formidable navy and her constant complications (or interferences) in various quarters of the globe, might be a fitter subject to be charged with "a love for war," than Prussia, which has fought for the unity of Germany without interfering with the internal affairs of other nations.

Very respectfully,

C. A. Eggert.

IOWA CITY, IOWA.

"National Aid to Education."—A Reply.

IN the March number of this magazine Mr. J. B. Peterson discussed the above subject in both its phases—its constitutionality and its expediency. It is not the object of the present writer to notice the former, as it is a question upon which individual opinion is of little value, and which can be argued effectively only before the Supreme Court. Its expediency only comes before the tribunal of the people. It is

sufficient to say that while to many minds of judicial acumen there is no doubt about the constitutionality of such a law as the representatives of the nation have under consideration, the first and main problem to be solved is its advisability. To this we come.

The first objection urged is that the nation as such would have no oversight of the funds thus devoted for educational purposes. This is not a new objection, and may be met by asking why she should have. National machinery, to accomplish the purposes intended, would either be no better than that used by the States, or it would be very costly, and thus partly defeat its object. Besides, to be valuable, the funds ought to be made supplementary to the State funds, and could not well be made so except through the State machinery, which disburses its funds with more economy than any other department of government.

The second objection, that such a donation would put a premium on ignorance, is difficult to understand. How a State could encourage ignorance by getting a fund to remove that ignorance is a puzzle to the present writer, as the fund could only be used in removing that ignorance on which it is alleged to be offering a premium. The argument is self-destructive.

To the idea that the distribution of the fund ought rather to be proportionate to the present liberality of the States in supplying an efficient system, and not to illiteracy, it may be said that it is not the object of the bill to reward any State, but to supply a need seriously felt in our body-politic,—to lessen illiteracy, which, wherever done, accrues to the good of all. With universal suffrage (and it is useless to talk of any other kind) it becomes us to watch that cancer, illiteracy. Only an intelligent people can remain a free people. An ignorant man with a vote in his hand is like a child with a firebrand. It remains, therefore, to ask if there is any section which stands in need of this help and has a right to ask it. I reply in the affirmative. That section is the South, where illiteracy prevails to an alarming (but we trust lessening) extent.

Let a few facts be stated. The South is poor. The war dealt harshly with her. It stripped her of three-fifths of her net capital at one stroke (a good stroke, be it granted). The remaining two-fifths decreased in value fifty per cent. Lands were devastated and depreciated; barns and fences were out of repair; heavy personal debts were hanging over her citizens like Damocles' sword; her public school funds were all gone, or, where in a few instances they had been guarded with religious care, soon to be squandered by reconstruction governments; there was an illiterate generation, and a letterless race to be educated. Yet she put her shoulder to the wheel, dividing her school fund equitably between the races, one of them non-tax-paying to a great extent. She has been too poor; she is too poor; the burden is too heavy, and her cry for help has been heard. Will it be heeded? Should the burden of educating the colored man be thrown wholly on the South? Certainly not; else he must be left to grapple with a darkness that is only a less abject slavery than the former. It is not a matter of reward or charity that the South and the negro ask; it is a claim founded in justice.

The school systems of the South are as good on paper as any others. They need money to make them successful. Her people pay a larger tax in proportion to income than those of any other section. Yet the amount is inadequate. Will the Government give us that assistance which we have a right to expect from her overflowing treasury? Or will she, noting the direction from which the cry comes, close her ears to the appeal? Will not the whole nation help to bear this burden of educating the colored man? Assuredly it is her duty. Not a duty only, but a necessity,—a necessity that lifts its head above constitutions,—nay, threatens them, if not heard.

The question of a limited suffrage, even if desirable, being out of the question, let us educate the voters till the necessity of a limitation be removed.

OAK RIDGE, N. C.

J. Allen Holl.

 BRIC-À-BRAC.

Ballade of Neglected Merit.

I HAVE scribbled in verse and in prose,
 I have painted "arrangements in greens,"
 And my name is familiar to those
 Who take in the high class magazines;
 I compose; I've invented machines;
 I have written an "Essay on Rhyme";
 For my county I played, in my teens,
 But—I am not in "Men of the Time!"

I have lived, as a chief, with the Crows;
 I have "interviewed" Princes and Queens;
 I have climbed the Caucasian snows;
 I abstain, like the ancients, from beans,—
 I've a guess what Pythagoras means,
 When he says that to eat them's a crime,—
 I have lectured upon the Essenes,
 But—I am not in "Men of the Time!"

I've a fancy as morbid as Poe's,
 I can tell what is meant by "Shebeens,"
 I have breasted the river that flows
 Through the land of the wild Gadarenes;
 I can gossip with Burton on *skenes*,
 I can imitate Irving (the Mime),
 And my sketches are quainter than Kean's,
 But—I am not in "Men of the Time!"

ENVOY.

So the tower of mine eminence leans
 Like the Pisan, and mud is its lime;
 I'm acquainted with Dukes and with Deans,
 But—I am not in "Men of the Time!"

Andrew Lang.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Reaping the Whirlwind.

THE editorial article entitled "Mob or Magistrate," in the April number of this magazine, was read by the light of the burning court-house in Cincinnati. Articles in *THE CENTURY* are often illustrated, but not often by pictures so vivid and impressive as those with which this one was furnished by the Cincinnati mob. Our figures showed the appalling failure of criminal justice; the country beheld, in one of its chief cities, a jail full of murderers waiting impatiently, but confidently, for their release, assured by their lawyers that they were not in any serious danger, since, although homicides were of almost weekly occurrence, but two capital convictions and one execution had occurred in that city during the past eighteen years. Our argument proved that such a failure of criminal justice was likely to result in mobs and lynchings; and almost before the ink was dry the demonstration was written in blood on the streets of Cincinnati. We showed how utterly futile are all attempts to rectify by mob violence the failure of the laws, since a mob is always a wild beast, without discrimination, with no method in its madness; and the abortive and idiotic savagery of this outbreak gave fearful point to the words. It is a terrible retribution that has fallen upon Cincinnati; the sacrifice of more than fifty lives, many of them valuable lives, and the wounding and maiming of thrice as many more upon her streets, are the natural consequence of the laxity and corruption that have long infested her criminal courts. Out of seventy-one prosecutions for murder and manslaughter in the courts of Hamilton County during the two years ending June 30, 1883, four resulted in acquittal, two in quashed indictments, six in imprisonment, and fifty-nine were still pending. Of such a paralysis of justice the logical results are, first a carnival of crime, and then anarchy. No wonder that the trade of burking had sprung up in Cincinnati, and still less wonder that a desperate populace trampled under foot the laws that had no longer any claim on their respect. If Cincinnati had convicted and punished half, even, of the homicides prosecuted in her courts during the last two years, this riot would never have happened, a fearful loss of property and of life would have been averted, and she would have escaped a blot upon her good name.

The immediate causes of this failure of the criminal courts in Cincinnati are easy to discover. A preposterous jury law made it simply impossible to secure a capable jury in any murder case. No man could be accepted as juror who had read a newspaper report of the preliminary examination of the accused, and the lawyers for the defense always took pains to furnish the persons summoned for this service with marked copies of newspapers containing such reports. Besides, the defense was allowed twenty-three peremptory challenges, while the State was allowed but six. Under such provisions the impaneling of a jury was an almost impossible task; the lawyers for the prisoner would admit no man whom they did not believe

to be either ignorant or corruptible; and the law put it into their power to fill the jury box with such men. Both these anomalies have now been corrected by the Legislature, though too late to affect the cases out of which the riot grew. The reading of newspaper reports of the coroner's inquest no longer disqualifies jurors in Ohio, and the prisoner's peremptory challenges are reduced from twenty-three to six. If these changes in the law had been made a year ago, the riot might not have occurred.

Added to these gross defects of the statute was the culpable negligence that everywhere prevails respecting the choice of jurors. No matter what the laws may be, men of intelligence and standing generally contrive to avoid jury duty. Since they will not serve themselves, it is no wonder that they neglect to secure the selection of men who are fit for the service. In Ohio the lists of jurors are returned to the court by the councilmen of the city wards and the trustees of townships; and these councilmen and trustees are such men as come to the surface in our municipal politics. The duty of choosing jurors is generally performed by them with great carelessness; and they often pay off small political obligations to their dirty vassals by putting them into the jury lists. Thus the class of persons returned to the courts is generally below the average of intelligence and character; and when the panel is exhausted, it is replenished by the sheriff from loafers in the court-room or on the street-corners. A glance into the faces of the jury in one of our city courts is often sufficient to convince any man of the hopelessness of looking for justice to such a tribunal. This is an evil which is by no means confined to Cincinnati; but it must be taken into account in estimating the causes of the failure of criminal law in that city.

Another element in the case is the presence of a set of criminal lawyers unusually astute and unprincipled. For money these men have made themselves virtually the accomplices after the fact of the criminals; and instead of honoring and supporting the law, as they swore to do when they were admitted to the bar, they have employed all their craft to defeat and paralyze the law. With such statutes as tools, and such materials to work with in the jury boxes, they had their own way in the criminal courts.

Such were some of the more immediate causes of that collapse of justice which resulted in the outbreak at Cincinnati. There were other causes, more remote, but not less important. The inefficiency of the courts in dealing with murder cases is a natural result of a trifling with law which is too common everywhere, but which has prevailed in Cincinnati to an unusual extent. Many good laws, especially those intended for the restraint of drunkenness, have been treated with the utmost contempt by the courts of Cincinnati, and the majority of the people have been well content to have it so. The public sentiment of Cincinnati has said, in effect: "We do not intend to

have all the laws enforced; we shall pick and choose among them, and enforce such as suit us; those that we do not like we will repudiate and nullify." Two years ago a strong attempt was made to enforce the law forbidding the sale of liquor on Sunday. A test case was made, in which the illegal sale was not only proved, but confessed by the defendant on the witness-stand. The jury promptly pronounced him not guilty. To defeat this law every juror committed perjury, and Cincinnati looked on, if not with complacency, at least with no clear indications of popular distress or horror. Doubtless there was a remnant to whom this judicial perjury appeared in its true light; but the remnant was so small as to exercise no appreciable influence upon the politics of the city. This notion, that a magistrate who swears to enforce the law, or a juror who swears to uphold it by his verdict, may keep his oath if he likes or break it when he pleases, is not confined to Cincinnati. If perjury is an unpardonable sin, there must be among the custodians of peace, in all our cities, a great multitude who will never see Paradise; but there have been few places where this perfidious doctrine has been so brazenly avowed and so generally tolerated as in Cincinnati. When a method of this sort is once initiated as a part of the machinery of the courts, it is easy to extend it. If a juror is taught that it is perfectly respectable to perjure himself in one class of cases, it is not improbable that he will think it equally respectable to perjure himself in other cases. Such wanton contempt for one law will spread to all laws. This is the process that has been going on for the last two years in Cincinnati. Is it any wonder that her legal machinery became fearfully out of repair? Is it any wonder that the last two years have witnessed a great increase in the number of homicides, and an utter failure of the courts to deal with them? Who is to blame for this failure? It is altogether probable that a large share of the men who constituted the mob that attacked the jail and burned the court-house—the mob that was so enraged because criminal justice had failed—are themselves as much to blame as anybody for this failure. Beyond question, many of the men who composed this mob had themselves resisted and defied the Sunday laws and the liquor laws, and had applauded the courts and the juries that had perjured themselves to defeat these laws. What else could they expect but that the seed of lawlessness which they had helped to sow would bring forth this very harvest?

There is one other cause of this outbreak, not less efficient than those we have mentioned. Cincinnati has been exceptional among American cities in its treatment of our weekly Day of Rest. Sunday in Cincinnati has been a carnival of noise, of conviviality, of drunken and boisterous mirth. In any city that spends its Sundays after this manner such outbreaks are likely to occur. This Sabbath rest is based not merely on the Biblical order, it is founded on the constitution of man. The law which bids us to observe it is as much a part of the natural moral order as the law which affirms the sacredness of life or of property; no more than the law against theft or murder can it be trampled under foot with impunity. It is as important to human beings that they have a periodical rest-day—not a day of carousal and drunkenness, but a quiet rest-day, se-

cured to them by law—as it is that they be secured by law in their rights of property; and there is no people in the world that needs this quiet rest-day so much as this American people needs it. A city that tolerates such Sundays as those of Cincinnati—that opens its theaters and its dance-houses and its liquor shops, and bids its people carouse and dissipate on this day of rest—will have always its streets full of a multitude, restless, excitable, turbulent, ready to be stirred up to all sorts of demoniac enterprises. And when the whirlwinds are reaped, it will be easy to tell how and when the seed was sown.

The Militia of the United States.

ONE of the first measures undertaken by the founders of the government was the organization of the militia of the States. The plan proposed by General Knox, in his report to Congress in 1790, contemplated the formation of a species of Landwehr. The service was to be general and compulsory, no citizen being entitled to vote until he had served two years (thirty days in each being spent in camps of instruction), and the general government was to bear the expense. While the militia may be regarded as a mere police force within the several States, and to that extent to be supported by them, they are an important part of the army in time of war, and the expense of fitting them to act in that capacity ought to be borne by the general government. General Knox's plan was intended to be carried out by the militia law passed by Congress in 1792, which is still in force. This law enjoins service upon all citizens between eighteen and forty-five, and authorizes an annual appropriation for arms and equipments for the militia, which in 1804 was fixed at two hundred thousand dollars. In those days this was a good deal of money. At the present it is not; but, small as it is, it is the only fund from which the militia of Missouri, Tennessee, Kansas, and other Western and Southern States draw their support, the Legislatures of those States making no appropriations for military purposes.

The federal law of 1792 has also become antiquated. The general levy composing the "uniformed militia," armed at their own expense with "a good musket or rifle," a certain quantity of powder and bullets, and a "hanger or spontoon," and turning out annually upon general training days, has become a myth. Although Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Harrison, in fact, almost every President, has recommended amendment, Congress has hitherto failed to improve the law. But while the militia contemplated by this law has ceased to exist, there has arisen in nearly every State a much smaller but more effective body, usually known as its "National Guard." These are uniformed, and meet regularly for drill. Since the war they have been earnestly endeavoring to do away with the old "fuss and feather" business and to substitute military efficiency. To them is due the introduction of rifle practice as a part of military instruction in this country; and further improvements may be expected.

These troops are of greater value to the country than their numbers would indicate, for they are really schools for officers. In time of war our small regular army could scarcely furnish the general officers re-

quired to command the volunteers. Consequently it is only from the National Guard that the other officers could be obtained.

There is a "National Guard Association"* composed of delegates from the active militia of each State, who meet annually to compare their experiences and to discuss how general efficiency may best be obtained. They are also seeking to have the annual appropriation increased to something proportionate to the present population of the country, and to secure a reformation of the obsolete militia law of 1792. For this purpose they have presented two bills to Congress: the Sewell bill, which simply increases the appropriation to \$600,000, and the Slocum bill, which seeks to reform the present law. If these bills become laws (as we hope they will before this appears), the money appropriated will be divided only among the States having an active or uniformed militia, and the States receiving aid will be required to place their militia in camp every other year, to instruct them in rifle practice, and to provide for an annual inspection. The Slocum bill also authorizes the use of United States forts for artillery practice by the militia, assisted by an artillery officer of the regular army; with a provision for the issuing of necessary ammunition and rations. This bill has been considerably altered since it was originally framed, so as to meet the various objections made to it, and particularly to avoid any interference with State control over the militia.

The last Convention of the Association was held at Cincinnati on March 16 and 17. It attracted but little attention from the public, but the subsequent riot has done much to call attention to the necessity and value of rendering the militia generally efficient. It is noticeable that one of the best speeches made at the Convention in regard to the impossibility of predicting when the services of the militia would be required, and the necessity of their being so supported by the community as to be always prepared, was made by Captain John Desmond, who two days after was killed at the head of his company while endeavoring to save the court-house and its valuable records from destruction by the mob.

It is the habit of Americans to think that our country differs from all others in requiring no military force. Yet not a year passes but that some portion of the militia is called to arms to sustain the law. If they are not able to respond promptly, and are not well and efficiently handled, the loss to the community inflicted in a few hours may far exceed what has been saved in years in militia appropriations. The draft riots in New York and the railroad riots of Pittsburgh, not to mention the affair at Cincinnati, conclusively show this. In many instances, and notably in New York City, the knowledge that an efficient militia was at hand has more than once prevented rioting.

*The officers of the "National Guard Association" are: President, General George W. Wingate, New York City; First Vice-President, Adjutant General G. T. Beauregard, New Orleans, La.; Second Vice-President, Adjutant-General E. B. Finlay, Columbus, Ohio; Corresponding Secretary, Colonel Charles E. Bridge, New York City; Recording Secretary, Adjutant-General William L. Alexander, Des Moines, Iowa; Treasurer, Adjutant-General Sidney A. Sheppard, Denver, Col.; Executive Committee—From the New England States, General Elisha M. Rhoades, Providence, R. I.; from the Middle States, Major Andrew D. Hepburn, Philadelphia, Pa.; from the Southern States, Adjutant General Johnston Jones, Morgantown, N. C.; from the Western States, Colonel James M. Rice, Peoria, Ill.; from the Pacific States, Colonel Harry T. Hammond, San Francisco, Cal.

Few appreciate how much the militia needs fostering. The time required from its members is great, and their military duties necessarily interfere with business pursuits. The system is, therefore, not popular with employers. When called into service, the accommodations are scant and the service is hard and dangerous. The citizen soldier who, at a moment's notice and without pay, abandons everything to help sustain the law, is expected to face a storm of brickbats and pistol-shots without resistance. If he shrinks, he is called a coward. If, after his comrades have been shot down, he fires upon the violators of the law, he is termed a murderer; and, as was the case in Cincinnati, he finds himself ostracised upon his return from duty. If injured, he receives no pension. In fact, it is surprising that the voluntary service is kept up at all. If the tone of some of the Western newspapers correctly represents the public sentiment, it certainly will not be kept up much longer.

In most riots the neglect of a few simple principles by both civil and military authorities has caused most of the bloodshed. The militia should be assembled promptly. If this is delayed, their armories may be surrounded and their assemblage prevented. Besides, the knowledge that troops are in readiness strengthens the police and intimidates the mob. They should not be paraded until the last moment. The bayonet and rifle are deadly weapons, and not suited for mere police work. But as soon as there is danger of the police being overpowered the militia should march to their aid, and then all sentimentality should be dispensed with. A mob is a gang of law-breakers, with the criminal class coming to the top as it gains power; and the very existence of society depends upon its being promptly put down. Half-way measures are cruelty. Any militia officer who permits his men to be shot or stoned without resistance deserves a court-martial. A mob never appreciates forbearance. Blank cartridges simply inspire them to fresh assaults. Firing in the air has the same effect, besides killing innocent people at a distance. Volleys are seldom necessary. To detail a few sharpshooters to pick off the leading aggressors is far preferable. If the thrower of the first brick is shot, as a rule no more will be thrown. Four shots at Cincinnati which killed four leaders dispersed the mob that attacked Powell's gun-store. The same number fired with like effect would have scattered that which attacked the jail, *if they had been the first which had been fired* by the troops. It must be remembered that no troops will stand being stoned or being shot at without firing in return. If the officers wait too long (as was the case in the Orange riots in New York), some one is sure to fire without orders, bringing on a general fire which unnecessarily destroys many lives. The troops should not allow themselves to be besieged. Strong detachments should traverse the streets, aiding the police in dispersing all crowds and in clearing the streets. The mob, when once broken, will never again collect. If the militia are strong and well disciplined, and it is understood distinctly that they will permit no trifling, their mere appearance is usually sufficient. If their condition is such that the mob do not fear them, many lives have to be sacrificed before peace can be restored.

With each day's advance in population, the country must necessarily rely more and more upon its militia. It is of no value unless effective, and it is therefore of national importance that it should be made so.

Forgotten Lessons.

THERE is hardly a chapter in human history more instructive to those who have to deal with public questions than the story of the rise and development of the trade in the thirteen American colonies as told by Dr. Eggleston in the present number of *THE CENTURY*. One may here observe all the great laws of political economy acting nakedly and without complications; one may here see all the great forces of trade in their rudimentary conditions.

No more striking illustration can be found of the futility of governmental meddling. Pennsylvania and Carolina endeavored to build up whale-fisheries. All the Southern colonies strove to establish ship-building and general trade. But, by laws too strong for legislative control, the New-Englanders who proposed to themselves to follow agriculture became renowned in ship-building, cod-fish and mackerel catching, and far-away commercial ventures; while all the bounties and customs-exemptions offered to country-built ships at the South left these colonies agricultural—dependent on New-Englanders, Scotchmen, and English merchants for the little mercantile life to be found in them. The restraint put upon colonial trade in the interest of English merchants promoted smuggling, gave birth to American manufactures in competition with the English, alienated the commercial classes from the mother country, and helped to destroy entirely the dependence of America on England. One may do incalculable mischief by seeking to thwart the action of the great economic forces; but one can never permanently turn them out of natural channels by legislation.

There has been no plan broached in our time for

making money by mere ordinance that was not tried in substance by our forefathers. Massachusetts made cheap shillings as we now make cheap silver dollars; Virginia allowed debased coin to pass in order to "make money plenty"; and all the colonies tried to make their people rich by stamping values on paper. In every instance the action of financial gravitation sunk each coin and bill to its just level. Then, as now, fine words failed to butter parsnips.

The story of ante-revolutionary commerce is pregnant with the lesson that trade in a large sense can never permanently flourish unless it is kept within the limits of commercial rectitude. The thieving Indian trader gradually undermined the traffic by which he lived. The "rich mynheers" of New York whose ships came home with ill-gotten booty bought from the Madagascar pirates were fostering an evil fatal to their own commerce. Charleston and Newport made money by piracy, but Newport saw the time when alarms were beaten in her own streets on account of peril from pirates off the coast, and Charleston found the rice trade likely to be throttled at its birth by pirates who captured nearly every ship that sailed out of its harbor. Judge Sewell tells us of a curious superstition in New England at the end of the seventeenth century. Whenever Arabian coins appeared in circulation in large numbers, there were those who refused to receive them, lest by taking a single coin that had formed part of a pirate's plunder they might introduce a canker that would eat up their whole estate. Without putting too much faith in poetic justice, one may clearly trace in the well-understood laws of public economy a principle that bears a considerable likeness to the notion that led the cautious Yankee sometimes to refuse Arabian gold pieces. Certainly, on any broad scale and in any long run, no trade is securely prosperous that has an element of injustice in it. Those who are loath to permit the book-trade to give up its practice of despoiling foreign authors might well consider whether the canker is not already eating out its prosperity.

OPEN LETTERS.

What the Choirs Say.

THERE is a well-known book called "Rejected Addresses," consisting of poems and sketches purporting to have been denied insertion in the literary periodicals of their day. When I began this series of open letters on music in the churches, I had in mind almost constantly some lines of poetry which I formerly read in that volume; and, indeed, several times I wrote them down to be published, as presenting the most exact picture of the modern quartet, in its characteristic attitude, taken as it flings its supercilious gaze over upon its employers, and delivers itself thus:

"I had a grandmother: she a donkey kept;
And when that donkey looked her in the face,
Its look was sad—and you are sad, my Public!"

It was as if the music-people stood, grandmother-like, looking down with pity on us, the sad religious

public, and gave us all we deserved, their commiseration, as they perceived we had at last reached the full force of the conclusion that we had fastened them on ourselves for the slow twelve months to come; and yet it was comical to mark how stupidly melancholy we were over it. Could we not see that we were outwitted? And must Christians be weak enough to whine when they were whipped?

One of the best preachers, pastors, and musicians in this country, now settled in a New England city, went forth from his own pulpit, just a little while since, to minister for a single Sabbath in another. He says that an "Order of Service" was put in his hands as he entered the church by the organist, who was also the leader of the music. This slip of printed paper contained whatever he was expected to content himself with singing during the worship. He tells us under his signature that the morning was beautifully bright

with sunshine, and there was no sign of a funeral anywhere. Yet the first hymn was the dirge :

“Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust.”

And the second was of the same description. But, as if in order to prove there was not even method in such madness, the anthem between the prayers was “Protect us through the coming night !”

The stranger, however, could not bear to have his service destroyed; so he effected a compromise in some delicate fashion, and left no result more perilous to the peace of the church than the evident displeasure of the musician whose pretty tune was put aside. Probably the next preacher caught that the week after.

Now this is my constant picture; I cannot get it away out of my reach. But more and more, as I have written on, I have bethought myself of so many excellent people, so many genuine musicians, so many devout worshippers of God, who, in these twenty-five years of my observation, have shown how earnest were their aspirations, how intensely eager their wish to be decent, honorable, and true to every obligation and proper rule; how plainly they purposed to be considerate to all parties concerned; how reverent were their hearts in the service of God; how charitable and patient were their sentiments, even toward those who sometimes were rough in criticisms and harsh in behavior,—so many memories of such persons have returned to me, as my pen has moved along, that a certain uneasy sense of unfairness has crossed the lines of my conscience. If I leave these sketches just as they stand up to this moment, I shall not be satisfied. Every story I have told has been unexaggerated. But have I not declared that there must have been, and that there are at this instant, charlatans in the profession who ought to be sent out of it by that better public opinion we all recognize as ruling among the few of its members? Have I not asked earnestly that those musicians whom most of us know and honor would speak out in a revision of the “common law” of maxim and behavior, thus giving us a new basis of association and engagement more equitable and becoming, upon which we may proceed for the future?

There are two sides to most of these questions which come under constant friction of discussion. There are choirs and organists, and there are choirs and organists. And these are not always the same, nor always just alike. We are agreed that many of those who are paid highest prices, and are filling most conspicuous places, are utterly unfit to lead in church services, because their whole vitiating principle of action is found in personal display; they introduce into the church the ideas and suggestions of the concert-room; they give us solos of artistic exhibition, instead of leading the people in their worship.

To this the reply is proffered in good faith, and without any acrimony of feeling. It is said that the leading positions are bestowed upon those who can make the most show and attract the most notice, no matter who or what they are. Those on whom we might hope to depend for genuine help declare that we render them powerless by associating them with the mere mercenaries of the profession against their

taste and will, and still seem to expect worship from them. It is hard beyond description for two women of refinement and taste to stand between two members of some burnt-cork minstrel band on the Lord's Day, and see behind their ears the grime not yet washed off from Saturday night's concert, and still preserve the honorable silence which it is not their business to break with words. Such persons know the difference between the false and the true as well as any one; they have to take what is brought to them by those who select. They frequently mourn over what they are not responsible for, and cannot in the least control. And they publicly do what they think inappropriate and fairly detest, because the leader directs, and the authorities endure, the wrong.

Are these intimations true? The writer of this paper was once a passenger on a steamship which carried a large minstrel troupe. He preached on the Sabbath at the invitation of the captain of the vessel, who also told him that a company of musicians would intone the responses of the liturgy and sing the canticles and hymns. The performance of that day on the ocean was fairly exquisite; and when the preacher openly expressed his wonder that such men could be so familiar with every part of the ritual, one of the wives accompanying the band pointed out eight of the singers who had been for years members of church-choirs on Sundays, and told him that four of them had relinquished positions as leaders to go on this foreign trip of six months with their company. And to that the writer of this paper would also add that he can give the name of a prominent soprano in New York who, immediately after Sabbath evening service was over, went to a beer-drinking saloon to sing at the concert.

Some things there are which we feel sure might be corrected. The contention for places in most of our great cities and large towns is most violent and oppressive. Some churches will try to steal a settled and favorite singer with the proffer of higher salary, and behave as contemptibly in the transaction as a shoddy woman, who, under guise of distributing tracts, calls in a neighbor's kitchen, and seeks to pervert the cook. These singers, therefore, never know whether they are to be in the same position another year, or are going to be compelled to change. Some shrewd agent may be “prospecting” secretly to ascertain whether such and such a one can be enticed away in the spring. Then, at the final moment, there comes a rush and a strife of factions, and out upon the street stand a discharged crowd with all the dishonors of a defeat which they never anticipated or deserved, and certainly never dreamed of provoking.

This is started by some of our quietest singers as a genuine complaint; they insist that it is a grievance. And any one who has instincts which make known to him what is right and generous and true, must admit that such a form of treatment and behavior cannot have any apology. The whole thing is miserably unjust; and, if there ever be any extenuating circumstances for bad blood in a Christian's heart, this is a fair case for some show of temper. For if the discharged singers had done to the congregation precisely what the gleeful maidens now engaged in their places did to the churches they left, that is, if they in tricky secrecy had suffered themselves to be bought like mer-

cenaries, then that congregation would have turned upon them with indescribable spitefulness; and there is no word of reproach in forcible speech that the sewing society would not have employed to free female minds against them for such behavior—which, by the way, it is likely the church just despoiled is now doing in its own fashion, and with a sense of most righteous indignation. Hence this is a state of things more frequent than it is honorable; and, on the whole, it is more noisy than it is Christian.

In such an unsettled condition, there must be some measure of anxiety. Hence arise these unseemly struggles for place. I am acquainted with a minister who was present when seventeen women and four men, young and old, married and unmarried, experienced and unskilled, timid and dauntless, painfully embarrassed and ambitiously confident, Italian, American, Spanish, German, and French, all tried in one evening before an audience of ten or twelve cool critics, who of course grew tired and petulant as the time moved along; and he says he went around among them constantly, answering their questions, and trying to cheer them up a little, to suggest here and prompt there, and help in some measure in some way, for three hours and a half, until his brain whirled and his heart ached with sympathy for singers and committee and everybody else; and all the following night, he declares, he dreamed he was somewhere where he heard what never since has he proposed to describe, never since to recommend.

No one knows, until he has tried it, how hard this ordeal is to a lady or gentleman. The criticism on mere musical conditions is severe enough; but, beyond this, choirs tell us, there is a suspicion that all will be hopeless and useless in the end. While one is looking about him he sees here and there a singer, perhaps two with their heads together, so cool, so composed, and so confident, that he finds himself growing disconcerted; he says to himself over and over again, "These persons have learned that a decision has been reached already; the selection to-night will depend, not on capability, but on patronage or favoritism; money is scant, and that bass performer has a friend in the congregation who is to send in a check for a subsidy in case he is elected, and he, of course, will select his friends. So the leader gets his own way, as he meant to get it when he came; for we know the minister is opposed to a choir anyhow, and they all intend to head him off from securing a precentor. It is a farce, all this coming here for a fair competition."

Now if any one says that these thoughts, thoroughly human as it is to be confessed, never flit through such serene minds as those of quartet singers, let him put the question to some who every spring have to candidate for a situation, and then he may be content to trust their answer. It would seem as if such a charge might be thrown back with some show of feeling, and so absurd a suspicion might be rebuked as unworthy of fair Christian dealing. But during these years at least three significant facts have come to my own knowledge; which may not show that congregations are tricky, but which seem to show that there are some employés in the church-choir profession who would be glad to make congregations put themselves in a false position. A neighboring pastor

once suddenly corrected my remark that a certain soprano singer was accustomed to receive two hundred and fifty dollars for taking part in a concert, and that few committees could afford to pay such a sum. On private inquiry afterward, I ascertained that her formal bill had been made out for that sum; but that she had always settled for less than a third of it, without any request, only saying that her professional position required that she should be able to exhibit the account at that price. On another occasion, I learned that a bass leader was paid a thousand dollars a year; and that he took a pew rented at two hundred and fifty, which he never occupied, of course, but which went for so much cash in the reckoning. Again, I read a letter in which a friend outside of the congregation made the deliberate offer of a check of five hundred dollars toward the salary of a lady who demanded an engagement for a thousand dollars as mentioned in the agreement. The reason openly pressed was that she must have her "position" recognized among the leading singers of the city, or she would experience a falling off in her reputation. The offer was refused. I submit, it would not be fair to suspect that congregations are insincere, on the knowledge that there are some professionals whose engagements do not tally with the terms of their bills and receipts. Possibly they do not get such salaries as they claim they do.

Many of the most thoughtful men in the congregations are coming to the conclusion that the usual form of candidating for places is wrong and hurtful to every one concerned. Some of us have known a diffident singer, who was incomparably the best in the whole list, calmly give away her chance—which meant a chance of supporting her widowed mother and of sending a brother to college—because, in the pride of her womanhood, she could not suffer her sensibility to be paraded before the committee of decision. Ask her what was the reason, and most likely she would answer: "Oh, I could not sing that fine old piece then as it ought to be sung!" Ask them, and they would perhaps say: "What a pity! she spoiled an excellent solo; she has some good notes in her voice, but she lacks in feeling!" While the fact was, all the time, she shrank from profaning her wealth of feeling there in the empty church by exhibiting it in tremulous volume, just to be pronounced upon. Let it be borne in mind that musicians must be of a keenly sympathetic temperament, or we do not want them; but that means keenly sympathetic suffering, when they happen to be snubbed or misconstrued.

Thus she would tell her own story; and there is some show of justice in the protest she makes. It is the universal protest; nobody likes this way of testing and engaging singers for choirs. But it is useless to charge the awkwardness of it upon either one of the parties concerned. It does not improve matters to call committee-men ignorant, or musicians egotistic. Some committee-men are intelligent, and some musicians are modest. It has been suggested that churches might choose some fit leader, and put the appropriated sum of money in his hands; let him select the members of the choir, and be responsible for giving satisfaction; or, that some interested Christian musician in the congregation, some one whose taste might be trusted, and whose judgment would command respect,

should take the whole matter in charge; or, again, that some prudent expert outside the congregation could bring proper parties together. It is very difficult to decide what should be done in order to avoid such embarrassing complications. But of one thing we may all be certain: the last spark of hopefulness will expire when we go to calling each other names, and to doubting each other's purposes.

Charles S. Robinson.

"Music in America."

ON January 8th, 1884, Mr. R. G. White published a letter in the "Evening Post," insinuating that my work, "Music in America," is untruthful; also saying that it "contains many errors and misstatements, all of a misleading, and many of an injurious, character"; and informing the public that "this will be shown in an article to be published in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE." This attack on my book was pointed out to me by a friend, several days after. I then took up Mr. White's gauntlet in the "Evening Post" of January 25th, announcing my intention to meet his onslaught *en preux chevalier*, as I shall now endeavor to do.

Mr. White's attack on my book, which, in its terms "injurious," etc., may be stretched to an extent undreamed of, let me hope, by Mr. White, was apparently called out by the simple fact that I, fulfilling my duty as historian and critic, corrected in my book, in a courteous and moderate spirit, two errors in musical statement by Mr. White, which fell in the path of my labors. I did this also in the case of men immeasurably Mr. White's superiors as musical writers, such as Fétis, Sir George Grove, etc.; such corrections, when justifiable, being naturally expected from a historian. Had I intended to *criticise* Mr. White seriously, I should indeed have taken another course; for he is lamentably ignorant in musical matters, and thus open to criticism as a musical writer, his works being, as I stated in my "Evening Post" reply, crowded with errors. Now let us examine Mr. White's "show," as published in his "open letter" in the April CENTURY.

When closely analyzed, this is reduced to a few objections which Mr. White makes to certain unimportant points in my book. First, as to my two corrections of him, Mr. White is angry because I discovered that the first performance of "Der Freischütz" in New York took place two years later than the date affixed to it by Mr. White in his article on "Opera in New York" published in THE CENTURY in March, 1882. He thought it necessary to say, in a note to the same article, that in 1825 there was only one theater in New York; in my book I quoted Wemyss and Ireland to prove that there then were two. He thereupon falls foul of me again, and sneers at my authorities. But "the humor of it is too hot" when he glows with a white heat upon me for copying a certain criticism of Ireland's, and honestly asserting that I did not know from what source Ireland took his criticism. Mr. White now declares that Ireland compiled it from two different articles in the "Evening Post." But when I read Ireland's criticism, and Mr. White's (in "Opera in New York"), I was puzzled by the discrepancy between the two; I now acknowledge that I feel deeply for Mr. White, and am indignant with Ireland for playing us both such a trick. Next

(to proceed to his "open letter"), Mr. White accuses me of being in the dark, and leaving my readers there, in regard to the old St. Cecilia Society, which was, he says, "the first to perform orchestral music in the country." Now, in order to cast a little light on this profound detail, I will avail myself of Mr. White's dark lantern, which he so obligingly places at my disposal. I was perfectly aware of the existence of the old St. Cecilia Society between 1790 and 1800; but, in a number of one of the obsolete American musical journals, I happened to read so severe a criticism upon it, copied, as I afterward found, from letters published by a traveling Englishman, that I thought the kindest thing I could do for the St. Cecilia Society was to leave it to its repose, among many hundred pages of rejected matter which I have not published, and which would lend no further interest or credit to "Music in America." This Englishman, not given to mincing words, apparently, observes of this society: "They have an orchestral band here, dubbed the St. Cecilia Society; but the fellows play damnably! I wish they could once hear Salomon's excellent band," etc. (It will be remembered that Salomon induced Haydn to come to England in 1791 to compose symphonies for his band.) Here again I am forced to correct Mr. White. This St. Cecilia Society was not, as he says, "the first to perform orchestral music" in this country; that was done by an older—at least ten years older—society, the "Apollo," but I have not been able to fix the exact date of its first establishment. Here is a chance for Mr. White to exercise his boasted spirit of research. Mr. White rubs his hands victoriously over a great "find" of his, the Pilkington dictionary, which he seems to think me unacquainted with, and which he therefore magnifies into "a manual so thorough and so sound," and terms an "original" work. Here is the title of this work, which is not "thorough" nor "sound," and is now also obsolete and antiquated. Let every reader of the English language judge for himself of its "originality."

A
MUSICAL DICTIONARY
COMPRISING THE
ETYMOLOGY, AND DIFFERENT MEANINGS OF
ALL THE TERMS THAT MOST FREQUENTLY
OCCUR IN MODERN COMPOSITION.
COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY
H. W. PILKINGTON
MUSICIAN
BOSTON,
PUBLISHED BY
WATSON AND BANGS
1812

84 printed pages.

You can "mock a leek," but can you "eat a leek," good Pistol?

I was not only aware of the existence of this compilation, but I also knew the sources whence Pilkington compiled and arranged it. But as "the gentleman from Alsatia," who wants "to teach us," has not the faintest desire to number Mr. White among his scholars, he has no idea of appending a list of those, or of the hundreds of books, personal reminiscences, papers, pamphlets, manuscripts, etc., etc., from which, combined with his own experience, he

drew the information that enabled him to write his "Music in America." Is it upon such musty pages as those of poor old Pilkington that Mr. White throws the light of his dark lantern, in order to obtain from them his theories of musical taste and knowledge? If so, I am not so much surprised that he seems to think I have neglected the Church Music Association, and that he alludes to its performance of Beethoven's "Mass in D Minor." My ancient, will you permit "Captain Fluellen," good honest fellow, or "the gentleman from Alsatia" (both of which you politely dub me), *à votre service*, to correct you as to "the matter of fact" that the great Beethoven mass, "that musical crux," as you call it, is in D major, and not in D minor, as you say. However, although in musical affairs Mr. Richard Grant White often thinks that c-a-t spells dog, I am not surprised at Mr. White's error in this case. I, too, alas, was present at that performance of the C. M. A. It haunted me long after, like the echo of an audible nightmare. And if Mr. White has one particle of æstheticism, one drachm of fastidious taste in his composition, it must have so "befogged" him that he unconsciously fell into what the old psalm-tune teachers called the minor, "melancholic mode," and thought the fall was Beethoven's. Eheu, poor Pistol! Avaunt, Pilkington! and mislead us no more with your seven-league-booted "misstatements." *Mais revenons à nos moutons.* Mr. White, finding himself at his wits' end to pick flaws in my book, proceeds to what he calls the "contemptible business" of pointing out some errors of press. Those who live in glass houses, etc. To return the compliment, I beg to refer to only a few of Mr. White's press errors. On page 878, and on (CENTURY for April, 1882), he mentions a singer, Fortunata Tadesco, several times; probably the velvet-voiced Fortunata Tedesco, born in Mantua in 1826, was "the person whom he is groping for." In the same number, page 874, we read that *Auber* composed *Donizetti's* "La Fille du Régiment." On page 703 (March number), Cimarosa's "Il Matrimonio Segreto" is shorn of an o at the end of "Matrimonio," and reads Matrimoni; on page 195 (June number), "that admirable tenor, Antognini," I "made a mess of" in my book, makes an evolution in Mr. White's article, and reappears as Antoguini; on page 34 (May number), Catarina Barili takes it into her head to adopt the masculine plural, Catarini; on page 197 (June number), Tasso's Clorinda is metamorphosed into Clarinda, etc., etc. You see, my ancient, that even with you it is *tout comme chez le* "foreigner," who "wants to correct us," and dares to talk like the American citizen (which he is) of what "we" have done, and of "our" music!

Although Mr. White has a good deal to say about Mr. Lynch, he nevertheless is in doubt about his having been Garcia's manager or not. I shall therefore let him stand as manager, as I have seen him thus designated in several fragments of reminiscences of New York operatic affairs, and in other books. Mr. Pirsson was described to me by a gentleman who knew him well, and who often went to his musical gatherings, as a musician of incomplete, amateurish, scarcely professional attainments; therefore, I charitably termed him an amateur. However, the principal fact remains, viz.: that chamber music was

played at Pirsson's house. Mr. White, for once, agrees with me in this. It is *not true* that I said on page 274 of "Music in America," "that the first concerts of such [chamber] music were given in 1849," as Mr. White says I did. Here are my words: "In 1849 Saroni's 'Musical Times' arranged four concerts of classical music, to be given by subscription, at which the best resident artists were to appear. The first [of the four, of course] took place in December, 1849."

But did Mr. White really expect me to embalm the memories of all those persons who may have happened to keep a few old violins, 'cellos, or music-books lying about loose at home? Why, there are not half a dozen musical libraries worthy of the name in the entire country yet, and there are as yet few collectors of instruments. We cannot expect it in so young a country; wealth and leisure, and high culture, have not yet, of course, existed long enough, or obtained influence enough, to make such luxuries of art possible. They will come, no doubt; but they are yet to come. Mr. White gives me one correct date, — so he says, at least,—for which I thank him, as I shall, in a future edition of my book, thank all old residents for any local data which I may desire to add to it. This one date, however, is all that his threatened "show" amounts to; he establishes the date of the first performance of Rossini's "Stabat Mater" as six years earlier than that I gave. But Mr. White displays a singular method of looking at objects under debate. When he unearths a mouse, he brings his microscope to bear on it, jumps up, and cries out, "Look, look, what a large, beautiful white elephant!" But let his opponent run an elephant down, he stares at it through the wrong end of his well-worn opera-glass, and contemptuously declares that it is only a very sordid little mouse, after all. Mr. White foolishly observes that I depended for New York information on "what I could (or could not) find in newspapers, and upon the personal communications of foreign professional musicians, most of them Germans of late importation." Aha, friend Pistol, you "hate the curs of Iceland," I see; ancient Pistol "scorns the term of host," too, when the guest is a "foreigner." But why should I, who lived and labored so many years in New York, be supposed to have forgotten my personal experience? Mr. White should know by this time that a historian seeks and weighs every authority, small and large, significant and insignificant; and this I certainly did in the eight years during which I was occupied with "Music in America." I could have doubled the bulk of my book, had I cared to do so; yet I am proud to say that, in spite of its small size, there is not a leading point in the development of musical culture here that I have omitted. This fact, and my just recognition of all merit that deserved it, native and adopted, has been liberally recognized by the best informed among my critics. A few errors of press, a few wrong dates, can be easily corrected in future editions.

At the close of his open letter, Mr. White seizes one of his critical old violoncellos, places on it new strings with all the modern improvements, screws them up considerably above D major, draws the long, long bow, and with one ear-splitting reminiscence of "that musical crux, Beethoven's Mass in D Minor," shatters the instrument, and scatters dust and gun-

powder around him in most approved "Freischütz" style. The incantation ended, this blood-curdling sentence stares his audience in the face: "Violation of good faith in the garbling of quotations and the falsification of evidence, the highest literary crime." Be careful, good Pistol; dynamite hath an awkward knack of hitting the dynamiter. *Dona nobis pacem.* Seek consolation in the pages of Pilkington's dictionary, that "sound and original manual"; may it lend a flavor to thy leek!

The "show" is over; let the curtain fall.

Frédéric Louis Ritter.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

SIR: I learned to-day, with some surprise, that Professor Ritter had sent an answer to my open letter of self-defense, which appeared in the April CENTURY. Yet why should I be surprised? Do we not all know that there are men who would jauntily undertake to answer the multiplication table, and to refute the law of gravitation? Permit me to say, without seeing Professor Ritter's letter, that I shall write no rejoinder; because from the beginning I had no intention of controversy with my assailant, because I know that the letter can contain nothing worthy of my attention. The chief and only important purpose of my open letter in the April CENTURY was to set forth the following state of things:

Assertions in Ritter's, "Music in America."

Facts.

"The following extract from a newspaper article that appeared the next day after the first performance."—P. 186.

There was *no* such article; and the garbled article that is given did *not* appear the next day after the first performance, but six days afterward.

"Mr. R. Grant White, in his article 'Opera in New York,' in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for March, 1882, gives the same criticism."—P. 187.

Mr. R. Grant White did *not* give the same criticism.

"—somewhat altered and mixed with other matter."—P. 187.

What Mr. Grant White gave was *not* altered, and was *not* mixed with other matter; but that which appeared in Ritter's "Music in America" *was* thus altered and thus mixed.

"Saying it is from the 'Evening Post' of the 30th Nov., 1825."—P. 187.

Mr. Grant White did *not* say so.

"I have looked carefully through the columns of the 'Evening Post,' and have not been able to find it there."—P. 187.

All the articles, the garbled one given in "Music in America," as well as the two literally copied paragraphs in "Opera in New York," *are* in the "Evening Post."

"Mr. R. Grant White also says in a note, 'There was then but one theater in New York.' This is a mistake."—P. 188.

Not a mistake. There was but one place recognized as a theater; it was called simply "The Theater." Mr. Grant White himself mentions a place of amusement called the *Chatham Garden Theater*.

"Schlesinger, with Boucher and Kirchoefer, played trios together every week (beginning of the cultivation of chamber-music in New York)."—P. 232.

Not the beginning of the cultivation of chamber-music in New York; *no* Kirchoefer.

"About 1848 a Mr. Pirsson, who lived in Leonard street, had regular quartet-playing at his house. He was then almost the only amateur in New York who appreciated chamber-music."—P. 274.

Mr. Pirsson was *not* an amateur, nor a New-Yorker, but a professional British double-bass player. At least eight years before this time there was one chamber-music club, if not more, in New York, of native amateurs.

"They [Saroni chamber-music soirées] at any rate proved that there was a small public in New York that began [1849] to take delight in that style of music."—P. 275.

"Mr. Tiram also brought out Rossini's 'Stabat Mater' for the first time [1848] in America."—P. 277.

"In order to give my readers an idea of the style of music cultivated by the American amateur at this period [1815-1825] I will copy the titles of some of the pieces then advertised by music-dealers . . . 'overtures, battles, sonatas, duets for four hands, airs with variations, songs, glees, catches, . . . marches, waltzes, dances, Mozart's songs.' However, dance-pieces and ballads sold best."—P. 142.

Six years before, in 1843, a series of chamber-music soirées of the very highest order had been given under the direction of U. C. Hill.

Not true.—It had been performed by eminent artists six years before (Oct. 2, 1842), within a few months of its production in Paris.

At this time the full [piano] scores of Cimarosa's, Mozart's, and Rossini's operas were imported immediately on their publication in Europe, and advertised for sale as ordinary musical merchandise, and large collections of them and of classical chamber-music were in the houses of many native amateurs.

I pass over the multitude of minor errors,—results partly of ignorance, partly of inadvertence (like the concert of the Musical Fund at the "City Hall," for example),—which were pointed out in my former open letter, and then only because Professor Ritter had placed himself in the position of my unprovoked assailant. For, as I then remarked, I regard such petty flaw-picking as contemptible business.

It will be seen that all that remained for Professor Ritter to do, as a man of sense and right feeling, was to apologize for his attack upon me, to remove it from his pages, to do all that he could to repair the injury he had done me, and his readers, by misrepresenting me (which mere acts of justice I shall assume that he means to do until I have proof to the contrary), and to correct silently in his "History" the many errors of fact in it which I pointed out. He will also, I assume, withdraw his false and libelous assertion that "errors and misstatements crowd the pages" of my musical writings. This done, there is an end of controversy between him and me, to my great pleasure, and with not the least feeling of ill-will on my part.

I will add only that I should not, I believe, have taken any notice of Professor Ritter's misstatements in regard to me, had they not been accusations of the gravest literary crime, that of misrepresenting facts and garbling quotations, and had they not been made in a book which will go into all libraries and be regarded as having more or less of what is called "authority"; and moreover, had I not been subjected to not a little of such accusation, and always as untruly as in Professor Ritter's case. Adverse criticism, however severe, of style, or method, or teaching, no man of sense will reply to, however disagreeable it may be, nor however unjust he may think it. But accusations of misrepresentation of fact, whether from design or from incompetence, are of another order, as well as a much graver. The more do I feel and resent the injustice of such attacks (usually made in a very evil spirit), because since my pen became my tool and my weapon, I have never written one severe or even one sharp word against another man, unless in self-defense against injurious personal attack. So far have I carried this reserve that, as the editors of the "New York Times" and "New York Tribune" could bear me witness, were it necessary, I have returned books sent to me for review, because their authors or their

publishers had done me wrong, and I feared that my criticism might not be without prejudice. I like to meet an assailant openly. With a coming defense, just written, of myself against a craftily devised array of injurious misstatements, of which the Riverside Shakspeare has been made the occasion, I hope and intend that my casual and compelled contributions to this unlovely department of literature shall end.

Richard Grant White.

April 14, 1884.

Recent Improvements and Inventions.

IN photography the most recent improvement is a new style of camera for the rapid gathering of photographic memoranda. The instrument we have examined makes a picture 4×5 inches; it is a simple wooden box with a handle on top, and looks like an ordinary traveling bag or sample case. It is designed to be used only with instantaneous dry plates, and as such work does not require a fixed support, it needs no tripod. The adjustment for focus is attained in the usual way, by means of a ground-glass slide placed at the back of the box. To move this there is a brass arm on the top of the box, pivoted at one end, the free end traversing a segment, and fitted with a set-screw so that it can be secured in any position. By moving this arm over the segment the glass slide is moved forward or back in the box, and shifted as the focus requires. The camera is set up before some object, say twenty feet away. The arm is moved while looking at the glass, and when the focus is sharp a mark is made on the segment to indicate that in that position of the arm the focus is good for that distance. In like manner the focus is found and marked for other distances, when the glass is removed, and the rear of the box permanently closed. Thereafter, to get the focus, estimate the distance of the subject, bring the arm to the proper mark on the segment, and fix it there by means of the screw. The focus can even be decided upon in advance, and the exposure can be made when the operator, walking toward the subject, sees that the distance decided upon has been reached. To secure the picture evenly upon the plate, a small "finder" or supplementary camera is placed in the box near the top, and by raising a wooden lid a small square of ground glass is seen, on which the projected image is visible in the same relative position in which it will appear on the plate. To make an exposure a finger-knob is pressed, and the shutter within the box is moved. The lens, plate-holder, and shutter are all inclosed in the box, so that the apparatus has nothing of the conventional camera about it. In using the camera, it is held in the hand or on the arm or supported on any convenient object. Instantaneous pictures can be taken while running, while on a boat or car, and in the most crowded streets, without attracting attention. Portraits and pictures of groups, incidents in the street, or the behavior of men and animals can be caught during the most rapid action, and without the knowledge of the subjects. For reporters, detectives, and amateurs the camera will, no doubt, prove of great value in obtaining legal evidence in case of accidents, fires, robbery, or riot, and in studying the habits of birds and wild or timid animals. The camera is called Schmid's detective camera, and costs,

with good lens and one 4×5 -inch plate-holder, about fifty-five dollars.

While the number of patents issued each month in this country for electrical appliances is very great, only a few appear to be of general interest or to mark any great and radical advance in this field. Two recent patents appear of interest from their suggestiveness or promise of future usefulness to the people. The most simple one (properly a new application of an older invention), is the application of the incandescent electric lamp to dentistry. The lamps examined by the writer are inclosed in glass bulbs of the usual shape, an inch long and less than half an inch wide, the source of power being a simple battery of four cells holding perhaps one quart each. To protect the mouth of the patient from the heat of the lamp, the bulb is placed in a casing of hard rubber having an opening at one side covered with glass. The whole apparatus exclusive of the handle is about as large as a teaspoon, and is easily held in the mouth. Placed in the mouth with the lips closed over the handle, the entire front formation of the patient's face was visible, showing the position and shape of every bone and tooth through the skin, even the interior of the nasal passages being plainly visible. On holding the lamp behind the teeth with the mouth open, the entire formation of the teeth could be fully seen. A filling could be traced completely, and the progress of decay in the interior of one tooth (which was not visible at all on the outside) could be plainly seen. In like manner every portion of the mouth could be completely explored in a manner that could not be done by any mirrors reflecting daylight or lamp-light into the mouth. The lamp was left in the patient's mouth for some time, and yet no more inconvenience was said to be experienced than from a drink of hot coffee. To the dentist and surgeon the invention certainly seems, from the examination made, to promise a useful method of diagnosis. It gives information of the interior portions of the bones of the face and the teeth that could be obtained in no other way. When developed and perhaps tried in other shapes, and with different styles of lamps, holders, and reflectors, the invention will no doubt prove of great value.

Another invention examined seems to mark a very decided step toward a reduction in the cost of telegraphy. In its main idea it is a modification and improvement of inventions made before, so that its novelty, as well as its value, consists in the bringing of older ideas to a practical result. It is essentially the subdivision of a telegraph wire so that a great number of messages may be sent over one wire at the same time. To accomplish this, M. La Cour's phonic wheel is employed as a means of connecting the ends of a line-wire with a series of branch wires. M. La Cour's wheel consists of a horizontal wheel divided into, say, sixty radial sections or spaces. Above the wheel is a trailing arm supported by an upright spindle that passes through the center of the wheel. Every alternate section is connected through the apparatus with the ground or "to earth." The intervening sections are connected through the trailing arm with the line-wire. It may be supposed that the wheels at each end of the line-wire are so placed that the trailing arm of each is

resting, say, on section No. 1. The two wheels are now connected and a current will pass. Both wheels move forward together, and the trailing arms at the same instant reach No. 2, which is to earth, and the line is discharged. The two wheels advance together to No. 3, and the circuit is closed again. Now it is easy to imagine that every tenth section of each wheel is connected with a branch wire. Every fifth section is connected with another branch wire. Now, if the two wheels are moving rapidly and exactly together, say at a speed of sixty sections a second, one branch is connected with the line and thrown off again six times a second, while the other branch is connected five times and a half in one second, or at the same speed as the other, but alternating with it. Six times a second each operator on one branch has the line to himself, and, if he telegraphs slowly, he will hardly perceive that the line has been taken from him and returned again. Increase the proportion and connect the branch, say, ten or twenty times a second, and the operator cannot realize that he is sharing the line with any one else. This division of the sections may be even more minute. One branch may be connected with the line at the first, third, sixth, ninth, etc., section, and another with the second, fifth, eighth, etc. Each branch will have the line so many times in a second, but so rapid is the movement of the wheel that to the operators there is no break. Each operator at the end of his branch sends or receives, and to the ear no loss of continuity can be perceived. By using a printing telegraph at the end of each branch, the connections with the line need not exceed twice a second, and by means of wheels of the proper proportion of sections seventy-two messages can be sent slowly over one wire at apparently the same time. Actually the seventy-two messages are marching in procession one after the other in confused fragments. Tap the main line, and nothing can be learned of the messages, as each is traveling in detached parts of words and letters; yet at the end of the line the wheel distributes to each branch its proper fraction from the confused medley of signals, and each printing apparatus pieces together its own letters to spell out its message. It will be seen that this multiplex telegraphic system depends wholly on exact correspondence between the two wheels. If one is in Boston and the other in Providence, they must move together and the messages will be confused. There appears to be no mechanical device for accomplishing this, and it has been thought that it could not be accomplished. The chief value of the improvement of the system is found in an invention for moving the wheels, and for causing one wheel to control the other. The motive power is a local battery that by means of an electro-magnet sets in vibration a tuning-fork. The swing of the arms of such a vibrating-fork makes and breaks a second circuit, that by means of an electro-magnet causes the wheel to revolve. On the wheel are two sections somewhat wider than the others. When the two wheels, each moved by its tuning-fork electro-motor, are moving exactly together, they reach the wider sections at the same instant. If one for any reason reaches the section before the other, it operates, by means of a special branch and magnet, a switch that tends to throw more resistance into the motor circuit, and the tuning-fork vibrates more slowly,

and the wheel is retarded till the second wheel overtakes it, when they move together again. This correction takes place continually, many times in a minute, so that the variations will never be so great as to impair the continuity of any one of the seventy-two branches using the single main line. This, in brief, is the Delany synchronous multiplex telegraphy. At an examination of the system in operation over the equivalent of two hundred miles of line-wire, six Morse instruments were in use at once, and each had the line virtually to itself. The printing telegraph worked fast enough for all business purposes, and it certainly had the merit of being quite independent of any Morse instruments or other printers that might be used at the same time. The system is soon to be tried on a commercial scale, and its results will be watched with interest, as it is in its present experimental stage the most promising invention in this field of work.

Charles Barnard.

The Tax on Whisky.

THE national tax on spirits should not be repealed. Thirty-two quarts of corn make almost sixteen quarts of whisky. The corn is worth from fifty to sixty cents, and the wholesaler will receive for the whisky from ten to twelve, and the retailer from twenty to twenty-five dollars. Profits so great appeal with irresistible force to the cupidity of men, and the result is twelve hundred and fifty registered distilleries and two hundred thousand liquor-dealers in the United States. The average consumption of domestic spirits is about 75,000,000 gallons a year; but the greed of the distillers has, for the last four years, raised the production to an average of over 90,000,000 gallons; so that on June 30th, 1883, there was a stock on hand in the United States of 116,000,000 gallons, of which 80,000,000 were still in the bonded warehouses and the tax unpaid. By means of warehouse receipts this has passed largely into the hands of speculators, or capitalists who have advanced money on it. Seventy-two million dollars' tax on this whisky will soon be due the Government, much of it in the next few months.

If the tax could be repealed, this money would remain in the pockets of the whisky owners, who are the most active and energetic workers for the removal of the excise. A second class who favor repeal are the "moonshiners" of the South, who regard the right to convert the product of their own fields into "a necessary article of daily diet" as an "inalienable" right secured by the Constitution; their representatives therefore favor the repeal. But the chief strength of the movement for free whisky lies in another direction. The internal revenue, mostly from liquors and tobacco, amounts to more than \$100,000,000 a year. The import duties amount to \$200,000,000 more. These sums, with the other sources of income, furnish \$100,000,000 a year more than the Government needs, and shrewd men foresee that the people will not long continue to pay into the national treasury such a surplus to serve as a corruption fund to Congress. Hence the friends of the present tariff would willingly strike off the tax on spirits and tobacco, in order that the Government shall be compelled to retain the present high duties. One or the other must go, either the tax on

rum or the tax on necessities. Which? Cheap rum means, to them, high prices on woollens, steel, iron, crockery, and glass. Hence many respectable men, and even professed friends of temperance, will silently lend their influence to cheapen the one article which is the greatest curse of our land.

Let us consider the iniquity of the proposition in the light of political economy. The tax on spirits is larger in amount, more uniform, and more certain than that on any other article. The Secretary of the Treasury can compute more definitely the prospective revenue from this source than that from any other. It is almost the only tax that the people pay of which every cent goes into the coffers of the Government. It has taken twenty years to perfect the system of internal revenue so that it shall work smoothly and efficiently, and the past year it paid into the Treasury \$120,000,000, at a cost of collection of less than four per cent. The tax lays its hand on no useful labor. It bars the way of no healthy enterprise. It raises the price of no one of the comforts of the home. It is largely levied on dens of infamy, and is contributed by vice and crime. It is a check on luxury and debauchery and idleness. In short, every principle of political economy is in favor of the tax. There is not one sound argument against it. The tax on whisky should never be repealed so long as our Government needs a revenue. England has given this article the first place in her permanent system of revenue, and raises \$150,000,000 a year from spirits and wines.

And after we have labored twenty years to perfect the laws and machinery for collecting this, the only really beneficent tax that our Government has levied, here come the reformers and propose to sweep it from our statute books, on the plea that it is a "war tax," and we must "remove the burdens from the people." But who are the "people" in this case? Do the wife and children of the drunkard clamor for cheaper rum, or for cheaper stockings and blankets? Does the laborer ask for more whisky or more clothing for his money? Does the industrious artisan complain of dear liquors, or of dear books and tools? No; the only "people" who are clamoring for this repeal are the scores of paid lobbyists hammering at the doors of Congress, and the only "people" to be benefited by it are the whisky-owners and the monopolists. The appeal is for special legislation of the very corruptest kind. To serve the interest of a single class, they would cut off the best revenue branch of our Government and flood the land with cheap rum.

Let us look at the probable effect of the repeal on the temperance cause. While the production of spirits has, for the last four years, reached an average of only ninety million gallons, the registered capacity of the distilleries is over *two hundred million* gallons per annum. To prevent a ruinous competition, the distillers have pooled their interests in the "Western Export Association" and the "Kentucky League." These pools regulate the amount produced each month, pay bounties for exportation and non-production, and adopt other measures to keep down competition and maintain the monopoly price in the market. The price of bonded whisky is but a little above one dollar a gallon. The payment of the government tax raises the cost to two dollars. So that, by the removal of

the tax, the price of spirits would be at once reduced almost one-half; and with the removal of the tax would be swept away all governmental inspection, registration, and bonded warehouses, which are vexatious and efficient checks upon the competition of petty local distilleries. It would then be difficult for the pools to control the market, and we might confidently expect that, as in the case of matches, the removal of the excise would produce a fall in price far greater than the amount of the tax, and that we should see intoxicating drink plentier and cheaper in our village streets than it has been for thirty years. We may then reverse the Iowa motto and cry, "A distillery on every hill-top and *two* saloons in the valley." The repeal would indeed be a calamity to the treasury, but it would be a thousand times greater calamity to the cause of temperance and every noble reform. This tax is not prohibition; but free rum, at one-half or one-fourth its present price, will greatly multiply dealers and drunkards, and be a huge boulder in the way of every temperance movement.

A year ago last December Mr. Kelley, chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, called his committee together before Congress met, and secured a vote to report a bill for the repeal of the tax on spirits and tobacco. But there were so many conflicting schemes that, notwithstanding the support of the Democratic caucus, the bill dragged, and it was proposed to pave the way for ultimate repeal by a bill, called "the bonded extension bill," extending indefinitely the period allowed for the payment of the tax. The measure was rushed through the House under suspension of the rules, twenty-nine votes only opposing. It was urged by Senator Sherman in the Senate with a vigor worthy of a better cause, but it failed to pass on account of the shortness of the session. Both bills were revived early in the present Congress. The bonded bill was pushed to the front, and the repeal bill held in reserve.

Though the bonded bill has just been beaten in the House, it was killed by the votes of protectionists, who hope thus to force the passage of the repeal bill. They frankly stated this in their speeches in the caucus and in the House. The resolution of the House of April 7th means only temporary abandonment of the scheme. It had two purposes: first, to strengthen the market, and thus enable certain holders of whisky to unload their stock without loss; and secondly, to avoid in the coming election the odium that would attach to the repeal, or the embarrassing questions which might be asked of candidates in case of any general public discussion of the project. The repeal bill will next be pressed to the front, and if it fails the extension bill will be revived. If indefinite extension, or extension for two years, is awarded to the whisky owners, they will continue to pile up the stock until they can accumulate sufficient influence to pass the repeal, and then it will be futile to oppose the remittance of the unpaid tax on whisky in bond. In fact, the passage of the bonded bill would be virtually the beginning of the manufacture of free whisky.

Every rejection of either bill is a repulse and not a defeat. The interested parties have too much at stake to accept defeat. They are watchful and tireless, and the present cross-purposes of Congress afford frequent opportunities for log-rolling. They will not

retire from the contest till the people have placed their condemnation on a measure which is fraught with more injury to the country than any measure since the fugitive-slave bill.

James F. Clafin.

LOMBARD, ILL., April, 1884.

The School-House *versus* the Liquor Saloon.

THOUGH for years an interested reader of THE CENTURY, I have been especially interested of late in the Open Letters, and their discussion of the many phases of the temperance reformation.

The Compulsory Temperance Education bill which, through the efforts of the department I represent, has just passed the Senate and Assembly at Albany, is a new phase in our State, and we believe a most hopeful remedy for the evils of intemperance.

Dr. Chalmers, after listening to an eloquent address upon these evils, is said to have exclaimed, "Sir, we know enough of the evils; in God's name give us the remedy." For years we have been striving to answer this cry, which comes from thousands of hearts and homes. Of all the answers yet given, we believe none is as practical in operation, as permanent in effect, and as easy of accomplishment, as that which proposes to set the school-house over against the saloon. Whatever difference of opinion there is as to other remedies, we find all are in favor of instructing the young in the physical effects of strong drink.

The sad experiences in work among liquor-dealers and liquor-drinkers naturally led the members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to this idea of prevention through education. This education was first attempted in the Sabbath schools, but the opposition encountered was so great that little could be accomplished in that direction. Juvenile unions and Bands of Hope were next established, and the hundreds gathered into them were faithfully taught the effects of alcohol upon the body and mind. But as there was nothing compulsory about attendance upon this teaching, the children could only be held while the novelty lasted. Finally our hopes gathered about the public schools. There, more largely than anywhere else, are found the children of our nation. There are the children of the foreigners who cannot be reached in any other way. To teach these children, as thoroughly and systematically as they are now taught geography, spelling and history, "what alcohol is, what it will do to us if we drink it, and what it will make us do," became the aim of our temperance workers. Encouraged by the fact that in Vermont, New Hampshire, and Michigan a compulsory temperance education bill had passed the Legislature, the department of scientific temperance instruction in New York State undertook to secure a similar bill this winter.

Petitions were scattered broadcast over the State. Letters were written to five thousand clergymen, to each senator and representative, to the President of the Senate and Speaker of the House, to the regents, commissioners, superintendent of public instruction, and many others, while hundreds of pages of literature accompanied these letters. Large audiences in our most conservative churches, and in halls, normal schools, and teachers' institutes, have been addressed by the national and state superintendents of scientific instruction.

The bill which has passed Senate and Assembly reads as follows:

"An act relating to the study of physiology and hygiene in the public schools.

"The people of the State of New York, represented in the Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

"§ 1. Provision shall be made by the proper local school authorities for instructing all pupils in all schools supported by public money or under State control in physiology and hygiene, with special reference to the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulants, and narcotics upon the human system.

"§ 2. No certificate shall be granted any person to teach in the public schools of the State of New York, after the 1st day of January, 1885, who has not passed a satisfactory examination in physiology and hygiene, with special reference to the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulants, and narcotics upon the human system."

New York State now takes its place with Vermont, New Hampshire, and Michigan; and if the law is but properly enforced, our million and a half of children will be forewarned and forearmed in reference to the temptations which await them.

Dr. J. G. Holland uttered, in this magazine, these prophetic words: "What we want in our schools is to do away with the force of a pernicious example and a long-cherished error, by making the children thoroughly intelligent on this subject of alcohol. The more thoroughly we can instruct the young concerning this dominating evil of our time, the better it will be for them and for the world."

This noble prophecy has its fulfillment to-day in the passage of this bill. Could we but add to this teaching in our public schools lessons upon virtue, reverence, honesty, and morality, juvenile crime might be lessened, and a more hopeful outlook greet the nation.

Elizabeth W. Greenwood,

Supt. Scientific Instruction Dept. N. Y. State W. C. T. U.
151 REMSEN STREET, BROOKLYN, March, 1884.

Miss Mary Anderson in London.

WHEN Miss Mary Anderson first appeared in London as *Parthenia* in "Ingomar," it appeared to me that she had considerable talent, that her faults were more her teacher's than her own, and that a much misused word, "charming," was, rightly taken, the best adjective with which to describe the general effect of her performance. Since then Miss Anderson has appeared in the "Lady of Lyons," in Mr. Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea," and in the same author's play "Comedy and Tragedy." Except in the last-named piece, no demands have been made on Miss Anderson's powers greater than were made in "Ingomar," and it has been generally acknowledged, rightly, as I think, that she has talent, and that she has the distinction of "charm," which is peculiarly valuable to an actress who is conscious that such a possession gives her a start in the race, but is also conscious that with that possession alone she can never win a really big prize. Much in Miss Anderson's acting seems to me to show that she has no idea of relying upon merely personal qualifications; that she has a distinct conception of what she ought to do upon the stage, and tries with all the earnestness of a gentle and artistic nature to do it. But much seems to me to show also that, whether from want of good schooling or want of perception, she is in great danger of going so wrong a way to

work that she may grow less instead of more perfect in her art, in spite of or even because of her good intentions; and it would be a thousand pities if this happened. Why she is in danger of its happening, I will try to explain as briefly as possible.

In "Ingomar," Miss Anderson was instinct with force and with simplicity. She had just the delicate yet firm touch which the character in its main lines demands; and it is a character made up for the most part of broad outlines. Yet here and there comes a passage where fine shading is wanted; and such a passage is the rejection of the tricky *Polydor's* suit. Then Miss Anderson was absolutely, hopelessly as it seemed, at fault. She had to reject the disgusting old man with a laugh, and the impression produced was that the actress had learned a laugh,—not *the* laugh necessary for the circumstances and situation, but simply a laugh,—and that she reproduced this echo of an abstract laugh with an accuracy which made its sound all the more incongruous and insincere. Also,—but this is a fault of a different kind,—the diction was frequently very indistinct. Yet, with all faults admitted, the acting was full both of promise and of performance, and of broad conviction that Miss Anderson had won the admiration of American audiences by something more than beauty and grace alone.

So, again, in "The Lady of Lyons," an eminently artificial piece, with an eminently artificial heroine's part, Miss Anderson was graceful, statuesque, intelligent, or more than intelligent and charming. But there was, so far, nothing to show whether she had a claim to be considered as an actress in the true sense of the word. If her power of impersonation seemed faulty, or even altogether wanting, why, that might be the fault of the plays rather than of the player.

Then Miss Anderson appeared as the vivified statue in Mr. Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea,"—one of the very vulgarest and commonest plays ever written by an author of cleverness; and in this she set herself a hard task. The result of the experiment is the spectacle of a lady, gifted with singular grace and earnestness, delivering lines which are anything rather than graceful with a manner so opposed to the whole notion of the piece that the effect is indescribably odd. It is as if a pretty and harmless tenor were suddenly to attempt some swaggering baritone, without a perception of the swaggering element. This is, however, a merely general impression. Going into particulars, I find that wherever Mr. Gilbert has been unable or uncared for to coarsen the beautiful legend, and wherever trusting to a fine and simple perception of the legend's poetry is enough for the acting's needs, there Miss Anderson is charming, and singularly charming. Such a moment is the first awakening of the statue, which could hardly be bettered in voice, manner, or look. But when the complex emotions come into play, then, even when one makes fullest allowance for the common and stupid inconsistencies attributed by Mr. Gilbert to the statue, and for an actress's difficulty in glossing over their stupidity, I think Miss Anderson fails for want of perception, and for want of "instruction" in the French, rather than the English, sense of the word. Here she underplays and there she overplays her difficult part. With *Chryso*, the art-patron, she is overpoweringly smiling; with the warrior *Leucippe* (why does Mr. Gilbert call a Greek warrior *Leucippe*? *Leucippe* is the

French, and *only* the French, form of the Greek name) —with *Leucippe* she is overpoweringly horrified. And the sense of exaggeration is no doubt due to a want of true power of composing the part. The gradations are not observed or not thought of. The capital points are accentuated, and often ill-accentuated, without enough reference to what goes before and after; and there is as much want of power in the penultimate scene as there is too much insistence in scenes that precede it. The very first scene and the very last are, to my thinking, out of eight, the best, so far as Miss Anderson is concerned. But the fact remains that when all its faults are counted up, the performance has charm and, I think, talent which might become very remarkable if its possessor were not in great danger of being spoilt by unthinking applause.

In "Pygmalion and Galatea" the actress is, as I have said, handicapped by the inconsistency of the part. This is not so with the part of *Clarice* in Mr. Gilbert's new play, "Comedy and Tragedy," the central situation of which happens to be identical with that of *Tabarin*. It is needless now to dwell upon Mr. Gilbert's wanton and unhandy perversion of all historical fitness in the construction of this piece. He has sinned concededly, in the old if not in the new sense of the word, against all artistic feeling in this matter; but he has also written a very strong part, couched in excellent words, for a fine actress—a part, moreover, thoroughly "composed" by the author, so that the actress need not be tasked to do more than fitly interpret the author's words with voice, gesture, and manner. This, Miss Anderson, I fear, cannot be said to do with any complete success. In the first part of the little piece, which is very striking in spite of its odd mistakes, she has to represent the ideal actress of the Français in the old days, and to represent her also as hiding a great sorrow with a light manner. Here there is absolute failure. The method adopted is that which one associates with the words, "But I must dissemble." There is a very agony of putting dots on the i's—an agony which appeared in "Pygmalion and Galatea" in the milder form of three or more significant looks, when the bare suggestion of one such look was wanted. Then there is a scene with the husband who is still a lover, and here the directness and consistency of Miss Anderson's acting assert themselves pleasantly. Then again we have the light manner masking the true feeling, and then again the method is inadequate or incongruous. Then comes the "recital" in a comic vein for the entertainment of *Clarice's* friends, while *Clarice's* heart is wrung with anxiety and terror, of a strolling actor's pleasures and pains. The speech is excellently written by Mr. Gilbert, and correctly illustrated by Miss Anderson. But "illustrated" is all that one can say. The action suits the word; but there is no heart, and but a superficial and imperfectly learnt art, in either. For the concluding speech, where assumed jest becomes needful seriousness, there is more to be said. This has vigor, force, feeling even; but it lacks "that one little thing, instruction." Miss Anderson, as I judge her from the performances on which I have commented, has remarkable grace and also decided talent, which, with a more deeply attuned emotion and a bettering of instruction (this is needed even in so elementary a matter as the management of the vocal registers),

might carry her far. But while with a crude art she can command unbounded admiration from the general, will she care to work hard enough to merit a generous recognition from the judicious? On the answer to that question rests her best claim to fame as an actress in the future.

Walter Herries Pollock.

Petroleum in Peru.

IN a recent number appeared an article, very ably written, on the petroleum oil industry. The writer has, however, overlooked a very important oil-field, and one that in the near future must be a prominent one. The whole coast of Peru, from Punta de Aguja to Tumbes, a distance of two hundred miles, is saturated with petroleum,—the center of the field, and that having the most surface indications, being Negritos, situated some thirty miles to the northward of Payta. Seven years since, a well was put down at this place which produced three hundred barrels a day,—the oil being of a superior quality and free from sulphur and bitumen, with which all oils thus far found outside of Pennsylvania are strongly impregnated. Inexperienced management and the approach of war led to an abandonment of the business. Now that the production in the United States is rapidly falling off, this oil-field of Peru will probably come to the front.

PAYTA, PERU, S. A.

E. Fowks.

ALL the facts embodied in the above letter are correct. At the same time, I should not call it an important field in the near future. What makes the Pennsylvanian fields so valuable is that the formation of the oil-rock is most suitable for *drilling*, enabling the producer to procure oil at a very low figure. This is leaving out entirely the superior character of the crude oil. In Peru, the rock to be drilled is of an entirely different formation, and as soon as the drill touches it, it sheers off, and will not descend perpendicularly, as in Pennsylvania.

As a competitor, therefore, to the American oil-fields it has at present no place, its cost to produce being stated to me to be from five dollars to ten dollars against, say, one dollar and twelve cents here, which I believe pays well. Besides all this, the coast has no harbors, the means of communication are bad, and there is *no fuel* but the oil itself for drilling purposes.

Oil is found in quantities all over the world, but nowhere do all the surroundings for getting out a superior oil exist as in Pennsylvania. All the advocates of new fields forget entirely that to bring their fields into the market a very much higher price must rule for the article, and the very fact of such a price existing will stimulate the production in Pennsylvania.

George R. Burnaby.

Petrography in America.

I SHOULD like the opportunity of supplementing Mr. Kennedy's communication on petrography in the February number of *THE CENTURY*. The interest in this branch of investigation is already much greater on this side of the Atlantic than your correspondent seems to be aware.

At Columbia College, petrography has been taught for several years, and there has recently been opened at

the Johns Hopkins University a petrographical laboratory, which it is intended shall offer advantages in this line equal to any in the country. It is already equipped with all the apparatus necessary for the microscopical examination of rocks, and is under the direction of Dr. G. H. Williams, who has just returned from Europe, having spent nearly three years at Heidelberg, studying under the direct supervision of Prof. Rosenbusch. The advantages offered here for the prosecution of advanced petrographical study, it may safely be said, are not inferior to those offered by any other institution outside of Germany.

It would hardly be just to the United States Geological Survey to leave this subject without at least alluding to the excellent manner in which petrographical researches in America, so auspiciously inaugurated by Dr. Hawes, have been and are still being carried out by his successors on the Survey. The names of Cross, Becker, Iddings, and Irving are already well known from their publications, and there are others who will not be long in securing recognition for their enthusiastic and earnest work.

BALTIMORE.

W. S. Bayley.

Let Him Try It.

PERHAPS *THE CENTURY* may wish to record, as not inappropriate to the present time, a slight but characteristic anecdote of President Lincoln, which I have frequently heard related by the late Ashbel Welch, who at the time of his death, in 1882, was President of the American Society of Civil Engineers. Mr. Welch was associated in business with the late Edwin A. Stevens, the originator of the "Stevens Battery," and called, with other gentlemen, upon the President, during the early days of our civil war, with relation to the proposed completion of the "Battery."

It happened to be the first anniversary of Mr. Lincoln's inauguration. During the interview, having occasion to write something, he inquired the date. Mr. Welch, who sat near, replied, "The fourth of March, Mr. President." Mr. Lincoln slowly repeated, "The fourth of March"; and then, looking up, added: "I have been President of the United States just one year, and if either of you thinks it a nice thing to be President of the United States, *just let him try it.*"

J. A. Anderson.

The Death of Tecumseh.

TECUMSEH, the Shawnee chief, was killed at the battle of the Thames, which took place near Moravian Town, in Upper Canada, on the 5th of October, 1813, and not at Tippecanoe, as recently stated by a writer in *THE CENTURY*,—the Indian and British forces under Tecumseh and Proctor respectively being beaten by the American forces under Harrison. Colonel Johnson has generally been supposed to be the person by whose hand Tecumseh fell, although there is some doubt on this point.

Tecumseh was not even present at the battle of Tippecanoe, which took place near Lafayette, in Indiana, on November 7th, 1811, nearly two years before Tecumseh's death,—the American forces being under Harrison, and the Indians under Laulwaskau, "the Shawnee Prophet," a brother of Tecumseh.

J. C. Hughes.

bonnet, she continued: "I don't s'pose it's done any good, talkin' to ye so; but it's kinder eased my mind. You and I hev met for the last time. I am an old woman, and it's time I was settin' my house in order, and I shall get on better for this clearin' out; and

I hope the Lord will reward ye, and I've got faith to believe he will."

Giving a tug to her bonnet-strings, she dragged her trunk out on the doorstep, and, closing the door behind her with a decisive bang, departed.

Julia D. Whiting.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

New Light on the Ku Klux Klan.

IN the present number of *THE CENTURY* may be found a chapter of the inside history of the Ku Klux Klan, which is, in many respects, remarkable. It describes the somewhat trivial origin of the Klan out of circumstances which account for the mystery attending its rise and growth; it traces the causes which changed the Klan into a powerful organization called "the Invisible Empire"; and it leaves the history at the point where, in 1869, the "Grand Wizard" disbanded the Empire, though, for a long time after, bands of men calling themselves Ku Klux continued to "regulate" affairs in the South, on secret mob principles.

In its specific statements of fact, the narrative, we think, bears inherent marks of authenticity. It is proper to say that the writer of the paper is an active minister in the Southern Presbyterian Church. We may state also that he has no personal knowledge of the Ku Klux, although he has had abundant opportunity to know as much of the inside history of the Klan as if he had been a leading member; he has had access, besides, to authentic private documents.

Many of the facts related by him will be as new, probably, to most readers at the South, who were personally acquainted with the "mission" and deeds of "the Invisible Empire," but not with its origin, as to those readers at the North who remember the name Ku Klux only as the synonym for midnight murder and political infamy. These are harsh terms, but they are none too harsh if one is to characterize frankly that unfortunate period in our history, which has come to be regarded at the South with solid, though softening, satisfaction, and at the North with lessening disapproval of the results, though with lasting abhorrence of the methods.

In its drift, the paper may be regarded as a moderate apology for the Ku Klux, on the score of unpremeditated "mission" and extenuating provocation. Its conclusions in this regard are partly unsound, because the writer does not properly bring into the premises the real impelling idea of "the Invisible Empire." Its members were a people who had sought by revolution to insure the perpetuity of a slave system, which was the corner-stone of their social and industrial life. The penalty of defeat required that they should be governed in large part by the politically unskilled and mentally ignorant race which had been in servitude to them, and which was being organized and led by a few whites, who were even more odious to them. Here was a state of affairs, it is now plain to see, as

perfectly arranged to breed trouble as the juxtaposition of fire and powder. No race on the face of the earth would have accepted such moral and political subjugation to another race regarded as of a lower type, and which had just been transported from barbarism, or recently reared out of it. Probably the nearest approach to such moral and political servitude observable to-day, is the ease with which the native intelligence of some of our Northern cities is ruled by a horde of ignorant foreign-born liquor-dealers, and their more ignorant foreign-born clients. We certainly favor a reform of this anomaly, but not by bloodshed. There are stronger agencies for social and political regeneration than mob violence; and a mob of the higher elements of society is worse than a mob of the ignorant and of the dregs, because its example is more pernicious and lasting.

So, when we are told that many members of the Ku Klux were originally in search of amusement, and did not premeditate outrage, terrorism, and murder in giving wide-spread organization to the Klan, we cannot help thinking that they might have stilled the evil power they had raised if their hearts had not been fired by a general purpose to subjugate the blacks, who, by the operation of the law of the land, had become their political masters. What was an overmastering wish with some was a lawless determination with others, and with all it meant revolution at any cost. The ordinarily peaceable men in the Klan had helped to fashion it into an effective instrument, and the rebellious spirits of that unsettled time seized the weapon, some to wage private warfare, and all to vent their hatred of the political situation. It was the worst kind of mob violence; and, as in every deviation from legal methods, the worst elements came to the top.

In estimating the minor provocations which, it is claimed, led the Ku Klux into the rôle of "regulators," and in weighing the tone of injury and innocence which pervades the manifestoes of the Klan, we must not forget who, in the eyes of the law, were the aggressors. It is not uncommon for an aggressor, of whatever kind, to view with alarm and abhorrence a natural act of self-defense or retaliation. The Government, which placed the blacks in their strange position, in the end left them to defend themselves. Naturally, they were made to yield to the whites the power they had not the physical courage and the mental ability to hold. They are entitled to the fullest sympathy, for they were politically without blame and were grievously sinned against. And perhaps we should also regard their trials and the place they have accepted as necessary feat-

ures of the discipline which is to make intelligent freemen of a once barbarous and ignorant race of bondmen.

On the other hand, there is a growing sympathy with the whites of the South, and a willingness to admit that on the ground of human sentiment — that great changeable force which now seems to differentiate human law and the law of heaven, and again seems to override both — the whites had great provocation. In the same spirit men are beginning to accept the success of the Ku Klux revolution as being *in the result* the inevitable solution of an anomalous political situation. Peace and happiness never could come to the South so long as the political lines were co-existent with the color lines, with the blacks in the ascendancy. Every well-wisher of the blacks will counsel them to accept the foot of the political ladder, and it is not without fitness that they should begin at the bottom rung and work up, because they were the last to be apprenticed to citizenship. Already the whites, as in Charleston, are giving them a share of the public employment, by making them street-cleaners, firemen, and policemen. This is not sharing according to numerical importance, but it is a beginning, and the education which is being placed within their reach will fit them for better things to come.

But let us not be misunderstood. If it was a questionable device to place the power of the ballot, suddenly and without limitations, in the hands of an emancipated and uneducated race, none the less immoral, unjustifiable, and brutalizing were the means adopted by the whites to rid themselves of an intolerable rule. And because the blacks are still restrained from the free exercise of their legal rights, the situation at the South is to-day morally unsound. For it is for ever true, as a Southern orator has said, that "the political devil is no more to be fought with fire, without terrible consequences to the best interest of the community, than is the devil of avarice, or of envy, or of ambition, or any other of the numerous devils which infest society."

The lessons to be drawn from the Ku Klux period are mainly for statesmen, but they also teach the individual citizen, in a new way, that mob force is a barbarous and dangerous remedy for real or fancied wrongs. When, in the April CENTURY, we discussed one phase of the subject under the heading, "Mob or Magistrate," we did not know we should be able to broaden its application by publishing so important a study of violence as the paper we print in the present number on the Ku Klux Klan.

On the Advertising Power of a Good Name.

In the Old World, the advertising power of distinguished or titled names is thoroughly understood, and has, in fact, given rise to an enormous system. This system is especially noticeable in England, where the royalty, nobility, and gentry of the realm serve a highly useful purpose, not merely as promoters of all the various charities and benevolent movements of the day, but as excellent advertisements also of the better class of manufactures and general haberdashery of the realm. To be sure, the system has many absurd incidents, which the American abroad is sure to smile at; as, for instance, the list of patrons of a library which was about to be established in London, where, after the names of we know not how many titled per-

sons, occurred that of plain Mr. Robert Browning; while in Canada (as remarked in these pages several years ago), one could find "advertisements of bitters whose names share the advancing honors of their illustrious and titled namesakes." ("Original, D'Israeli's Tonic Bitters! *Now, Earl Beaconsfield's!*")

But, with all its ludicrousness to the republican mind, there is something in the English system of patronage that is better than in the American. To be sure, "patronage" in America does not often descend to the products of manufacture, except in the matter of musical instruments, medicines, and articles of the toilet. It is true that here distinguished performers lend their names to the various piano-makers; actresses and opera-singers praise the virtues of rouges and all beautifiers of the complexion; and clergymen are sometimes betrayed into advertising quack medicines, — or soap, for its moral qualities. But, as a rule, prominent names are reserved in their public advertising capacity for the worthy ends of charity, or for institutions of an educational or financial character.

In fact, patronage in America is not an acknowledged system, but, nevertheless, it exists very largely, and in a loose and unconsidered way. It is as well understood in America as abroad that every good name has a certain amount of advertising power; and the possessors of these good names, whether made or inherited by the owners, are constantly being imported for their use by way of advertisement either of public benevolent, or private financial schemes. It is one of the faults of American good-nature that men of mark or of character are too easily induced to lend their names to their friends, or others, on request. A busy man is approached in behalf of some good cause, or some business enterprise, and is asked to help it along by doing little more than joining some committee or board of trustees, or permitting himself to be used as a "reference." He tries at first to be excused on the ground of other engrossing engagements, but finally yields to the plea that he need give none of his time whatever — "All we want is your name!" By and by the institution is involved in some scandal, or goes to wreck; the man with the good name may even find that this good name of his has been used as a decoy, and that, under its honorable shadow, foul deeds have been done.

For years we have watched the workings of this system of patronage — of advertisement by means of good names — here in the city of New York; and we must say that we have seen great harm come from it, in many directions. The persons are not as numerous as they should be who resolutely refuse the use of their names to every movement, to every institution, to every committee, to every board of management, to which they are unable to give the necessary time and attention, or in whose affairs they are not competent to deal with full intelligence and with fitness of taste and education. We say that such scrupulosity seems to be exceptional in New York, and yet events are constantly occurring to show the danger, even the immorality, of allowing the use of one's name where one's care and attention do not follow.

We have barely alluded above to the reprehensible course which some pursue of using their own good names as an investment, for profit, in connection with financial corporations, or schemes of various sorts, which they do not in reality control. Of the impro-

priety of such action there can be no question. Recent events have made the danger and wrong of such an act lamentably conspicuous, and we do not need to dwell upon this phase of the subject. What we wish to do now is to call especial attention to the loose manner in which good names are constantly being used by way of advertisement, in charitable, social, educational, and other praiseworthy lines. We ask our readers if they cannot each recall some instance where the public has been misled, or where honored reputations have suffered? The fact is that when any scheme or institution, however proper or even virtuous its objects, wants from any respectable person "nothing but his name," his name is the very thing he should stoutly refuse to give.

Dishonesty in Commerce and Politics.

NO FEATURE of the present age is more displeasing to the moralist than the dishonesty that so widely prevails in commerce and politics. In whatever direction we turn, this phenomenon meets our eye; and there is no branch of business, no department of government, and no class in society in which it does not appear. The forms of commercial dishonesty are almost endless in variety, including not only the old and well-worn tricks of trade, but also some that have been invented or largely developed in recent times. The cases that have been most commented on are the defalcations by presidents, treasurers, and similar persons in charge of the funds of others,—flagrant instances of which have occurred both in this country and in Europe. It may be doubted, however, whether these are the worst or the most common of the dishonest practices of the age,—the malfeasance of the directors of corporations and the cheating on the stock exchanges being probably more flagrantly dishonest and more injurious to the community than are the simple defalcations. The robbery of stockholders and bondholders by their own agents has become a common practice, and some of our leading capitalists seem to make it their principal business. Instances of this sort are so common and so well known that it is not necessary to cite them here, and their pernicious influence is felt both on the commercial prosperity and on the morality of the country.

If, now, we turn to politics, we find a similar or even a worse state of affairs there. Fraudulent contracts, sinister legislation, bought and paid for by those whom it benefits, trading of offices and votes, and all the various methods of robbing the public for the benefit of a few, have become so common among us as hardly to awaken surprise when exposed to the public view. There is, moreover, a close connection between the dishonest practices of politics and those of commerce, and collusions are constant between unscrupulous men in commercial business and equally unscrupulous men in public station. The result is a development of the spirit of greed which is debasing the minds and corrupting the morals of the whole community.

It does not necessarily follow that men are more dishonest at heart in our day than in former times; whether they are so or not is difficult to decide, since it is hard to compare the morality of one age with that of another. The spirit of honesty may be as strong as ever, but the temptations to dishonesty are greater

than ever before, owing to the immense gains that may often be made by it. It is comparatively easy now for a man in the right position to acquire a large fortune in a few years, by betraying his trust or by prostituting his office to base and unpatriotic uses; and hence a higher morality is required than ever before to keep men in the path of honesty. The greater temptations of the present day demand greater conscientiousness to resist them, and this greater conscientiousness is not always forthcoming. The development of morality has not kept pace with the development of wealth and the facilities for acquiring it; and the result is the dishonesty and corruption that prevail.

Meanwhile, the efforts that have been made to check the evil seem thus far to have met with but little success. Defaulters, when found out, have generally been punished; a beginning has been made of reforming the civil service; the contracting of debts by cities has been restricted within certain limits; and various other remedies of a political or legal character have been tried or proposed; yet the dishonest practices continue as before. Such remedies, no doubt, are necessary, and useful as far as they go; but they do not reach the root of the evil, which lies in the dispositions of men, and can only be successfully combated by moral means.

The prime cause of commercial dishonesty and political corruption is a false ideal of life,—an ideal that puts the material interests of man above the spiritual, and makes riches the supreme object of human endeavor; and the only effectual remedy is the establishment of a higher and more spiritual ideal. The facilities for acquiring wealth are, as we have remarked, greater in our time than ever before, and men have rushed into the pursuit of it with too little regard for those higher things which, to those capable of appreciating them, make riches of inferior importance. The scramble for wealth thus begun, a paltry emulation has arisen among those engaged in it, so that men who already have more wealth than they know how to enjoy are still eagerly grasping for more, apparently for the mere sake of being richer than their neighbors. And thus avarice has become with multitudes of men an absorbing passion, overbearing the sentiment of justice, and leading to the dishonesty that so widely prevails; and in all probability, so long as this passion is thus dominant, and the pursuit of wealth thus engrosses the minds of men, the dishonest practices will continue, whatever political or legal remedies may be employed to check them.

Moreover, unless a change takes place in public sentiment, there is danger that the law itself may fall under the control of the dishonest men, as to some extent it already has done. The corruption of some of our legislative and executive bodies is notorious, and the courts themselves are not always above suspicion; and we have probably not seen the worst of these evils yet. Nor will public opinion be effectual to prevent dishonesty, so long as public opinion continues to look upon riches as the greatest good in life. Public opinion itself needs to be enlightened and the public taste raised to a higher level, so that the men notable merely for the quick acquirement of riches may be assigned their proper place in life, and dishonestly acquired wealth be looked upon with the disrespect it deserves. We need to cultivate and diffuse among the people a love for the spiritual goods

of life,—for those intellectual and moral interests which have always been the main pursuits of the best members of the race, and which are the source of nobler pleasures than riches can give.

The most powerful check upon dishonesty would come, of course, from an increase of the genuine religious spirit, from a deeper love of ideal virtue, and an endeavor, so far as humanity can, to reach it. Whenever in the history of mankind such a sentiment has existed, and men have tried, in obedience to their own higher impulses or to some great teacher and exemplar, to reach a higher standard of life, mere material good has ceased to have that commanding importance which in most men's eyes it is apt to have. There is no reason to doubt that what has always proved true in this respect in ages past would prove equally true in our own time, if by any means the right impulses could be more deeply stirred than they are now in the hearts of men.

Another antidote to dishonesty would be the cultivation among business men of the true business ideal, which consists in a sincere and hearty devotion to the commercial interests of society and the intelligent management of the world's commerce, and not in the mere accumulation of wealth for one's self. Even now this spirit prevails among many of our capitalists, and their example is powerful in making dishonest practices much less frequent than they would otherwise be. Such sentiments as these, if once highly developed in a community, would put a powerful check upon dishonesty in all its forms, and men guilty of it would become the scorn and detestation of their neighbors, and not, as is sometimes the case now, objects of admiration.

But we need also to cultivate the intellectual interests of humanity, which contribute so much to raise men above sordid pursuits and the temptations that attend them. The love of virtue and of the general good is never so strong as it should be, and needs all the support it can get from other agencies; and nothing will serve so well for this purpose as the cultivation

of the higher pursuits of the intellect. A deep interest in the things of the mind tends to lift men above the passion for gain, and leads them to regard wealth as a means to those higher things, and not as an end in itself. True lovers of science, art, and philosophy, while they know better than other men do the real value of wealth, never treat it as the great object of life's aim, but always as subordinate to intellectual and spiritual good. To be sure, all men cannot devote their lives to such pursuits; but there is no reason why all should not take an intelligent interest in them, and thus counteract that engrossing passion for material good which now corrupts the conduct and wears out the lives of so many.

What prospect there is at present of such a change in public sentiment and in the popular ideal of life, we need not here consider. It is obvious, however, that it must proceed in the first instance from a few minds, raised by nature or circumstances or their own efforts to a higher plane than the masses now stand on; and from them the better impulses would spread to the whole community. The absence in this country hitherto of a considerable body of men of the highest order of intellect, and the inadequacy of our institutions of learning for the purpose of the highest culture, have hindered the formation of the lofty moral and social ideal which the good of our people requires. But improvement in these respects is already visible, and we look forward with confidence to much more rapid developments in the years to come. The people of the United States, with their social freedom and their active intelligence, will not always be so strenuously devoted to the pursuit of wealth, but will set their minds, sooner or later, on higher things. And when once these higher pursuits have become popular among us, the attractions of mere riches will be greatly diminished, and the temptations to dishonesty will lose much of their force. We may then look for more upright dealing in commercial transactions, and more disinterested virtue in public station.

OPEN LETTERS.

Recent American Poetry.*

It is hard to say exactly what it is that makes some one of half a dozen volumes of current poetry a success, while all the rest are failures. Mr. Aldrich's "Mercedes, and Later Lyrics," shows, perhaps, no more

* "Mercedes, and Later Lyrics." By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"The City of Success, and other Poems." By Henry Abbey. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"The Happy Isles, and other Poems." By S. H. M. Byers. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.

"The Love Poems of Louis Barnaval." Edited with an Introduction by Charles de Kay. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere." By H. C. Bunner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Songs of Fair Weather." By Maurice Thompson. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

"The Old Swimmin' Hole, and Seven more Poems." By Benj. F. Johnson of Boone (James Whitcomb Riley). Indianapolis: George C. Hitt. (Reprinted from the "Indianapolis Journal.")

"Poems" by William Cleaver Wilkinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The Venus of Milo, and other Poems." By E. R. Sill, Berkeley, California.

"Songs at the Start." By Louise Imogen Guiney. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.

imagination than Mr. Henry Abbey's "The City of Success," and no more emotion than Mr. S. H. M. Byers's "The Happy Isles." But it attains its aim quite as surely as the others miss theirs; it succeeds, namely, in pleasing the public and satisfying the judicious. The secret of Mr. Aldrich's poetical prosperity we take to be that he has himself thoroughly in hand, that his talent is quite self-possessed. To his every fancy or sentiment he brings the daintiest expression, the neatest workmanship. There is no sprawling in his poetry. He knows what he can do, and he does it—well.

"Mercedes," which is in prose, is less a tragedy than a dramatized incident—an incident in Napoleon's Peninsular campaigns; in which it is told how a Spanish peasant girl disarms the suspicion of the French soldiery by drinking herself, and giving to her baby to drink, some of the poisoned wine that has been left behind by the fleeing villagers. She thus kills her own French lover, who, unknown to her, is among the soldiers and has partaken of the wine, and they die one after another in the usual manner of the fifth

act. There are two pretty songs in the play; the local coloring is, we presume, correct; there are the conventional *padre* and old grandmother, Ursula, who remind one vaguely of Longfellow's "Spanish Student." But Mr. Aldrich's genius is not dramatic. He carefully prepares a little scenic effect in the first act, which strikes us somehow as characteristic,—the stage direction calling for a sentinel on the cliff overhanging the camp, and for the guard to be relieved in dumb-show, while the "lyrical interlude" is being sung.

It is, indeed, for the picturesque that Mr. Aldrich has the quickest eye. The movement and flash of a guard relief on the cliff while a song is sung to guitar and castanets in the foreground; Chiquita's "complexion of a newly minted napoleon," and Pepita's tortoise-shell comb and coal-black hair; the

"strip of indigo sky
Half-glimpsed through a Moorish gate;"

the golden-brown masonry and the mule-bells on the height: it is these, and similar bright points of color, architecture, costume, that represent Spain for Mr. Aldrich, whose muse, for the most part, is frankly external. It is Spain, too, which gives the prevailing tinge to the present volume. "On Lynn Terrace" is a series of reminiscences, in regretful mood, of European scenes, rapidly and cleverly sketched. "At Two-score" is an epilogue to the muse, half-pensive, half-playful, and wholly charming, with a slight breath of Bohemia about it. "Prescience" has a depth of feeling and reflection which makes it more of a real poem and less of an "intaglio" than anything else in the collection.

PRESCIENCE.

The new moon hung in the sky, the sun was low in the west,
And my betrothed and I in the church-yard paused to rest—
Happy maiden and lover, dreaming the old dream over:
The light winds wandered by, and robins chirped from the nest.

And low in the meadow sweet was the grave of a little child,
With a crumbling stone at the feet and the ivy running wild—
Tangled ivy and clover folding it over and over:
Close to my sweetheart's feet was the little mound up-piled.

Stricken with nameless fears, she shrank and clung to me,
And her eyes were filled with tears for a sorrow I did not see:
Lightly the winds were blowing, softly her tears were flowing—
Tears for the unknown years and a sorrow that was to be!

MR. ABBEY is given over to allegory. The two most ambitious poems in his book, "The City of Success" and "The City of Decay," are labyrinths of vast and imposing imagery, enshrouding some dimly descried moral. The reader will really have to go back to "The House of Fame" or "The Romant of the Rose" to get anything corresponding. The poet has a sufficient imagination, moreover, and we give a few stanzas from the name-poem which are certainly strong work. They are from the description of a chariot-race on the city wall, which seems to symbolize the career of ambition:

"At the goal were cressets two,
Flinging up flame-arms of blue,
And, just beyond, abruptly stood an angle of the wall;
The unmoving feet of this
Rested on a precipice,
And the pebbles men flung down it seemed to never cease to fall.

"In the shining, jeweled sword,
Belted, with a twinkling cord,
To the thigh of bright Orion, where he stands august in space,
Is a gulf of darkness great,
Where no sun's rays penetrate,—
An awful gulf of nothingness,—a black and worldless place.

"So appeared the dread abyss,
Down the wall and precipice,
In the night, with fear, looked o'er the balustrade;
Even the cressets' angry bloom
Parted not the heavy gloom
Which lay appallingly beneath, in one dense bush of shade."

Mr. Abbey's art is frequently at fault. Newspaper English, like "palatial dwellings," "sparsely populated," etc., jars on the ear in a passage of poetry; and none but an amateur in verse would be capable of writing such an awkward couplet as the following:

"With her through the city go,
She thee it will fully show."

"She thee it!"

THERE is something quite engaging in Mr. Byers's little volume, in spite of the fact that much of it belongs to what is called "popular" poetry—a species for which we confess, in general, an abhorrence. Such are, for instance, "A Centennial Idyl," "The Nation's Dead," "Welcome to Grant," "Iowa," and "Sherman's March to the Sea," the last of which has had much vogue. Popular, too, in a familiar and more domestic way, are "Room for the Angels," "The Mowing," and "Baby Hélène,"—the last named, a poem of bereavement, written, oddly enough, in the meter and manner of Swinburne. The feeling throughout the book is sound and sweet, and the expression often happy, though seldom original. "The Happy Isles" reminds one pleasantly, in its musical opening stanzas, of Keats—whose inspiration is also visible in "Philip," written in the stanza and style of "The Eve of St. Agnes":

"And softly stepped she on the oaken stair,
And softly stepped she in that chapel old,
The silver censer still was swinging there,
As if a moonbeam did its weight uphold,
It was so light and beautiful of mold."

"The Guard on the Volga" is the most striking poem in the book; the verse is energetic, and the thrill of mysterious horror—at the ghostly approach of the pestilence is successfully brought home to the reader.

THE "Love Poems of Louis Barnaval" bear such strong resemblance to the already published work of their "editor" that one is at liberty from internal evidences to treat them as Mr. de Kay's own. They have the same largeness of style, the same free play of imagination, the same width of horizon, and the same rapidity and intensity of utterance, as "Hesperus," "The Vision of Nimrod," and "The Vision of Esther." They have, on the other hand, the same unevenness of quality. Sometimes the clearest and most transparent expression shows at the bottom an insoluble residuum of fact. Occasionally it would appear that the thought had been first conceived in prose. One sees also here the same freedom in subject-matter which Mr. de Kay has before allowed himself—a freedom by no means always to be reprehended. In some instances where he transcends conventional limits, he hardly seems to justify the breach of taste by the delicacy or strength of the poetic product. These harsh passages aside, there are in the volume many fine bursts of natural and passionate expression. The sincerity of the inspiration is nowhere in doubt by reason of affectation; and where the poetry is not purely such, it is usually because Mr. de Kay

has tried to poetize things that are not poetic. But Time is a good editor, even if poets are not. The world grows by its best things, and the product of inferior poetic moods carries with it its own death-warrant.

In the "Love Poems" there is more versatility of metrical expression than Mr. de Kay has before shown. Here are a hundred moods of love—or, rather, a unique passion in a hundred shades of love for one whom the lover criticises, upbraids, and even scorns, but always loves. These moods are well mated by the measures, and the rapid current of the thought seems to make its own banks. The narrative is real, virile, even fascinating. Among the best of the freer strains, where the poet has completely mastered his material, are these lines :

"Ah moments of a softer look,
Ah hours that flew all unaware,
Ah graceful skyswung hawks that took
The eye with beauty's curve in air,
Ah happy grass within our nook,
Say, were you pressed by shape more rare?
Your voice that day, my own dear maid,
Sang like the wind through a leafy glade."

And these :

"What restful calm descends upon the man
Who knows his purpose! From a mountain crest
O'er graven pathways, streams that gnaw the mold,
He smiles wide-eyed across the unfolded plain
Far tow'rd the glories on the outmost verge
Where hurrying Phœbus beckons from his car:
Yonder's the way! Look, the untroubled goal!

"That holy calm is mine, O double soul,
With me now knit in love beyond all jar—
Thee have I found, my hope in thee I merge:
Warmed by thy breath no gale my heart shall drain
Soothed by thy palm I dare the dangerous world,
And while with rapture still expands my breast
Clear through thine eyes rises the cosmic plan!

"But thou, mine own, the prospect calmly scan;
Fear not the future; on my shoulder rest
Thy smooth soft cheek; then tenderly yet bold
On this strong arm linking thy beauty's chain
March forth with me through life's incessant surge,
Nor faint though mists should haply blot a star,
Though overhead the thunder-drum will roll.

"Say not that all must be a happy whole
Of light that shadows never dare to mar.
With carols alternate the solemn dirge;
Sweet mouth and eyes, O sweetest soul and brain,
The earth hath metals wholesomer than gold.
Be comforted, have faith, and make me blessed
As Eve once loved and blessed the primal man."

MR. H. C. BUNNER, Mr. de Kay's fellow Knickerbocker, who publishes in his "Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere" his first collection, is likely to reach a popularity by his marked poetic skill and fancy, as well as by other taking qualities, not the least of which is an agreeable and spontaneous humor. Mr. Matthew Arnold insists upon "high seriousness" as an element of great poetry, and perhaps in a test of three hundred years the value of humorous verse is not very high, but it is certain to be a strong attraction to one's contemporaries. Mr. Bunner's variations on the theme of "Home, Sweet Home," have the first requisite of such writing, a fine critical sense, and to the spirit of other writers he adds a definite contribution of his own. Of the light verse there are at least four perfectly wrought specimens—"Forfeits," "She was a Beauty," "Candor," and the stanzas called "Feminine," which have the mature and touching seriousness characteristic of Dobson :

FEMININE.

She might have known it in the earlier Spring,
That all my heart with vague desire was stirred;
And, ere the Summer winds had taken wing,
I told her; but she smiled and said no word.

The Autumn's eager hand his red gold grasped,
And she was silent; till from skies grown drear
Fell soft one fine, first snow-flake, and she clasped
My neck and cried, "Love, we have lost a year!"

Of the poems whose first intention is serious, the deepest note is touched in "The Way to Arcady," half catch, half ballad; but one is more moved by "The Appeal to Harold"—on the whole, perhaps, the best poem in the volume—and by "Daphnis," "Longfellow," "Triumph," and by this sonnet, exquisitely pathetic and reverent in tone :

DEAF.

As to a bird's song she were listening,
Her beautiful head is ever sidewise bent;
Her questioning eyes lift up their depths intent—
She, who will never hear the wild birds sing.
My words within her ears' cold chambers ring
Faint, with the city's murmurous sub-tones lent;
Though with such sounds as suppliants may have sent
To high-throned goddesses, my speech takes wing.

Not for the side-poised head's appealing grace
I gaze, nor hair where fire in shadow lies—
For her this world's unhallowed noises base
Melt into silence; not our groans, our cries,
Our curses, reach that high-removed place
Where dwells her spirit, innocently wise.

The lyrical strain of the song, "New London, Ahoy!" is so pure as to lead one to hope that Mr. Bunner will touch that note again. Two or three pieces—"Poetry and the Poet," "Disaster," and "In School Hours"—are hardly entitled to a place even in the first collection of a poet of Mr. Bunner's achievements and promise.

MR. MAURICE THOMPSON'S "Songs of Fair Weather" realize the wholesome promise of their title. There is not a morbid line in the pretty volume; there is, indeed, almost a total absence of the intensity which we find in Mr. de Kay and Mr. Bunner—poets of the city, where all life is, so to speak, at the wings of the theater. Much of the book might have been written with no knowledge of the poets who have given the nineteenth century its introspective tendencies in verse. As a compensation for this lack of passion we have what few poets of the day have been able to give—the entire restfulness of rural landscapes—and always with the touch of personal interest which relieves landscape verse of dreariness. This is true especially of "The Wabash," "In the Haunts of Bass and Bream," "Twilight," "The Bluebird," and the numerous poems of bow and arrow, in which Mr. Thompson has added a new domain to American verse. One of the best of these is

THE ARCHER.

The joy is great of him who strays
In shady woods on summer days,
With eyes alert and muscles steady,
His long bow strung, his arrows ready.

At morn he hears the wood-thrush sing,
He sees the wild rose blossoming,
And on his senses, soft and low,
He feels the brook-song ebb and flow.

Life is a charm, and all is good
To him who lives like Robin Hood,
Hearing ever, far and thin,
Hints of the tunes of Gamelyn.

His greatest grief, his sharpest pain,
Is (when the days are dark with rain)
That for a season he must lie
Inert, while deer go bounding by;

Lounge in his lodge, and long and long
For Allen à Dale's delightful song,
Or smack his lips at thought of one
Drink from the friar's demijohn.

But when the sky is clear again,
He sloughs his grief, forgets his pain,
Hearing on gusts of charming weather
The low laugh of his arrow feather!

The simplicity and directness of these lines are typical of the book, and it is rare to find so unpoetic a touch as in these two lines at the close of an otherwise beautiful sonnet called "Okechobee":

"O lake, thy beauty inexpressible is
Except by some song-wrought antholysis."

The longest poem, "In Exile," contains more warmth of feeling than all the rest of the book would aggregate. The invocation, "A Prelude," is fine; and in the middle of the book we find this pretty pastoral:

DRIPPING CORN.

Pretty Phœbe Lane and I,
In the soft May weather,
Barefoot down the furrows went
Dropping corn together.

Side by side across the field
Back and forth we hurried;
All the golden grains we dropped
Soon the ploughshare buried.

Bluebirds on the hedges sat,
Chirping low and billing;
"Why," thought I, "not follow suit,
If the maid is willing?"

So I whispered, "Phœbe, dear,
Kiss me—" "Keep on dropping!"
Called her father from the plough;
"There's no time for stopping!"

The cord was loosed,—the moments sped;
The golden charm was broken!
Nevermore between us two
Word of love was spoken.

What a little slip, sometimes,
All our hope releases!
How the merest breath of chance
Breaks our joys in pieces!

Sorrow's cup, though often drained,
Never lacks for filling;
And we can't get Fortune's kiss
When the maid is willing.

MR. J. W. RILEY, who enjoys a wide popularity among Western readers as a frequent contributor to the poetry corner of the newspaper press, has selected out of an abundant store of verses a dozen samples of Hoosier-farmer dialect, and bound them together in flexible covers, which make an all-too-modest appeal to the eye. In fact, they are worth more, with their evident shortcomings as poetry, than half-a-dozen volumes of the hysterical verse that hides itself between book-covers every year, and that deals with the same old themes in the same old conventional way. The only prototype to these poems is, perhaps, the "Biglow Papers," and to these they bear in quality something of the relation of humor to wit. They lack

the Yankee sententiousness, and have no political or other aim; but they have an equal faithfulness to the rustic type; they have, moreover, a pervading and touching pathos, which is due to the simplicity and naturalness with which Mr. Riley has imagined his farmer, and not to any theatrical or hyper-sentimental handling of the "Over the Hills to the Poor-house" variety. The sentiment of pity is never appealed to, but there is under the imperturbable content and hopefulness of this middle-aged farmer a tone of sadness expressed rather in his enjoyment of his youth than in his regret for it. This comes out in "The Old Swimmin' Hole," "The Mulberry Tree," and "Worter-melon Time," poems which, whether the touch is humorous or sad, revive one's youth, as in these lines:

"But your melons that's raised right, and tended to with care,
You can walk around amongst 'em with a parent's pride and joy,
And thump 'em on the heads with as fatherly a air
As ef each one of them was your little girl er boy.

"I joy in my hart jest to hear that rippin' sound
When you split one down the back and jolt the halves in two,
And the friends you love the best is gethered all around—
And you says unto your sweetheart, 'Oh, here's the core fer you!'"

Or in this pastoral glimpse of a country road in the lines "To My Old Neighbor, William Leachman":

"It was better than the meetin' too, that 9-mile talk we had
Of the time when we first settled here and travel was so bad;
When we had to go on horseback, and sometimes on 'Shanks's mare,'
And 'blaze' a road for them behind that had to travel thare.

"And now we was a-trottin' 'long a level gravel pike,
In a big two-horse road-wagon, jest as easy as you like—
Two of us on the front seat, and our wimern-folks behind,
A-settin' in their Winsor cheers in perfect peace of mind."

Mr. Riley's work shares with that of his Indiana colleague, Mr. Thompson, the restfulness of a rural setting. Compared with the nervousness of city verse, such as Mr. de Kay's and Mr. Bunner's, the temperament of their muse is indeed lymphatic. This is not to say that it is any better verse, or even so good. Each is well in its way. Keats thought that the excellence of every art lies in its intensity, and this is a proposition upon which poets would probably be the first to agree. Mr. Riley has plenty of voice and a rare warmth of feeling. What he has done here is agreeable rather than important, and the present poems do not enable one to judge how far he has the artistic instinct, which is necessary in wholly serious and enduring verse.

THERE is no hasty or careless writing in Professor Wilkinson's "Poems." The qualities in them which may be regarded as faults by others have probably been well considered and deliberately assumed by the author. There is, for instance, a verbal mannerism which seems to have been largely derived from Tennyson, and which runs through nearly the whole volume,—here and there more strenuously insisted upon. This mannerism, which consists partly in alliteration and repetition, is evidently not accidental, but intentional and deliberate. Sometimes it is effective, sometimes awkward and even grotesque. There are more serious lapses in taste,—as, for instance, in the publica-

tion of a painfully inadequate "Stanza," suggested as the concluding one to Bryant's imaginative and exquisite "June"; while the tone of the Webster ode, outside of certain fine passages, is strained even to the point of absurdity. These "Poems," then, will be likely to strike the reader as unequal, but among them are some fine and thoughtful poetical essays. "The Song of Runaway Pond" is a stirring piece of descriptive poetry, narrating an extraordinary occurrence. "The Vale of Otter" is another felicitously worded descriptive poem. "Dedicated" is an album piece, written with simplicity and sincerity. If there were room, attention might be called to other pieces that the appreciator of beautiful verse should not let pass. A poem that shows the author at his best in both diction and feeling is the one entitled "Desiderium," from which are quoted the first and last stanzas:

DESIDERIUM.

The shattered water plashes down the ledge;
The long ledge slants and bends between its walls,
And shoots the current over many an edge
Of shelvy rock, in thin and foamy falls,
With the same streaming light and numerous sound
As when his musing way he duly hither wound.

These tokens of that gracious presence here,
O Nature, you and I together mourn;
But you and I, O Nature, have our cheer
Concerning him that helps our loss be borne—
You mold his dust to keepsake grass and flower,
What warmed his dust molds me to forms of finer power.

IN "The Venus of Milo, and Other Poems," Mr. Sill shows a genuine poetic faculty. Here are lyrical feeling and imagination of an unusual character. The title poem has a thoughtfulness, a dignity, and spontaneity of expression that lift it above the ordinary rhyming of the day, and lead one to wish that the author might in the future cultivate his gifts with greater assiduity than heretofore. Here is no lack, apparently, of original qualification for a poetic career; and if it were not so common to see young authors deflected by circumstances from following out a natural bent toward imaginative work, one might have the highest hopes for Mr. Sill's future as a writer of poetry. We copy out a few lines from a striking poem entitled "Field Notes":

"Life is a game the soul can play
With fewer pieces than men say.
Only to grow as the grass grows,
Prating not of joys or woes;
To burn as the steady hearth-fire burns;
To shine as the star can shine,
Or only as the mote of dust that turns
Darkling and twinkling in the beam of light divine;
And for my wisdom—glad to know
Where the sweetest beech-nuts grow,
And to track out the spicy root,
Or peel the musky core of the wild-berry shoot,
And how the russet ground-bird bold
With both slim feet at once will lightly rake the mold."

ELLEN M. HUTCHINSON, Owen Innsley, Edith Thomas, and Helen Gray Cone are names (real and assumed) of young American women who have very recently come before the public as writers of verse of unusual merit, though of these four only the first two have yet published in volume form. To these poets must now be added the name of Louise Imogen Guiney, whose "Songs at the Start" include several poems of great beauty and finish, and of an indefinable

charm. When the author comes in later years to revise the present volume, she will perhaps omit from a serious collection like this such alien notes as those struck on pages 21, 76, and 80; she may, perhaps, also discard or recast some other pieces in the book, but not such fine and well-wrought poems as "Hemlock River," "An Epitaph," "Poete my Maister Chaucer," "Charondas," "Crazy Margaret" (with its ending touch of fate), "My Neighbor," "To The River," "My Soprano," and "Spring." This new poet—for poet she surely is—has a young and healthy maturity of thought and art, a nice verbal sense, a sincere human sympathy, and a lyrical grace, that give the lover of poetry a keen pleasure, and promise still stronger performance in the future. The gem of these songs is a little poem of two stanzas. A famous writer of exquisite verses once said, "How grateful we ought to be to a poet who writes even but a single poem that we love and remember!" And a poem to love and remember is

SPRING.

"With a difference."—*Hamlet*.

Again the bloom, the northward flight,
The fount freed at its silver height,
And down the deep woods to the lowest,
The fragrant shadows scarred with light.

O inescapable joy of spring!
For thee the world shall leap and sing;
But by her darkened door thou goest
Forever as a spectral thing.

Many things could be said in praise of the above lines, but the best of it is that the author shows in many parts of her first book the same qualities which go to the making of this perfect lyric.

* * *

The Minister and the Music.

IN all these discussions concerning choirs and congregations, a careful reference must be had to the clergyman who is responsibly in charge of the church. He is an important factor in every case, and some righteous disposal must be made of him. For example, if it be insisted that every chorister, in order to avoid singing an inappropriate opening piece or an inconsistent anthem, must seek music with the kind of sentiment in it which will represent the spirit of the present service, then it follows certainly that the minister must in some intelligible form make known to him what the spirit of that special service is going to be. In many congregations the rubrics of what is called the Church Year fix the themes of the sermons and the subject of prayer. But in the larger number all this is left to be fashioned by the judgment or even the caprice of the preacher. I once in Brooklyn heard a man deliver a long discourse on political misrule, and he took this text: "Let her drive." It does not appear worth while to argue whether in a case like that the choir could have selected pieces to match exactly; but I am happy to report from memory that the singing on the occasion was decidedly inappropriate and religious.

In ordinary working times, even if the notes of his sermon are not finished, any clergyman can be sufficiently sure of his purpose so as to send word to the leader what to choose. When this man has no hint

whatever to guide his selection, and so it appears that it is a matter of indifference to everybody, it is not fair to blame him in his perplexity if he happens to remember that now the chance has come for him to answer the request which one of the committee pressed upon him a fortnight before. He ought not to be held responsible for the very troublesome incongruity between his "Rain-chorus" from the "Elijah" and the clergyman's discourse on the pathetic needs and the awful terror in Ohio because of the floods. The minister grows eloquent over the desperation of the people, and prays God to stay his hand in his judgments; and then, while the contribution box is going around, the whole quartette are uttering a passionate outpouring of gratitude for what stifled the suffering and half-drowned citizens for whom the money was wanted. Hear this once: "The waters gather, they rush along, they rush along! thanks be to God! the stormy billows are high! thanks be to God! their fury is mighty! thanks be to God!" But now, if the minister complains, why may not the chorister complain too? When the committee want a chorus from Mendelssohn, what right has a minister to destroy all the force of it by an inopportune discourse? And will any one please mention the appropriate occasion for such a performance in a Sabbath service, so as not to disappoint the committee?

Unfortunately, it is one of the greatest losses to the usefulness of a minister that (as sometimes happens) he is not a musician; but the misfortune is still deeper and more pitiful if, with the absence of the artistic gift, there is the presence and possession (as sometimes happens) of a prejudice against musical art altogether, that renders him pettish under even a suggestion of help. Once a large congregation witnessed an unseemly display of temper on the part of one of the most celebrated orators in our land. He prided himself upon his dramatic power in the rendering of hymns in the pulpit, and on this occasion he gave out "Jesus, lover of my soul," in his service. But as he read along he delivered the seventh and eighth lines of the verse before the fifth and sixth; so he found himself blank up against nonsense and a semicolon at the climax. He grew scarlet with anger, and almost pouted as he turned from the pulpit to the choir. The audience saw his rapid protest as he whispered to the pastor in charge, and it is not too much to say that the service received an uncomfortable interruption. Now the trouble was that the hymnal he read from had given the poetry correctly enough; but when it was set to the usual tune, "Martyn," it was thought best to double back the lines in the music for the repetition of the strain. The compiler of the book committed an intolerable folly in not giving the first verse outside of the tune in its place at the head of the hymn. And so the excited speaker, entirely ignorant of such technical things, had no chance even to recognize his mistake.

It is not easy to suggest a remedy for such a deficiency, except the ordinary one for all trouble—ask help. But only a few persons in this proud world are willing to take assistance in artistic matters, and not a very large number are competent to give it. Though it is never any shame for a man not to know, it is always a shame for him not to learn.

Much of the wrestle between ministers and musi-

cians could be avoided if they trusted each other more and took each other into confidence oftener in the arrangements for the services of each Sabbath. Frequently, the source of all the confusion lies in mere forgetfulness or inadvertence on the part of the preacher. Not a year ago I heard a pastor in a distant city, a gentleman of the highest standing, give out a hymn beginning "Pour out thy Spirit from on high," for an ordinary assembly. He had entered the pulpit in a hurry, and this came to hand the earliest. He read it nearly through before he seemed to discover it was for a convocation of ministers only; all he could do was to counsel the dropping of the final stanza about their all going to heaven together after they had "resigned their charge."

Choirs complain that they are suddenly thrown into the embarrassment of singing nonsense and contradiction in many cases when these omissions of stanzas are made. The old illustration, which is never to be forgotten or forgiven, is always put into use for argument and expostulation. The hymn was the one beginning "When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come." Out of this, after reading, the preacher said the second stanza was to be omitted. Thus it came about that the people were instructed to pray that, as to being found at the "right hand" of the eternal Judge, the Lord would "prevent it" by his grace, when what was to be prevented, if possible, beyond everything else, was the awful risk of one's name being "left out" of the Lamb's book of life at the last; but the only mention of that disaster was in the stanza omitted. Thus the hymn was travestied and destroyed.

Sometimes a minister sends up one number to the leader in the haste before service, and puts another on his own list; the tune does not fit, and so there is confusion. I once listened to the stubborn endeavor of a choir to carry out their plan, despite of their upset; it was with a short-meter tune, to which a careless pastor had given them a hallelujah meter hymn, after it was too late to get another. The leader whispered that they would now repeat the last two lines; and so they went on. This sedate paper will not attempt to relate how the soprano stopped at the third line with her lips full of two notes of unrendered music, and murmured "oo-oo" to dispose of them; nor how she distended and prolonged the final line on the perplexing repeat so as to compel six notes to carry eight syllables; but it must be mentioned that this ingenious work was done through four stanzas; and still the choir had to take the blame.

In the early years of my professional life, I once asked one of my neighbors to take our service for me for a morning of relief. This gentleman was very peculiar in manner, but a truly Christian worker, and a good friend of mine; I do not consent to caricature him in a single particular. He gave out his opening hymn from the old Watts collection. He emphasized the syllables fiercely, but even that showed he had an ear for rhythm. Thus he began: "Let us commence divine worship by singing the ninety-second psalm, second part—the second part of the ninety-second psalm, long meter: Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand In gardens planted by thy hand; Let me within thy courts be seen, Like a young cedar, fresh and green." By this time he perceived that something was wrong. Moreover, the choir were excitedly changing

their tune-books in a frantic rustle, and the congregation were almost in a titter. But he rose to the occasion, and said impressively: "I have made an unfortunate mistake, and will consult my card. Ah, yes! ah, yes! I see; I have misunderstood my figure; it is a *seven*. We will sing the seventy-second psalm, second part—the second part of the *seventy-second* psalm: *Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run.*" Shall I need to add, after this history of a literal fact, that for several years I used now and then to be asked, with as much gravity as was possible: "What ever became of that *young cedar*, fresh and green, whom you had here awhile ago to preach for us?"

Such things are not funny; they are very melancholy, when they occur on the Lord's Day. They have their source in simple heedlessness, and in want of thought in the preparation of hymns before the public exercises begin. We insist that the minister must manage the music; but then, if that be true, he *must* manage it; it cannot go haphazard. It needs care and information, and he ought to put himself in contact with the choir-leader always. He ought to have his wits about him, and not throw everything away in a mere nervousness concerning his sermon. Beside me now, as I write, sits an admirable man, my old friend, a college president; and he tells me this incident, which I relate exactly as it comes from his lips: He was in the pulpit not long since, just going to preach for a neighboring pastor. He could not help being annoyed by the levity of the choir, seated opposite the pulpit in the gallery; they were fairly hilarious with laughter. The pastor was evidently distressed and mortified in his turn. He was an excessively nervous and absent-minded man, and the responsibility of having a stranger in his place had agitated him all the morning; this almost completed his overthrow. Just then, up the pulpit steps came the chorister, beckoning to him. He leaned forward to take what seemed like a notice from his hand; then the man asked for the card with the hymns chosen upon it, as usual. Into every pocket on his person went the flying fingers of the minister, as he whispered to himself, "I am sure I sent it to him or somebody; where on earth can it be? Oh, here," with a sense of indescribable relief. Thus the leader went his way elated. And then our president asked for his copy of the same, and the pastor mechanically put in his hand the paper which the chorister brought back to him a few minutes before. My friend opened it at once, and found on it this remarkable direction: "You must not forget to call for my back-switch, or it will be necessary for you to go clear back again after it; I need it for to-morrow." He passed it over to the parson; as he caught sight of it, the poor preacher jumped as if hit. "Oh, what have I done!" he cried in a stage-whisper. "That was my wife's note to remind me yesterday when I went into town; I sent it to the choir; that is what they were laughing at!"

But now, in the other direction also lies peril for a minister: he may know much, and be too "artistic." There are in every generation a few clergymen who have unusual musical gifts; in some cases, a talent for composition and for management of choral services in the house of God. Their temptation is to indulge their æsthetic taste to such an extent as to render them

regardless of that part of their congregation who have simpler needs and less cultivated appreciation. Of course, such persons would soon reach their place and level among the people to whom they minister, and the public at large would not have to be disturbed by them. But they are the speakers who come forth in conventions and assemblies and start the argument for a higher class of performances; they clamor for liturgies, and grow crazy over chorals, and plead for more "richness" in worship, till the sad and bewildered people, who never did profess to understand them, wish they would be quiet. They assert they know what Christians want, because they themselves know "thorough bass." It has been quoted as a remark of Legh Richmond, that "Christ has more than once been crucified between the two thieves of mathematics and classics." That may or may not be true; one thing is certainly very nearly true, namely, that "high art" kills the spirit of the gospel in a preacher's heart more quickly than anything else in the world. The end is generally close at hand; these ministers ooze themselves out of the churches they weary, and then we are treated to their discontented criticisms upon modern music, uttered in the newspapers.

Art is excellent as long as it is subordinate; when it is thrust up into dominance, it is only a King Bramble which royal cedars and vines perfectly understand. Within a week I fell upon a passage, which I used to repeat and always have wished to quote, from one of the letters of the poet Cowper to his friend John Newton. He is writing about a clergyman they had recently received at Olney, and this is what he says:

"He seems, together with others of our acquaintance, to have suffered considerably in his spiritual character by his attachment to music. The lawfulness of it, when used with moderation and in its proper place, is unquestionable; but I believe that wine itself, though a man be guilty of habitual intoxication, does not more debauch and befool the natural understanding than music, always music, music in season and out of season, weakens and destroys the spiritual discernment. If it is not used with an unfeigned reference to the worship of God, and with a design to assist the soul in the performance of it,—which cannot be the case when it is the only occupation,—it degenerates into a sensual delight, and becomes a most powerful advocate for the admission of other pleasures, grosser perhaps in degree, but in their kind the same."

When we bear in mind that these strong words are spoken concerning a Christian minister, by one of the authors of the Olney Hymns to another,—Cowper to Newton,—there must be much important suggestion in them. At the foot of the page in the biography of the poet, from which I have quoted them, there is also this note: "It is recorded of Rev. Mr. Cecil that, being passionately fond of playing on the violin, and finding that it engrossed too much of his time and thoughts, he one day took it into his hands and broke it to pieces." I have undertaken to verify this statement, but I do not find the story in full. I found this paragraph, however, in Cecil's "Remains":

"Admiration and feeling are very distinct from each other. Some music and oratory enchant and astonish, but they speak not to the heart. I have been overwhelmed by Handel's music: the Dettingen *Te*

Deum is, perhaps, the greatest composition in the world; yet I never in my life heard Handel but I could think of something else at the same time. There is a kind of music that will not allow this. Dr. Worgan has so touched the organ at St. John's that I have been turning backward and forward over the Prayer Book for the first lesson in Isaiah, and wondered that I could not find Isaiah there! The musician and orator fall short of the full power of their science, if the hearer is left in possession of himself."

It is evident from this, therefore, that even "the good Cecil," as he was affectionately called, perceived his own exposure to peril in the reach and strength of his enthusiasm for music; and it is not impossible to believe that he may have put away his temptation in the violent way the story suggests. It is enough here to say that art is a servant; and when it begins to act as master, devotion disdains even its proffered help.

Charles S. Robinson.

In Re Church Music.

THE expression "worshipping by proxy," as applied by Dr. Robinson to church music, emphasizes, in a certain way, a habit of thought which is harmful to the highest usefulness of music in the public service. Of course, Dr. Robinson does not really object to "singing by proxy" any more than to "praying by proxy," but the readiness with which the phrase comes to hand indicates the extent to which this habit of thought has grown upon us. Do we not often allow our attention to be called away from what is being sung to who is singing and how it is being performed? Have we not allowed ourselves to look upon the singing as a "performance" and not an act of worship. And, as we settle ourselves in our pews to "listen to the voluntary," do we, as a general thing, endeavor to understand the thought of the composer (supposing the music to be properly selected), or do we rather criticise the singers and spend all our thought upon the execution of the "selection"? It is this latter habit which gives point to the expression "by proxy," and not that it is another's voice that sings.

We go to church, it may be, to be lifted up, to be inspired, to be carried away out of ourselves to something better and above us, and beyond what we can understand from the level monotone and discord of daily life. As we come away from the morning service at Trinity, perhaps, where we have listened to the boys' clear voices rising through and over the full tones of the men, and with the organ, under and above all, filling the vast spaces with an ecstasy of song and praise; where we have heard deep calling unto deep, and angel voices telling unutterable things which only the inner ear at such times can hear and partly understand,—must we be told at the door as we come away, "down from the mountain," that we have been "singing by proxy," because, forsooth, the boys laughed amongst themselves during the sermon? Must we lose the inspiration of the morning because our soprano's good honest voice, in "I know that my Redeemer liveth," must be compared with Patti's? Or must we lose it entirely because we must not sing by proxy, and we certainly cannot sing it ourselves? The trouble is not so much in our singers as in our worshippers. We find what we seek.

One word, not in defense, about singing in a "foreign tongue," or, what amounts to the same thing, singing so that the words cannot be understood. In the first place, do we not sing many hymns to one tune? It is the tune and not the words that we care most for. Again, some of us may have listened to high mass in some grand cathedral, where every word was in a foreign tongue; shall we ever forget the emotions, the exaltations, the utter self-forgetfulness? Did we not, indeed, "bow down and worship," although we knew no word of what was being said? True, the words might have been assistants at the first, but once in that higher atmosphere and words do not avail,—it is "the worship of song."

W. H. S.

An Ideal Church.

PERHAPS I cannot place my view of this whole question of "Artistic Help in Divine Service" more clearly before those I want to reach than by telling them of an ideal church I have in mind. In that church the clergyman, the choir-leader, and the organist are a committee, meeting regularly to arrange for each service. The clergyman sets the tone of the service; and the organist and choir-master adapt themselves thereto, choosing music bright or sad, as is best, but always *the best*. In the choir gallery of that church are the best voices obtainable, and the choristers are ladies and gentlemen. The clergyman has confidence that his sermon will be supplemented by a service of praise which will heighten its effect, and the members of the congregation know that they will be given opportunities for joining audibly in the service of praise, and of worshipping by proxy through the medium of devotional music so sung and played that it will certainly call their minds from the contemplation of earthly to heavenly things.

Is that ideal church impossible of realization? I should like to have all concerned make strenuous efforts toward that end.

Fred. W. Wodell.

The Study of Acting in Paris.

ONE day, in Paris, in a conversation about the stage, Monsieur Régnier said to me: "I have many applications from Americans for private lessons and for admission to the Conservatoire; the number of such students is constantly increasing. Why is it that they do not study at home?"

I answered: "In America, acting is considered a trade rather than an art, save by very few; and the few, being forced to live like the wandering tribes of Israel in order to live at all, cannot teach. The opinion is often expressed by our actors that the quality of a dramatic performance is a matter solely of individual feeling; that it is, therefore, impossible to establish a standard of acting; that, moreover, no man can give another any valuable aid in learning to act."

"But you teach your young painters to see, although every human being looks through his especial pair of eyes; you have so-called 'art schools,' have you not?"

"Yes, many. We train our young lawyers, our young preachers, our young authors, all whose professional worth depends upon knowledge of human

nature — all save those that are to personate humanity. They are supposed to have intuitions that are superior to education."

"And what is the result? You have a great number of theaters, I am told: are all that enter your companies gifted with genius, and does untrained genius give satisfactory performances?"

"Not always. It happens, sometimes, that Shakspeare is misinterpreted on our stage. I have seen ladies and gentlemen, royalty itself, represented by persons ignorant of the grammar of their own language, and having the articulation and manner of cowboys and kitchen-maids; diplomatists and scholars by men whose faces expressed scarcely enough intelligence to sell shoe-strings. I have heard a French nobleman speak with a hideous Irish brogue, and that in a serious drama on the stage of a first-class theater. I have seen 'Hamlet' played in New York when the King of Denmark appeared more like a tramp than a king. These performances were given by actors for whom 'experience, the only teacher,' had done its utmost. Many, even of these, have the power of exciting emotion in themselves and in their equals, and emotion is generally accepted as a sufficient substitute for intellectual conception and execution. The truth is that the conditions of an actor's life in America are such that the wonder is, not that so many performances are bad, but that any are good. Attracted by the publicity that seems so like renown, or the promised gratification of frivolous desires, a great many young men and women that lack stability enough to ground themselves in the common fields are drawn into the rapids of theatrical life. Every season a multitude of companies leave New York with every kind of play — tragedy, comedy, drama, melodrama, spectacle, burlesque, farce, and their indescribable hybrid offspring. No examination is necessary to an engagement, even for a novice. First engagements are dependent upon circumstances more or less relevant, personal appearance being the most weighty consideration, amount of salary desired the next. The result is obvious. In one company, whose members should work together like the parts of an organized body, may be found elements so antagonistic that their fusion is impossible. Each individual is an autocrat, resentful of criticism when it is offered, which is seldom. Following blindly his own impulses, he uses his rôles as so many means to exhibit his own personality, instead of looking upon himself as the shapeless clay from which he is to mold many and varied forms. Too many, even of our celebrated actors, are noted because of some peculiarity that marks, appropriately or otherwise, every character they assume. It is seldom that a company travels with a *répertoire*. An actor plays a part during an entire season, often during several. Having learned his lines and spoken them to his own satisfaction, his work is done; he repeats the performance and draws his salary during the run of the piece, which may be for months, or even years. His life is spent in cars or hotels; his social life is the gossip-parties of the company. He may have begun his career full of enthusiasm, but, having so few incentives, he is apt to lose inclination to improve. He finds that his reputation depends upon caprice; he perceives the injustice of judgments, and how little advancement is affected by desert. His enthusiasm dies of inanition, and his

last performance is no more meritorious than his first. Owing to greater delicacy of organization, all these results are intensified in the actress, with the added evil of nerves weakened by fatigue, exposure to cold and dampness in theaters and hotels, and irregular habits. Of one hundred who enter this terrible school of experience, five may possess genius, may be unconquered, even benefited; but the ninety-five do not retire. They go on giving performances that lack any merit, and ruining themselves mentally and physically. There is no one to tell them that they are mistakes; experience does not render them capable of measuring themselves. They are quite as likely to prosper financially as the five."

Régnier smiled at my long speech and said:

"I have been told much of this before. The things of which you speak could not happen on our stage. We believe that our actors are not different from other human beings, and need the same conditions for healthy growth. We think, too, that we have not the right to ask money of the public for the crude work of students in any art. Authors expect to be interpreted, not slandered; the public would not submit to caricatures of itself."

Through the kindness of Monsieur Régnier I had the privilege of attending the classes at the Conservatoire. In our theaters there are many young people feeling the need of authoritative instruction, failing to find it at home, and deterred from seeking it elsewhere by the uncertainty of such an undertaking. To such, and to all that enjoy the theater, or are desirous for its improvement, I am sure that a sketch of the method pursued in Paris with students of acting will be welcome.

The Conservatoire is an institution supported by the Government for the training of musicians and actors. It is called the "Conservatoire de Musique," the dramatic classes having been an afterthought.

The professors of acting are elected from the *Société* of the Théâtre-Français, and are given a sufficient recompense for their services. Established for life in their theater, it is possible for those that have proved great to give the benefit of their experience to the young. They do not feel humiliated by coming out of the mystery of their fame and telling students, in simple words, how that fame was won; to them it is a joy to teach, because they love their art better than themselves. No fee is asked of candidates for admission; they are required only to recite a poem or to act a scene from a play, and, if judged worthy of instruction, are assigned to the class of one of the professors. Many that fail in their first examination enter as listeners, and make another trial the next year.

The pupils assemble in the parquet of a little theater. In the center, beside a table, sits the professor. The listeners occupy a narrow gallery, that corresponds to our dress circle. There is a stage, draped at the back, furnished with tables and chairs, and reached by steps from the parquet.

Roll is called; then, at a sign from — we will say Delaunay, a young man mounts to the stage. He is studying *Gustave de Grignon*, in "La Bataille de Dames." One of the ladies volunteers to represent the *Countess*, and "give him the reply." They act a scene, with no comment save the observations of the other pupils, in undertone.

This talking is never allowed to become obtrusive, but a stranger wonders that it should be permitted at all. A remark made one day by Monsieur Got explains it. A young girl acted beautifully a scene from one of De Musset's comedies. The class listened spell-bound. On finishing, she was embarrassed by the silence.

"Was I so very bad?" she asked.

"Look at your fellow-students," said Got; "when they listen without comment, you may know you are very near right."

Montval, having finished his scene, comes forward for criticism. Delaunay questions him as to his conception of the part, and asks if he founded it on the lines of De Musset, or on the interpretation of some actor. Montval is, perhaps, unable to give a definite answer. Delaunay then, forming his idea from the words of *Grignon* and all that is said of him in the play, sketches, in clean outlines, the man's character; gives, as a background, the circumstances that surround him, and shades and lights the figure with the emotions they must excite in such a man. Montval's recitation is then reviewed, and found to indicate a quite different conception. Beginning again, he repeats the scene, Delaunay interrupting to criticise his delivery of paragraphs, sentences, phrases, words; showing where he is untrue to *Grignon*, often where he has belied a correct idea by false intonation, gesture, or facial expression. The young lady is noticed only when her replies give an unintended meaning to *Grignon's* speeches; but it is likely that she is studying the part she recites, and she listens attentively, for a knowledge of *Grignon's* character as affected by the *Countess* will aid her in forming a conception of her rôle.

The session lasts two hours, the pupils following one another in order, and several scenes are acted and reviewed, the professor often illustrating points by bits of his own experience or anecdotes of other actors.

Each of three professors teaches in the theater twice a week. On Got's days the class of Monsieur Maubant meets in another room.

Monsieur Got's class is conducted on the same plan as is Delaunay's, but in a different spirit. Delaunay reasons with his pupils; Got imitates them, showing their mistakes by witty or grotesque exaggeration. Delaunay talks with a musical flow of language that charms them into attention; Got speaks in terse sentences that stir them to exertion. Severity is Delaunay's last resource—a pupil will work untiringly to escape it; a *très-bien* from Got is equally rare—a pupil will slave to win it. The result of Delaunay's teaching is spirituality, smoothness, finesse; the result of Got's is intellectuality, vigor, power; not that Delaunay is weak or Got unpolished, but the strength of Delaunay's work is its beauty, and the beauty of Got's is its strength.

The *répertoire* of the Comédie-Française is studied,—tragedies, and old and modern comedies. Delaunay requires that his comedians study the tragedies, for the development of the voice and the acquirement of breadth of gesture and dignity of bearing. A teacher of deportment is provided, to correct especial awkwardness in the young people and to teach them to walk, to fall, etc.

The Conservatoire students come, almost invariably, from the *bourgeoisie*; they are the sons and daughters of tradespeople. During the course of

three or four years they are educated, mentally and physically. They attain to the greatest familiarity with the meanings as well as with the words of French dramatic literature, and, through it, with history and romance. They have free admission to every theater in Paris, and see their art exercised in all its branches. They have the benefits of practical experience without its disadvantages. They perform on a stage before an audience. In their lessons, as much attention is given to stage business as to elocution; every part of a play is acted by a different person, and while, in each scene, one pupil is the object of criticism, every line of the other parts must be spoken, and spoken intelligently. They are spared the pain of exhibiting their imperfections before the world; and their critics are artists whose acknowledged greatness gives them authority.

At the end of the season a competitive examination is held. The scenes that have been studied during the winter are acted before a jury. The winner of the first prize is entitled to three débuts at the Comédie-Française. If he proves competent, he remains there. Winners of second prizes, or "*accessits*"—equivalent to "honorable mention"—either continue their studies at the Conservatoire or seek engagements in other theaters. They are sure to take whatever rank they deserve, and to advance as fast as they improve. Those who go to the Française may be said to enter a college where they study under their former teachers until these die, and pupils, qualified by experience, become in their turn masters. Plays are constantly in rehearsal at the Française, under the direction of the senior *sociétaires*, each of whom serves for a week at a time and is called the "*semainier*."

The effect of this system is to be realized only by attendance at the theaters. The Comédie-Française is the mirror of manners and morals, the school of language—it is the mind of Paris. Sure that all the shades of their thoughts will be rendered in their just values, the authors of France give their best work to the theater; sure of justice from public and press, the actors give their lives to their art.

And their lives are theirs to give. Having permanent positions and sure incomes sufficient for all needs, the problem of existence, which possesses our minds, is solved for them; they are free to form family and social ties, to cultivate the many talents that are accessory to the dramatic; that is, to lay a firm foundation for an artistic structure.

They have a home at the theater. Their dressing-rooms are not wretched, damp little closets, but furnished rooms, which the artists vie with one another in making inviting. There is a library, rich in theatrical annals as well as in other literature, and a fine collection of busts and portraits. In the green-room the actors meet socially the distinguished in arts and letters.

If we could live in intimacy with these actors, we should doubtless find selfish ambition and vanity in them; but they are not allowed to inflict their idiosyncrasies upon the public. One leaves the Théâtre-Français impressed, not with the marvelous toils of Mademoiselle A., not with the beauty of Mademoiselle B., not with Mademoiselle A. nor Mademoiselle B. at all, but with the persons they represented, with the excellence of the performance as a whole.

It is impossible for a foreigner to become a pupil of

the Conservatoire unless he have quite conquered his foreign accent. Let him not think for an instant that his own ear is competent to judge. The French ear is far more acute and far more exacting than any other. Not long ago a young American, after studying a scene from "Camille" with a French actress, until she thought herself perfect in it, ventured to recite before the jury that decides upon applicants for admission. The young lady had not spoken four lines when these gentlemen began to laugh—the kindest but most conclusive of laughs. Monsieur Régnier says that she spoke intelligently and with feeling, "but there was an accent."

Neither is it possible to have private lessons of Régnier, Delaunay, or Got. Régnier has ceased to teach, even at the Conservatoire. Coquelin and Worms sometimes give private lessons, I believe, but it is doubtful whether either would take a foreign pupil, unless interested by an extraordinary talent. Even if they could be obtained, the benefit of such lessons is questionable. The principles of the art are laid before the classes at the Conservatoire; principles fundamental to acting in all languages. These must be learned. When, feeling himself to be grounded in them, the student begins to study plays, it is well to submit to criticism in order to eliminate defects of pronunciation, carriage, etc.; but such criticism must be better given by one who speaks the language and can enter entirely into the spirit of the characters under study. If one were to act in French, no critic could be better than Coquelin aîné; but if one is to act in English, an Englishman, even if he be not so good an actor, is the better teacher.

It is less difficult to enter the Conservatoire as a listener. A written word from Régnier is an "open sesame," and, as he is least occupied and most approachable of those in authority, it is best to go to him.

Thorough knowledge of the French language is quite indispensable, and is to be gained only by speaking it with French people. The first sensation of most Americans arriving for the first time in France is astonishment at their ignorance of the language. A few months of intercourse with a native family, however, will train a dull ear to comprehension, and the tongue is an apt pupil of the ear.

The Conservatoire opens in November, but it is well to go to France in May or June.

Women should not go alone. Among Parisians a woman that is alone is always under suspicion. A student owes to her art as well as to her womanhood to protect her reputation; to have, as companion, a married woman older than herself.

The summer may well be employed in making the acquaintance—the friendship—of the French drama. Most of Molière is played; of Racine, "Britannicus," "Phèdre," "Andromaque," and "Iphigénie;" of Corneille, "Le Cid" and "Les Horaces" are still played. The modern dramas are legion; to read them seems an endless task, but a listener at the Conservatoire, if he be not familiar with them, will find much of the instruction unintelligible. In other ways, also, they repay the reading. There is no better means to acquire facility in understanding and speaking than to read them aloud. There is a book-store under the Théâtre-Français where any play may be bought, and the salesmen will take pleasure in marking in a catalogue the names of the most popular ones. Regular attendance

at the theater is as important as attendance at the Conservatoire. The Français is, of course, first on the list.

The Odéon is called the "second Théâtre-Français" only because the classics are played there also. The performances are not to be compared with those given in several other theaters. Pupils of the Conservatoire who aspire to playing tragedy, and who fall short of the first prize, go to the Odéon. Some of the now celebrated actors began their careers there.

Almost as powerful as the theaters to train the judgment are the criticisms in the papers. The articles of "Un Monsieur de l'Orchestre," in the "Figaro," can scarcely be called criticisms, but they are full of suggestive wit. Monsieur Auguste Vitu is the critic of that paper, and writes in a dignified style that carries conviction. Monsieur Sarcey, acknowledged leader of living dramatic critics, writes for "Le Temps." The student will form no pleasanter habit than going to his news-stand on Sunday afternoons, buying his "Temps," and reading Monsieur Sarcey's article by the fireside. The day after the first performance of a new play he will buy all the papers, and learn as much of the literary, dramatic, and moral qualities of the piece, the history of its growth in the author's mind, and the work of the actors, judged by their own ideals and in comparison with great ones of the past, as by seeing the performance a dozen times. He will be delighted with the earnestness, the educated intelligence, and the impartiality of these criticisms. There is no vague, thoughtless praise; there are no long sentences that indicate nothing but an abnormal secretion of adjectives in the writer's brain. "It is enough to make a man respect himself," he will think, "to be held worthy of treatment like this; and to stand such a test, he can permit himself no weak points." A paste diamond would turn very pale under the searching light that is thrown upon the jewels in the crown of Paris—the actors of her drama.

The advantage of a year of study in Paris to an American depends upon himself. If his object in going upon the stage be to make a fortune or to display his individual peculiarities, or if he go abroad expecting to act in Paris and return with a European reputation, to sweep like a comet before the "upturned, wondering eyes of mortals," filling the theatrical sky with a glittering Parisian tail, then he will gain nothing. It will be far wiser to stay at home, engage some playwright that knows him to put together some incidents in which his eccentricities can be made conspicuous, and start "on the road," heralded by flaming pictures and advertisements written in the superlative. If he be prompted by a sense of the importance and the consequent dignity of his art, by a conviction that he can do his life-work better in that field than in any other, then a season spent in the theaters of Paris will be of inestimable value to him. He will, perhaps, make little progress in the technicalities of acting; he will go home to begin at the very bottom; but he will have gathered a store of knowledge that will aid him at every step, and he will have conceived an ideal that will inspire him, make him indifferent to difficulties, and feed in him the determination to do his utmost to help on the organization of our theatrical class into a dramatic world.

Shall We Have an American Conservatory?

THE theater of America has no "traditions," such as have nourished the Théâtre-Français. Our theater has little of the artistic surroundings that have proved so helpful to the Meiningen company and to Henry Irving. Where, then, lies the hope of our theater?

The revival of the "stock-company" system and all the necessary reforms of the American stage can be sought for in a cultivation of the art-spirit in the people (in place of the speculative mania), in the erection *here* of a standard of taste.

The Paris Conservatoire has furnished heretofore this standard for the whole theatric world. Must we go to France for our dramatic instruction? Can we not even better it here?

The professors of the Conservatoire are also the principal actors of the Théâtre-Français. Teaching and acting are two allied professions, but based on different modes of mental discipline. The actor is an artist; the teacher should be a scientist. The empirical and imitative method of "coaching" for the stage has given way in this country especially to the methods of scientific training.

When we realize that in the United States we possess the best-trained teachers in the various branches of the dramatic art, in pantomime, elocution, vocalization, etc., hardly excepting the French, the best teachers of these specialties in the world; and when we realize also that our people have more dramatic instinct inborn than most other nations,—than the German or English, for example,—the thought will occur to every one: "Why not an American Conservatory of Dramatic Art?"

First of all, it is essential for the success of such a project that it should have the sympathy and support of our professional actors. Now, among the ladies and gentlemen of the "profession" all differences of opinion upon the desirability of an American School of Dramatic Art resolve themselves into the old standing debate on the relative value of *experience* in comparison with *training*.

Experience is a great teacher. But no one could learn to play the violin, for instance, under the teaching of experience alone; and the actor has a much finer and more complex instrument for the application of his skill. Surely a little attuning of the instruments, body and voice, a little philosophy, a little study of the history of the human heart, would round many a mechanic or amateur of the stage into an artist.

Whatever reforms are needed for the stage can be easily and quickly brought about by means of a good training-school.

F. H. Sargent.

Silk Culture at Home.

WHEN, in 1881, a number of ladies in Philadelphia opened in that city an exhibition of raw silk, cocoons, and silk fabrics, general attention was drawn to the fact that silk can be produced in nearly every State in the Union. This was, in a sense, known before, and it was known also that practically no silk was produced here. The amount of raw silk imported was very great, aggregating at least twenty millions a year.

The object of the exhibition in Philadelphia was to prove that silk culture was an employment in which women and young people could engage with profit. Through the liberality of a well-known business house in that city, prizes were offered for the best cocoons raised in this country. Twenty-six competitors offered their cocoons, and, from a critical examination of the silk produced, the material was pronounced in every respect as good as the best Italian silk.* In 1882 there was a second competition, and thirty-six samples of American silk were offered. This spring a third competition and a second exhibition brought out seventy-seven lots of cocoons from twenty States. The highest award this year was given to Miss E. Woolson, of Pemberton, N. J., her display averaging six hundred and forty cocoons to a pound, one hundred cocoons yielding a little over three-quarters of an ounce of reeled silk.

This matter of silk culture as a home employment for women has now attracted considerable attention. There has been much discussion both for and against the plan of introducing it as a home-work for farmers' wives and daughters. Remarkable progress has certainly been made in the last few years; and having attended both exhibitions, and having examined the work in various stages, the writer may be prepared to briefly outline the present situation. In the first place, it must be observed that the qualities needed in the work are neatness, carefulness, watchfulness, and patience—precisely the qualities of a trained nurse. None of the labor is heavy, and the only really taxing portion of the work (taxing alone on care and patience) extends over a period of thirty-five days, once a year. The facilities required are one or more light and airy rooms that can be protected from excessive heat, cold, noise, and dust—exactly the requirements of health in a home. In this room must be placed a light framework, on which can be stretched horizontally common netting. The materials required are good, healthy eggs of the silk-worm, and fresh, succulent foliage from the white mulberry, or, in default of this, the osage-orange. The tools required are trained hands and a pair of scissors to cut up the leaves. The work proceeds rapidly from the hatching of the eggs, through the several molting stages, to the final spinning of the cocoons, and during this time the entire work consists in feeding the worms and keeping them in a healthful condition by attention to cleanliness, warmth, and ventilation. The work is light, and there appears to be no good reason why it might not form a part of the year's work of many a farm and plantation throughout the Union.

The objections raised to this work as an industry for women are, that it is only fit for ignorant peasants, and is followed by them in disagreeable and unhealthful places; and, what is of more importance, it does not pay. That ignorant peasants raise silk in a stupid way, does not mean that American women need follow their example. The profitableness of the work turns on our facilities for reeling the silk from the cocoons. The silk-reel occupies precisely the position of the steam-thresher. Not every farmer can own one, but a company of farmers may have one and use it in turn. The amount of silk raised here is as yet too small to make it profitable to set up reeling machin-

* See "The World's Work" in THE CENTURY for April, 1882.

ery — unless it be, as in California, owned by the State, or, as in Philadelphia, by a private association of ladies interested in the work. Silk is like a diamond — worth money in every currency. If the culture is yet so young that its profitableness is in doubt, it has only to grow, and must of necessity command its market. American silk has been raised, reeled, dyed, spun, and woven into ribbons and fabrics. American women have worn these fabrics and pronounced them as good as foreign silks.

Charles Barnard.

Schools of Industry.

THERE is a growing demand for industrial schools in the United States. One would have the trades-unions or guilds of artisans take the matter in hand, and establish schools for the training of their own apprentices; another would have the experiment tried in certain schools which it is proposed that the Government shall establish; while a third would have a work-shop in every existing public school. Meantime more industrial schools are now in operation than people generally are aware of. There are a dozen in New York City, only one of which is widely known. The school of the Cooper Union is noted throughout the United States; and it is true that half the whole number of students in industrial art in the entire city are enrolled upon its books. But, notwithstanding its merited and undisputed preëminence, the others are growing, and they contain the "promise and potency" of much good. One of these smaller institutions, the Free Drawing School of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, is the oldest in the city. Its aims are intensely practical, and are not too high to be successfully realized. The object kept in view is to aid young men engaged in the trades by giving them some knowledge of drawing, both general and as applied to their several occupations. Another, the New York Trade School, provides instruction in plumbing, brick-laying, wood-carving, and fresco-painting. This school is maintained by a private gentleman of means, whose philanthropy takes this useful direction. The school of the Turnverein provides free instruction in drawing, and there are small classes in modeling and designing. Several private schools make a specialty of industrial features, of which the best known is that of the Society for Ethical Culture, whose merits Mr. Felix Adler has often set forth. The Society of Decorative Art has done much for art needlework, and has opened a new field for women. Classes in china-painting, and various kindred branches of decorative art, are found everywhere.

Perhaps the most ambitious attempt at the application of art to industry is made by the Technical School of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Its projected course of training goes even further than that of the Cooper Union school. It is as yet, however, in an inchoate state, and the number of its pupils is quite small. It is only fair to add that the authorities of the Museum are now taking steps to put the school on a better footing, and to push it with vigor and determination. It is in connection with this school that the attempt has been made to interest different trades-unions in establishing and maintaining classes of apprentices. So far, the matter has been taken up by

only one such society, the National Association of Carriage Builders, who have had a large class in successful operation during the past winter. Other trades have not taken up the idea, more, apparently, from apathy than from active hostility; although it may be said here that the rules adopted by many trades-unions limit strictly the number of apprentices allowed to each firm, the idea being to keep down the supply of competent laborers, in order to keep up the wages of those who are already masters of the trade.

In addition to the general and somewhat indefinite public demand noticed above, another, far more specific and practical, has given an impulse to art-work in almost every department of industry. People of culture, and that more numerous class of wealthy persons who take the symbol for the substance, and attempt to buy their culture as they do their lands, stocks, horses, wines, and sometimes their social position, are demanding artistic houses and furniture, new and better patterns in wall-papers, carpets, chandeliers, cornices, wall-decorations, gas-fixtures, fenders, and everything that goes to make up the general effect of "the house beautiful." All this implies skilled architects, builders, carpenters, stone-cutters, carvers, cabinet-makers, joiners, designers of all sorts, modelers, fresco-painters, upholsterers, and workers in various kinds of metal. The native supply of artisans capable of producing good work in these departments is too small, and the process of equalization between demand and supply is now taking place. It is no wonder, then, that all the industrial schools are full to overflowing, with long lists of applicants waiting for vacancies; nor that there should be an agitation of the question whether hand-work as well as head-work should not form part of the public-school course.

The first important endeavor to answer this question in the affirmative has just been made in Boston. Its results are not yet apparent, and the example may not be extensively followed. So far, the most successful form of industrial school in this country has been that of the Cooper Union — an institution founded by private liberality, and maintained, so far as the instruction is concerned, in the same way. A charge for materials used is found advisable, as it insures a steady interest and application that are wanting where the school is absolutely free of charge.

It has been said that one of the conditions necessary, or at least effectual, in developing skilled craftsmen in this country has been wanting hitherto, and it is not likely to be supplied. There is here no artisan class in which the pursuit of the father is handed down to the son, and generation after generation works with the accumulated knowledge and experience and inherited skill of a line of ancestry. It is not desirable, politically speaking, that our society should become stratified as fixedly as that of France, for instance; and even for the interests of art it may be as well that it should not. Perhaps the superior readiness of Americans to adopt and invent new and improved methods of work may counterbalance the disadvantage of a lack of such inherited skill as has been mentioned.

However that may be, it rests with the future to determine it. Up to the present time we have had in this country, speaking broadly, no native artisans capable of producing really artistic work. Such work has been brought from abroad, especially from France,

and even the establishments here that aim to produce fine work have nearly all imported their workmen.

But the training that is now given in such schools as these in New York must tell in a few years upon the quality of the work produced by native artisans; and as a sense of the value and the beauty of such

work increases, it may be thought better by parents to have their sons trained in a work-shop, where they can have a hand in creative, helpful labor, than to have them, "dressed like gentlemen," sit all day on a high stool adding columns of figures, or stand all day behind a counter selling goods.

W. A. Platt.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

A Love-letter from Dakota.

SHWEET Jinny, I write on me knee
Wid the shtump of a limitid pencil;
I would write on me disk, but you see
I'm widout that convainient utinsil.
I've a house of me own, but as yet
Me furniture's homely an' shlinder;
It's a wife I am afther, to let
Her consult *her* ideals of shplindor.
If I should buy tables an' chairs,
An' bureaus, an' carpets, an' vases,
An'— bother the lingo of wares!—
An' curtains wid camel-hair laces,
Perhaps whin I married a wife
She would turn up her nose at me choosin',
Or waysht the shweet bloom of her life
Wid pretinse of contint at their usin'.
So now, I've no carpets to shweep,
Nor tables nor chairs to tip o'er;
Whin night comes I roll up an' shleep
As contint as a pig on the floor.
But ah, the shweet dreams that I dream
Of Erin's most beautiful daughter!
Until in me visions you seem
On your way to me over the water!
(— Please pardon me method ungainly,
But, hopin' the future may yoke us,
I'll try to be bould an' speak plainly,
An' bring me note down to a focus:—)
Would you marry a man wid a farrum,
An' a house most ixquisitely warrum,
Wid walls so ixcaidin'ly thick, ma'am,
For they're built of a single big brick, ma'am,
Touchin' Mexico, Texas, Nebraska,—
The thickest walls iver you thought of,
Why, they cover the country we bought of
The sire of Alexis — Alaska!
For sure its great walls are the worruld,—
In fact it's a hole in the ground;
But oh, it's the place to be curruled
Whin the whirlwinds are twirlin' around!
It is ivery bit basemint ixcipt
The parlor, that lies out-of-doors,
Where the zephyr's pure fingers have swept
Its million-ply carpeted floors.
Forgive me intravigant speeches,
But it's fair as the dreams of a Hindoo,
Wid me parlor's unlimited reaches
An' the sky for a sunny bay-window.

Me darlint, Dakota is new,
Sod houses are here widout number,
But I'll build a board mansion for you—
Whin I'm able to purchase the lumber.
An' sure 'twill not take very long
Where the soil is so fertile, I'm tould;
Whin you tune up your plow for a song,
The earth hums a chorus of gould.

Thin come to your Dinnis O'Brion,
An' let his fidelity prove
That his heart is as strong as a lion,
Ixcipt that it's burstin' wid love.

W. W. Fink.

The Kitchen Clock.

KNITTING is the maid o' the kitchen, Milly,
Doing nothing, sits the chore-boy, Billy:
"Seconds reckoned,
Seconds reckoned;
Every minute,
Sixty in it.
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Tick-tock, tock-tick,
Nick-knock, knock-nick,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Closer to the fire is rosy Milly,
Every whit as close and cozy, Billy:
"Time's a-flying,
Worth your trying;
Pretty Milly—
Kiss her, Billy!
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Tick-tock, tock-tick,
Now— now, quick— quick!
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Something's happened; very red is Milly,
Billy boy is looking very silly:
"Pretty misses,
Plenty kisses;
Make it twenty,
Take a plenty.
Billy, Milly,
Milly, Billy,
Right-left, left-right,
That's right, all right,
Skippety-nick, rippety-knock,"—
Jumps the kitchen clock.

Night to night they're sitting, Milly, Billy;
Oh, the winter winds are wondrous chilly!
"Winter weather,
Close together;
Wouldn't tarry,
Better marry.
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Two-one, one-two,
Don't wait, 'twont do,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Winters two have gone, and where is Milly?
Spring has come again, and where is Billy?
"Give me credit,
For I did it;
Treat me kindly,
Mind you wind me.
Mr. Billy,
Mistress Milly,
My— Oh, Oh— my,
By-by, by-by,
Nickety-knock, cradle rock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

John Vance Cheney.

press in discussing the charges against him, which seemed to admit that it is all right for a governor to gamble, provided he gambles fairly. Clearly there is need of a great deal of elementary teaching on this subject, in order that a public sentiment may be created which will deal with the evil in an effective way. Those men who follow the business must be made to see that gambling, in its many phases, is the parasite of commerce, the corrupter of youth, the evil genius of our civilization, and that every man who follows the trade is as truly an enemy of society as if he went about picking his neighbors' pockets or setting their harvest fields on fire.

THAT these three maladies which assail the national life are necessarily fatal need not be asserted, but it is not well to conceal from ourselves the truth that they are dangerous. Over against these anti-social forces are the pow-

ers that make for unity: the intelligence and conscience and benevolence of a people among whom the Christian ethics is yet, we may hope, something more than an obsolete sentiment; the love of equity, not easily extinguished in the breasts of Anglo-Saxons; the steadily growing feeling of a common interest; the vast combinations of industry and commerce that are wholly inoperative without confidence and good-will. All these are mighty, and they will prevail in the end against the evil. Of their triumph on this soil, in the life of this nation, we must not, however, be so sanguine as to neglect the supply of the conditions on which alone these remedial and constructive forces will do their work. For we must remember what Professor Roscher says, that in this case the patient is also the physician; and that the cure depends on the clearness of his intelligence and the firmness of his will.

Washington Gladden.



TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Republican Institutions and the Spoils System.

THERE is no time in the progress of a reform when it is more necessary to insist upon its correct principles than during the period in which it is becoming fashionable. The ardor of those who have supported it from conviction naturally cools a little at the public success with which apparently it is meeting; while those who espouse the cause for selfish reasons are likely, from the same motives, to wish to assume its active advocacy and direction before the public, with more or less consequent risk to the integrity of its success. Such is now the case with the cause of Civil Service Reform. Within a few years it has advanced from a following which, with equal safety, could be flattered within national platforms and snubbed without, to a firm support among thoughtful and unpartisan men who know that they hold the balance of power in the nation, and who are not afraid to exercise it. At the same time the shrewder politicians see that in the fight between the spoils system and the merit system the former must eventually go under, and they are looking out for their own interests with amazing zeal. It is especially important at this stage of the reform that the exposition and defense of the new system shall not be confided to those men, of either political party, who have

been recently insisting that it is unpractical or unrep-
 ublican. The chief interest which the American people will have in the next Presidency, after that which concerns the personal character of the candidates, will lie in the treatment of the patronage of the Executive. We believe that it is being more generally perceived that the one fundamental reform of importance—without which the judgment of the country on any other question cannot be arrived at—is the thorough, general, and permanent divorce of politics and patronage. This is the people's reform, and through it alone may they hope to realize the aim of the Constitution, by the reënfranchisement of the voter.

That in this restoration of power to the individual the reform is fundamentally republican, is a doctrine which needs continually to be set forth. Opponents of the merit system tell us that republican equality requires that all citizens should have an equal chance to hold office, and that a system of appointment based on examination and probation, and requiring in candidates a degree of knowledge above the ordinary, is an aristocratic system, which ought not to be permitted in a free nation like this. Moreover, they maintain that a tenure of office during good behavior, or anything approaching it, would also be unrep-
 ublican, since it would restrict the offices to a small number of

men, and prevent the great mass of American citizens from attaining office at all. These arguments have been repeatedly urged in opposition to reform principles, and have probably had considerable influence with a certain order of minds, thus serving as an obstacle to the progress of reform.

Meanwhile, the opponents of free government in Europe, perhaps taking the hint from our own politicians, have shown a disposition to treat the abuses in our civil service as a natural result of republican government, and therefore as a condemnation of that government itself. Thus the alleged connection between republican principles and the spoils system is made to serve two purposes, the enemies of reform among ourselves using it to justify abuses, and the enemies of republican government in Europe using it as an argument against republicanism itself. It is well, therefore, to consider whether there is any foundation for the allegation thus made, whether the spoils system is really a consequence of republican principles of government, or whether it is not rather due to a perversion of those principles, and therefore opposed to the true ideal of a republican state.

Now, in regard to the charge preferred by monarchists, that the abuses in our civil service are the effect of our system of government, and a proof of its inferiority, we remark that this charge is not borne out by history. Bad as these abuses have been, they are not a whit worse than those that formerly prevailed in the monarchies of Europe, and in some respects not so bad. Until recent years, the spoils system was everywhere prevalent in a more or less aggravated form in all European states; and in the times when monarchy and oligarchy were most supreme, the abuses of the system were most flagrant. In England, for instance, but a few generations ago, the administrative offices were used in the most open way to reward the personal followers of kings and nobles, and to provide places for their broken-down servants; while the political corruption and bribery used to influence elections and parliamentary proceedings were far worse than anything of the kind ever seen in the United States.

The causes, too, of the spoils system are essentially the same everywhere, and are quite as prevalent in a monarchy as in a republic. The chief cause, of course, is the passion for public office; but this is aggravated by the spirit of party, which leads men to wish that the offices should be held by members of their own party, even if meritorious officers have to be turned out to make room for them. Now the passion for office is well-nigh universal, and is quite as strong and as prevalent in a monarchy as in a republic, and manifests itself in the same way. The spirit of party, too, is quite as prevalent, and party contests are quite as bitter, in a monarchy as in a free state; and the only difference being that in an absolute monarchy they are carried on by intrigues and cabals around the throne, while in a free state they are conducted openly before the whole people. There is nothing, then, either in the nature of free government or in history, to indicate that the abuses of our civil service are effects of republican institutions, to which governments of a less popular character are not liable. Several European states, however, and notably England, have preceded us in the work of reforming their administrative systems, and so just at present

they make a better showing than we do. But there is nothing to indicate that the reform is any more difficult here than it was there, or that reformed methods are any less adapted to our method of government than to theirs, and we should not be at all surprised if our civil service should ultimately stand the highest.

But what shall we say, then, to those of our own citizens who maintain that a reformed service would be contrary to republican principles? The charge has been so often made that it would seem that there must be some foundation for it, at least in the minds of those who make it; and we think that its real foundation is not difficult to discover. That reformed methods are really in any respect opposed to republican principles we altogether deny; but there is a spurious version of those principles which has somewhat widely prevailed, and which furnishes, we think, all the basis there is for the charge we are considering. Republican government is professedly based on the doctrine of equality, that is to say, on the doctrine that all men ought to be equal before the law, and have an equal voice in the ultimate decision of political questions. But the principle of equality has sometimes been held to mean that one man is as good as another, and consequently that all have an equal right to office, whether they have taken pains to fit themselves for it or not. This spurious theory of equality has in times past been somewhat prevalent in this country, and has contributed to the abuses of our civil service. It has, in conjunction with the spirit of party, been the chief cause of the custom known as rotation in office. This custom has been far more prevalent in this country than it ever was in England; for though in that country, before the civil service was reformed, some changes were always made by an incoming administration, there was no such clean sweep as has commonly been made here when a new party came into power. Nor can there be much doubt that the prevalence of this custom in this country is largely due to the spurious doctrine of equality; for when once it is established that all men have an equal right to hold office, the practice of rotation becomes a natural method of "giving everybody a chance."

We believe, however, that the spurious doctrine of equality is much less prevalent among us than it was, and that the majority of our people now clearly recognize that, while all ought to be equal before the law, all are by no means equal in fitness for office. We believe that the true doctrine of equality is becoming the dominant one, and that popular sentiment in regard to filling the offices has already so greatly changed that rotation has lost its popularity. It is getting to be recognized that though no class ought to have a monopoly of office, yet no man ought to have an office for which he is not fitted, and that the only way to ascertain a man's fitness is by examination and probation for that purpose. It is getting to be recognized, too, that public offices are not prizes to be given as rewards to party servants, but public functions to be discharged by the best qualified persons, and that, other things equal, the man who has held an office for years is better qualified for its duties than a new man would be. Hence the growing popularity of the reformed methods wherever they are understood, and hence the favor with which initiation of reform in the national administration has been received.

Under the new system the offices will be filled by men who have proved themselves fitted to hold them; and when a man has an office, he will not be liable to be turned out after a brief term of service to make room for a new man no better than himself. Every citizen cannot have an office, for there are not enough offices to go round; but every one will have a chance to apply for office whenever there is one to be filled, and the place will be given to him who is deemed most worthy. It is hard to see how anything can be more truly republican than this. We are confident that as the new system becomes better known its popularity will increase, and that it will be found far more in harmony with true republican principles than the spoils system could ever be.

Business Gambling.

ELSEWHERE in this number of THE CENTURY business gambling is discussed as one of "Three Dangers" which most threaten society, the other two being intemperance and divorce. Perversion of business is certainly the most conspicuous evil, and probably the one from which society has most to fear in the future. Like all other forms of gambling, betting on the future price of stocks and produce is a delusion as a means of money-getting. But it is a delusion which appeals seductively to the popular ambition to get rich easily and quickly. The great exchanges, by letting it in through the same door with honest speculation, and by vouching for the regularity of the gambling transaction, have given the delusion the mask of business. Men of prominence have lent it the mask of respectability. Most of the gigantic fortunes of the country have with their support given it the mask of success. Into the bubble have been drawn "bright" office-boys, "trustworthy" clerks, "sturdy" farmers, "solid" business men, "leading" professional men, "conservative" bank presidents, railway "magnates," and "honored" or "aspiring" statesmen. Those of them who have enjoyed success as fleecers have reasoned that the profits justified the means; and those who have been fleeced have retired on their experience, some maimed, some ruined, and some to nurse the inveterate gambling passion by risking more in the effort to get back what has been lost. Under cover of the enormous gambling transactions, grasping managers of stock companies and dishonest schemers have swelled the bubble with diluted stock and funded moonshine, with the result of breaking down the honest investment market. Such bold-faced robbery as has been practiced in various ways under the name of "stock dividends" could never have happened had not bankers and dealers been demoralized by the profits of illegitimate business.

Men have gone into fictitious speculation who would not be suspected ordinarily of patronizing faro or roulette, much less of having a proprietary interest in the "game." But the difference is mainly in the form. Many of the terms in vogue among the blackleg fraternity are in use, either literally or by synonym, in Bowling Green, Hanover Square, and Wall street. Brokerage and the banker's interest on the money borrowed in the gambling transaction are the Wall street equivalents for "the usual percentage that goes to the game." So if the "lamb" has even luck,—if fortune favors as often as it fails,—every

time he turns over his fleece he loses a handful of it. In time it all disappears, if not in losses, then in percentage and interest. For, in the long run, money is made at business gambling only by the men who have the power to juggle with the market, or the means, as it were, of "loading the dice." Certainly it has not been uncommon for managers of corporations to make opportunities for fleecing the "street," or to take underhand advantage of circumstances coming within their official knowledge. It is common also for strong operators to raid the street, up or down, not with the appearance, to be sure, of guerrillas attacking an express train, but with the same profit at other people's expense. But even for the experienced manipulators of the market it is not all profit and no risk. Only recently we have seen a costly day of reckoning come to a desperate operator, who had been a financial king or freebooter, and to a miserly millionaire, both of whom have carried stock-gambling to the depth of peddling "privileges" to small speculators through curb-stone agents—a business which bears the same relation to the operations of the Exchange that the card and dice men on the outskirts of a country circus bear to a "responsible" gambling-house.

It is the fascination of business gambling that, apparently, it offers greater scope to brains than do the ordinary games of chance. Operations on 'change require, for any degree of success beyond occasional luck, knowledge of corporate transactions, the accumulation and coördination of other trustworthy information, and a nicety of judgment beyond the reach of any but the keenest business intellects. And here again, as in the following of gambling systems at Monaco, confidence and knowledge may be dangerous things. Nothing but *unfair advantage* wins steadily in selling "long" or selling "short" or dealing in "futures." Of course, stock exchanges and produce exchanges are useful adjuncts of honest commerce, and bankers and brokers are necessary to the operations of exchange. But, one year taken with another, the true interests of exchanges and bankers and brokers, like the interests of society in general, will be found to lie in the way of real trading. Fictitious trading demoralizes commerce with fictitious prices, and is the cause of extravagance, recklessness, and low business morality. When the gambling transactions exceed the honest investments more than twenty-fold, as some have estimated, it is impossible to have a sound condition of business. And when stocks suffer, as recently, a depreciation of over two thousand millions of dollars mainly because of gambling influences, stocks which are real property dissipate only less rapidly than those which were merely "water" and therefore disappeared like vapor.

Perhaps the most culpable, because the most responsible, of the men who have stimulated the gambling mania are the bankers who supply the capital without which these transactions could not be carried through the Exchange under the guise of transfers of stock. These bankers know very well that the business would be regarded by them as immoral and unsound if the profits were not so captivating. Said one of them to a new firm of brokers whose account he was taking: "Whatever you do, don't 'lay down' on your bank";—in other words: "When the day of disaster overtakes you, protect your financial partner from loss by 'lay-

ing down on somebody else." Of greater significance is the fact that "conservative" bankers and brokers, who are eager to help others into the mazes of Wall street, prefer to have their customers think it is a rule of the firm never to gamble on its own account.

It is a question to what extent these abuses of legitimate trade can be corrected by legislative remedies. But the subject is one which deserves careful study from legislators, and a different moral attitude on the part of business men; for it is plain to see that honest industry and honest commerce are suffering from a parasitic growth which is sapping both their physical strength and moral energy.

Legacies of the War.

THE year now drawing to its close has witnessed events in the United States of a nature calculated to humiliate and discourage those who have both pride and faith in republican institutions. It is not necessary to name over the long and melancholy list. Political scandals and revelations of commercial dishonor are fresh in the minds of all, and all have observed the apparently lessening sense of the sacredness of marriage, the growing tendency toward stock-gambling in all sections of the community, and the increased popular success of demagogism in public life.

If most of the events and tendencies which distress the judicious are examined, they will be found to be in some way connected with the great civil war which ended nineteen years ago; they are in a certain sense a part of the price we have had to pay for our national unity. The very prosperity which followed upon the reunion of the States gave rise to those gigantic schemes which brought the small but poisonous band of railroad-wrecking millionaires upon us; hence, too, the amateur speculation which is the ruin of the peace, fortunes, and morals of so many homes. Again, the unscrupulous demagogues, who have lately proved so successful in the various party organizations, have very often been men who traded on their "war records," either as actual soldiers or as promoters otherwise of the cause of the Union. More than one community has had the chance of watching the metamorphosis of a young and enthusiastic company of workers for the "Union cause," at the time of or soon after the war, into a middle-aged band of robbers of the public tills,—sometimes tolerated through the fatal apathy of honest citizens, more rarely exposed and sent to prison. The spoils system itself, though earlier than the war, and therefore not a direct outgrowth of it, was nevertheless intensified, and invested with a species of sacredness, by the natural heat and enthusiasm of the war feeling.

But he would be a shallow observer indeed who did not see beside the events and tendencies to which we have alluded others of a most hopeful and reassuring character. If there seems to be a culmination of evil things, there is a culmination of the good also. Nothing can stay the progress of the greatest reform that has been started since the old Anti-Slavery days. And the reform of the civil service means not merely a purification of our governmental system; it means also, ultimately, the reform of our entire public life. In both of the leading parties a new class of politicians have already begun to take the field, and

with the highest success; men like Mayor Low of Brooklyn and Theodore Roosevelt of New York City—such men as these have already done much to make the abused word "politician" the respectable designation of a highly useful and worthy class of citizens. It will be noticed that among the men prominent at this moment as connected in one party or the other with the reform principle, are many who have come up since the war. They have taken their places after the great questions growing out of that conflict were largely decided, and they are addressing themselves with energy to the new problems which are calling everywhere for attention.

Among the signs that the great body of the people are not thoroughly contaminated by the low and cynical views of expediency and the mephistophelian principles of the large number of political "strikers" and "boomers," of all parties and sections, who of late have been so noisy and apparently pervading—among these signs, we say, is the interest taken in the agitation of the temperance question, an agitation it may be not always wisely or justly conducted, but on the whole a moral movement of the deepest and most healthy significance. Another sign is the extraordinary courage of independence on the part of individuals connected with the various political organizations, and the quick and wide response to every point of conscience raised by those who are looked upon as the purest and least disinterested among the leaders of thought.

Indeed, there are many signs in the sky of a better day to come. The legacies of the war are not all bad. The good effects of national unity are now so apparent that many of those who did their heroic best to discover these States are glad that they failed in the attempt. One of the legacies of the war is human freedom; and though the condition of the freed race to-day offers many serious and perplexing problems, still there are few, white or black, who despise or regret this priceless legacy of the war. But the greatest legacy of the war is a mighty and swiftly increasing nation, which has to work out,—through the moral stamina, public spirit, and watchfulness of its individual citizens,—not only its own salvation, but, one may almost say, the salvation of the human race itself. To despair of America is to despair of humanity. It is not time to despair of America until all the influences for good, which are now actively at work in every part of our enormous territory, shall be utterly exhausted.

American Monumental Art.

SOME of the New York papers have lately been discussing an American custom of giving out public monuments, not to professional sculptors and architects, but to business houses. These firms may or may not employ competent artists, and the artists, good or bad, are amenable, not to the persons engaging the work, but to the firms that directly employ them.

There can be no doubt that this system is a dangerous one. There is always a chance that a work of monumental art may never attain to be a "work of art" at all, through the failure of even a good artist to do his best, or through the certainty that a commonplace artist will do poorly. Indeed, committees may congratulate themselves if they manage to get hold of even a commonplace artist, when we see how many

committees have been the prey of wire-pulling ignoramuses. For it is a singular fact that there is more charlatanism in sculpture than in any other of the arts; in other words, it is apparently easier for a totally incompetent modeler to pose as a real sculptor, than it is for a totally incompetent painter to pose as a genuine master of the art of painting.

To the danger that committees may be imposed upon by the quackery of self-styled artists is added the danger that they may be imposed upon by the energy and wiles of business "drummers." Incompe-

tent "sculptors" are always seeking jobs, sometimes even originating them; and now we have prosperous and reputable business firms "making specialties" of soldiers' monuments and what not! The public, and especially committees, ought to bear in mind that the very best artistic talent can seldom be obtained through "middlemen," and that business houses, not composed of trained artists, are as little likely to produce masterpieces of monumental art as "literary bureaus" would be likely to furnish on demand, and at most-for-your-money prices, first-class novels or inspired poems.

OPEN LETTERS.

Young Alumni in Politics.

[The following Open Letter was written before the recent Presidential Conventions. Mr. Spahr's views will be read with special interest at the present moment.—EDITOR.]

THE editor of THE CENTURY has recently called attention to the fact that educated young men find nothing in the old political parties to rouse enthusiasm. The most stalwart partisans do not deny this statement, but in general claim that the lack of enthusiasm is the fault of the young men, and not of the parties.

It is not the object of this article to make any attack upon those who call themselves practical politicians. I fully realize that some of these "men without theories" are not men without thoughts, and that some who are subjectively "hard-headed" are not objectively "thick-headed." The object of this article is to start from the recognized fact that the young alumni of the country do not stand with the old parties, and to try to show where, as a body, we do stand. We do not pride ourselves upon being theorists. We have therefore no particular quarrel with those who claim to be practical. We would commend their attacks upon our lack of party spirit, did we think, as they do, that an interest in party and an interest in politics are identical. Our justification is in the fact that our increased interest in political problems has been as marked as our decreased interest in party manoeuvres. We hold that when parties are based upon offices they can only claim the devotion of those who hold the offices. If they will give us a party which is based upon principles, we who hold the principles will work for it enthusiastically.

Of the questions now before the American people, there are two upon which our faith is practically united, and in regard to which the vast majority of us desire to make our influence felt. Almost as a unit we are in favor of *Civil Service and Tariff Reform*. During the struggle to maintain the Union, the evils connected with the civil service and the tariff were lost sight of by the general public, but were watched and fostered by the privileged classes dependent upon them. During the political torpor which followed the struggle, these classes insisted that those who strove for reform were trying to revive "dead issues." The event has proven that the issues were not dead but sleeping, and in their

sleep had gathered power. The reformers were told that to attack the established order was un-American. The event has proven that the American people consider nothing to be un-American which means "equality before the laws." Indeed, it is more than probable that the accomplishment of these reforms will be the next great step in the consummation of national unity. The one reform will take away the bitterness of party strife, while the other will put an end to class legislation. The doctrine of "spoils" and the doctrine of "protection" both strive to benefit the part at the expense of the whole, which no national organism can ever permit. And the signs of the times are that each will be compelled to give way as the people more fully realize that "party rights" and "class rights" mean national wrongs.

When I say that the great body of young alumni are united upon the subject of protection, let me not be understood to say that we are united upon what would be called radical ground. We believe that the American people have heard a good deal of free-trade sophistry as well as protective sophistry. From the stump we hear free-traders appeal to class prejudice and hate. We hear the manufacturing classes attacked as robbers who are enriched by plundering the public. We believe that the public is impoverished, but to claim that labor and capital are better rewarded in protected industries than in any other is as decidedly the mark of the ignoramus as of the demagogue. Only when a moneyed lobby has controlled special legislation is there any division of plunder. And the industries thus protected will soon be so over-crowded that those who are engaged in them need "more protection" almost as much as they formerly needed any protection at all. It is for this reason that "protection which leads to free trade" is so generally a delusion. The wealth of the whole country depends upon the productiveness of its labor. The fallacy of protection is that it enriches a class while it impoverishes the nation. This, we hold, is bad philosophy, bad patriotism, and bad policy, and we claim that protection will always fail to benefit any class, while it will never fail to tax all classes.

From the professor's chair as well as from the politician's stump do we hear free-trade doctrines which we do not sanction. In fact, free-trade extremists

seem to have been the only ones to attract general attention. When a prominent professor, in writing for a prominent periodical, argues that all the wages paid in the protected industries are wasted because paid for work which we ought not to be engaged in, he does not have the support of the great body of the alumni. Most of us were brought up in the Republican party, and are conservative enough to believe that wages are not wholly wasted unless paid for work which is wholly unproductive. As a body, we believe in a conservative reform. All that we insist upon is that "conservatism" shall not mean stagnation.

These questions, upon which the young alumni are practically united, are questions upon which they will have considerable influence. Not only is practical good sense required, but a vast amount of investigation into the facts which relate to these problems. The American people have always overestimated our scholarship fully as much as they have underestimated our practical judgment, and they will be apt to attach some value to what we claim as the result of our investigations.

There is also another reason why our influence would be felt. Those who have managed the "machine" have been mistaken when they supposed that a false dignity kept us from becoming political workers. "Dignity" was never one of our vices. During our college days, when the fire department had turned out to throw water upon some already ruined barn, the regular workers of the machine were apt to curse our indifference and our criticisms. But when there was a real conflagration at hand, they found that we were as hard workers as the best of them. In the same way now, when the political machine shall be turned from its present uses and abuses into a power for the extermination of serious evils, we will take hold of it with a free-handed grasp instead of a "kid-gloved touch," and our "critical indifference" will give place to a whole-hearted enthusiasm.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Charles B. Spahr.

Two Notable Novels.*

I HAVE lately read two novels — or rather two fictions, for one of them, strictly speaking, is a romance rather than a novel — which struck me as being, in several ways, uncommonly interesting. Not the least interesting thing about them was the witness they bore of the prevalence of realism in the artistic atmosphere to such degree that two very differently gifted writers, having really something to say in the way of fiction, could not help giving it the realistic character. This was true no less of the romance than of the novel; and I fancied that neither the romancer nor the novelist had theorized much, if at all, in regard to the matter. Realism — the name is not particularly good — being almost the only literary movement of our time that has vitality in it, these two authors, who felt the new life in them, and were not mere literary survivals, became naturally part of it.

The novel was "The Story of a Country Town," and unless it shall have reached your readers in an Eastern republication, I imagine that I shall be giving most of

*The Story of a Country Town. By E. W. Howe. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

*Miss Ludington's Sister. By E. W. Bellamy. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

them the first news of it. The author is Mr. E. W. Howe, who is also the editor of an evening paper in Atchison, Kansas, and who printed and published the first edition of his novel himself. In his preface he tells, with a frankness that is at once manly and appealing, how he wrote the book at night, after his day's work on the newspaper was done; but it is with the novel, and not with the novelist, that we have to do at present. It is simply what it calls itself, the story of a country town in the West, which has so many features in common with country towns everywhere, that whoever has lived in one must recognize the grim truth of the picture. It does not lack its reliefs, — which are of a humorous rather than a joyous sort, — but is very grim nevertheless, and at times intolerably sad. Its earlier chapters represent the hard-worked, almost hopeless life of the women in a country neighborhood, and the plodding disappointment of the men, in whom toil and privation have quenched the light of dreams in which they came out to possess the new land. Out of this general sentiment are materialized certain types, certain characters. They are commonly good, and nearly always religious people, with a passion for religious observances and for Scriptural discussions; and their gloom, one feels, is a temporary but necessary condition, out of which the next generation is sure to emerge. The author has instinctively chosen the form which, next to the dramatic, is the most perfect, and supposes himself the narrator of the story. His mother is one of those worn, weary women; his father is the sternest of the religionists, who, after leading a life of merciless industry and perfect morality, breaks under the strain of the monotony and solitude at last, and abandons his wife for a woman whom he does not love. This tragedy does not develop till the scene of the story has changed from the country neighborhood to the country town, — Twin Mounds it is called; and here the narrator's father buys the local newspaper and sets about making it prosperous with tremendous energy, which finally achieves success. But his curse is on him, and he goes away to ruin and disgrace, while his wife and son remain to a sorrow and shame that are depicted with unsparing and heart-breaking fullness. The wretched man returns the night following the death of his wife, and, after looking on her dead face with his pitying and forgiving son, goes out into the snow-storm from which he has come, and is heard of no more. This Rev. John Westlock is the great figure of the book, and not Jo Erring, of whom the author is fond, and who finally comes near spoiling the strong, hard-headed, clear-conscienced story. Yet Jo Erring is admirably imagined, — or discovered, — and even in his sentimental excess and unbalance is true to the West, and to a new country. His timorous, bewildered wife, who has yet a strange, womanly dignity, is very courageously and powerfully drawn; there are many such women in the world, but they are new to fiction. She is scientifically derived from her father, too, and the misery into which they both fall is the result of a weakness to which one cannot help being tender. Jo Erring becomes insanely jealous of a reprobate with whom Mateel had a boy-and-girl engagement; he kills the man, and commits suicide in prison. All that is treated deplorably enough as regards the narrator's blindness to the fact that Jo is really a culpable

homicide; but on the artistic side, as regards the portrayal of character and conditions, there is no fault. The art is feeblest in the direction of Agnes, who is probably true to life, but seems rather more than the rest to have come out of books. Her termagant mother, on the other hand,—of whom we have scarcely more than a glimpse as she cuffs her way through a roomful of children,—and her uncle, the delicious cynic Lytle Biggs, with his frank philosophy and swindling life, are unmistakably out of the soil. It is not in the presentation of individuals, however, but rather in the realization of a whole order of things, that the strength of the book lies; and what I most admire in it is the apparently unconscious fearlessness with which all the facts of the case, good, bad, and indifferent, are recognized. Neither this thing nor that is exploited, but all things are simply and clearly portrayed. It is needless to note that, having something to say, the author has said it well; that follows. I do not care to praise his style, though, as far as that increasingly unimportant matter goes, it is well enough; but what I like in him is the sort of mere open humanness of his book. It has defects enough, which no one can read for without discovering; but, except in the case of Jo Erring, they are not important—certainly not such as to spoil any one's pleasure in a fiction which is of the kind most characteristic of our time, and which no student of our time hereafter can safely ignore. The book is full of simple homeliness, but is never vulgar. It does not flatter the West, nor paint its rough and rude traits as heroic; it perceives and states, and the results are perfectly imaginable American conditions, in which no trait of beauty or pathos is lost. There are charming things in it. Youth, with its ignorance, its ardor, its hopefulness and fearlessness, is more than once finely studied; and amidst the prevailing harshness and aridity there are episodes of tenderness and self-devotion that are like springs of water out of the ground. It is a fact so creditable to the community in which this remarkable novel was produced, without any aids of advertising or "favorable noticing," that I cannot forbear stating, at the risk of impertinence, that its uncommon quality was at once recognized, and the whole of the first edition sold there.

MR. BELLAMY works to an end very different in his romance, "Miss Ludington's Sister"; but he deals quite as frankly with his material, and has quite as little of that *mauvaise honte* which long prevented us from recognizing American conditions in the genteel presence of our English reviewers, as Mr. Howe. I observed that one of these critics lately arched a troubled eyebrow at a state of things presented in Mr. Bellamy's first story, "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process," where apparently the drug-clerk and the gunsmith's apprentice are members of village society. A little while ago, and we would not have dared to betray this low fact. But Mr. Bellamy had touched upon it in the most matter-of-fact, casual way, and as something that needed neither defense nor explanation; and his transatlantic reviewer, by a heroic effort, succeeded in praising his book in spite of it, though his noble reluctance was plain. In fact, Mr. Bellamy has done in both of his romances about the only thing left for the romancer to do in our times, if he will be part of its

tendency: he has taken some of the crudest and most sordid traits of our life, and has produced from them an effect of the most delicate and airy romance. It always seemed to me that Hawthorne had some ironical or whimsical intention in his complaints of the unfriendliness of the American atmosphere and circumstance to his art; and the success of Mr. Bellamy, who is the first writer of romance in our environment worthy to be compared with Hawthorne, goes far to confirm me in this notion. By the boldness with which he treats our reality he wins a subtler effect for the fantastic and ideal when he introduces them. I think there can be in all fiction few stories more pathetic than "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process," in which the poor lost girl seems to find, in the physician's invention for the extirpation of any given memory, release from the shame of her fall. It would be a pity to dull the interest of any reader who has not happened to meet with the book, and I will tell its story no further. Of course I shall not reveal the secret of "Miss Ludington's Sister," but it can do no harm to ask the reader to note with what skill the clew is kept from him, with what cunning the irrefragable chain of logic is forged, and with what consummate craft the possible and impossible are joined. All is told with the greatest quiet and plainness of manner, but there are moments when one's breath scarcely comes in the intense excitement of the situation: for example, where the medium suddenly dies in her trance, and the spirit which she has materialized remains in our world, bewildered, terrified, helpless. It is the earthly career of this strange being which fascinates the reader until the *éclaircissement* becomes almost intolerable; but, from first to last, nothing seems forced in character or situation. In this perhaps more daring flight of his imagination, Mr. Bellamy apparently finds himself no more embarrassed by fidelity to the every-day details of American life than he did in "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process." In both books these are treated with absolute unconsciousness of their difference from those of any other life. Up to a certain point it cannot be said that even Mr. Howe's novel is more realistic than Mr. Bellamy's romance, which, beyond that point, has earned the right to be as romantic as the author chooses. It indicates a direction in which a species of fiction, for which Hawthorne did so much that he may be almost said to have created it, can be continued and developed indefinitely. There is nothing antagonistic in realism to poetry or romance; perhaps the best and highest realism will be that which shall show us both of these where the feeble-thoughted and feeble-hearted imagine that they cannot exist. Mr. Howe's "Story of a Country Town" makes every stupid little American village poetic to the sympathetic witness, as geology renders every patch of earth historic; we grow indefinitely richer by such close and kindly study of human life, for if the study is close enough it is sure to be kindly; and realism is only a phase of humanity. Mr. Bellamy shows us that the fancy does not play less freely over our democratic levels than the picturesque inequalities of other civilizations, and both books enforce once more the fact that, whatever their comparative value may be, our own things are the best things for us to write of.

The new strength and the new freshness shown by

these authors are not rare among our younger writers. Mr. Lathrop shows both, for example, in that beautiful book of his, "An Echo of Passion"; and I have just been reading Miss Jewett's last volume of sketches with exactly the keen delight with which one would meet her farmer and sailor folk in the flesh and hear them talk. Indeed, one does meet them really in her book; and it would be easy to multiply instances on every hand of the recognition of the principle of realism in our fiction. The books of Mr. Howe and of Mr. Bellamy happen to be the latest evidences, as well as very striking performances apart from this.

W. D. Howells.

A Word with Countrywomen.

LIFE is a succession of choices. As some one has well said, "One cannot often have this *and* that, but this *or* that." We cannot, if we would, gather all the roses. There are too many of them. The question is, which to choose?

To choose and to hold fast to the very best that is within our individual reach — is not this the true philosophy of life? It is not a narrow or a selfish philosophy, surely, for we cannot share with our fellows what we ourselves do not possess. And do not we countrywomen sometimes fail to grasp the best because we are too eagerly striving to seize that which is of less value?

Is it not a mistake to let go of the quiet strength, the repose, the dignity of country life, in a feverish and ill-considered attempt to follow afar off the manners and customs of the town? In the first place, we cannot do it in any satisfactory way, even if we try. The conditions, the environment, as a certain clerical gentleman would say, are so different as to make it well-nigh impossible to ingraft upon the stock of country life the scions of city habits, city hours, city customs.

In the second place, if we could, *cui bono*?

Jenkins seems to have broken out, lately, in a new spasm of industry and enthusiasm. The daily papers — even such as, a very few years ago, would have considered it quite beneath their dignity to devote column after column to "society news," so called — now carry to the remotest hamlets among the hills or on the prairies minute details of Mrs. Midas's ball and Mrs. Grundy's reception, and of what the favored guests ate and drank and did and wore. Nobody finds fault with this. If there are those who care to read these details, thus getting brief and tantalizing glimpses of what they consider "high life," it is the privilege, and perhaps the duty, of the newspapers to supply the demand. But shall we vex our souls and wear out our bodies in vain attempts to copy, in a feeble and microscopic way, the doings of the above-mentioned ladies? Why not have our own ideas, our own standards, as to what is fit and becoming — not, perhaps, for Mrs. Midas, but for us?

Because Mrs. Midas, who dines at seven, finds it pleasant and convenient to receive her friends anywhere from nine to twelve, or later, why should we country-folk, who as a rule dine at one and have our cup of tea at six, think it necessary to yawn until nine or ten o'clock before we put on our best clothes and go to Mrs. Brown's party? Why make a burden of what might be a pleasure? Most people in the country find it necessary, or at least convenient, to breakfast as early as half-past seven. This certainly implies being in bed and asleep before the small hours.

Remember, I am not quarreling with Mrs. Midas. No doubt she orders her life after the manner that experience has proved most easy and comfortable — for her. But I fail to see why we, who are so differently situated, should consider it "the thing" to adopt her hours. Why should we go to parties at nine o'clock, when every mother's daughter of us knows it would be easier and more convenient to go at half-past seven?

Mrs. Midas has her retinue of a dozen servants — more or less. Yet, if she is to give a dinner of any pretension, she does not depend solely upon her household forces, but calls in aid from outside.

How is it in the country? The great majority of the women who read THE CENTURY keep one servant — at the most, two. The country housekeepers who are under bondage to more than two are the very rare exceptions. Why should we not entertain our friends with a simplicity commensurate with the service at our command? Simplicity is not meanness, it is not shabbiness, it is not inhospitality. It means just this: that, time and strength being limited quantities both for mistress and maid, many a woman who would delight to receive her friends cannot afford to spend two or three days in the kitchen concocting an array of delicacies for which, after all is done, very few people care a straw. Every hostess knows that man is an eating animal, and that some light refreshment greatly adds to the ease and pleasure of an evening entertainment. But why is an elaborate supper necessary on every occasion? If a dozen of your friends pass the evening with you, for a little music, or conversation, or whist, or what not, the chances are that not one of them would have thought of tasting anything if they had staid at home.

Since the appearance of a certain "Open Letter" in THE CENTURY for May, 1883, touching upon some phases of country life, many women have appealed to the writer for advice as to forming literary clubs and societies of one sort and another. Ladies, let me say this, right here: Set your faces as a flint against any proposition for having "refreshments."

"Oh, but," says some one, "it would be so pleasant to have coffee and sandwiches, or chocolate and sponge-cake, or something! We might confine ourselves to one or two things."

Yes, you might, if you would. But the trouble is, you will not. First one member will break over the rule and add a salad to the coffee and sandwiches; next week her neighbor will add scalloped oysters to the salad; and so it will grow as it goes, until the main object of your society is overshadowed by the eating business, and your Reading-circle, your Musical, your Fortnightly, becomes a burden. Finally, the members begin to say, "Oh, Mrs. President, I am so sorry, but my cook has given warning, and I can't possibly have the club this week." And, ten to one, the club dies in three months. All which trouble will be avoided if you make up your minds to meet together and study, or read, or sing, or play, without being confronted with the grim necessity of providing something to eat.

Not long ago a journal of wide circulation printed words to this effect (I quote from memory): "Whatever a housekeeper does, or leaves undone, let her remember this: No lady who makes any pretensions to living elegantly, or even handsomely, will allow a

napkin to appear upon her table twice without being laundered. Napkin-rings are banished to the nursery, where they should always have remained.'

Now, no one can deny that a napkin fresh and crisp from the laundry is a daintier object than one that has lost its first freshness, even if clasped by the prettiest of rings. If one has plenty of servants and plenty of napkins, this is without doubt exceedingly pleasant advice to follow. But what if we were to do a little sum in multiplication? The average family is said to consist of five members.

$$5 \times 3 \times 7 = 105.$$

In round numbers, nine dozen napkins a week for a family of five.

Mesdames, who write for the papers, and tell us what must and what must not be done, you may not believe it, but there are women who aspire to living handsomely and daintily, if not elegantly, who have pretty, well-kept houses, and daintily appointed tables, yet who never had nine dozen napkins at once in all their lives, and never expect to have. What shall they do about it? Perhaps as an alternative they would better dispense with napkins altogether, as those stately and dignified dames, our venerated foremothers, did! Elegance and even neatness are terms hard to define. Latitude and longitude have a great deal to do with them. The Japanese lady lifts her almond eyes and laughs with mocking disdain at the Western barbarians who actually wash napkins and handkerchiefs that they may use them a second time. She uses her pretty trifle once and burns it.

This is a very trifling matter? Yes; and if it stood alone, it would not be worth mentioning. But a pound of feathers is just as heavy as a pound of lead. Let those who can afford to indulge their dainty tastes do so, and be thankful. But when it becomes a matter of choice between three fresh napkins a day—or anything else that may stand as their equivalent—and the new book, or the longed-for picture, the leisure to breathe the fresh air and enjoy the June roses, or to take the children out in the wide pastures and watch the changeful lights and shadows on the mountain sides,—then what shall be said about it? It is over-anxiety about matters like these that comes between the soul of many a woman and that higher, calmer, sweeter life for which she really yearns.

It is really true of the great middle class that are scattered all over our land, from Maine to Florida, from Massachusetts to Oregon, that they cannot have this and that. They are shut out from many, indeed from most, of the advantages of great cities. They do not have picture galleries, museums, and public libraries, nor the stimulus of busy, magnetic crowds.

But they may have—they may absorb into their own beings—the strength of the hills and of the sea, the calm of the plains, the peace of the sky, the patience of the earth, that lies waiting through all the wintry hours, assured that seed-time and harvest shall not fail. They may secure time to read and to think. They may pluck the roses of content.

Shall they lose all these in a vain attempt to grasp, not the best things of a far different life, but some of its merest externals, thus adding to all their cares and labors and getting nothing that is worth having in return?

Julia C. R. Dorr.

The Bombardment of Alexandria.

LETTER FROM A UNITED STATES NAVAL OFFICER.

THE CENTURY for June contains an extract from the diary of Miss Stone during the war in Egypt of 1882. The extract is preceded by an introductory letter from her father, Stone Pasha, which I think ought not to be accepted as final.

The Pasha's important position in the Egyptian army, held for so many years, his extensive knowledge of the country and its people, and his own character, combine to give his expressed opinion an almost overwhelming weight. This opinion involves serious charges against the British Government, as represented by its diplomatic and naval officers in Egypt, which, it seems to me, are merely stated and not proved.

I happened to be in Alexandria prior to and during the bombardment, and afterward was accredited to Lord Wolseley's staff as military and naval attaché. My own observations lead me to conclusions opposed to those advanced by Stone Pasha; and as no one else appears likely to question the accuracy of his *dictum*, I venture, very reluctantly, to suggest that the peculiar circumstances of the case may have caused him to say more than is, perhaps, capable of demonstration to others.

The newspapers, during the early part of July, 1882, may be cited as recording the almost universal belief that hostilities were certain to break out at Alexandria—the only difficulty being in fixing an exact date. The stampede of foreigners which followed the massacre of June 11 was largely due to this belief, and was encouraged by the British Government, which furnished free transportation as far as Malta to thousands of its citizens. The bombardment should, logically, have taken place immediately after the massacre. It was, however, delayed for a whole month. I submit that ample opportunity was afforded to all, who *really* desired it, to leave the country.

Furthermore, Stone Pasha is on record in his daughter's diary, under date of July 8th, as expecting Admiral Seymour to bombard Alexandria. Knowing as he did, to use the words of his introductory letter, that "the bombardment of Alexandria by any European fleet would cause the enraged inhabitants to work vengeance on all Europeans who might be in the country, of whatever nationality," his duty to his family seemed to me then, as it seems to me now, perfectly clear. He reached a solution of the problem in singularly full acquaintance with all the elements which entered into it. The responsibility was his own; nor can he now complain if the solution was fraught with discomfort and danger to those near and dear to him.

That a foreign squadron on a confessedly hostile mission should give the extended notice of bombardment, with its possibilities of aggressive preparation, urged by Stone Pasha, is a new doctrine. More notice than the technical twenty-four or the actual forty hours (according to the introductory letter) was, however, practically given to Stone Pasha. On the 6th of July Admiral Seymour sent the following letter to the Military Governor of Alexandria:

"I have the honor to inform your Excellency that it has been officially reported to me that yesterday two

or more additional guns were mounted on the sea defenses, and that other warlike preparations are being made on the northern face of Alexandria against the squadron under my command. Under the circumstances, I have to notify your Excellency that unless such proceedings be discontinued, or if, having been discontinued, they should be renewed, it will become my duty to open fire on the works in course of construction."

In view of his position at court, Stone Pasha could not have been ignorant of this letter, nor of the certainty that its menace would be followed by energetic action, even if the correspondence had been confidential. Yet he postponed bringing his family within reach of the American fleet, where they would have been gladly welcomed; and even after the *ultimatum* was issued, while there was still time for them to take the train from Cairo on the 10th, he decided that the discomfort of a crowded train was more to be dreaded than the dangers he describes as the inevitable sequence of a bombardment. An efficient escort might surely have been found among the members of his staff to whose loyalty he and his family bear such willing testimony.

The objection that the ships of refuge were to quit the harbor three hours before the arrival of the train in Alexandria is not worthy of Stone Pasha. My own vessel, for instance, moved on July 10th from a mile and a half inside the end of the breakwater to a like distance outside, where, except that the pull in a man-of-war's boat would have been longer by three miles, the refuge was precisely as accessible on that day as the day previous.

The complaint that "all British subjects had been carefully sent away" implies what I am sorry to say is but too true—that other governments are less solicitous than the British for the welfare of their citizens. The statement is at once a compliment to Great Britain and a reproach to other nations.

In view of what I have already said, I cannot perceive that the extension from forty to forty-eight hours of the notice to bombard would have caused people to leave Egypt who had already made up their minds to accept the risk of staying in any event; nor, *passim*, do I think that it can be shown that hundreds of Egyptian women and children "perished in the bombardment and in the panic flight from the hastily bombarded town," as Stone Pasha states.

The history of June 11, 1882, has not been written as yet, but those who witnessed the events of that day, and escaped with their lives, will find difficulty in recalling with composure that they only beheld a *so-called massacre*.

I know that care was taken on July 11 to spare the town as far as was possible. I was myself surprised at the small extent of the damage it sustained, and I venture to think that trustworthy returns would not bear out the Pasha's statement that, "during the Christian bombardment of Alexandria, scores of Egyptian women and children perished"; while I am sure that by none would such a fact have been more deplored than by the people in the attacking fleet.

If I have made it appear at least open to discussion whether or no the British were guilty of "barbarous disregard . . . of the lives of citizens of all other nationalities," etc., and have shown that the bombard-

ment did not take place, as it were, *on the sly*, I shall need no other apology for this tax upon your time and patience.

Very truly yours,

C. F. Goodrich,
Lieut.-Commander U. S. N.

A Sign of the Times in Lexicography.*

THE chief merit of the "New English Dictionary on Historical Principles" is suggested by its title—it is the first thoroughly systematic and exhaustive *history* ever attempted of the words of a language. The principle upon which it is based is, of course, not new. The idea that lexicography is at bottom history, and demands historical accuracy and completeness, is conspicuous in Grimm and Littré, and, in fact, lies at the basis of every great modern lexicon. But the task of accumulating all the facts which constitute the history of words is so vast, incompleteness is apparently so inevitable, and it is so much easier to analyze and pass judgment upon contemporary or classical usage than to show by what steps it was reached, that even Littré, the greatest of modern lexicographers, virtually abandoned the purely historical field. To have highly resolved to realize the historical idea in all its fullness, and to have carried that resolve into successful execution, is the great merit of the Philological Society and of Dr. Murray. Their dictionary breathes a new atmosphere and is animated by a new spirit. With its great rivals, Littré and Grimm, one feels that the language—the French or German—of the present forms a limit up to which the past leads, but beyond which it does not point. "Contemporary usage," says Littré (preface), "is the first and principal object of a dictionary." The prime value of the word-history of the past is, he thinks, to establish the usage of the present; and this present usage seems, for him, to have in it a certain completeness, ultimateness, and sacredness. But the "New Dictionary" lifts us over this barrier, and shows us that present usage is only an imaginary section of the great stream of linguistic changes flowing toward us from the past and away into the future. It places us upon the summit of philosophic history, for which past, present, and future are more or less arbitrary divisions of one comprehensive view. Of the scholarship, toil, self-sacrifice, genius, by which this summit has been reached, it is unnecessary to speak.

This broad, philosophic view of its theme gives to the Philological Society's work a significance beyond that which belongs to it within its special province. It marks the movement of another department of thought into line with those sciences which have surrendered themselves wholly to the scientific spirit of the age; which recognize truth as existing in fact alone, and in the *whole* fact, and have turned resolutely away from individual inspiration, feeling, preference, to impersonal observation, analysis, and induction. How far at least English lexicography has hitherto been from this position, every one knows. Johnson's dictionary is hardly more a work of *science* than is "Sar-

*A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles, founded mainly on the materials collected by the Philological Society. Edited by James A. H. Murray, LL. D., President of the Philological Society, with the assistance of many scholars and men of science. PART I. A-ANT. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. New York: Macmillan & Co.

tor Resartus"; nor do Richardson, Latham, and the rest come much nearer the scientific ideal. They are monuments of literary taste, skill, knowledge, and even of genius, but they are not truly scientific; for not one of them recognizes that, as a man of science, the lexicographer has no right to express an opinion until all the facts upon which that opinion *ought* to be founded are before him. They exhibit everywhere the freedom of the *littérateur*. But the editors of the "New Dictionary" have proceeded differently. First, with the aid of hundreds of others, they have collected millions of facts, and only when these were all in their hands have they ventured to express their opinions as to the meaning of any. This is the true scientific spirit; and that it has taken firm hold of lexicography in all its branches is indicated by the similar scheme for a great Latin lexicon, which is being carried into execution by Professor Wölfflin. Is not this a sign of the times. And may we not hope that the same spirit will soon drive out the personal element, the arbitrariness of individual opinion and feeling, from the remaining departments of scientific thought, from literary criticism, æsthetics, biography, and philosophy? Certainly the fact that over one thousand persons (readers) have been found who have not only appreciated the scientific aim which the Philological Society has set before them, but have also enthusiastically devoted themselves to its promotion, ought to encourage those who are working for this grand result.

Detailed criticism of the book will undoubtedly reveal many errors. In the relatively small part of it (A-Ant) which has been published, critics have already discovered a number of omissions and other more serious imperfections. But the critics and all will do well to bear in mind what Dr. Murray, in a recent number of "Notes and Queries," suggests, that omissions are due not so much to those who *did* accept his general invitation to work as to those who *did not*. There is yet time for repentance. Let all who have any information which can be of use to Dr. Murray send it to him at once.

S.

Recent Inventions.—Domestic Refrigeration.

A LOW temperature is often a sanitary necessity. The germs of disease can be controlled or destroyed by lowering the temperature. So clearly is this now seen that the power to lower the temperature of the air has come to be regarded in both the cure and prevention of disease. In all these domestic and sanitary applications of cold or refrigeration, ice has been the only material employed. In breweries, packing establishments, and abattoirs where refrigeration is required upon a large scale, or, in other words, where very great quantities of ice must be used, artificial refrigeration has in a large measure taken the place of natural ice.

Natural ice has several serious objections. It is heavy and cumbersome, wet and sloppy, exceedingly wasteful, and may be the vehicle for disease. These objections are so serious that the question is now raised whether in our larger cities mechanical refrigeration would not be safer, cheaper, and better. Intensely cold liquids or air chilled to many degrees below zero can now be delivered from a central station through pipes in the streets to all the houses within

any moderate area, say two blocks in every direction. The lofty apartment houses, accommodating in some instances one hundred families under one roof, can with equal facility deliver from a machine in the cellar any required degree of cold in the pantry or store-room of every tenant in the building. These refrigeration machines are now on a firm technical and commercial basis, and can be as safely depended on to do the work required as any ordinary machinery. Two types of these machines are made and used in New York; and from an examination of a number in actual operation it may be safely predicted that they will in time be largely used to supply domestic refrigerators in place of ice. These two classes of machines are the anhydrous-ammonia machines and the compressed-air machines. In theory the anhydrous-ammonia machines produce cold upon the following circle of operations. The ammonia is compressed in a compressor driven by a steam-engine. The immediate result, as in all compression, is heat. If now this heat is extracted by passing the ammonia through pipes cooled by water, the ammonia will be in the form of a liquid under pressure, and both eager to expand and greedy for heat. If it is now allowed to expand and to return to the form of a gas, it will absorb heat from everything near it. If allowed to expand in pipes submerged in water, the water will immediately freeze. By mixing salt with the water, it will part with its heat and become intensely cold without freezing. If the machine is to make ice, it is only necessary to sink metal cans filled with pure water in this cold brine, and they are soon frozen, and when lifted out can be dipped in warm water and the solid block of ice will fall out. If it is not intended to make ice, but only to refrigerate a meat-safe, or cold-storage room, it is only necessary to place coils of pipe in the chill-room and to pump the cold brine through them, when the brine will absorb the heat of the room and lower the temperature to any degree required. In a cold-storage warehouse examined, the temperatures ranged in the different rooms (according to the material stored in them) from eighteen above zero to forty above, each room being of a fixed temperature. In the colder rooms fish and poultry frozen hard were said to have been in that condition for many months.

The compressed-air machines are in theory essentially the same. The machines examined are known as the "dense-air" machines, the air following a closed circle and never expanding to the normal atmospheric pressure as in some of the European machines. Air is compressed by a steam-engine, developing heat which is removed by passing the air through pipes submerged in cold water. It is then allowed to expand, but in a wholly different manner from the ammonia machines. The air expands in a motor while doing work, and this motor is directly coupled with the steam-engine and assists it to drive the compressor. The exhaust of this air-engine is intensely cold. Two methods may now be pursued. The cold air may be led through pipes in a tank of brine and the brine circulated through the cold rooms, or the air-pipes may pass through the rooms and be the immediate agent of refrigeration. The air is not allowed to escape in the circle, but is condensed to a pressure of two hundred and twenty pounds to the inch, and expands in

the air-engine to a pressure of sixty pounds to the inch. In the machine examined, the temperature of the air in the pipes was, on starting the engine, sixty-four degrees Fahr., and in twenty minutes had fallen to thirty-two below zero, while in a few minutes after starting the pipes in the brine-tank were coated with frost.

There seems to be no reason why both of these types of machines may not be used to supply cold to domestic refrigerators by circulating either brine or cold air through a coil of pipes. The system would certainly be clearly safe in a sanitary sense (for only brine or air enters the house in closed pipes), and probably cheaper than ice. All the refrigerators in the stalls of the new Washington Market are to be kept cold by pipes filled with brine sent from a central station through the streets. One large apartment house has already this plan under consideration for supplying cold to all the tenants.

Charles Barnard.

Booth's Escape.

HAVING read the account of Booth's escape from Maryland into Virginia, in your April number, I cannot let the matter pass without correcting some errors in the narrative, as far as concerns the adventures of the fugitive and his appearance at Dr. Stuart's.

I was a guest at the home of Dr. Richard Stuart (not Stewart) when the unfortunate man came to the house. He asked to see Dr. Stuart, saying that he "was suffering from a broken leg, and wanted medical aid." The family had just risen from the evening meal (supper, not breakfast); there were a number of friends in the house just returned from Lee's army; every room and bed was occupied. Dr. Stuart was absent. Mrs. Stuart received the two men,—none of us knew who they were,—and, according to the usual custom of the family, they were invited in and given their supper. Booth, as one of them afterward proved to be, requested lodging. It was impossible to accommodate him, nor would any one unknown to the family have been taken in. A party of strangers who had been entertained on a former occasion proved to be spies. They afterward arrested Dr. Stuart, and conveyed him to the Old Capitol Prison, where he had remained many weary months. Profiting by this experience, no one was ever afterward received under suspicious circumstances, such as surrounded these men.

At bed-time the strangers were shown the way to the house of a respectable colored woman—a tenant of the Doctor's—near by, who had a spare room, where they slept that night. It frequently occurred that belated travelers were lodged there.

Dr. Stuart's fortunate absence in all probability saved the whole family from prison; and Mr. Townsend has neglected to state that, although the Doctor was away from home, and in fact never saw Booth, at that time or subsequent thereto, he was for this simple act of hospitality on the part of his family arrested again and thrown into solitary confinement, where he remained many weeks.

The letter which Mr. Townsend mentions was written from the woman's house, and though couched in polite but sorrowful language, interlarded with quotations from Shakspeare, was very mortifying to the family. However, it afterward proved to be the key which opened the prison doors to the Doctor—a noble Christian gentleman, the very soul of hospitality, a man who was never known to turn from his door the poor, the unfortunate, or the distressed.

Although the shot fired in the theater by Booth was the greatest disaster that ever befell the Southern people,—I do not except the fall of Richmond or the surrender of Lee,—yet to my dying day I can never think but with pity of the sad, handsome face of the poor wanderer as, with all hope dead within him, suffering agony in body and mind, leaning upon a broken oar, and wrapped in a heavy fringed shawl, which fell in graceful folds from his right shoulder, he slowly and painfully passed out into the night.

E. G. D. G.

Church Music: A Letter to the Rev. Dr. Robinson.

MY DEAR SIR: No one interested in church music can be otherwise than edified by your admirable letter in THE CENTURY for April. The error in it is, however, fundamental. You write of church congregations as assembled *for the worship of God*. Nothing could be further from the truth. The buildings and trimmings of churches are simply the survival of a practice around which a multitude of pleasant and tender recollections twine, but the true and original spirit of which has utterly perished. Indeed, the churches have very aptly been styled the dress-parade of modern civilization. Leaving out of sight, for argument, the consideration of the purpose for which people are in theory supposed to attend churches, and falling back on your own actual personal experience, ask yourself what are the real objects which engage the thoughts and attention of the persons whom you yourself actually know. Unless your experience differs vastly from mine, you will admit that these objects are, at one end of the church, dignified and polished oratory; at the other, sensuous and ravishing strains of music; and in the territory between, unexceptionable manners and rich and stylish apparel. When people are leaving church, what subjects other than these form the staple of conversation? And when the clergyman makes a "pastoral" (!) visit, in what other topics does he hope to interest his parishioners? I say it without a particle of irreverence, and with no desire to wound the feelings of any one, that modern church-going is simply a form of decorous Sunday amusement, differing only in degrees from the so-called "sacred" concert. If this be so, as I am very sure it is, and if it be found that the best music is furnished by foreigners, why should the easy-going German and the dark-browed son of Italy be banished from our organ-lofts? And if people want fine music, good oratory, and brave millinery, why should they not have them?

Sincerely yours,

A Pew-owner.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Political Education of the People.

THE amount of intelligence and virtue required for the conduct of public affairs was never so great as now. There lie before us some of the most difficult political problems with which any people has ever been called upon to deal, and they are likely to increase in number and difficulty as time goes on. Nor can they be solved without a high grade of instruction among the people at large; for political power is now in the people's hands, and no important question can be settled without their concurrence. In this country, moreover, the population is so large, and composed of such diverse materials, that the difficulty of adequately instructing the voters is greatly enhanced, and the variety of opinions, interests, and sentiments that is developing among us still further complicates the task. History shows how difficult it has been in times past to guide and instruct even small communities in the art of self-government, and the work can hardly fail to be more difficult still in so vast a nation as the United States.

How to accomplish this work is the question before us. It is needless to say that we do not propose to answer the question here, but only to furnish some suggestions which may, perhaps, be of some use to those actually engaged in the work. In the republics of the ancient world, which were mere urban communities, the whole people could attend the public assemblies, and listen there to the ablest thinkers and leaders of the time, as they unfolded their plans and discussed measures for promoting the public weal; and thus the people were furnished with the best counsel and instruction which the times could afford. In our time and country such a mode of instruction is not possible, and it remains to be seen whether we have other agencies that will adequately fill its place.

The work of political instruction, at least in regard to the practical conduct of affairs, properly belongs to the holders of public office, especially to members of Congress and other legislative bodies; but, as we have before pointed out in these columns, our public officers seem to have abdicated their functions in this respect. They have very little to say about the matters that are placed in their charge, and what they do say is apt to be of little value. We doubt if the speeches and debates of the public men of any nation have ever been of less weight or less fitted to instruct and guide the people than those of our own politicians during the past ten years. Whether they are afraid to express their opinions, or whether they really have no opinions to express, we do not undertake to say; but, whatever may be the cause of their reticence, its effect is to make them well-nigh useless as political instructors of the people. Of what use they might be in this respect the example of English statesmen clearly shows. The influence wielded by the leading members of Parliament seems to be little diminished by the great and growing influence of the periodical press, and is still

one of the most potent agencies in the formation of English opinion; and that American statesmen might wield a similar influence we see no reason to doubt. They have certain advantages over their fellow-citizens in the discussion of political subjects, as they have easier access to the sources of information, and because what they say is likely to be attended to more widely than what other men say. No doubt there is a growing tendency in our day to seek instruction from the printed page rather than from public speakers; but there are certain advantages in the living voice and personal presence of the speaker which the writer does not enjoy, and, besides, the press reports the speaker, and politicians are free to use the press itself as a medium for addressing the public, as, indeed, the statesmen of England often do.

But many people think that the press alone is sufficient as a political instructor, and that the masses can now find in its columns all the information about public affairs that they need. And if the papers and magazines that are issued in such great numbers were all that they should be and are capable of becoming, they would indeed furnish a great part of the instruction required. We are indebted to the press for nearly all our information about the condition of the public business and the course of events at home and abroad; and it is safe to say that without such a source of information the conduct of popular government, in so large a country as ours, would be very difficult, if not impossible.

But while the press gives us the news, its discussion of public questions is not yet what it must be if we are to depend on the press alone for political instruction. Some of its defects, indeed, are inseparable from its nature; as, for instance, in the daily papers, the shortness of the articles and the haste with which they are necessarily written. On the other hand, the shortness of the articles is in one respect of advantage, since it secures for them a more general reading from a busy people than longer and more elaborate essays would be likely to receive. Moreover, it is only the newspapers that are thus restricted, for the magazines admit of longer articles and a more elaborate method of treatment. It should be remarked, also, that in the case of the newspapers the shortness of the articles is compensated for by the frequency of their publication, which enables a writer to reiterate his views till they can hardly fail to make an impression.

But great as are the advantages of the press for the work of political instruction, it has certain faults that must be got rid of, if it is to be really sufficient for the work. There are two abuses to which the press is liable, and which are the chief obstacles in the way of its educating influence. In the first place, there is a tendency on the part of its conductors to publish what will please their readers rather than that which will instruct them. This comes from the pecuniary motives by which they are influenced, and which within certain limits are inevitable and right; since no one could afford to publish or write for a paper without gaining

some profit from it. But if these motives are the only ones, as they sometimes appear to be, and the periodical is conducted with no other object than to make money, its usefulness as a public instructor cannot be of a very high order. Its policy will then be to win favor by such a treatment of events and measures as seems likely to please the majority of its readers, and thus its influence will tend rather to mislead and vulgarize the people than to instruct them, politically or otherwise.

The other abuse to which we have alluded is the influence of sinister interests. Men pecuniarily interested in the press are frequently interested also in some other kind of business; and when this is the case, they are apt to take advantage of their connection with the press to promote their business interests, even in opposition to the general good. Of course, the interest of a special branch of business may be perfectly compatible with the general good; but when it is so, it needs no special advocacy, and hence the influence of such advocacy is pretty sure to be misleading. Then, besides commercial interests, the partisan and personal interests of politics are also liable to bias both publishers and writers. In addition to this, there is sometimes a guilty and interested silence, in regard to certain men, certain enterprises, corporations, and combinations, which silence may be as injurious to the community as direct advocacy would be. All these things detract from the usefulness of the press.

We would by no means be understood to mean that the greater portion of the American press exhibits the faults mentioned in any high degree; but their existence in many cases is undeniable, and their deleterious influence, wherever they exist, is obvious. If they can be got rid of, as assuredly they may be, and if at the same time the ability with which the press is conducted shall rise with the rising importance and growing difficulty of American politics, the press will then take the rank its friends now claim for it as a popular educator.

But after all, the instruction of the people in politics, as in all other important matters, depends far more on the quality of the teachers than on the character of the medium through which they address the public. The channels of influence are probably sufficient, imperfect though some of them may be; but the amount and quality of the influence they convey will depend on the character of the men behind them. This is equivalent to saying that the political education of the people depends in the main on the presence in their midst of a body of able teachers, interested in politics and animated by regard for the general good, and capable of expressing themselves effectively by speech or writing. In England at the present time such men are numerous, and the influence of their words and example is beneficial in a high degree. Their activity is the main cause of the intellectual character of English politics and of the influence of English political thought upon other nations; and the elevation of our own politics to the same high level depends on the appearance of such men here. They ought to be found here in public station as they are in England; but whether in public or in private station, the influence of such men is really the most important factor in the world of political education.

Up to this time we cannot boast of many such men in the United States. We had, indeed, a sufficient number of leaders in the antislavery contest; but the work we have now to do is very different from that, and leaders of the old stamp will no longer serve. The slavery question was a simple question of justice, which almost any one was competent to discuss; but the questions before us now are of a delicate and complicated character, requiring much greater ability to understand and explain. That men of the character required will appear among us we have no doubt; indeed, we are by no means utterly without them now, and we should not be surprised if they should eventually become more numerous here than anywhere else in the world. The freedom and activity of American life seem eminently fitted to produce such men; and with the growing interest in politics that is now manifest, with the improvement in the higher education that has now begun, and with the increasing independence of political views and action, we are likely soon to be more amply supplied with the teachers we need. And with teachers of the right stamp, the political education of the people will be fully provided for; for their influence will flow through a thousand channels to the whole mass of the population, bringing instruction with it and spreading everywhere the principles of truth and justice. In the future that we expect to see in America, the exhibition of conscience in political matters, and the honest and unbiassed discharge of their duties by officers of government, will less seldom be a reproach or a stumbling-block in the path of official advancement.

Sheep and Goats.

DURING a political campaign, when partisan feeling is at its greatest intensity, the study of the phenomena of politics becomes at once more interesting and more easy. For it is at such a time, of course, that the men who are straining after the prizes act with the greatest eagerness and *naïveté*. Not that there is at such a moment an absence of posing and insincerity; on the contrary, there is then more buncombe and humbug than ever; the phenomenon, indeed, is at its fullest development, and therefore all the more apparent and picturesque. But along with the attitudinizing, and demagoguery of all kinds, there is a frankness of expression, where any particular end is to be served, that is especially characteristic of campaigning times. The working politician recklessly throws aside his mask whenever that tribute to decency stands in the way of his immediate success. Or, to use a figure from the latest household appliance, the practical worker telephones his venal and shameless message, regardless of the fact that the ears of the public are at the wires. It is in the heat of the campaign, if not before, that we find that the ordinary type of professional politician cares not one jot for any success save a selfish and personal one. "What are we here for," he frankly demands, "except to control the offices?" Especially do the lowest traits of the professional politician come conspicuously to the surface during a campaign where the forces are evenly balanced, and where a little thing may turn the scales. Then look out for bargains, deals, and all the forms that political bribery can take! And then, too, look out for one of the most

interesting and instructive of all the phenomena of politics—note the certainty with which, in every party, the worst elements spontaneously come together and begin to play into each other's hands; note, too, how either by direct bargain and sale, or simply by a natural and inevitable tendency, the most self-seeking and unscrupulous elements in each party begin to play into the hands of the same elements in the other.

It may be said, and it is undoubtedly true, that this curious tendency of birds of a feather to flock together is often in its results wholesome; for it enables honest-minded citizens to judge of their political leaders, not only by their actions, but by their associations. Under these circumstances all the good men ought, by a process of natural selection, to survive in a compact body of thoroughly public-spirited voters.

While, then, such a tendency toward separation is doubtless, as we have said, wholesome, and in part a compensation for the evils of sordid partisanship, it is not as effective as it should be, mainly for the reason that there is in this world no perfectly effectual means of separating sheep from goats. It perhaps does no harm for some of the goats to get among the sheep; the trouble is that there are sheep who have a settled and ineradicable tendency to get among the goats, thereby giving a deceitful respectability to their unworthy companions, and allowing the latter to play all sorts of pranks under cover of these virtuous aliens. This is one of the reasons why it is well-nigh impossible to found a political party on so apparently simple a thing as goodness; though another reason for this is that the bad do not always stay bad, and the good cannot always be counted on to remain forever virtuous, and sometimes in the same character there is a perplexing mixture of good and evil.

We heartily wish that thoroughly good men could not, in their innocence or in their weakness, be used as the tools of the corrupt and designing; but so long as virtue and wisdom are not always apportioned in equal amounts we fear it will be as it is now. All that can be said is that each individual should see to it that he does not add to the moral confusion and the evils that exist by throwing his influence on the side of corruption. For it is not always the lack of adjustment between one's goodness and one's intelligence that is to blame; it is sometimes the want of the due and necessary proportion of a third indispensable quality, that, namely, of moral courage. It is so much easier to acquiesce, to go with the crowd; it is sometimes, apparently, even so much more modest, so much more generous to avoid setting up a higher standard than that of one's neighbor. "Who am I," the modest good man asks himself, "that I should think myself more moral, more high-toned than my brother?"

But the modest good man should be aware of the fact that nearly all the medical, educational, artistic, political, social, and religious quacks and adventurers of our day get a large part of their vogue, and power to do harm, by the guilty or good-natured acquiescence or the cordial support of reputable men. We doubt if there is a community in the United States where thoughtful persons will not, if they read this, recall conspicuous instances of the truth of the remark. We know it is so in literary matters; there has scarcely ever come

to this office a conscienceless literary adventurer who has not brought a letter of introduction from some worthy, amiable, and all too indiscriminating sponsor.

It is, we say, often so much more amiable, generous, and altogether easy not to insist too strenuously upon moral distinctions, that even the intelligent man of virtue sometimes becomes the ally, protesting but still effective, of the man without conscience, and with only selfish and sordid aims. It must not be forgotten that there is sometimes to be honestly made "a choice of evils"; and, moreover, it is not well to cultivate too sedulously "the tormenting and enfeebling spirit of scruple"; but, also, it is not well that good men should be forever inventing reasons for doing the work that demagogues and bad men generally would have them do.

Art and Congressmen.

CONGRESS has refused either to pass Mr. Belmont's Free Art Bill or to pass the bill of the Committee on Ways and Means, which reduces the tariff on foreign works of art from thirty to ten per cent., and puts an equal duty on imported American works. America, as has been often said, is the only civilized country that inherits no great works of art from the past, while it is the only one that puts serious impediments in the way of their importation. It does this in the face of the earnest protest of the entire body of American artists studying and working among the art-treasures of the Old World, and against that of the leading men among the younger artists now pursuing their profession at home, as well as that of many of their older brethren.

It is a curious and suggestive fact that while the thirty per cent. art tariff was devised by a gentleman of Philadelphia for the "protection" of American artists from foreign competition, and has been somewhat favored on that ground by some of the older artists, in behalf of their younger brethren (who were meanwhile loudly protesting that they did not want such protection)—it is a curious fact, we say, that the congressional favorers of a high art tariff did not urge this point of protection, but simply insisted upon a high tariff on the ground that works of art were the luxuries of the rich, and ought, therefore, to be heavily taxed. Mr. Dunn was the most vociferous arguer on this line. He wanted to know whether Mr. Hurd had forgotten "the poor and the shivering and the starving." In vain Mr. Belmont, Mr. Kasson, and Mr. Hurd explained the merits of the Equalization Bill; Mr. Dunn continued to stand up for the "toiling millions," and the House sustained Mr. Dunn.

There are hardships in the Equalization Bill, for it is an outrage to tax an American artist ten per cent. on a work of art sent by him into his own country. On the other hand, the discrimination against the foreign artist working in the same city and atelier where the American receives gratuitous instruction, is manifestly unjust. A Free Art Bill is the only sensible solution of the question, but it is evident that this is not likely to pass until the American Congress learns something of the nature and value of art. We fear that it will take a long time to get this lesson into the heads of a majority of our national law-makers, but the admirable lecture given the House by Mr. Hurd, in the course of the discussion, ought to help along greatly in that

direction. "In my judgment," said Mr. Hurd, "there ought to be no duties at all on works of art. The highest attainment in art can be reached only by a study of the achievements of genius in past generations. To our people with gifts for artistic pursuits, study of the works of the world's great artists is indispensable. The present enormous duty keeps them out of America, so that our people cannot study them here, and mutterings of retaliation threaten their opportunity of studying them abroad. Our legislation is a cruelty to the ambitious and artistic of our own countrymen. . . . Art is an educator. It refines, elevates, civilizes. It develops and perfects the tastes of a people. It is at once the evidence and the cause of culture. Every work of art which America receives adds to its store of educational equipment and increases the possibilities of artistic growth. It does not come, as other articles, to disappear in the wants of daily consumption, but to delight and improve the public taste for generations."

Congressmen, we say, did not give as a reason for opposing a reduction of the tariff the desire to "protect" American artists against foreign competition; yet this was the humiliating reason publicly given at the time by the one or two individuals who sprung the thirty per cent. art tariff on the country a year or so ago, and there are American artists who do not blush to advocate "protection" in matters of art, and to petition Congress in its favor. Some of these gentlemen may now regret their course when they see the distress brought by the action of Congress upon the whole body of their fellow-artists and art-students now studying abroad. It is a strange thing, by the way, that just at the time of the establishment of the Hallgarten and Harper art prizes for foreign study, Congress, with the encouragement and consent of certain of our artists, strikes a blow not only at the admission of works of art into America, but, incidentally, at the study of art by the rising generation of American art-stu-

dents in the places where it has hitherto been customary to study it, namely, in European ateliers and galleries.

"The New Astronomy."

THE great care which has been necessary in the preparation of the illustrations accompanying Professor Langley's series of papers has been the principal occasion of the delay in their appearance. Some of these illustrations, from original drawings of the phenomena made by the author himself, have been engraved more than once, in the attempt to reach the highest degree of accuracy attainable in wood-engraving. And even after either the first or second cutting there have been corrections and alterations requiring the minutest and most painstaking attention. We think that both the "general reader," for whose instruction and entertainment the series is primarily intended, and the scientific student and expert will recognize the difficulties in the way of graphic presentation of so important and peculiar a subject, and that the work of author, artist, and engraver will be thoroughly appreciated.

As the present series proceeds it will, we believe, be evident to its readers that the name of Professor Langley must now be added to the distinguished list of original investigators and discoverers of our time who have been able to give the results of their special studies in language at once precise, graphic, and popular. To these men the world is doubly indebted,—not only for the facts added by them to the stock of scientific knowledge, but also for the general dissemination among those of their own generation of the astonishing discoveries of modern science—discoveries which not only wholesomely agitate and amuse the mind, but which have a constant and increasing, though sometimes unsuspected, application to the daily affairs of mankind.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Clergy and Political Reform.

AS THE recognized teachers of morality and religion, ministers of "the everlasting Gospel" ought to be oracles and examples of all personal, social, and civic virtues. As "ambassadors for God," it is their duty and privilege officially to proclaim that "righteousness" which "exalteth a nation," and to rebuke all "sin" that is "the reproach of any people." It is not enough to vapor out cheap patriotism in Fourth-of-July speeches, and to scourge public vices on Thanksgiving and Fast days. The republic wants ministers in her churches and educational institutions who will give tone to the public conscience, and leadership in "whatsoever things are pure, honest, lovely, and of good report" among the people—men of prophetic spirit, who dare to say and do right against the greatest wrongs and wrong-doers in church and state. The wisdom of the Apostles and primitive

Christian ministers was demonstrated in their marvelous self-adjustment to the actual state of things in the Roman Empire, which they accepted as a providential summons to measure their power against its giant evils, and to take possession of that magnificent organism of ancient civilization and imperial government for the King of kings. And they did it, giving a new civilization to the world, and making every Roman road a highway for their Lord to the uttermost parts of the earth. Historically and nominally this is a Christian country; providentially and generically it is Protestant. But if the church and her leaders stand off from great moral reforms that touch the heart of the nation and the head-springs of republican institutions, it needs no prophet to foretell the coming doom.

The clergy of this country, eighty thousand strong, ought not to leave civilians, who need and claim their help, to fight alone any of the great battles of national moral reform. When bad men combine to do wrong,

good men of all classes must combine to defeat them. When bribery and corruption do their worst to destroy the purity of the ballot, and the spoils system threatens the life of freedom, the ministers of God are religiously bound not only to denounce the crimes, but to use their best influences as good citizens and as preachers of righteousness to strengthen every genuine movement for the reform of these abuses. Not as fanatics nor as politicians, but as heralds of the kingdom of truth and right, as patriotic umpires of opinion, to whom their fellow-men properly look for wisdom, counsel, and "the courage of their convictions," they can help civil-service reform, as any other moral movement, by cooperating with their fellow-citizens in local associations, by the pen and the press, and by public speech on fit occasions. They can always do this on the broad ground of the common weal, and in the interest of good laws administered by capable, honest, and trustworthy officials. Of all men in this free country, the clergy cannot afford to be on the wrong side of a vital national reform which reaches from every home and hamlet to the capitals of the States and of the republic, and from the remotest ballot-box to the elect of the nation. There are times when moral indifference to living issues is disloyalty; and ultra-conservatism is cowardly toward liberty and religion. Revolutions in civil polity stamp their likenesses upon national character as deeply as do the scars of war. Are there not scores and hundreds of patriotic American clergymen who have the sagacity and the force, as well as the grace, to seize the opportunity, and to help the reformers, who are doing their best to give us a pure ballot and a clean administration of the offices of the nation and of all the States and cities, so "that government of the people by the people and for the people may not perish from the earth"?

William J. R. Taylor.

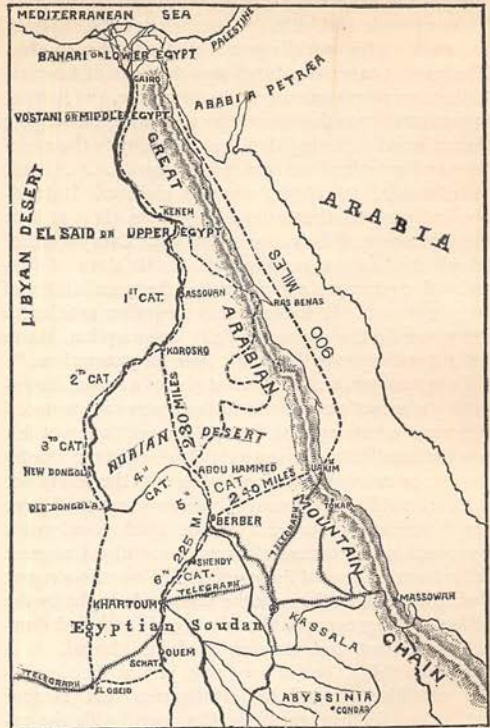
NEWARK, N. J.

The Rescue of Chinese Gordon.

At a time when the whole civilized world is anxiously looking for tidings of General Gordon, and hoping almost against hope that he may be extricated from his perilous position, it is not reassuring to reflect upon the ignorance and misstatements of the British authorities concerning the geography, topography, and peculiarities of a country which they have virtually occupied for eight years, and which was fully mapped out and described a generation ago. My knowledge of the Soudan, it is proper to state, was acquired by six thousand miles' travel on camel's back, over the theater of the Mahdi's war. As one of the American officers in the late Khedive's service, it fell to my lot to command two military and scientific expeditions of exploration in the Soudan—one to the east and the other to the west of the Nile. For two years I lived among the Bedouin tribes now in insurrection. The object of the expeditions led by me was to make accurate surveys of the country and to report to the Egyptian Government upon its water-supply and its resources of every kind. What I state, therefore, is the result of careful personal observation and study, and I wish briefly to discuss the means and routes by which it has been thought possible to reach General Gordon at Khartoum, to relieve him if still besieged; else rescue or avenge him,

if he has been overpowered, the latter probably being the fact.

The two routes which have been used from timeim-



MAP SHOWING THE USUAL ROUTES (DOTTED LINES) FROM CAIRO TO KHARTOUM AND EL OBEID.

memorial as the highways of trade between Cairo and Khartoum are (1) by way of Suakim, (2) up the Nile through Korosko. The quickest route is the former from Cairo to Suez, five hours by rail, one hundred and twenty miles; from Suez to Suakim, nine hundred miles, or four days by steamer; from Suakim to Berber, two hundred and forty miles by caravan; from Berber to Khartoum, two hundred and twenty-five miles by water, or by land, following the banks of the Nile; total, one thousand four hundred and eighty-five miles. To illustrate the difficulties of this line of advance, let us suppose a British force, with all its supplies and munitions, to have landed at Suakim. Remembering that ten thousand Bedouins, armed only with sword and spear, were so near destroying four thousand British soldiers, on the plain within ten miles of Suakim (breaking one of their squares and capturing its artillery), it is evident that five or six thousand soldiers is the smallest force that could venture to attack the Bedouins in their mountains and deserts.

Immediately after leaving the sea-coast or the Nile, one enters the "Waterless Land," where there is not a stream, a creek, a rivulet, or even a living spring,—nothing but deep and scanty wells at long intervals with here and there a few natural, rocky reservoirs in narrow ravines, away from the line of march and known only to the natives. In six thousand miles of travel, I saw not more than five living springs, and their waters disappeared in the sand within sixty yards

of the observable source. Therefore, in addition to all its supplies, ammunition, etc., an army would be compelled to carry water enough to last it on the journey from well to well, sometimes a distance of five days for a caravan moving without opposition. Droughts of long duration are common all over the Soudan. When I traveled over these desert routes it had not rained for three years. Many of the wells were dry, and multitudes of camels and cattle had perished. Water must be carried in goat-skins and ox-hides on camel's back. Hicks Pasha's army of ten thousand Egyptians had six thousand camels, a large proportion being water camels; yet I believe he had transportation only for one day's supply. The Suakim trail (for there are no roads between Suakim and Berber) is better supplied with water than most desert routes; yet the wells are seldom less than two or three days apart, and there is not a group of wells on the whole line sufficient to water more than six hundred men and their animals. Traveling with five hundred camels and two hundred men, I frequently found on arriving at the wells that another caravan had just exhausted them for the time; and I had to wait one or two days for the water to ooze in sufficiently to water my party and fill my water-skins. How, then, would it be possible to march an army of five or six thousand men and their immense train of animals where not over six hundred could get water at a time at any one place? The only way would be to march in detachments of five hundred, two days apart; but in time of war such a course would insure their easy destruction by the enemy.

In the "Waterless Land," water is the paramount question. If it be asked how a large body of Bedouins like the ten thousand who nearly destroyed the British squares at Tamaï manage to subsist, the reason is plain. In the first place, they do not need the enormous trains required for a European army. They are the most abstemious of men. Each man carries a skin of water and a small bag of grain, procured by purchase or barter from caravans. Their camels and goats move with them, supplying them with milk and meat, and subsisting upon the scanty herbage and the foliage of the thorny mimosa, growing in secluded wadies. These people could live upon the increase of their flocks alone, which they exchange readily for other commodities; but being the exclusive carriers and guides for all the travel and commerce that cross their deserts, they realize yearly large amounts of money. As to water, they know every nook and hollow in the mountains, away from the trails, where a few barrels of water collect in some shaded ravine, and they can scatter, every man for himself, to fill their water-skins. On my first expedition, near the close of the three years' drought, I reached some wells on which I was depending, and found them entirely dry. It was several days to the next wells. But my Bedouin guides knew some natural reservoirs in the hills about six miles off. So they took the water camels at night-fall, and came back before daylight with the water-skins filled. An invading army would find it hard to obtain guides, and even if they did, they must keep together, and could not leave the line of march to look for water. Besides, the Bedouins, accustomed from infancy to regard water as most precious and rare, use it with wonderful economy. Neither men nor animals drink more

than once in forty-eight hours. As to washing, they *never* indulge in such wasteful nonsense. When Bedouins came to my camp, water was always offered them. Their answer would frequently be: "No, thanks; I drank yesterday." They know too well the importance of keeping up the habit of abstemiousness. No wonder they can subsist where invaders would quickly perish.

Now, let us suppose a British army to have secured the six or eight thousand camels needed for transportation (a most improbable thing, for nearly all the camels in the Soudan belong to the rebellious tribes). Even the guns have to be dismounted, and with their carriages carried on camels' backs. I had very light howitzers of about five hundred pounds without the carriages. Each was fitted on a huge wooden pack-saddle made for the purpose, and the unfortunate camel which bore it never lasted over ten days, for four hundred pounds is a full load for the desert camel, whose capacity must be judged by what he can carry when worn down by travel and short rations.

All the forage and water for the cavalry and artillery horses must also be carried on camel's back, for horses would starve where the camel thrives. A march of fourteen miles from Suakim would bring the army to the foot of the great Arabian Chain, which begins at Suez and runs parallel to the Red Sea down to the equator, many of its peaks rising above eight thousand feet. It is eighty miles across, consisting of several parallel ridges separated by deep valleys. For six or seven days, at least, the army, with its immense train, would be struggling and floundering up one side of a ridge and down the other, through steep and narrow defiles where men and animals have to move in single file, and where many a baggage camel would drop his load and his bones.

Suppose that the fierce Bedouins, whose homes are in these mountains, have allowed the British, strung out in a long slender column vulnerable at every point, to cross the numerous defiles where a few hundred men could stop a whole army. Suppose the invaders to have emerged without serious losses from the mountain range out upon the plateau extending to the Nile, and which itself is very rugged and abounding in difficult passes and belts of deep, loose sand,—the toughest obstacles of all. The worst is yet to come. Water was comparatively plentiful in the mountains, and the heat was moderate. But now the only supply is from the scanty wells upon the line of march. The Bedouins retreat, destroying the wells behind them (which is a very easy thing to do), and swarms of them hang around the flanks and rear of the invaders to harass them and cut off their stragglers. The heat rises every day above one hundred degrees, even in November and December, and one hundred and fifty degrees and more in summer; in that cloudless land there is no shade. The plain quivers under the fierce sunlight, while the mirage deludes the eyes with the mockery of fictitious lakes. This is what I experienced day after day on the deserts. Suppose, now, the invaders to have consumed their supply of water. If the enemy can cut them off from the wells for three days, there is no need of firing another shot. Not a soul of them can survive. It is the story of the Roman legions perishing in the Parthian deserts, and of Hicks Pasha in Kordofan.

After much deliberation over a question that required so little, the British authorities came to the conclusion that the Suakim route is impracticable. But will it be believed that British officers at Suakim seriously proposed to build a narrow-gauge railroad, which, they said, could be laid *as rapidly as the troops could march*? And even as late as July 12 a Cairo dispatch says: "The operations for the relief of Khartoum, it has finally been decided, will begin early in September. General Wolseley continues to advise that the line of the chief attack be by way of Suakim and Berber. Additional material for the new railway is being sent to Suakim. The preparations for an expedition up the Nile have been suspended." Think of the grading, blasting, tunneling required to construct a railroad across that great chain eighty miles wide, and then one hundred and sixty miles beyond it—where everything, even to the wooden sleepers, must be brought from abroad! And would the Bedouins permit the work to proceed unmolested? And supposing the road built, how many regiments would be needed to guard it against being cut at a hundred points by the Bedouins?

Most of the objections to the Suakim route apply to all the desert routes. The next to be considered is the Korosko route, by the Nile, from Cairo in boats to Korosko, 610 miles; from Korosko, over the desert across the great bend of the Nile, 230 miles to Abou Hammed; thence along the banks of the Nile (here not navigable) to Berber, 100 miles; from Berber to Khartoum by water, or along the banks, 225 miles. In all 1125 miles. This is the great commercial caravan route. It traverses the most frightful desert in the Soudan, but it is 500 miles shorter than the course of the Nile, which, moreover, is not navigable at all for 700 miles from the second cataract to Berber.

The Arabs divide their deserts into two kinds. The first is called *el jebel* or *el berrryé*, meaning mountain or wilderness. In this kind of deserts there is more or less vegetation, always very scanty; but yet it is there that the Bedouins roam and raise their flocks and camels. Gazelles and other game are also found. The desert between Berber and Suakim is chiefly of this kind. The other sort is called the *atmoor*, and it is impossible to imagine anything more barren and desolate. It is literally nothing but sand and rocks. Not a bush, not a blade of grass ever grew there, and consequently no animal life at all, not even insects. They are like oceans which you cross on your "desert ships," but where it is death to tarry. The ostrich and the hyena cross them swiftly by night. These atmoors are generally from eight to ten days across, with one group of wells in the middle. Such is the Atmoor of Shigré, which I crossed in nine days, and that of Korosko in seven (two days less than the usual time). Only one group of wells is found half-way, which is called *mouva*—bitter. None but camels and Bedouins can drink its water. Travelers always carry enough Nile water to last them across. It is the only desert where no guides are needed, for the track is perfectly marked by the skeletons of camels and cattle, which, as I counted them, average sixty to the mile on the best parts of the trail, and four hundred on the worst. Thousands of camels and oxen perish there yearly. The latter are driven from the Upper Nile, scantily watered once in forty-eight hours on the march, and a large proportion of them die on

the way. The hyenas and vultures, which are the only denizens of the atmoor, pick their bones clean before the next morning, and the fierce sun heat dries the hides and bones, so that the stench of carrion never taints the desert air. The objections to this route, as regards water, are still greater than to the Suakim route, and it has been rejected also.

The third route is never followed because of its extreme length. It is as follows: From Cairo to the second cataract by water, 700 miles; thence to Berber by land, following the course of the river, 700 miles. The Nile is not navigable for this entire distance, being interrupted by numerous cataracts. Only small country boats are used in the reaches between one cataract and the next. This well-known fact illustrates the absurdity of the suggestion to employ a flotilla of gun-boats to accompany a British force on a march along the river. I once followed this route as far as Dongola and Dabbé, and then struck off to the south-east to El Obeid, the present capital of the Mahdi. From Berber to Khartoum, and nearly to the lakes, the Nile is navigable, but there are only half a dozen steamers of light draft, sixty or seventy feet long, which were transported in sections on camel's back, and put together at Berber; and small as they are they continually get fast on sand-banks, as I know to my sorrow. An army following this route would have abundance of water, but would require four or five months to reach Khartoum.

The fact is, that it is almost impossible for any European army to penetrate into the Soudan. From the beginning of the present troubles I have thought that the only hope of rescuing Gordon is by the aid of King John of Abyssinia. His people are just as indomitable warriors as the Bedouins. Though savages, they call themselves Christians, and hate the Mussulmans bitterly. Their most ardent desire is to obtain an outlet upon the Red Sea, from which they have been completely shut out by Egypt. By offering King John the port of Massowah with a strip of the coast, and paying him any amount he may ask, a force of 30,000 Abyssinians could be got to move from their own country down the Blue Nile, relieving the garrisons of Kassala and Sennaar, and reaching Khartoum without any difficulty. It is only a question of money, for those people are very avaricious, and England would better pay millions than let Gordon perish. Admiral Hewett went on a mission to King John, but so far as the results have been made public he seems to have accomplished little.

The last and perhaps the only hope for Gordon's safety, is that he may be captured and held for ransom. It is probable that Khartoum has already fallen. If not, it is only a question of days. The Mahdi is well aware of Gordon's pecuniary value. He obtained \$60,000 for the ransom of twelve members of the Austrian Catholic mission at El Obeid, and if he demands a million sterling for Gordon's ransom, England would pay it rather than let that brave soldier fall a victim to his own patriotic enterprise, and as the world is inclined to think, to the incapacity of his Government.

No wonder the situation in Egypt is galling to British pride. They seized that country by a doubtful exercise of power; they have forced Egypt to abandon the vast empire of the Soudan with a disre-

gard for the loss of life consequent upon a hasty and unprepared evacuation. And all their hopes are now limited to the rescue of General Gordon and to the defense of Egypt proper from the invasion of the Mahdi. The latter, flushed with success, is steadily advancing. The theological university of El Ahzar at Cairo, which is to the Mussulman world what the Pope and the College of Cardinals are to Roman Catholicism, has just recognized his mission as from God. No true Mussulman will oppose him now, and all the population of Egypt consider him as the deliverer from the yoke of Christians and foreigners, so that even the defense of lower Egypt may become a very difficult matter. And whether Gordon survive or perish, England, to save her prestige and vindicate her honor, must send an expedition to rescue or to avenge him.

R. E. Colston.

Late Bey on the General Staff of the Egyptian Army.
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 18, 1884.

The Appeal of the Harvard Annex: A Claim on Educated Women.

IT is now five years since a circular was issued offering "private collegiate instruction to women" at Cambridge, Mass., the instruction to be given by members of the Faculty of Harvard University. A sum of \$15,000 had been raised by those interested in the experiment, which, with the fees of students, was estimated as sufficient to test "the scheme"—now well known as the "Harvard Annex"—for a period of four years.

During its third year the plan took definite legal shape; a charter was obtained from the State of Massachusetts, and the corporate name of "The Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women" was adopted. This charter defines the object of the society to be "to promote the education of women with the assistance of the instructors of Harvard University," and authorizes it "to perform all acts appropriate to the main purpose of the Society," and also, whenever doing so would advance the objects of the association, to transfer "the whole or any part of its funds or property to the President and Fellows of Harvard College." It was in the exercise of the powers conferred by this special clause that, after four years of quiet, effective work, and when, in view of what had been accomplished, it seemed reasonable to ask an intelligent and generous public to assist in placing the association on a permanent financial basis, that in February, 1883, the ladies of the Executive Committee in due form asked for a permanent endowment fund of one hundred thousand dollars which would not only supply an assured income, but would gain for the "Annex" a recognized connection with the University, the goal of the highest hopes of its originators. The substance and ground of the appeal may be briefly summarized as follows: "The experiment (for so it was considered by those who projected it) has encountered no difficulties either from within or without; has excited neither opposition nor prejudice, but has worked so simply and easily that its success has hardly attracted attention. Few seem to know how closely the courses of study correspond in character with those of the University itself, instruction being given exclusively by officers of Harvard. . . . The annual

number of students has been from thirty-five to forty; of these, some have been themselves teachers, others young women fitting themselves to become such; a few have been brought by the simple love of study. . . . All have shown high average standard, some exceptional excellence. . . . A scheme which is of such evident value to women, and which has proven so practicable, should have an official claim on the University, a connection only to be secured by the endowment asked for." Thirty-six thousand dollars was already promised by some twenty persons concerned for the success of the work. The press throughout the country noticed the appeal, in many cases with a few words of editorial commendation; but only a little more than thirty thousand dollars additional has been subscribed.

Now, in a nation which numbers many thousands of women with both wealth and education, this should not be. How many—or rather how *few*—dresses, bonnets, wraps, etc., would the rich women of the cultured circles of the United States have to forego for one season, in order to respond to such appeals as that of the Harvard Annex?

There is no occasion in the discussion of this or of any kindred question—from the point of view of a *claim on women*—to look at it with the slightest degree of sentiment, or to commend it to the consideration of cultivated women with any theoretical rhetoric. Taking a thoroughly practical view of the matter, the peremptoriness of such claims can be frankly urged on wives and mothers of fortune, with almost the promise that if they thus cast their bread upon the waters it will return to them with interest, in the benefit to their children derived from thoroughly trained and cultivated teachers. The majority of the instructors of youth in America are women, and there can be but one opinion as to the desirability of all women who select the profession of teaching having every possible opportunity to prepare themselves for it; and it is to this class that the Annex and similar schemes will always be of special service. In its report for 1883, the students are spoken of as principally "young women fitting as teachers, or older women who are already teachers, but who allow themselves out of their small earnings the rare luxury of a little change from teaching to learning, that they may go back to their work refreshed and better. . . . We have had as yet no flighty students brought by the novelty of the thing. . . . The standard of our public and private schools can never be a matter of indifference to parents, and that standard can hardly fail to be raised by the closer relations of the schools to the universities."

If any woman is tempted to say in reply to this demand for a subscription, "Women do not control the purse-strings as a rule, and, to the extent of their ability to give, they respond to more urgent needs than those of Annexes, and distribute their pocket-money in less public channels than the endowment of universities," I bespeak her attention to some data which, collected for another purpose some few years ago, have special worth in this connection, and would seem to prove not only that women in America, even as far back as colonial times, have always given to educational institutions, but that less than a tithe of the amount they have given to colleges for men

would place the Harvard Annex in a more favorable relation to the University than its prototypes across the water — Girton and Newnham — bear to the University of Cambridge.

Up to 1880, passing over for the moment those colleges whose female donors had benefited them in sums under thirty-five thousand dollars (a little more than the Annex still asks for), we find that some dozen colleges — not including those to which women are admitted — had received from women over half a million of dollars, aggregating in the case of Harvard itself “in money very nearly three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, besides the gifts of lands, books, pictures, and apparatus to a very great amount.”

Hamilton College received \$130,000; Amherst College, \$56,000; Union College, \$107,000; Bowdoin College, \$86,000; Phillips Academy, \$100,000; Dartmouth College, \$65,000; Andover Theological Seminary, \$50,000; Kenyon College, \$50,000; Chicago Theological Seminary, \$50,000.

Brown University, since 1860, had, according to its register's report, received \$37,770. Shurtleff College, Ohio, is strictly excluded from our list, as it includes a very small percentage of female students; but I desire to record its donations of \$42,395, and also the pertinent remark of its president, “Of course there are thousands of dollars to be added to this sum, coming from hundreds of women, but I can only make conjectures concerning such sums.”

Of smaller amounts, Lafayette College, Pa., “since 1864,” reports \$26,000; Ohio Wesleyan University, “before 1878, when women were admitted,” \$25,000; Trinity College, \$20,000; Princeton College, \$8,000; Cumberland University, \$15,000; and various others report smaller donations, from \$10,000 to \$1000.

As far as I can ascertain, American women have given to colleges for men considerably over one million dollars; and that the generosity of our sex toward educational institutions for the training of young men has been on the increase of late years is shown by the statistics of “educational benefactions for 1881” (the latest published data), where over five hundred thousand dollars appear opposite women's names, the two largest gifts being one hundred thousand dollars by Miss Lenox to the Theological Seminary for the Presbyterian Church in New York, and thirty thousand dollars to Amherst College by Mrs. Samuel Hooper, to increase the Hooper-Sturgis Professorship Fund.

The interest of these figures springs from the proof which they offer of the feminine estimate of the benefits of education. Over a century ago, when it would have been impossible to raise any question of “higher education” for women, not a few women had “well deserved to be gratefully remembered by the alumni of Harvard.” The roll of honor is headed by Lady Moulson in 1643, with one hundred pounds sterling, a worthy forerunner of Mrs. Ann F. Sever, whose noble legacy of one hundred and forty thousand dollars came to the University in 1879.

A list of the gifts of women to Harvard during the first years of its existence, before 1700, may not only be of general interest, but also induce other women to place themselves on the list of subscribers to the endowment fund of the Annex during its first decade :

“1643, Lady Moulson	£	100	0	0	s. d.
1656, A Widow of Roxbury		1	0	0	
1658, Bridget Wynes, Charleston		4	0	0	
1676, Judith Finch, legacy		0	14	0	
1695, Mrs. Mary Anderson, legacy		5	0	0	
1696, Samuel Sewell and Hannah Sewell, his wife					500 acres.”

Catherine Baldwin.

More Words with Countrywomen.

THERE are three classes of women, at least of countrywomen, whose lives lack something of the intellectual brightening that usually comes from the social contact and subtle magnetism of the city — who need the help and stimulus that may be found in systematic association, with some positive and clearly defined end in view :

First, the young women — the girls whose school days are but lately over, and who have not yet learned what to do with their lives, or how to use them :

“Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet.”

Reluctant? The adjective was well chosen, for the path a young girl enters when she first leaves school is by no means free from briars and brambles. All transition periods are periods of unrest. She has entered one that demands patience and faith on her part, and patience and discretion on that of her mother. No earnest, thoughtful girl — and the world is full of such — after years of busy school-life, in which every hour had its regular, well-defined duties, and every day had its hopes, its achievements, its generous rivalries, its eager friendships, and its failures that were as helpful and beneficent as its successes, can settle down to a little crocheting, a little embroidering, a little housework, a little music, a little visiting, a little dressing, a little reading, a little of this, that, and the other, without a sense of inexpressible depression and weariness. Is this strange? For years she has been in daily communion, more or less close, with minds that lifted hers. She has been feeding upon the best thoughts of the good and great and wise of all the centuries. Suddenly she finds herself feeding upon husks instead. Life, that has seemed to her young imagination so noble, so grand, something to glory in and thank God for, dwindles down to a thing of mere shreds and patches — a round of eating, sleeping, dressing, dancing, and flirtation.

I speak now more especially of the girls who, fortunately or unfortunately, happen to be born to a station in life that seems to demand of them only that they should “enjoy themselves”; and for the truth of my statements I appeal not only to the girls themselves, but to the memory of every woman who has not forgotten her own girlhood.

In this emergency what shall she do? The quickest and surest way out of her troubles is to give herself some stated and regular work to do, in the line of her old pursuits. That noble institution, the Boston “Study at Home” society, would come to her aid here; and so would the more democratic Chautauqua circles. But there is a large class of girls, as well as women, who prefer to study independently, and who are repelled by the red tape that is quite unavoidable in all large movements.

Second, the middle-aged women, upon whom fall

the burden and the heat of the day. They are in the very stress of the battle. They are oppressed by many cares. Little children are clinging to their garments, and the small "hindering hands," infinitely dear and precious as they are, do sadly interfere with ease, or the pursuit of so-called pleasure, or the accomplishment of any other than mother-work. The piano remains closed, and the voice warbles only lullabies. The beloved books lie unopened day after day. The sketch-block or the palette is forgotten, not from any lack of energy or of interest, but simply because time and strength seem taxed to their utmost in other ways. Housekeeping, babies, sewing, mending, social duties, the care of the sick, the aged, and the poor—every woman knows how long the list is, and how impossible it seems to shorten it.

Third, the older women. Not *old* women, for there are none nowadays. No woman is old until she is a hundred. But some of us, it must be confessed, are older than others. And this class, on whom as a rule, and most fortunately, the burdens of life rest less heavily than in middle age, are in danger of growing self-absorbed and narrow. They need something to take them out of themselves, to broaden their interests and widen the sphere of their mental activities. Grandchildren are a great help in this matter, but not all women are so blessed as to have them; and even those who have need something more to keep them out of the narrow grooves in which human nature is so prone to run. The one thing for which older women—and men too, for that matter—should most persistently strive is to keep out of the ruts worn deep and smooth by the wheels of daily habits, and the thoughts that go over and over the same track, from one year's end to another. They need to seek, from far and near, an influx of fresh life and thought continually.

I have spoken of three classes. Perhaps there are three others that might be mentioned. First, the strong, who out of their own strength and abundance can give to those who are less fortunate, and by this means learn for themselves that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Second, the weak, whether by nature or by circumstance, who need to place themselves where they may be helped by those who are stronger.

Third, those who are neither very strong nor very weak, but who, standing between the two, may be the happiest medium of communication, transmitting the electric, magnetic current from one to the other, and thus helping both as well as themselves.

No woman can live much in the lives of other women, or be placed in close relations with them, without receiving daily evidence of the need hinted at in the preceding paragraphs—the need of some social organization that shall minister to their mental and spiritual hunger. The writer has had abundant proof of this in the many letters she has received asking all manner of questions regarding two societies of which she had occasion to speak in a former paper. In answer to many of these questions, she will try to give as clear and comprehensive an account as she can of the formation, methods, and work of the smaller of the two. Of the larger, whose ways and means are very different, she hopes to write at another time.

Let us suppose that in some country village there are a number of women of nearly the same age,

tastes, and mental endowments. It does not follow that they must have been born in the same year, or even in the same decade. Age is a relative term. Between the periods of full maturity and second childhood we are all of an age. But in such an association as this of which I speak, they should be as nearly as possible on a par in capacity, in acquired knowledge, and in experience. They each wish to enter upon some systematic course of reading or study, and they know they will never pursue it persistently—so weak are good resolutions and so strong are circumstances—unless they can make it in some degree obligatory. How shall they do this in the easiest and pleasanter way? Six years ago a few women asked each other this question, and answered it as follows:

They formed a band called "Friends in Council,"—a suggestive and appropriate name, which, it is needless to say, did not originate with them. They drew up a constitution limiting their number to twenty-five, and pledging themselves to meet once a fortnight during eight months of the year, and to do whatever work should be assigned them by the board of directors, unless, for some good and sufficient reason, they were excused by the president.

The officers of the society, who are elected annually by ballot, are a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and a committee of three. This committee, with the president and vice-president, constitute the board of directors, whose duty it is to take the general charge of all business matters, make out the scheme of study, and assign subjects for essays and discussions. It is the duty of the secretary to keep the journal of the society, reading at each meeting a full report of the preceding, to conduct all correspondence, to call extra meetings by order of the president, and, in short, to do whatever work the office demands.

A treasurer was needful because a small annual fee seemed necessary to the very existence of the society. Some slight expenses cannot be avoided, if only for stationery and postage, and occasionally, perhaps, for a book of reference not easily accessible otherwise. The constitution, therefore, provides for the payment of an annual fee, but does not fix the amount. This is decided each year by vote of the society, and is in accordance with its actual needs—more or less, as the case may be. Any similar society that did not wish to purchase books as the nucleus of a library, or choice photographs now and then, could easily get along with a fee of even twenty-five or fifty cents a year.

But no band of twenty-five can long remain intact. Vacancies will occur, and must be filled. Just here some precautions are needful to guard against the possible admission of uncongenial or discordant elements. When, therefore, there is a vacancy, the ladies, in alphabetical order, have the right to present to the board the name of a candidate for membership. That is, if Mrs. A presents a name this year, whether her candidate is elected or not, she cannot have the privilege again until Mrs. B, C, and D, and so on through the alphabet, have had the same opportunity. If the board approves, the name is then presented to the society, which votes upon it by secret ballot. Three negative votes reject a candidate, in which case no record of the transaction appears in the journal; and by an unwritten law all lips are sealed. The society never mentions its rejected candidates.

The regular meetings are held at the house of the lady who happens to have the principal essay for that day, unless otherwise ordered; and it has been found that the hours most convenient for the majority were from three to five.

Now for the plan of study, which is, of course, purely arbitrary. Science, history, literature, art, social problems — the field is wide, and the difficulty is what to choose. The details are given not with any thought that the course pursued was exceptionally wise and good, but simply because it may help some other band of women who are at a loss where to begin, how to choose for themselves and map out their own work.

During the first year of its existence, the society of which I speak lived from hand to mouth, as it were, providing for each meeting as it came. Then it chose for its work a course, of history, with a glance at the literature and art of each epoch. It then devoted a year to ancient Greece. Its third year was given to Rome, from Romulus and Remus through the reigns of the Antonines. Then, for the fourth year, as life is short and art is long, it seemed wise to take a rapid glance at the decline of the Roman Empire and the rise of modern civilization, trying to get not a minute, but a somewhat clear idea of the sweep of the centuries, and to fix in the mind the most notable events in each. This year's study was really a flight, giving a bird's-eye view that was nevertheless both interesting and instructive, and bringing the work down to the close of the thirteenth century. Perhaps a clearer idea of this flight can be given by showing the scheme as made out for two or three (not consecutive) meetings:

SECOND AND THIRD CENTURIES (from A. D. 180).

Roman History from the Antonines to Constantine.	Eusebius, the First Church Historian.
Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra.	Reading of Boyesen's "Calpurnia."

SIXTH CENTURY.

Sketch of the Eastern and Western Empires, including Justinian and his Code of Laws.	Gregory the Great, Augustine, and the Conversion of the Anglo-Saxons.
	Belisarius.

NINTH CENTURY.

England under Egbert and Alfred the Great.	Division of Charlemagne's Empire.
The Feudal System.	

This will give an idea of what the bird's-eye view gave. The years were as a vast plain, out of which rose here and there the mountain ranges of great events, and over which strode majestic figures, shadowy in the distance, yet clearly discernible.

In their fifth year the "Friends" wrestled with the history of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and by a pleasant but wholly accidental coincidence, the present season found them on the brink of the sixteenth century,—the era of the Reformation,—their scheme including the first half only, or down to the reign of Elizabeth.

The society year begins with the first Wednesday in October, and the scheme is made out in full before the end of the previous May, and the parts assigned.

Each member, therefore, is supposed to have ample time for the preparation of her essays, or "ten-minute talks." It is intended to have one, and occasionally two, somewhat exhaustive essays on the main topic of the day, followed by short talks on matters or characters related to it. A great effort is made to induce the ladies to use their tongues rather than their pens, and to have the "ten-minute talks," as they are persistently called, really *talks*. But, alas! they generally turn out to be papers instead. It is expected of the ladies that while giving most time to the special topics assigned them, they will give enough thought and study to the whole scheme to enable them to follow it intelligently and with due interest.

One word more. No society of this sort can live unless it cultivates a total avoidance of anything akin to a censorious or critical spirit. Its members must be true to one another and to their officers. The meetings should be as informal as is consistent with a due regard for the proprieties.

J. C. R. Dorr.

"A Burns Pilgrimage."

IN making hurried visits to old places, it is quite common to gather inaccurate information from the inhabitants concerning the history and traditions both of place and people. This is especially the case in Scotland, and a tourist should enter a Scotch town with previous knowledge of its peculiar claim to interest the present generation, or write nothing until what is gathered by inquiry from its people is substantiated by other and better authority.

Referring to the cottage of Nansie Tinnock, in "A Burns Pilgrimage," in THE CENTURY of September last, the author says: "No doubt Nansie Tinnock's was a lighter, whiter, cheerier place than now, else the Jolly Beggars would never have gone there to tipple."

Burns mentions Nansie but once in his poems—in "The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer to the Scotch Representatives in the House of Commons."

"Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Boconnocks,
I'll be his debt twa mushlum bonnocks,
An' drink his health in auld Nansie Tinnock's
Nine times a week,
If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
Wad kindly seek."

In a foot-note in the "Kilmarnock Edition," he says of her: "A worthy old hostess of the author's in Mauchline, where he sometimes studies politics over a glass of 'guid auld Scotch drink.'" She was a most respectable person, and after her death the chair in which the bard sat when he visited her house was presented to the Masonic Lodge in Mauchline by Dr. Hamilton, son of Gavin Hamilton, and the "wee curlic John" of the "Dedication." She is buried in the church-yard, and her stone, with those of "Daddy Auld" and other characters of the poems, may yet be seen.

It is in the cantata of the "Jolly Beggars" that

"Ae night at e'en a merry core
O' randie, gangrel bodies,
In Poosie Nansie's held the splore.

So sung the bard, and Nansie's wa's
Shook with a thunder of applause."

Now, Poosie Nansie was not Nanse Tinnock at all. Her name was Agnes Gibson, and she kept a low ale-house or "change-house" where the "Whitefoord Arms," now the coöperative store, stands; erroneously described in the "Pilgrimage" as "Johnnie Pidgeon's house."

On the opposite corner, the two forming the head of the street facing the church-yard, called the "Cowgate," stood the house of John Dove (pronounced by the natives Doo), the "Johnnie Pidgeon" of the "Epitaph," and the Johnnie Dow of the "Epistle to John Kennedy," commencing:

"Now, Kennedy, if foot or horse
E'er bring you in by Mauchline Cross."

On the site of his house now stands a two-story brick dwelling, with a stone tablet inserted in the front, inscribed as follows:

"This is the house, tho' built anew,
Where Burns, when weary frae the plough,
Wad sit an hour wi' Johnnie Dow
Aneent the e'en,
And tak' a drap o' mountain dew
Wi' bonnie Jean."

It was upon a pane in a rear window of Dow's house that Burns wrote the epitaph on Johnnie Pidgeon with a diamond—the same window from which he had first seen Jean Armour, when a sonsie lass of seventeen, who lived next door, on the "Cowgate."

It was up this street that he made Common Sense go in "The Holy Fair."

"While Common Sense has ta'en the road
An' aff an' up the Cowgate."

In after life Mrs. Burns loved to relate, how she made his acquaintance. "His dog had run across her linen webs on the bleaching-green, and he apologized so handsomely that she took another look at him."

James Smith, a boon companion, the "Dear Smith, the sleest pawkie thief," and also the "wag in Mauchline," was with Burns in Poosie Nansie's the night that the "Jolly Beggars" first dawned upon his fancy.

Albert S. Galluf.

The Christian League.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN'S "Christian League of Connecticut" has called out a number of favorable comments, and an occasional intimation that in certain towns where there are "too many denominations" the people are preparing to consolidate. There are two sides to every question, and I have been waiting for some time to see the other side to this brought forward, but have not seen it as yet.

An only child is proverbially a spoiled child. Generally the best men and women are those belonging to large families. The reason for this probably lies in the fact that the numerous brother- and sisterhood have used the privileges of relationship, and have snubbed each other, or, at least, have spoken their minds plainly and often enough to take a considerable portion of the natural egotism out of one another. Denominations are a benefit, if it be only to teach each other that there are organizations besides "ours," and that these organizations as well as individuals have rights which they are in interest, if not in duty, bound to respect.

But let us suppose, as Mr. Gladden suggests, that the Presbyterians have come together, and "the Methodists and Baptists cannot afford to stay apart." Can you imagine what sort of a union it would be? They might possibly agree to partake of the same mental and spiritual food, but a Methodist pastor placed over such a flock would be very much in the condition of the hen that had hatched out a brood of chickens and ducks, when the ducks took to the water in spite of the protestations of their guardian; and a Baptist pastor in charge of such a mixed society would naturally feel alarmed because his *whole flock did not* take to the water.

"But in this advanced age questions of minor importance should be ignored," says some liberal one. Very many good Christians do not look upon certain questions, about which even orthodox churches differ, as of "minor importance," and one can scarcely conceive of a more trying position for a conscientious pastor than to be placed over a congregation where he could not speak his honest convictions for fear of offending or differing with a portion of his charge.

If individuals have individual beliefs, it is but just that they be at liberty to express them, and this they could not do freely if consolidations should take place as has been suggested. The differences of opinion that exist to-day, and that will exist so long as men read and think for themselves, instead of being a hindrance to the progress of Christianity, have tended to spread pure religion by calling attention to the doctrines discussed, and thereby leading to a careful investigation of the teachings of the Bible. Differences of opinion are not necessarily "hateful passions." On the contrary, they may be a great benefit to society. The church which has no special doctrine, and whose members are not men and women of firmly grounded convictions, will not long command the respect of even the unbeliever; and the church that tries to mold its doctrines, or perhaps more properly its *pulpit teachings*, to suit the crowd, will soon drift into a No Faith that will be as pernicious in its effects as infidelity itself.

I believe the churches which are only branches of the same denomination will eventually be consolidated, but the millennium will need to be much nearer before it will be wise for the denominations to consolidate. They would simply swallow each other up, like the kine in Pharaoh's dream,—only in this case, I suppose, the fat ones would do the devouring instead of the lean.

It might give the New England Methodist Episcopal minister, from whose letter Mr. Gladden quotes, a larger audience than he now has, if the people could be persuaded to unite in the "large beautiful Town-hall," but it would be a Town-hall meeting and but little more. But suppose these five churches should unite in one congregation, would the consolidated congregation be as large as the aggregated average of the five? Probably not by two-fifths. Many would not attend for the same reason that many church members remain at home when the churches have union services: "There will be enough without me."

The same decrease would follow in the benevolent contributions of the churches. Much as we may object, denominations *do* provoke each other to good works,

and there would be less energy and zeal if this stimulus were removed. The consolidated congregation will not be at all likely to give as much as the five had previously given; and in the case referred to by the Western Congregational minister, who wants to consolidate fifty Presbyterian congregations with fifty Congregational ones, there might be a saving of fifteen thousand dollars from salaries, but only a small portion of it would find its way to the mission treasury.

I once knew a town of some two thousand population where there were but two churches, Presbyterian and Methodist. It was a good opportunity to test the consolidating plan. There were representatives of various denominations in the two congregations, but the congregations were not unusually large. There was plenty of money for amusement, and the opera-house was well patronized, but the religious enthusiasm was — minus. The Methodist minister received a meager salary; the Presbyterian, ditto; neither receiving as much as their brethren of a neighboring town where there were four pastors and the population one-fourth less.

Where churches unite because they are weak, one or two pastors may receive larger salaries than either of the many; but there will be fewer attendants upon the church services and less missionary work (home or foreign) will be done, and, as a consequence, fewer souls will be saved. And, after all, the end and aim of the Gospel is *not* that ministers may receive fat salaries, or church members sleep in cushioned pews, but that the poor as well as the rich may hear the Word of Life and be saved.

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

Mary H. Villars.

Workingmen's Clubs and Coffee-houses.*

IN May of the present year there was held in New York a Congress of Workingmen's Clubs. Delegates were present from clubs in Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Millville, N. J., and New York City, representing twenty-five societies, each having from one hundred to one thousand members. Having attended the meeting, and seen something of the practical work of such clubs, the writer may be prepared to offer some suggestions concerning the importance of starting more of these valuable institutions. For more than forty years efforts have been made in England to establish clubs or institutions for the benefit of persons of moderate means. After many failures they have been firmly planted on a good financial basis, and there are now in operation in Great Britain about fifteen hundred workingmen's clubs. These societies are quite distinct from the building and coöperative societies, and have for their aim a few simple educational and social advantages, and indirectly to oppose the influence of the liquor saloons.

In this country workingmen's clubs have many aims, and include building societies, savings-banks, and some coöperative efforts, together with reading-room, library, and social hall. Some clubs, like that connected with the Church of the Holy Communion in New York, have a sick-benefit and burial fund. Other societies have a coffee and lunch room for the use of members and the public. With the great diversity of aims of American societies, the

feature of wholesome entertainment appears to be the first object. The working hours of the day are to every man and woman morally the safest. When the day's work ends, and there comes the idle hour between candle-light and bed-time, the man who works meets the hardest strain. Too weary from his vocation to engage in any set task, he looks for some relaxation, some recreation. The saloon door, turning on easy hinges, invites to warmth, society, and diversion. Here it is the club appears, and offers a better room, more entertainment, and the society of books, magazines, and his fellows. For liquor, which is neither food nor refreshment, the club offers its lunch and coffee room. Lectures, concerts, and entertainments open new doors into unexpected and perhaps undiscovered sources of amusement.

The Workingmen's Club, with its cheerful room, its library, its entertainments, and congenial society, is to the tired mechanic simply a sanitary measure. He must have amusement, and the saloon-keeper provides it for his own gain and the man's undoing. If for no other reason than this, more of these clubs should be established. The wise employer will gladly help by offering a room in the shop, or by becoming responsible for the rent of a room. Such clubs should be self-managed and self-sustained, and they will be a benefit to both employed and employer, for it must not be forgotten that he works best who has the blithest heart.*

Charles Barnard.

Educational Value of Summer Resorts.

IT is not necessary to go to Concord among the deep-thoughted philosophers, in order to attend a summer school. Saratoga, Newport, Long Branch, Mount Desert, and the thousands of favorite summer resorts in the mountains and along the sea-coast, exert on the tourist a peculiar and subtle educational influence. The courses at these schools are optional, the company is delightful, recitations are rarely heard, and examinations are unknown. The lessons are unconsciously learned, and the knowledge acquired is practical and adapted to every-day use. It is the school of the world; yet the summer term differs materially from the winter season in the cities. A stroller on the broad piazzas at the United States Hotel, at Saratoga, or at Rodick's, at Mount Desert, finds himself in the midst of a new and strange life. Seated in big easy-chairs at a shady end of the veranda, are seen the railroad king, the Baltimore merchant, the bonanza mine owner, the Texas rancher, and the Pennsylvania iron prince engaged in an earnest discussion of the business situation. Around the corner a venerable college president, an English lord, a poet of the Sierras, a novelist from the sunny South, and a New York millionaire talk science, literature, and the topics of the day. In another group a blue-grass beauty vies with a Boston blue-stocking and a St. Louis belle in capturing the affections of some Yale and Harvard

* Where workingmen themselves have not time or disposition to take control of such an enterprise, it may well appeal to the practical energies of the churches and charitable associations. What one such institution has accomplished in a saloon-infested metropolitan district may be ascertained from the managers of the Coffee-house of the Bible and Fruit Mission, opposite Bellevue Hospital, New York City.—Ed.

students. Off in another part politicians from Georgia, Illinois, and Maine engage in hot debates over the presidential contest. So it is at all the summer resorts. People from every section, of different grades of society, and of many beliefs and occupations, are thrown together during July and August, on a plane of equality.

This summer migratory movement, it must be remembered, has reached enormous proportions. I believe it is not stretching the fact to say that nearly two million persons leave their homes for a short vacation during the heated season. On their trip they are thrown in contact with many stragglers. The rubbing together of these thousands, and the interchange of ideas, must leave an impression of wide-reaching but unappreciated value. The tourist stepping out of his home environment into this cosmopolitan summer life, comes in contact with new customs and manners, new standards of business and social etiquette, new modes of living and thinking, new subjects of conversation, and new topics of discussion. On the most stupid, ignorant, and thoughtless, this change of life must have some effect which will appear on their return to their homes. It seems to me that this throwing together of the business men and society people of the North, East, South, and West, must tend to create a greater national feeling, and lead to a more thorough appreciation, and juster estimate of the

power, capacity, and ability of each section of the country. It will serve to dissipate prejudices, overthrow foolish local traditions, lead to innovations in commercial habits and modes of living, and arouse a larger consciousness of the greatness of the United States, and the immense possibilities of its future.

Intercourse between the sections will enable men to gauge better the capacities of their own and their neighbor's locality, and to expend their resources so as to reach their highest value. It may be exaggerating the point to attempt to trace the industrial awakening of the South to a cause like this, yet it is not a wild assertion to declare that the visits of Southerners to Northern resorts in the summer, and of Northerners to Southern resorts in the winter, have hastened the day of the new birth in the South. They have brought to Northerners a fuller knowledge of the manufacturing advantages afforded by that section, and the influx of Northern capital needed to develop its resources has quickly followed. Every season the number of resorts seems to increase in response to a growing demand. The benefits of a period of rest and recuperation amid new scenes is at once admitted. The educational effects of the movement will, I believe, become more apparent as it gains in force.

Henry James Ten Eyck.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

So Wags the World.

JUNK-DEALER (to pin and needle vender).—There's that Jinny gone and married a jail-burrd, and her fayther's that mad that he wont spake to ayther of thim. Sure whoy should he moind? says I. Thim paupers is nearly jail-burrd themselves; it's little differ I can see betwane 'em.

FOOTMAN (to housemaid).—Now think of a junk-dealer h'objecting because his darter's been and married a pauper! It's h'all in the mud together they h'are, thinks I.

SHOP-GIRL (to clerk).—The airs the servants give themselves! Jane Bryan wont look at that fine junk-dealer, and he's a handsome fellow, too, and earns as much as she does. He owns his shop, at any rate, and she works for a mistress; he's plenty good enough for her, I'm sure.

PETTY TRADESMAN (reading his paper).—Tut, tut, what foolish pride is creeping in among the lower classes. Here is a case of a girl disowned by her family, because she married a coachman. And she was only a shop-girl, serving customers at Macy's. Well, well, what is the world coming to?

EMINENT LAWYER (to friend).—Now, really, the bigotry of some people is perfectly astonishing.

Brown is in business for himself in a small way, after having been a clerk for twenty years. And now he actually refuses to give his daughter to young Smith, his book-keeper. Says his position unfits him to look at her. Ambition will be the ruin of this country.

YOUNG ENGLISH BARONET (to ditto).—Aw, yahs, I b'lieve p'rofessional men do object to their daughters mawwyng men in business. Cahnt see why m'self. If ye don't b'long to the nobility, y' know, ye b'long to the middle clahsses, and I sh'd fahncy it wouldn't make much diffewence who ye mahwied, pwovided it wasn't in the lower clahsses.

PRINCESS OF ROYAL BLOOD (to another Princess of Royal Blood).—I really do not see why Lady Hauteur should object to her son's marrying that pretty American girl. To be sure she is a commoner, but he is only a baronet; not even a lord. Now it was quite another thing when the Princess Louise married a subject. *That* shocked me, I will confess, and yet I am not so very conservative.

CHORUS OF ANGELS IN HEAVEN.—Lord, all men are equal in thy sight. How long, O Lord, how long before pride, ambition, and envy vanish from the earth? Poor sinners all, forgive them, Lord, and send us to minister to them, we beseech thee.

Raja.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.

IN the November CENTURY (the initial issue in the new year of the magazine) will appear the first of a series of illustrated papers on the Civil War. Or perhaps we should speak of this new series as a carefully organized continuation of the war articles which have appeared from time to time in the magazine since the publication of the notable "Great South" papers. Our readers can hardly have forgotten the racy "Johnny Reb" papers, by one of Stonewall Jackson's men; the stirring reminiscences of "Farragut in Mobile Bay"; the more recent recollections of "John Brown at Harper's Ferry," by a Southern ex-Congressman; General Stone's paper, describing how he extemporized the militia which saved the national capital to the North; "The Capture of Jefferson Davis," as related by his private secretary; or the anecdotal papers on General Sherman and General Sheridan, printed within the year. Preliminary to this new series, also, is the paper in the present number, which, in pictures and text, vividly recalls the "Lights and Shadows of Army Life"; and as contributing to the same purpose, we might refer to the last half of "Dr. Sevier," in which Mr. Cable has pictured the conflict of ideas and emotions, and the stirring home scenes, which accompanied the outbreak of the war.

But in popular interest as well as historical importance the papers to come, it is expected, will deserve wider attention than any other series ever undertaken by the magazine, and prove of lasting value to the history of the most eventful period of our national life. Decisive battles, the leading characteristics of army life on each side of the lines, and the lives of the most prominent commanders, North and South, are to be the subjects of the papers, which will therefore vary in character from month to month during the two years in which they will be running in the magazine. It is a guarantee of the authenticity and value of the papers that they will be written by officers who wore either the blue or the gray;—in most cases by generals who, on one side or the other, held either the chief command in the battles described, or commands so important as to clothe them with special authority to speak of events of which they were a part. The plan of the series may be further indicated by enumerating the first six papers, which will comprise: 1. "The Battle of Manassas," by General Beauregard; 2. "The Capture of Fort Donelson," by General Lew Wallace; 3. "Admiral Foote and the Western Gun-boats," by Rear-Admiral Walke, with a supplemental paper by Captain Eads, who built the gun-boats; 4. "The First Fight of Iron-clads," by Colonel John Taylor Wood, who was a leading officer on the *Merrimac* during the combat with the *Monitor* (and afterward commander of the cruiser *Tallahassee*)—with a supplemental paper by General Colston, who viewed the spectacle from an open boat near by; 5. "Shiloh," by General Ulysses S. Grant,—with a biographical paper on the Confederate commander,

Albert Sidney Johnston (killed in the first day's fighting), written by his son, Colonel William Preston Johnston; and 6. "The Passage of the New Orleans Forts," by Admiral David D. Porter—to which Mr. George W. Cable will add a description of the incidents attending the occupation of the city. The subsequent papers will be of corresponding personal interest and authority as coming from Generals McClellan, Longstreet, Rosecrans, D. H. Hill, Hunt, Newton, Pleasonton, and others. Besides "Shiloh," General Grant will contribute articles on "Vicksburg," "Chattanooga," and "The Wilderness." And as supplemental to the articles by the officers, there will be printed, alongside, brief chapters from "The Recollections of a Private."

It is not a part of the plan of the series to go over the ground of the official reports and campaign controversies, but (so far as these questions are necessarily involved in the incidental history of battles and the personal recollections of officers) to clear up cloudy questions with new knowledge and the wisdom of cool reflection; and to soften controversy with that better understanding of each other, which comes to comrades in arms when personal feeling has dissipated, and time has proven how difficult are the duties and how changeable are the events of war—how enveloped in accident and mystery.

No one will gainsay the importance and the exceptional interest of the final judgments and recollections of the men, yet living, who led the contending armies into battles which are among the greatest in the history of human conflicts. And it happily fits into the graphic, anecdotal plan of the articles that we have found it possible to illustrate them profusely with maps and portraits and with realistic and character sketches studied from photographs taken in the field at the time. These art materials cover every phase of warfare except the actual clash of arms, and the latter feature will be supplied in part by artists who have fought in the ranks. Much will be done, also, to picture the present look of battle-fields, to show how ramparts and rifle-pits have held their own against the leveling forces of nature.

No time could be fitter, we think, for a publication of this kind than the present, when the passions and prejudices of the Civil War have nearly faded out of politics, and its heroic events are passing into our common history where motives will be weighed without malice, and valor praised without distinction of uniform. Such reunions of Confederate and Federal generals and soldiers as that at Fredericksburg in May last,—when they fraternized on Marye's Heights, on the fields of Chancellorsville and the Wilderness, and in the pine thickets and bullet-scarred groves that cover the breastworks of Spottsylvania,—must hasten the Decoration Day that will be national in every sense, postponed though it may be by General Scott's prophetic "fury of the non-combatants." And the generation which has grown up since the war, to whom these papers will be opportune

instruction, may now be taught how the men who were divided on a question of principle and State fealty, and who fought the war which must remain the pivotal period of our history, won by equal devotion and valor that respect for each other which is the strongest bond of a reunited people.

Tips and their Takers.

ONE of the chapter-headings of Professor Sumner's keen and cruel little book about Social Classes is this: "THAT A FREE MAN IS A SOVEREIGN; AND THAT A SOVEREIGN CANNOT TAKE TIPS." It is greatly to be wished that some benevolent person would cause this to be printed in plain letters, neatly framed, and conspicuously hung up in every hotel office and dining-room, in every sleeping-car, in every minister's study, in every legislative chamber, and in both of the houses of Congress. How much deterioration of character is produced by the custom of bestowing and receiving gratuities cannot be easily estimated; if the facts could be shown, it would appear to be a fruitful source of moral degradation, and the first step in many a career of shame. The habit of taking tips, of expecting small gifts and unearned concessions, of looking for little favors of one kind or another, engenders a despicable state of mind, and strips a man of all manliness. He is simply a mendicant; he differs from the beggar in the street only in the method of his appeal. The beggar is brother to the thief, and the taker of tips has entered on the broad road to beggary. No man can keep his self-respect who sets out on this career; and when self-respect is gone the foundations of character are undermined.

Professor Sumner's trenchant apothegm concentrates the truth respecting this matter into a burning ray that ought to penetrate the consciences of a generation of mendicants. "A member of a free democracy is, in a sense, a sovereign. He has no superior. . . . He wants to be subject to no man. He wants to be equal to his fellows, as all sovereigns are equal. So be it; but he cannot escape the deduction that he call no man to his aid. The other sovereigns will not respect his independence if he becomes dependent; and they cannot respect his equality if he sues for favors." There is the whole matter in a nutshell. The taker of tips abdicates his sovereignty. He proclaims himself no longer independent. He acknowledges that he is inferior to the man whose gratuities he expects and solicits.

It is a curious and significant fact that white native Americans of the working classes are not greatly addicted to the acceptance of gratuities. Something in the genius of American institutions has hitherto kept our poorer people from falling into this degradation. The American has been taught that he is a sovereign; and he feels the force of Professor Sumner's deduction from this principle. The takers of tips in this country are largely negroes and persons of foreign birth. The employments in which tips are regularly accepted, as those of servants in hotels and restaurants, porters and stewards on ships and steam-boats and sleeping-cars, are almost wholly monopolized by foreigners and negroes. The white native American has his faults and his vices, he is often an extremely disagreeable person, but he is not often found clamoring for backsheesh.

It is not strange that the native of a country in which distinctions of rank are firmly established should be addicted to such practices. He has been taught that he is inferior to many of those about him; there is no reason why he should not accept at their hands unearned favors. The social gradations to which he is accustomed justify the bestowing and the receiving of gratuities. But there is no room for any such relation in a democracy, and the introduction of these practices among us is therefore demoralizing. The taker of tips acknowledges himself to belong to an inferior class, and there is no foundation for any such distinction; the only difference between himself and the man from whom he takes the tip is that the other has a little more money. For a dime he degrades himself.

Undoubtedly many of those who bestow these gratuities are well pleased to do so for this very reason. The ceremony symbolizes the fact that they belong to a superior class. When a man takes a dime from our hands, it is a confession on his part that we are superior beings. He knows full well that we would not accept a dime at his hands. The proclamation and acknowledgment of this superiority pleases the vanity of some silly people. On the other hand, the abhorrence felt by many persons for this practice arises chiefly from the fact that they are unwilling to allow any man to make the abject confession concerning himself that is involved in the taking of tips. The exaction of this tribute here and there is sufficiently annoying, but it is a small matter after all; the dropping down into virtual mendicancy of a large class of their fellow-citizens is a great matter; in that social injury they desire to have no part.

So far as the colored people are concerned, their willingness to accept gratuities is a natural fruit of generations of slavery. The pity is that having got their liberty they should be so willing to wear the badge of servitude and inferiority. Those who have grown up among the colored people at the South say that many of them are disinclined to make definite agreements for personal services. They prefer to establish a sort of dependency upon those whom they serve, and to take their compensation in the form of occasional gifts. The evolution of economical society, according to Sir Henry Maine's often-quoted generalization, is from status to contract; many of the Southern negroes are disposed to stick to status and eschew contract. Some of the gentler virtues are developed under this regimen; but it is not good, on the whole, for those who depend, nor for those on whom they depend. It is better to accept the fact of independence with all that it implies. If the colored people will not take what always goes with liberty, they may not keep their liberty; or, if they do, it will not be worth much to them. Sorry sovereigns will they be, if they consent to be distinguished as the takers of tips.

There seems, just now, to be a strong disposition on the part of certain ambitious leaders of the negroes to claim a larger share than they have had in the political life of the nation. How much foundation there is for this claim it might be difficult to say; on the lips of some who urge the claim it sounds like a cry for a more liberal distribution of political backsheesh. But this much is clear: the welfare of the colored people will be most effectually promoted by inspiring them with a disposition to ask for no favors, and to take none

by which their self-respect will be lowered or their independence compromised. Those are their truest friends and their safest leaders who strenuously urge them to free themselves at once from all the implications and incidents of servitude; to refuse to enter occupations in which their livelihood is made to depend upon gratuities; to sell their labor by fair bargaining; to live on what they honestly earn, and expect nothing more. When this spirit prevails among the colored people their social and political rights will be perfectly secure.

We have assumed that the gratuities received by porters, stewards, waiters, and others, in public houses and public conveyances, are unearned extras, since these employees are, or ought to be, paid for rendering the services for which the tips are taken. But this assumption would not, in all cases, be well founded. That these employees ought to be well paid by their employers is true; but many of them are not. One of our leading palace-car companies, for example, though a rich corporation, is said to pay its porters only fifteen dollars a month. This is scarcely enough to keep them from starving; and the company expects that their compensation will be made up from the gifts of passengers. But the porters are not allowed to ask the passengers for gratuities; if gifts thus solicited are reported to the company, the amount is subtracted from the porters' wages. Thus this rich company has organized mendicancy into its system; it makes a portion of its employees subsist on money which they may not take as earnings, but must take as gratuity. It is a thoroughly demoralizing system, and the company ought to be ashamed of it. The men should be paid fair wages for their work, and the system of gratuities should be suppressed. The same remarks will apply to many other great corporations, and to nearly all the keepers of hotels and restaurants. The protection of the traveling public against these petty exactions is often urged, but that is of secondary consequence. The great reason for abating this evil is the need of preserving from degradation the men on whom these gratuities are bestowed.

We need not add that the considerations here suggested are applicable not only to sleeping-car porters and hotel waiters, but to many persons in higher stations. It is a melancholy fact that Senator Charles Sumner's rule against the receipt from interested persons of small favors (and large ones as well) is not universal among American "statesmen."

The Danger of Delaying Reforms.

ONE of the most singular facts in politics is the unwillingness of the rulers of nations to enact reforms until agitation among the people absolutely compels them to do so. The fact is noticeable throughout the history of the world, and is hardly less so to-day than in the centuries of the past. It is easier, no doubt, in our time for the people to secure reforms than it has been in ages past, because the people of most civilized countries have now some effective voice in public affairs. The methods of agitation, too, in most countries have become more mild than in former times, civil wars and popular tumults being much less frequent than they used to be, though other forms of violence

seem lately to have received a new development. But whatever may be the methods employed, a persistent agitation, frequently rising to violence, is still found necessary in most parts of the world to induce statesmen to enact reforms.

One of the most recent examples in point is furnished by the case of Ireland. The Irish had long been suffering from the operation of laws in some respects oppressive, and in other respects unadapted to their circumstances; yet they had sought in vain for redress. The subject had been thoroughly investigated by government commissions, and the remedies for the existing abuses pointed out. Some of the more liberal statesmen, including the greatest of them all, were ready to do Ireland justice; but the mass of English public men refused their concurrence. Then began an agitation of an alarming character, conducted by lawless methods, and resulting in infamous deeds; and when at last the whole United Kingdom was disturbed, and civil society in Ireland seemed in danger of dissolution, Parliament consented to remove some of the abuses from which the Irish people were suffering. The result has been that, though the heaviest grievances of Ireland have been redressed, the feelings of the Irish people are more widely estranged from the Imperial authority than ever before.

Another case in point is that of Russia. The people of that empire have long been seeking to obtain a share in the conduct of their national affairs; and their rulers know as well as the people themselves that the popular demand is right. Moreover, unless the Emperor and his advisers are more ignorant and unintelligent than we can suppose them to be, they must know, not only that the people are entitled to a voice in affairs, but that they are certain before long to have it, since the whole course of European politics tends irresistibly in that direction. Yet neither the demands of justice nor the logic of events has been able to secure a recognition of the people's rights from the Emperor, save only in the form of vague promises, which are never fulfilled. The result is that an agitation of the most dangerous kind has spread over the empire, undermining Russian society, destroying the life of one Emperor, threatening that of his successor, and setting an example of violent and lawless methods to political agitators everywhere. Still nothing is done toward establishing parliamentary government, which is the only thing that can put an end to the agitation; and there is reason to fear that a revolution at home, or a terrible defeat abroad, will be necessary to secure to the Russian people their rights.

These examples show in the clearest manner the danger and folly of delaying political reforms after their justice and expediency have become manifest, and they ought to serve as a warning to statesmen throughout the world. But it is not alone the danger of social disturbance that has to be considered; there are other evils that result from unreasonable delay in reforming abuses. One of the worst is that the abuses themselves become more deeply rooted and more difficult to overthrow. The persons who profit by the abuses are always vehement opponents of reform; and the longer the abuses are allowed to flourish and increase, the greater becomes the number and the stronger the influence of such persons, so that every day of delay renders the reform more difficult to effect. Moreover,

when a people have long suffered from abuses, they become to some extent inured to them, and those who do not directly suffer from them, or do not realize from what source their sufferings come, are liable to become indifferent to the abuses, so that in some cases portions of the people will resist reforms that would benefit themselves.

Again, if abuses are allowed to go too long unchecked, till the people rise in indignation to overthrow them, there is danger that they may at the same time overthrow some other institutions connected with the abuses, but in themselves of a beneficial character. The most memorable examples of such mistaken action were seen in the French Revolution, when much that was good was swept away along with a far greater amount of evil. Nor has the risk of such action been removed by the extension of political power to the masses, nor by the adoption of more peaceful methods of agitation. Laws may be suddenly altered and institutions as suddenly overthrown by the simple power of votes; and if the men and the classes whose voice in the government is most influential neglect their duty and delay reforms too long, the people may enact some sweeping change which wiser counsels cannot approve.

Every European nation is burdened with certain laws and institutions handed down from the past and wholly unadapted to the present time. The people will not much longer submit to them and to the injustice and oppression they produce. The signs of popular awakening are everywhere visible, and important changes cannot be much longer delayed. Wisdom and justice alike require that the changes be made in due season, so as to prevent the social disturbance that will otherwise arise.

But it may be said that in America the people are not suffering from the working of old institutions inherited from the past, and consequently that the lesson we seek to enforce is less important to our rulers than to those of European states. It is true that we are not oppressed by feudalism, as many of the peoples of Europe are; yet the lesson we have drawn is not on that account the less needed here. Indeed, it is only a few years since we had in this country an institution far worse than any now existing in Europe, and a terrible civil war was necessary to get rid of it; a war that might perfectly well have been avoided, if our forefathers had obeyed the voice of justice and abolished slavery at an earlier date. For

the future, however, the task of statesmen in this country will be not so much to abolish old abuses as to prevent the formation of new ones, and for this purpose seasonable action is imperatively required. Abuses are growing up in this country which, if allowed to go unchecked, may develop into forms of injustice as oppressive as any now prevalent in Europe.

What these abuses are can only be briefly indicated here. Those connected with our administrative systems are too well known to require particular notice, and they are, moreover, now in a fair way of being removed. The pressure of public opinion has in this case proved sufficient to secure the adoption of the necessary measures, and now that the reform has been initiated it will probably be carried successfully through. But there are some other abuses, in which large and powerful bodies of men are interested, which will not be so easily dealt with. One of the worst of them is the perversion of the powers and resources of government for the benefit of special interests, an evil that has already attained great magnitude among us, and is still on the increase. Instances of this kind have been repeatedly seen in our tariff legislation, which has been largely controlled by a few powerful interests for their own special benefit, to the detriment or neglect of others and of the people at large. So flagrant in some cases have these abuses been that opposition has been roused even among protectionists; and yet our legislators have not had courage enough, or have not taken enough interest in the subject, to apply a remedy.

But probably the most difficult problems of American politics hereafter will be furnished by the affairs of the corporations, which have now become so important an element in our industrial life. Their success in developing the resources of the country and promoting its prosperity has been remarkable; but they have brought with them abuses which call for reform, and which, if not reformed in season, may rouse vehement resistance among the people. There is danger, too, of their gaining control at times of the sources of legislative or executive government, and using its powers to promote their selfish interests. To prevent their doing so will require watchfulness on the part of the people, and higher principles than are now universal among our public men,—higher, indeed, than some among us seem to be inclined to demand of American legislators and rulers.

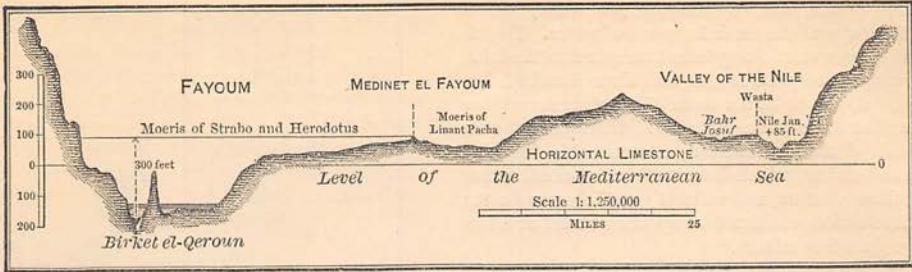
OPEN LETTERS.

Lake Mœris and the Greeks.

WHILE the modernists are disputing the claims of Greek to a place among the useful studies in these days of chemical analysis and the metric system, it has fallen to the lot of an American scholar, a student of the ancient Greek and a devout believer in the sanity of the old historians of Greece, to make, through this very devotion, a discovery which promises to remove a source of danger to the population of Egypt, and

to put into the hands of English capitalists, if they use their opportunity well, a valuable enterprise.

To the Egyptian cultivator the river Nile is at once the angel of mercy and the king of terrors. Coming down from the high plateaus of Abyssinia, with its tribute from the eternal snows, it brings blessings and curses in its flood. Once a year the melted snows and the vast volumes of rain falling on the slopes of the Abyssinian table-lands fill the channel of the river to its widest margin, flood the



SECTION OF EGYPT THROUGH THE FAYOUM.

rich arable lands below in the broad valley of the stream, and threaten the island-like villages that rise above the waste of waters. A little excess, such as comes occasionally in this generosity of the mountains, and the dweller in the long Nile valley runs for his life. For he is more or less a fugitive who snatches a harvest, but carries his hut on his back, as it were, and stands ready to run with house, harvest, and home, at the sound of the rising flood. As the great stream approaches the Mediterranean, this cultivable land becomes of extreme importance to the Egyptian. His only harvest lies here; his favored cities creep up to the very edge of the river; his grandest monuments lie buried beneath mounds of sun-dried brick encircled by the green waters; his temples frown from the very edge of the border plateau; the pyramids, the sepulchers of kings, lie near the track of the stream; and, at last, where its swollen waters have discharged through many mouths into the sea, a commerce of great value to England and all Europe finds its home. But just here, between these mouths, lie vast morasses, once of fresh water, but now in part, through inlets of the sea, turned into salt marsh and shallow lakes. What might be the best land in Egypt—hundreds of square miles—is here uncultivated, given over to the sea and the dread of the Nile. With the inertness of the Egyptian Government and the insecurity of its finances, nothing has been done for a century to reclaim these unused lands. And yet “an effective control of the Nile,” says a writer in the “Saturday Review,” would make it very easy to drain and cultivate much the greater part of Lake Mareotis (near Alexandria) and the other morasses. “The reclaimed land would be available in a comparatively short space of time, and the removal of such a large expanse of brackish water, most of which becomes mud in summer, would improve the health of the country by taking away the sources of malarial fever, and would, in fact, render those parts of the Delta a second Holland.”

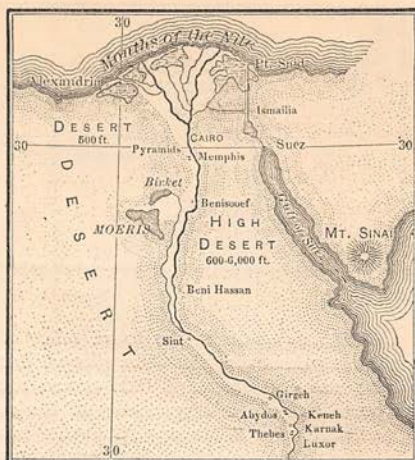
The question has always been one of “controlling” the excess in the rise of the Nile—an excess amounting at the most to about six feet, and lasting but a few hours at the longest. The ordinary rise in the river is counted on and utilized by a system of dikes, built originally at great expense, renewed from century to century, and now of enormous value. Through them, by sluice-ways and an intricate system of canals, the river has been made to irrigate the valley in all cultivable areas, and is thus turned into a blessing to the inhabitants and a source of income to the Government. But how to treat the excess of high Nile has been the problem of ages.

To an American scholar, Mr. F. Cope Whitehouse, a son of the late Bishop of Illinois, is due what now appears to be the successful solution of this problem; and to his simple faith in the “father of history,” whose word has been long discredited, the Egyptian cultivator seems now likely to owe more than to all the ancient offerings to the “powerful divinity” of the river. For, according to Herodotus, the problem of disposing of the superfluous waters of the Nile was attacked fully three thousand years ago. He says that the priests of Egypt told him that “Mén was the first king of Egypt, and that it was he who raised the dike which protects Memphis from the inundations of the Nile. Before his time the river flowed entirely along the sandy range of hills which skirts Egypt on the side of Libya. He, however, by banking up the river at the bend which it forms about a hundred furlongs south of Memphis, laid the ancient channel dry, while he dug a new course for the stream half-way between the two lines of hills. . . . Having thus, by turning the river, made the track where it used to run dry land,” he “proceeded in the first place to build the city now called Memphis, which lies in the narrow part of Egypt.” “The other kings,” the priests told the historian, “were personages of no note or distinction, and left no monuments of any account, with the exception of the last, who was named Mœris.” This king left among other memorials of his reign the work called Lake Mœris, which the historian describes as “more astonishing” than the Labyrinth, as the Labyrinth was more wonderful than the Pyramids. “The measure of its circumference is sixty schoenes, or three thousand six hundred furlongs, which is equal to the entire length of Egypt along the sea-coast. The lake stretches in its longest direction from north to south, and in its deepest parts is of the depth of fifty fathoms. The water of the lake does not come out of the ground, which is here excessively dry, but is introduced by a canal from the Nile. The current sets for six months into the lake from the river, and for the next six months into the river from the lake. While it runs outward it returns a talent of silver (\$1060) daily to the royal treasury from the fish that are taken, but when the current is the other way the return sinks to one-third of that sum.” This account, given by Herodotus, is repeated in substance by Diodorus Siculus, who adds: “For being that the Nile never kept to a certain and constant height in its inundation, and the fruitfulness of the country ever depended upon its just proportions, he dug this lake to receive such water as was superfluous, that it might neither immoderately overflow the land, and so cause fens and

standing ponds, nor, by flowing too little, prejudice the fruits of the earth for want of water. To this end he cut a trench along from the river into the lake, fourscore furlongs in length and three hundred feet broad; into this he let the water of the river sometimes run, and at other times diverted it, and turned it over the fields of the husbandmen, at seasonable times, by means of sluices, which he sometimes opened, and at other times shut up, not without great labor and cost; for these sluices could not be opened or shut at a less charge than fifty talents."

Such, then, was the ancient solution of the problem of taking care of the excess of high Nile—a vast artificial lake, four hundred and fifty miles in circuit, with borders resembling a sea-beach, in extent a sea, and resembling the sea in the color of its waters; supporting, moreover, "two-and-twenty sorts of fish," of which so great a number was taken, says Diodorus Siculus, "that those who were employed continuously to salt them up (though they were multitudes of people) could hardly perform it." But this lake, as a beneficent factor in Egyptian life, disappeared, and the "father of history" became as the "father of lies." A shallow, brackish lake, the Birket el Qeroun, answering in no important particular to the supposed ancient lake, is all that now exists. Engineers—Egyptian and French—have visited the country in its vicinity, and established one or two points by accurate measurement and a thousand by guesses. Two or three important theories have been formed as to the possible site of the ancient lake, but none of them adequate to justify the story of Herodotus. Two years ago Mr. Whitehouse, suitably equipped, and having faith in the ancient historian,—a faith which he soon found he could not have in some modern geographers,—visited and explored "the entire area of the Fayoum and a large part of the contiguous desert," and, as Dr. Schweinfurth puts it, "was able to demonstrate by his personal observation the existence of physical conditions which had remained hitherto entirely unknown." That is, by his researches made in three visits and eight months of energetic labor, during which he pumped dry, not the bed of the Nile, but the Arab guides, the English travelers, the Khedive's officials and archives, the European archaeologists, with their cabinets and libraries, Mr. Whitehouse established a possible Lake Mœris, extending south of the Birket el Qeroun into a dry valley of the Wadi Reian, sufficiently large in area to contain the excess of waters of the "father of rivers." He ascertained depths and elevations, circumferences and islands, and verified the measurements of antiquity with sufficient accuracy to make a sound foundation for his theory. "His hypothesis," says Dr. Schweinfurth (who is pronounced the "first authority in Egyptian geography, whether ancient or modern"), "satisfies every reasonable requirement of searching criticism." Some of the highest authorities have accepted both theory and facts, and published long articles on the value of the lake depression in modern engineering. The Egyptian Government has shown a strong interest in the scheme of utilizing the new discovery.

The conclusion of Mr. Whitehouse's labor, then, seems to be, that a basin exists of sufficient depth and other dimensions,—a basin worthless for all other purposes than those of storage,—situated near the



LAKE MÆRIS RESTORED.

Nile, and easily reconnected with it by a comparatively inexpensive canal, already once dug and still visible in parts, and utilized in long sections; that this must have formed the southern part of the ancient Lake Mœris in the time of Herodotus and Strabo; that, if this part only were restored, it would hold in storage, to be made useful in irrigation, if necessary, all the waste waters of the overgrown and much-dreaded Nile floods; that, if so used, the Birket el Qeroun, which, since the opening of the Ibrahimieh canal, has encroached on the tillable soil, could be reduced to one-half its present size, and thus many thousand acres of good land be restored to its borders; that, furthermore, engineers could easily drain the lower marshes at the several mouths of the Nile father or mother and all their crocodile brood, and thus recover for Egypt many hundred square miles of its best fields.

"In the present state of engineering," says the writer in the "Saturday Review" (Dec. 1, 1883), speaking of Lake Mareotis, "the question of drainage is merely one of calculation and steam-pumps, but it would hardly take more than two years; then the ground which is left bare must be planted for three years with rice crops, and worked with fresh water, in order to extract the nitre. The fresh water can be supplied in any quantity from the Mahmoudieh canal, which runs between dikes through part of the lake itself, and feeds Alexandria, and in a short time a vast tract of land close to the most important port in the country would be ready for cultivation. A successful prosecution of the enterprise would certainly lead to the draining of the other lakes which border the Mediterranean coast of Egypt."

James Herbert Morse.

The Ku Klux Klan.

COMMENTS.

AS an old and constant reader of THE CENTURY I beg permission to comment upon your editorial notice of Mr. Wilson's most interesting history of the Ku Klux: "If it was a questionable device to place the power of the ballot, suddenly and without limitations,

in the hands of an emancipated and uneducated race, none the less immoral, unjustifiable, and brutalizing were the means adopted by the whites to rid themselves of an intolerable rule." Was there anything in the device to place the whites of the South, their families, and their property, under the heels of their late slaves at all questionable? Was it not an unquestionable wrong and a political crime of the first magnitude? Was it not immoral, unjustifiable, and brutal, and in violation of all laws human and divine? Admitting such a rule was intolerable, have you suggested a remedy for it? Has a single Northern man, statesman or editor, found it possible to devise a legal remedy for the intolerable rule of brutal ignorance, numerically strong, over intelligence and refinement, numerically weak? Revolution is the remedy for oppression in all ages and by all peoples determined to be free. It was the remedy in England twice in the seventeenth century, of the American colonies and of France in the eighteenth, and of the United States in the nineteenth. I say in the United States, because her war measures to preserve the Union were in themselves revolutionary. To seize and imprison the Legislature of Maryland was a revolutionary act. To proclaim the slaves free was in direct violation of the Constitution, and only justifiable as a necessity of the war. Without compensation to the owners, the slaves of Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, States not in rebellion, were set free. By violence the citizens of these States were robbed of millions of dollars' worth of property, and the nation justified the act. "Necessity knows no law," is a law of nations, of communities, and of individuals. An intolerable rule, for which there is no remedy at law, must find a remedy without law. In the Southern States, in which the negro voters outnumbered the white, and were organized by unprincipled leaders to possess and control the legislative and executive powers of those States, it is an historical fact that the rule was intolerable. Under the forms of law property was virtually confiscated, and utter ruin stared the property-holders in the face. The simple question was, By what measure of violence shall this intolerable rule be thrown off? Violence is not easily measured, or the higher law of self-preservation limited to its actual demands. The invariable law of revolution is excess. "Coalesced Europe makes war upon France, and as the gage of battle she hurls at its feet the head of a king," is the illustration of revolution among all peoples. The wonder of the century should rather be that a brave, proud people submitted for a single year to the intolerable rule of brutal ignorance, than that they resorted, after endurance became no longer possible, to violence as a remedy. I, too, would not be misunderstood. Without hesitation I justify that degree of violence necessary for the preservation of life, property, and just government. Beyond this I deprecate violence of any sort. In revolutions the difficulty always is to take the king's crown yet leave him his head.

R. C. Mackall.

ELKTON, MD.

In a paper on the Ku Klux Klan, in the July number of *THE CENTURY*, are these sentences: "Perhaps the most potent of all causes in this transformation,

[from a social club into "Regulators"] was the existence in the South of a spurious and perverted form of the 'Union League.' . . . It was composed of the disorderly elements of the negro population, and was led by white men of the meanest and basest type. They met frequently, went armed to the teeth, and literally 'breathed out threatening and slaughter.' . . . It was partly to resist this organization that the Ku Klux were transformed into a protective organization."

Perhaps it is not worth while to notice charges so utterly groundless as these. The writer of the article referred to could not, and, as the above quotations prove, did not know anything whatever concerning the organization which he condemns with such flippant incorrectness. The Union League is still in existence, with precisely the same object it had when the Ku Klux Klan was founded. Unlike that organization, it never underwent any "transformation." It was never other than a peaceful, lawful, useful society. It was called into existence among the Union men of the South by the instinct of self-preservation, at a time when nearly the whole population there had plunged into the madness of rebellion. It was kept alive by the bitterness and persecution which, in many localities, accompanied the return of the disbanded Confederate soldiers to their former homes. To their credit be it said, the bitterness did not emanate from them. It was fostered and cherished by those who took no active part in the war. If any ex-Confederate soldiers joined in hostile acts toward Union men, it was due to the bad example and encouragement of men who had been too cowardly to fight in real war.

The "Union League of America"* is a simple organization, having for its object the maintenance of unconditional devotion to the United States. It has as much secrecy as the Masons, or the Odd-fellows, or the Red Men—no more. Instead of being composed of "the disorderly elements of the negro population," its membership was and is confined to persons of good standing in the community. So far from being "armed to the teeth," its meetings were absolutely unguarded. No violence was ever proposed or used by it. The utmost it aimed at was to help to protect innocent and harmless men in their right to freedom and citizenship. It never invaded any one's liberty—never undertook, as the writer affirms the Ku Klux did, to play the rôle of regulators. In most places where chapters of the order existed, the proportion of Union men to secessionists was about one in ten. For people so situated to go about "armed to the teeth" and "breathing out threatening and slaughter" would be suicidal folly. It was only because they were in such a minority that they had a Union League at all. Without going further into the subject, it is enough to deny, absolutely, the truth of the charges above referred to.

As a bit of curious history, as well as a psychological study, the article in *THE CENTURY* is interesting. If the writer had confined himself to telling the story, there would be no need of criticism or refutation. But when he goes out of his way to speak of that Legislature of Tennessee which, among other things, reorganized the ruined State Government, brought

* Entirely distinct from the Union League Club of New York and from the club of the same name in Philadelphia.—Ed.

about the abolition of slavery in the State, made the colored man a citizen, and established a school system for the people, as "infamous," he betrays his inability to discuss historical matters with candor and impartiality. It is, perhaps, too early to expect such qualities in a section so recently enfranchised. The day is not far distant, it is to be hoped, when the "joke" out of which grew the inexpressible horrors perpetrated by the Ku Klux Klan will find a different mode of treatment from that indulged in by the writer in THE CENTURY.

An Ex-Member of the "Union League."

July 14, 1884.

Congregational Singing.

SHALL our church music be by the people or by choirs, or by both? This question of choirs or no choirs seems so largely one of taste that we could safely leave it to the individual choice of the churches, did not other considerations present themselves. I believe that we should by all means have a good chorus choir. Few churches will hesitate to avail themselves of the assistance of a good organ and organist, with or without a precentor; why not as well employ the much more effective help of a good chorus choir? If it is feared that the choir will sing for, and in place of, the congregation, let the choir be restricted to one anthem in each service, and the organ played so full in the hymn-tunes that the congregation will, practically, be forced to sing. If personal display be feared, it is to be said that there are no solos in the full or true anthem, and that it is only in the professional quartet where this unseemly ambition obtrudes itself for the pleasure or misery of the auditors.

In the unfortunately plain service of our American churches, the Roman Catholic and Episcopal of course excepted, there seems to be no way in which the people can take part except by the singing of hymns. And as the people evidently should take some part, they then must sing. As they cannot sing the elaborate music of the anthem or cantata, they must needs have hymns and plain tunes for their use; and this leads us to our theme of congregational singing.

First, what is congregational singing? Everybody is ready with a reply, yet few will give a correct one. In the many churches where congregational singing has been attempted, and alleged failure has been the result, the first essential has been lacking, namely, a congregation. A few worshipers scattered over an auditorium far too large for them do not constitute a congregation. A congregation is such a number of people as completely fills the edifice or room in which they are gathered. Five hundred people in some charming country church or chapel would at home make a congregation. The same persons in Dr. Hall's church in New York city would not be a congregation at all; and their singing in the latter place would be practically a failure, however fine and effective in a church which they filled. If a church seats five thousand people, there must be five thousand people in it to have any congregational singing in the true and proper sense of the word. Singers may be likened to gunpowder. Condensed in the pistol, the thimbleful of powder may produce marked effect; a barrelful scattered over the lawn will not

injure him who may apply a torch to it. Our singers, whether choir or congregation, must be compact and together if we would realize our just expectations. Therefore, let us not attempt congregational singing until we first have a congregation. This essential lacking, let us, with or without money, get a choir to do for us what we shall fail in attempting ourselves.

With our full congregation gathered, what else do we need? Many things. Next, a good organ. Now, a good organ is not simply a well-made instrument; it must be of proper size and specification. The size may be determined as follows: Given for example, an auditorium 50 x 80 feet, with a space of 4000 square feet. Divide by 4, and we have 1000 as the number of sittings. (This allows fully for aisles and other passages.) Divide 1000 sittings by 25, and we have 40 as the proper number of registers the organ should contain at the ordinary three-inch hydrostatic pressure. Suppose the auditorium to be twice this size, it would seem that the organ should have 80 registers. This does not follow. Sixty registers should be the absolute maximum and limit of the number of registers in any organ. If more power be needed, let it then be obtained by increased pressure. My own test is this: when any organ reaches the point where that impertinent abomination called the pneumatic action is needed, it is too large, and is sure to be a failure more or less complete. Having played nearly all the great organs in the world, I am able to affirm this with great positiveness. By the preceding formula the desirable size of the organ may be determined for any edifice. The organ should also be properly placed, preferably in the rear of the pulpit, in all except Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches, the organ-floor to be raised slightly, say five or six feet, above the floor of the house. Crowded into some tower or niche, the organ will take its ample revenge by a choked or sullen utterance, worthless alike for leading singers or devotions. If architects would only take a few music lessons!

Next, we must have a good organist. A good organist is not simply a good executant and master of the instrument, but a man of character and consecration. He who views himself as a hireling simply will most surely fail in reaching the highest powers of music in public worship. He should be a member of the church,—the Christian Church of some or any sect,—and interested in its work and welfare. Perhaps some of you may not agree with this latter proposition, but I tell you, brothers, to try it: it *may* help the church, and I *know* it will help us.

After the good organ well played, we should have a good precentor. Not simply a singer, but also a consecrated man who has voice as well as ability. The baritone voice is by far the best for this purpose when joined to the person indicated. We now seem to be fully armed and equipped, but not yet. Almost our chief necessity is yet lacking, namely, a good book of hymns and tunes.

It has been a part of my labors the past season to examine the leading books issued for congregational singing. What is a good congregational tune? I can best define it negatively. It must not lack rhythm, yet it must be free from all odd, strange, or complicated rhythm. It must not lack harmonic variety, yet strange, confused, or elaborate modulation and unusual

intervals must be studiously avoided. In the present state of musical knowledge, we may positively define it as follows: As all people, civilized and uncivilized, are affected strongly by rhythm, the tunes must have some easy and strongly marked rhythm, some "go" in them, if we would induce the people to sing them with any degree of heartiness. Excuse the colloquialism, but, like many another, it seems to express the meaning most briefly and strongly. You all know what I mean—a certain pulsing, on-carrying sweep, which assists both the movement and spirit of the singing. The harmony must be mainly diatonic in its character. This need not confine us to the poverty-stricken tonic and dominant of our forefathers and certain contemporaries. Yet right here I wish to say that I fear we have too often underrated the well-meant efforts of these pioneers. When one fully appreciates the deplorable general ignorance of music in their day he may well wonder that they accomplished anything. They certainly understood the needs and wants of the people of their time, and succeeded in doing much good where doubtless better musicians would have failed. Peace to their ashes! they served faithfully their day and generation.

To return, our tune must have a proper range, rarely exceeding an octave. Five or six notes would even be better as a tessitura. From D below the staff to D fourth line seems to be the most desirable compass. As a general rule triple time of any sort is to be avoided. That hymn which is sung all over the globe, and may properly be called the "World's National Hymn," the English "God Save the King" (called here "America"), is a specimen of a good tune for the people. It has, to be sure, the triple time, but the movement is relatively so slow that it does not here have its usual disastrous effect. Our own bombastic, spread-eagle song, "The Star-Spangled Banner," is a dead failure, owing chiefly to its preposterous range of over an octave and a half.

A few words about details. The experiment of hiring singers, placed in the congregation, to inspire the people to sing, is essentially self-defeating. The people soon become aware of the fact, and all within a radius of thirty feet stop their singing to listen to the surprising ardor and zeal of these well-paid stool-pigeons. The introduction of a blaring and impertinent cornet in the place of a precentor is equally absurd. If it be desirable to have the melody hurled at us in this barbaric fashion, why not put a tuba mirabilis register into the organ, and thereby have the whole matter under the control of the organist, one person instead of two, and unity secured in a legitimate way?

It is "a consummation devoutly to be wished" could we have the idea of association better carried out in our service hymns; I mean that the hymn be invariably sung to a certain tune. So long, however, as the public will not purchase a hymn-book with less than 1500 or more hymns, we shall look in vain for this most desirable reformation.

The grand old choral will eventually be the song of the church, here as well as in other lands; but I have to confess that I fear we must first wade through several generations of rhythms of a more or less trivial and irreverent character. When Moody and Sankey can sell three millions of their pretty books with pretty

tunes, what author or publisher shall dare attempt a rivalry?

It is certainly desirable, although not indispensable, that the congregation should sing in tune. At any rate, they should all join in the singing as best they can, and trust to time and experience to remedy any defects of intonation. Also we would have them sing in good and accurate time, although we have to admit that they rarely do. So strong and universal is the sense of rhythm that, with a good tune, I believe this excellence will not long be lacking if the people will only join regularly in the singing part of the service.

It is here that I must say a word about music in our public schools—the only source to which we can look for the remedy of these defects. Let us by all means each lift up our voice for the further spreading and development of this glorious educational feature. The system is of incalculable value, and must in a short time work mightily for the upbuilding of our beloved art both in and out of the church.

Whether or not there be a choir, the organist is properly the leader. A singer is accustomed to follow and listen for only one part, and cannot so well detect faults of harmony as the organist, who is constantly following and listening to the full harmony of four or more parts. If there be a choir, the danger of jealousy among the singers is much less if the organist direct than when one of their own number assumes control. I may here notice one of the familiar objections to the employment of a chorus or volunteer choir, namely, that they will not attend the rehearsals or service regularly. Personally, I have never been troubled by this delinquency. Devote a part of the evening (the latter part is always best) to the singing of part songs and other light and entertaining music, and they will rarely fail to be present. If it be said that this music is of no use or value in the church service, and that its practice is a waste of time, I should reply that, at all events, it improves their reading and singing in general, and thus, indirectly at least, does very greatly assist the service proper. Another plan is to pay each singer a salary, and he is then properly bound to come. Twenty singers at \$50 each make an expense of \$1000. A good professional quartet would cost at least three times that amount, and yet few churches hesitate at such expense when the quartet is called for. Another objection to choirs has been that they have what has been termed an "annual row." I do not believe that this is necessary, or even that it is true in the majority of cases. Even if true, it is no less true that a year rarely passes in churches where there is no choir, during which the music is not discussed with more or less warmth and interest. As these matters may always reach an amicable solution, their discussion is rather to be desired than otherwise.

The question of interludes is one of easy settlement. Let there be a short interlude after each two stanzas, and this will be found the best compromise between too long interludes and none at all. Interludes, at least, avoid a disagreeable wait (or "hitch") between the verses, and give the people a chance to breathe a moment naturally.

And now comes a musico-ecclesiastical question. Singers and organists have been often heard to complain of what they term the selfishness or impertinence

of pastors who insist that music should not form the chief attraction of the service. But the ministers are right in this matter. We have all seen churches where for a little while attractive music seemed to augment the number of worshippers. There is not a case on record where this device did not ultimately fail. Nothing but the Word of God, preached by one able and consecrated, ever did or ever will permanently fill the church. Setting aside, however, all the claims of worship, the pastors are still in the right on simple grounds of courtesy and common sense. A plain parallel case is this: How would we like to have them step upon our concert platform and insist upon reading the liturgy or even the Bible as the chief attraction of the concert? No; we are not to forget that music in the church is a means, and not an end. We weaken our cause when we claim too much for it.

Eugene Thayer.

Is Arctic Exploration Worth its Cost?

A FULL affirmative answer could be made to this inquiry; its outlines only can be laid down within an open letter. The reply may run counter to a widely entertained feeling, yet it is justified by history, and is due to the interests of science. Sympathy with the losses sustained by the De Long and Greely expeditions is sincere, deep, and wide-spread. But sympathy with the sufferers, and with the bereaved, cannot dim the value of the results secured by the sufferings of the lost and the living. Their work is a compensation for at least something of the severe sacrifices made, and history shows that the well-being of man has ever been and will be advanced by sacrifice.

To meet the inquiry fairly, is to recall the true objects and gains of Arctic exploration; its history, like that of other experimental progress, begins with a single object which, in the logic of events, evolves other and far more important issues. Its gains have been made with a remarkably small loss of life, for the whole number of deaths occurring in all the Arctic expeditions from the year 1819 to 1875 was but one and seven-tenths per cent. of officers and crews, while in carrying on the work of the fourteen meteorological stations of the past two years, but two deaths have occurred outside of Greely's party of Lady Franklin bay. With the sufferings of Greely's men before their minds, people are heard to exclaim: "Four miles nearer the Pole! Is this worth nineteen lives?" Forgetting the true objects of Arctic exploration, they lose sight of all but the polar problem alone, and they deal inconsiderately with even this, the origin of more important issues.

The first point in the inquiry here is to recall the fact that the search for the Pole itself was begun, three centuries ago, in no motives of mere curiosity or even of theory. The impulse was of the most practical character, to find a new commercial route from northern Europe to Asia. Columbus and De Gama had opened up the world West and East, but seemingly only for the two nations Spain and Portugal; these two powers promptly setting up for themselves the exclusive right, not only to the new lands found and to be found, but to the navigation of the great oceans. As they were then able to maintain their claim by

force of arms, northern Europe soon set about the search for a safer and a shorter route to the rich lands of Asia.

The history need not be traced in full. It began with the voyage of old Cabot, in 1497, and was closed only in 1847 with the discovery of the passage by the drifting and crushed ships of Franklin. The north-west passage will not be pursued. Sir Allen Young's latest disappointment in the *Pandora* (1876) closed the question even for the curious. Tortuous and shallow channels, if found, could, indeed, offer no advantages except for the small exchanges carried on by whalers. Nor is it likely that for years to come national aid will be given for further attempts to push through any one of the supposed gate-ways to a theoretical "open Polar sea," found by Koldwey, Payer, Hall, Nares, De Long, Ray, and Lockwood, to be sealed up as ever by the paleocrycitic masses.

Have, then, the labors, exposures, and patient endurance, of Arctic exploration, been profitless and discouraging to future effort? By no means. They have teemed with incidental results in value immeasurably greater than could have been gained from success in their first object. They are a record of extensive geographical discoveries, of large additions to scientific knowledge, of material gains for navigation, commerce, and industry and of moral lessons taught by these examples of heroism. It is something to learn the true boundaries of the land and water surfaces of the globe on which we live; it is yet more to have eliminated from the sphere of human attack the absolutely unconquerable of nature's forces. Lockwood's latest daring advance has again done much in both of these directions.

A true estimate of what Arctic exploration has gained will, in part, be reached by a comparison of the knowledge of our own continent half a century ago with that shown upon the school-boy's map of to-day. The maps of 1825 exhibited for our northern coastline Baffin's Bay only on the east, and westward, dots only for the mouths of the Mackenzie and Hearne Rivers, up to the icy Cape of Cook and the Behring Sea,—all which was then known except the new sweep of Parry's voyage in the far north. The charts of to-day accurately delineate the zone of land and the coast-lines within the 60th and 130th degrees of west longitude, up to Cape Parry, latitude 71° 23', a region now largely frequented by the trader. To these add the explorations in the Eastern Hemisphere by the Russians, Danes, Austrians, Dutch, and Swedes, crowned by the circumnavigation, first in the world's history, of northern Asia. And now Lockwood has extended the line of North Greenland.

Again, no Arctic expedition has been fruitless of commercial and scientific gains. Cabot failed to find the passage, but he established the claims for our inheritance of English liberty and law. The first attempt to find the passage by the north-east brought from the ill-fated Willoughby news like that from our De Long:

"He, with his hapless crew,
Each full exerted at his several task,
Froze into statues."

But Willoughby's second ship made the discovery of Russia's wealth—"a new Indies"—for England, the beginning of maritime commerce on the north.

Among the direct or indirect gains of this kind for us have been the whaling grounds of the north-east and the fisheries of Behring Strait, a region rendered safe by the voyage and charts of the *Vincennes*, the explorations of the Coast Survey, and latest by the *Corwin* and the Signal Service. Alaska is now attracting immigration; but its shores seemed forbidding in the extreme before the surveys of Rodgers and the trial observations of Dall and others were charted for the guidance of the mariner. The increasing returns to the Government and to the merchant from the fur seal and the otter have shown the wisdom of the purchase.

Still higher results are associated with the hydrography of the great oceans; the observations needed for the further knowledge of the laws governing the origin and the course of storms; and magnetism, with its relation to the compass, the telegraph, and the telephone. "We shall never accurately know," says the President of our own Geographical Society, "the laws of aerial and oceanic currents, unless we know more about what takes place in the Arctic Circle."

Such research was made the special object of the stations at Point Barrow and Fort Conger. The chief of the Signal Service had justly reported that "the study of the weather maps of England and America cannot be fully prosecuted without filling up the blank of the Arctic region"; and among the results to be expected from the colony at Lady Franklin Bay, the act making the appropriations recited "a more accurate knowledge of the conditions which govern the origin and paths of the storms, the descent of polar waves of unusual cold, and *uncertain movements in the Atlantic*." The instructions of the Signal Service and the Coast Survey have now been carried out by continuous observations at Ooglamie during two years, and at Lady Franklin Bay for a yet longer period. A casual inspection, courteously permitted, of Ray's reports warrants an expectation of results of much practical value. They include, among many points of interest, long-continued observations of the temperature of the earth at great depths, and of the waters on the shores of the great ocean, with hourly observations of the magnetic force and dip, a reverse of the usual experience of these being observed in the increased force and dip at Ooglamie during the *morning* hours and a decrease in the afternoon. Ray's magnetic work, discussed by Mr. C. A. Schott of the Coast and Geodetic survey,—the same officer who discussed Kane's and Hayes's,—will form Appendix 13 of the Coast Survey report of 1882; the whole work at Ooglamie making a full quarto volume.

Of the labors of the party at Fort Conger it were premature to speak as yet with fullness; but enough has been reported by Lieut. Greeley to warrant the expectation at the Signal Office that the observations and the topographical work of Lockwood at this point, north of other expeditions, will develop themselves, when reduced, with a completeness and scope in advance of what has ever been attained before. The party were well housed for more than two summers, and were supplied with instruments such as neither Kane nor Hayes could in their day secure. When Ray's and Greeley's observations shall have been placed with those received from the other thirteen stations of the Arctic, they will form a full link in the series of

synchronous observations thus carried on for the first time around the northern zone.

If such investigations are worth pursuing, if the existing relations between all branches of science and between the individual facts of each be admitted, Arctic exploration will not be soon abandoned—not until the problems referred to are fully solved. Let such as henceforth go to the ice zones depend on native help more largely than in the past; two Esquimaux to every three or four white men, at least. Natives alone can provide sustenance in the extremities of want; they alone improvise the snow hut and capture the seal and the walrus. They saved Hall and the party of Tyson's ice-floe; they would have saved Franklin, and I believe would have preserved the Greeley party also.

J. E. Nourse.

The Bombardment of Alexandria.

REJOINDER BY STONE PASHA.

FLUSHING, L. I., August, 1884.

I HAVE read in THE CENTURY for August an open letter signed "C. F. Goodrich, Lieutenant-Commander U. S. N.," in which he discusses a letter of my own that appeared in the June CENTURY as an introduction to the "Diary of an American Girl in Cairo during the War of 1882."

Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich, over his official signature as an officer of the United States Navy, comes into print, "very reluctantly," to prevent the evil which might result from the promulgation of my opinion expressed in the introductory letter above referred to, *because*, as he writes, "this opinion involves serious charges against the British Government, as represented by its diplomatic and naval officers in Egypt." He says his observations lead him "to conclusions opposed to those advanced by Stone Pasha."

If the gallant officer finds it his duty, or his pleasure, to make himself, over his official signature as an officer of the United States Navy, the defender of the proceedings of the British Government in Egypt, it is no affair of mine. It is a matter for his own intelligence and taste to decide. But if in the discharge of his self-imposed duty he permits himself to make an utterly unprovoked attack upon me, who never attacked him, if he permits himself to misquote my written words and to misstate facts in reference to my own personal action in the management of my family, then he makes his paper my business. These things he has permitted himself to do.

He commences his open letter by giving several good reasons why my opinions should be respected. Then he gives the reasons why his own opinions should be respected. These latter are, to use his own words, as follows: "I happened to be in Alexandria prior to and during the bombardment, and afterward was accredited to Lord Wolseley's staff as military and naval *attaché*."

I was aware that he was, for a few days *prior* to the bombardment, on board a man-of-war in the harbor of Alexandria; but I seriously doubt his having been, *during* the bombardment, either in Alexandria or even in its harbor. He was, I believe, and his own letter would seem to indicate it, outside the bombard-

ing fleet during that time, and he can know only by hearsay what occurred in the bombarded town. Shortly after the bombardment, I think, the ship to which he was attached left the harbor of Alexandria for Europe, and it was not until a late day in the campaign of Tel-el-Kebir that he returned to Egypt to join General Sir Garnet Wolseley as American *attaché* to the British staff. There all his associations were with the British, and never with the people of the country. His total residence in Egypt in 1882 could hardly have been three months, and his sources of information were almost purely British.

Commander Goodrich expresses the opinion that "the bombardment should, logically, have taken place immediately after" the occurrences of June 11, 1882. See how widely we differ. My deliberate opinion is that had the guns of the British fleet bombarded Alexandria immediately after June 11, 1882, Egyptians to the number of many hundreds would have perished in addition to the hundreds who perished on that day; and that Europeans, many thousands in number, would have perished in Alexandria and in the interior of the country. The Egyptian story of that day, June 11, 1882, has never yet been told in print; or, at least, I have never seen it in print; but a careful reading of the British Government papers, in the Blue Book, will give one some indication of what the feeling was. Had not cool heads then prevented hasty action on the part of the British fleet, frightful disaster would, in my opinion, have followed.

His attack on me for not doing what *then seemed to him*, and now seems to *him*, my duty to my family, while it appears to me, in the words used, far to exceed in arrogance and rudeness the limits of gentlemanly discussion, hardly requires a serious answer from me, since he himself furnishes the answer. He knew nothing of any peculiar circumstances which might exist in my family in Cairo, whom he at that time, I think, had never seen. He knew nothing of my peculiar official responsibilities to the sovereign and Government of Egypt; he knew nothing of any special negotiations going on at the Court of the Khédive; while I, as he himself writes, "reached a solution of the problem in singularly full acquaintance with all the elements which entered into it." I thought that I was fully acquainted with all the elements which entered into the problem, a problem of vast importance to me, for it was *my* family whose welfare was at stake, and not that of Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich; and I probably gave more serious thought to it each hour than that gallant officer has in all his life. Knowing, as I did, the letter of the British Admiral addressed to the military commander of Alexandria, which Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich quotes; knowing, as I did, the answer to that letter, which he *does not* quote; knowing the action taken by the diplomatic agents of European powers other than the British; knowing some of the diplomatic steps taken by the Ottoman Sultan (possibly the archives of the Department of State of the United States may contain valuable information on the subject); knowing that many thousands of Europeans were still in the interior, among them French, German, and Italian employees of the Egyptian civil administration *under the direction of British chiefs of administration*, not then gathered together and brought to a place of safety (the chiefs,

it is true, were all on the coast and ready to embark);—knowing all this, and much more, while believing from the actions of the British Admiral that he would finally bombard the forts and batteries of Alexandria, making a pretext if he could not find one, *unless prevented by mediation* or other action of foreign powers,—which seemed to me more than possible, from some proceedings which were known to me,—yet I could not conceive it possible he would proclaim bombardment on so short notice that it would be impossible to transfer to the coast the mass of foreign residents in the interior. Notice which would have been sufficient for the thousands of others, would have been more than sufficient for me. On the other hand, had I, the senior general officer in the service of the Khédive, *prematurely* ordered the flight of my family, I, whose duty it was to do all for his service, would have created a panic which could not have failed at that time seriously to complicate the negotiations. If the Lieutenant-Commander cannot understand how a sense of duty to a government one is serving in a military capacity, can weigh upon one, I am sure that most of his comrades in the United States navy can do so, and that most of my old comrades of the army can.

Forty-eight hours from any *noon* would have sufficed to bring the mass of Europeans to the sea-coast; twenty-four hours' notice given at an *evening hour*, after the departure of the six o'clock train, was mere mockery. The difference was between *one* regular train, starting to arrive late, and *eight* regular trains, starting in time to arrive in season. Had forty-eight hours from the *noon* of any day been given, *eight thousand* Europeans might have been, and would have been, transported to a place of safety before the commencement of fire. Had forty-eight hours' notice been given, there would have been no massacre of European men, women, and children at Tantah or Calioub; and the brave French and Italian inspectors with their families at Mehallet-el-Kebir could have been with their English chief in safety on board a ship of refuge, instead of being left to the fate of having their quivering flesh thrown to the dogs in the streets!

The flimsy argument that any preparation during an extra twenty-four hours in the batteries of Alexandria might have endangered the chances of the splendid iron-clad fleet of Great Britain is an insult to the British navy. Not only this, but the documents published in the British Blue Book prove that the Egyptian Government, far from making new and formidable preparations during the twenty-four hours allowed, formally offered, in order to induce the British Admiral to abstain from bombardment, to dismount three of the guns then in position.

Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich states that Stone Pasha advances a new doctrine in reference to giving delay in bombardment for the purpose of allowing the escape of neutrals. I think not. And if I were the first to enunciate a principle like this, that in civilized warfare neutrals in the position of the Europeans then in Egypt, no war having been declared, should not be subjected to unnecessary danger, I would be neither afraid nor ashamed to declare and defend the doctrine on sound principles of the law of nations and the existing laws of war.

Public opinion in England has gone much further than I in this matter when *another* nation was the

actor in bombardment. Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich is too young to remember, but he may have read, what a storm of denunciation was poured out by the English press when an American fleet and an American army gave formal notice of bombardment to a walled city with a supporting castle, some thirty-seven years and more ago. In that case active war had been going on for nearly a year, and the investment of the place had been going on for more than ten days; and the only Europeans, neutrals, who could be endangered were those actually within the place itself, from which they could have come out on the appearance of the investing force or at any time during the investment. If the delay allowed in that instance was, according to British opinion, too short for a civilized army and navy to grant, what must one say of the shorter time accorded at Alexandria, where war had not even been declared, and where the danger of the neutrals, who were perhaps a hundred fold more numerous, was so fearfully aggravated? It is true that in the case of Vera Cruz the attacking force was American, and not English, and that circumstance may make a very considerable difference in the judgment of some.

Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich permits himself strangely to misstate my letter in one point, when he writes that I "decided that the discomfort of a crowded train was more to be dreaded than the dangers he [I] describes as the inevitable sequence of a bombardment." What I did write is, as can be seen in *THE CENTURY* for June:

"I felt that four ladies struggling in a railway station for place, in the midst of a crowd of panic-stricken Europeans, would have but small chance; and even should they succeed in securing places in the railway carriages, it was more than probable that they would be turned out at some point of the road to make place for soldiers on their way to the threatened city."

This sentence conveys to my mind a horror which can hardly be compared to the "*discomfort of a crowded train.*" I imagine that almost any man, not excepting the Lieutenant-Commander, would have had, in the case of his own family, much the same feeling.

He makes the extraordinary statement that the ships of refuge, after leaving the harbor of Alexandria on the 10th of July, were, with the exception of a pull of three miles in a man-of-war's boats, "precisely as accessible as the day previous." If such was the case, how did it happen that, in fact, the European families which arrived by the train from Cairo on the afternoon of the 10th, failed to reach the ships of refuge? They arrived in Alexandria in safety, which to me was a cause of wonderment; but they could not, even by the offer of large sums of money, procure transportation from the shore to the ships. Notwithstanding the strenuous efforts made by them to do so, they were, the most of them, forced to remain in Alexandria throughout the bombardment and the scenes of conflagration and pillage which followed, during which time no prompt landing of marines or sailors was made to arrest either. I myself saw in the afternoon of the 11th some of those European ladies and children in the house where they had taken refuge, near the great square, and a shell from the fleet had burst in the court-yard of that house during their occupancy of it. I saw them rescued from the fire after they had been defended by brave

Frenchmen from outrage and pillage, and I hope that the family of no one who may read these lines may ever be in so pitiable a condition. These were the fortunate ones, who were finally rescued. Of the others, perhaps the less said of the manner of their going out the better. These were some of the occupants of "the crowded train," which the Lieutenant-Commander professes to think I should have caused my family to take.

As for the slur cast by the Lieutenant-Commander on the governments of all other nations excepting that of Great Britain, that they are less solicitous than it for the welfare of their citizens, I can say that in the case of Alexandria in July, 1882, it is unmerited. America, Austria, Greece, Italy, Russia, and Spain, as well as France, all sent ships of war to afford protection, and all who had large numbers of their nationality in the country sent transports to carry their citizens to a place of safety. The four United States ships of war received all American citizens who presented themselves, and the admiral and the commanders of the three corvettes made place on their ships for many of other nationalities. But sufficient time, by official notice to the representatives of the foreign powers, *was not given* by the British authorities. It is idle to try to make it appear that it was.

Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich states that he does not think it can be shown that hundreds of Egyptian women and children perished in the bombardment, and in the panic-flight from the hastily bombarded town, "as Stone Pasha states." I think that it can and will be shown.

He states that the history of June 11, 1882, has not been written as yet. Here we agree perfectly, if he means by his words a correct and impartial history. A strong endeavor has been made, however, by British writers to forestall that history. When the true history shall be written, it may not appear to the world as it has while only one side has had speech and pen.

He states that care was taken on July 11 to spare the town as much as possible. I have no doubt that such orders were given, and have no more doubt that the commanders of the British war-vessels generally did their best to comply with such orders as far as they could, while carrying out their orders to destroy the batteries. But as the town lay behind the batteries, and as accurate fire from a floating gun is not possible when there is any sea or swell, and as the guns used were among the heaviest and most powerful known, it was impossible that the town should not suffer very considerably. And it did so. When projectiles weighing a ton or thereabouts happen to pass through a dwelling-house, they often cause loss of life and limb; and the British shells of July 11 were no exceptions to the general rule. When Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich returned to Alexandria after the bombardment, many houses which had been struck by shells had afterward been burned down; and he could not judge fairly of what the shell-practice had done before the conflagration.

I passed through the town late in the afternoon of the day of bombardment, and was noted as well as was practicable the effect of the shot upon it. Considering the number of shells which had fallen in the town, I was surprised that greater damage had not been caused. This small damage resulted from the fact

that a large number of the heaviest shells did not explode. At daybreak on the following morning I visited the barracks and the batteries on the north side, observed their condition and that of the men occupying them, and took reports as to the number of killed in each one.

I next visited the hospitals, examined, conversed with, and counted the wounded, did all in my power to have them cared for, and then went to the Prefecture of Police, where I received reports of the cases of death among the citizens which had been reported there. That day I saw the momentary renewal of bombardment, and saw the commencement of the panic-flight from the city. Crowds of women of all classes of society were rushing forth into the open country outside, the greater number carrying each a small child and conducting other children; these, with old men who had hardly strength and activity to make their way, and young, strong, and fierce men, carrying, some of them, what they could of their household goods or of plunder, made up a scene which one would never wish to see again.

It was from such personal observations, and from the reports received the following morning of what had been the scenes of starvation, exposure, and outrage during the night, and from trustworthy reports of what happened later on, that I formed the opinion expressed in my letter, that "hundreds of Egyptian women and children perished in the bombardment and in the panic-flight" which accompanied and followed it. I now repeat the statement, and am quite sure that it will never be overthrown by the results of impartial investigation. If it could be proved that less suffering and destruction of life occurred among those unfortunate people, I should be quite as well pleased as any one.

Charles P. Stone.

COMMENT ON COMMANDER GOODRICH'S LETTER, BY THE
COMMANDER OF THE GALENA.

IN THE CENTURY for August Lieutenant-Commander (now Commander) Goodrich, U. S. N., replies to a letter of Stone Pasha published in THE CENTURY for June, regarding events in Egypt in 1882. In so doing he has himself fallen into errors, both directly and by implication, which I take the liberty of pointing out; this I do without hesitation, knowing that Commander Goodrich desires to be severely accurate in his statements.

Stone Pasha speaks of the event which took place at Alexandria on the 11th of June as "the so-called 'massacre.'" Commander Goodrich speaks of it in one place as "the massacre," and in another place he says: "Those who witnessed the events of that day, and escaped with their lives, will find difficulty in reading with composure that they only beheld a so-called massacre."

I had the misfortune to witness a part of the affair, and I prefer to speak of it as a riot, for reasons which will appear later. In alluding to this event, Commander Goodrich says: "The bombardment should, logically, have taken place immediately after the massacre." I find it difficult, not to say impossible, to understand the "logic" of this statement. The facts of the matter as then known are these: The British

fleet entered the harbor of Alexandria on a professedly friendly mission. During its presence there a disturbance took place between the Egyptians and foreigners, in which about sixty foreigners and a far greater number of Egyptians were killed. For some hours the Egyptian authorities seemed to take no steps to put down the disturbance, but finally the troops were called out and order was restored. And, furthermore, order was maintained in the city from that date until the bombardment, a month later, in spite of the threat to "open fire" made July 6. It was thought at that time that this riot was premeditated, but a cool investigation showed that it was entirely accidental. Such being the case, the "logic" of a bombardment by a foreign fleet on a friendly mission is not apparent.

It should not be forgotten in speaking of this "riot" that the Egyptians had no weapons but "donkey sticks" and such fragments of chairs and tables as they could secure in the cafés and shops they had "looted," while the foreigners had fire-arms, and from balconies and windows in perfect safety shot down their opponents. This accounts for the much larger number of Egyptians killed. One needs, too, to know the character of a large majority of the (nominal) foreigners in Alexandria at that time to appreciate the situation, and then there is no difficulty in understanding why Stone Pasha speaks of the event as "the so-called 'massacre'" (of foreigners).

Again, Commander Goodrich says it is true "that other governments are less solicitous than the British for the welfare of their citizens." This may be true as an abstract proposition, but I do not think the events of those days prove it, and I turn to official records for my reasons. I find that on the day of the "riot" there were in the harbor of Alexandria the following men-of-war, leaving out the British, which were there on a mission: French, *La Glassonnière*, *Alma*, *Frobin*, *Aspic*, and *La Hirondelle*; Greek, *Le Roi George* and *Hellas*; Turkish, *Is Iddin*; Egyptian, *Mahomet Ali* and *Maheusa*; American, *Galena*. Later, the French sent the *Thetis* and the immense transports *Sarthe* and *Corrèze* for the express purpose of transporting French citizens to a place of safety. It will interest Commander Goodrich to know that these two great vessels were taken from "ordinary," manned, provisioned, and dispatched from Toulon within twenty-four hours of the receipt of the order from Paris — a feat, I believe, unequaled in naval annals.

The Greeks sent a large transport, which made regular trips, carrying refugees. The Italians sent the *Castelfidardo* and *Stafetta*; the Germans, the *Habicht*; the Dutch, the *Manix*; Austria, the *Loudon*; Russia, the *Asia* and —; Spain, a large iron-clad (the name of which, like that of the second Russian, is not given); and America, the *Lancaster* and *Quinnmebaug*. In fact, only one maritime power — Sweden-Norway — was not represented by a national vessel. All hastened to send assistance as soon as it was known that the mission of the British fleet had changed from peace to war. The following quotations from official reports will probably be sufficient, with what I have said, to establish my point:

" . . . As all (Americans) have been repeatedly warned to seek safety, . . . it will be their own fault if harm overtakes them." This on June 20.

Again, on the same date: "The only decided indication of further difficulties . . . is the earnest way in which the English, French, Italians, and Greeks are sending their subjects out of the country." If I am correctly informed, Commander Goodrich did not reach Alexandria until some days after this date, and, therefore, must have taken his information of previous events at second hand.

O. A. Batcheller.

The Original "Ned Myers."

THE interesting account, in your June number, of the "Sailors' Snug Harbor," recalls an incident of forty years ago which may be worth repeating. It was my lot to reside for a few years on the charming heights of New Brighton, Staten Island, facing the quiet "Kill von Kull," and about half a mile from the "Snug Harbor." It was one of my amusements in idle hours to visit that institution, to look at the workshop, to purchase from the "old salts" newly made canes, baskets, or a miniature ship full-rigged, and to listen to garrulous "yarns" told by these superannuated seamen. I became very well acquainted with a comparatively young and but slightly disabled sailor, who, from his quick intelligence, was placed in charge of the reading-room of the institution. During the summer of 1843 he told me of his recent correspondence with a great American novelist. Hearing or reading somewhere of James Fenimore Cooper, and of his many writings, the sailor was induced to address a letter of some two or three lines to that gentleman, the purport of which was to inquire "if he was the same James Fenimore Cooper who once plunged into the water and saved the life of his youthful shipmate, Ned Myers." The question brought a very long and full reply from Mr. Cooper, which Myers showed to me, and which recounted many of the incidents of their former life at sea. In a postscript of, perhaps, not more than a single line in length, the writer said that "he had no recollection of the particular circumstance referred to, but that he was the same J. F. C." In the winter of 1843 I missed Ned from the reading-room, and learned from another sailor who succeeded to Myers's place, Knight by name, that he had gone away for a time. The next spring developed the fact that he had accepted an invitation from Mr. Cooper to pass the winter with him at Cooperstown, where the long evenings were spent, on Ned's side, in living over again his strangely adventurous life, and, on Mr. Cooper's side, in "taking notes." The result was, in no long time, the issue of Mr. Cooper's interesting tale of "Ned Myers," of which the proceeds went entirely to Ned. Further than this, the novelist obtained for his *quondam* shipmate, from the Government (Mr. Tyler being presi-

dent), an excellent appointment in the Navy Yard at Brooklyn, N. Y. I remember the great pleasure with which the sailor related to me the story of his agreeable visit to Cooperstown and the happy result of his little chance letter of inquiry.

Benj. B. Griswold.

CARROLL, BALTIMORE CO., MD.

Dr. Sevier: A Protest.

THIS is intended as a protest, conservative and respectful, to all concerned, but a very earnest one, against a passage in Mr. Cable's "Dr. Sevier." On the 603d page in the August number of THE CENTURY, Mr. Cable, evidently speaking in his own person, says, as he beholds the Northern soldiery marshaling in the streets of New York: "Go marching on, saviors of the Union; your cause is just. Lo, now, since nigh twenty-five years have passed, we of the South can say it." It is a matter of profound regret and disappointment to some of "us of the South" to hear that Mr. Cable, whose course as a Southern writer we have watched with so much interest, can say to the North, "Your cause was a just one." But no one can challenge his right to utter his personal convictions on this point. But we do feel aggrieved when Mr. Cable utters this same conviction or confession in behalf of the Southern people. It is firmly believed that the South, the best of it, holds, with regard to the righteousness of its cause, the same position now that it held in those stormy days. Twenty-five years is a very short time, indeed, to convince those who believed they were patriots that in fact they were rebels; and if it be true, as Mr. Cable says, that we are ready to confess that the Northern cause was a just one, then history utters a fearful prophecy with regard to our future. It is entirely possible for us to maintain still, not that we were *sincere*, but that we were *right*, and yet to make part of a strong and harmonious Government. But for the national mind so soon to abandon that which it so firmly held, does not mean enlightenment, but weakness, and would tend to produce, not a firm and homogeneous people for the whole country, but a figure like the image in Nebuchadnezzar's dream, part of iron and part of clay.

Very respectfully,

Malcolm McKay.

GRIFFIN, GA., August 5, 1884.

IN this department of THE CENTURY for August, in the notice of "Miss Ludington's Sister," through an inadvertence, the author's name was printed as E. W. Bellamy, the name of another writer. The book was written by Edward Bellamy, whose short stories in this magazine some of our readers will remember.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

THERE is no rule for beauty; this enables every man to have a little better-looking wife than any of his neighbors.

I DON'T expect to please everybody. I don't know as I would if I could, for I don't think anybody but a fool could do it.

THE last thing a man doubts is his judgment, when it ought to be the first thing he is suspicious of.