

questions of fact. If these were separated and submitted to them in civil cases as separate issues, there would be few occasions for having this work done more than once. The truth of the evidence being ascertained, the higher court in its application of the law thereto would make an end of the case.

But my contention is not for the details of any plan. My insistence is only for that guarantee in *Magna Charta* against the sale or the denial or the delay of justice. If the sale of justice involves greater corruption and the denial of justice more open outrage than its delay, yet they result alike in the defeat of justice. To delay justice is but to deny it, by holding the promise to the ear and breaking it to the hope. To delay justice to one suitor is but to sell it to his adversary. All history and experience show that it has been the greatest of the three abuses, because being the least flagrant it has not provoked the same prompt redress which has been demanded against the other two. Bacon was disgraced for receiving gifts. Eldon was endured, while suitors languished and despaired, and estates wasted under accumulating costs.

No word is here uttered for judicial rashness, for mere mechanical pressure in legal administration, "for a *coup de main* in a court of chancery." The protest here made is not against the slow work of the law, but its long pauses of no work, its arrears of undone work, its insufficient equipments for work, its repetitions of work imperfectly done. The law's hurry would be no less an evil than the law's delay. Its true ideal is in Goethe's grand and beautiful image:

"Like a star, without haste, without rest,
Ever fulfilling its God-given hest."

Walter B. Hill.

"The Death of Tecumseh."

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: I notice in the January number of your very interesting magazine an article by Benjamin B. Griswold relative to the killing of Tecumseh by Richard M. Johnson. It reminds me of an interview which I had with Noonday, Chief of the Ottawa tribe, about the year 1838. This chief was six feet high, broad-shouldered, well proportioned, with broad, high cheek-bones, piercing black eyes, and coarse black hair which hung down upon his shoulders, and he possessed wonderful muscular power. He was converted to the Christian religion by a Baptist missionary named Slater, who was stationed about three miles north of Gull Prairie, in the county of Kalamazoo, Michigan. Just over the county line and in the edge of Barry County, this chief and about one hundred and fifty of his tribe were located and instructed in farming. A church was erected which answered for a school-house, and here, residing near them, I attended their church and listened to the teachings of Mr. Slater in the Indian dialect, and to the earnest prayers of this brave old chief. To get a history of any Indian who fought on the side of the British has ever been a difficult task; but through the Rev. Mr. Slater I succeeded, to a limited extent, in getting a sketch from this old chief of the battle of the Thames, in which he was engaged. I copy from a diary:

"After rehearsing the speech which Tecumseh

made to his warriors previous to the engagement and how they all felt, that they fought to defend Tecumseh more than for the British, he was asked:

"Were you near Tecumseh when he fell?"

"Yes; directly on his right."

"Who killed him?"

"Richard M. Johnson."

"Give us the circumstances."

"He was on a horse, and the horse fell over a log, and Tecumseh, with uplifted tomahawk, was about to dispatch him, when he drew a pistol from his holster and shot him in the breast, and he fell dead on his face. I seized him at once, and, with the assistance of Saginaw, bore him from the field. When he fell, the Indians stopped fighting and the battle ended. We laid him down on a blanket in a wigwam, and we all wept, we loved him so much. I took his hat and tomahawk."

"Where are they now?"

"I have his tomahawk and Saginaw his hat."

"Could I get them?"

"No; Indian keep them."

"How did you know it was Johnson who killed him?"

"General Cass took me to see the Great Father, Van Buren, at Washington. I went to the great wigwam, and when I went in I saw the same man I see in battle, the same man I see kill Tecumseh. I had never seen him since, but I knew it was him. I look him in the face and said, 'Kene kin-a-poo Tecumseh,' that is, 'You killed Tecumseh.' Johnson replied that he never knew who it was, but a powerful Indian approached him and he shot him with his pistol. 'That was Tecumseh. I see you do it.'"

Noonday finished his story of Tecumseh by telling of his noble traits, the tears meanwhile trickling down his cheeks. There is no doubt of the truth of his unvarnished tale.

D. B. Cook,

Editor of "The Niles Mirror."

NILES, MICHIGAN, December 24, 1884.

Color-Bedding.

THE smallest yard in the most obscure village has come to be adorned with its definite arrangement of coleus and centaurea, and the desire for brilliantly colored combinations of leaves in a bed proves to be not only a fashion, but the genuine outgrowth of a positive hunger for rich color out-of-doors. The love of brilliant, positive color is evidently a deep-seated instinct in humanity. The Japanese has it, the East Indian has it, the Latin has it, and the North American Indian; so that we must recognize this employment of brilliantly colored leaf-plants in beds as simply the legitimate expression of a purely normal want of human nature. It lies deeper and is more comprehensive in its character than the love of trees and shrubs, for it adds to the love of plants as plants the more elemental instinct of the enjoyment of color as color, and nothing more.

It is well known to horticulturists that the most charming results can be obtained by arrangements of brilliant color in beds, produced with such choice greenhouse plants as dracenas, crotons, and the like; but for popular work of the kind we must recognize cheapness as an important factor. The tint, moreover, of

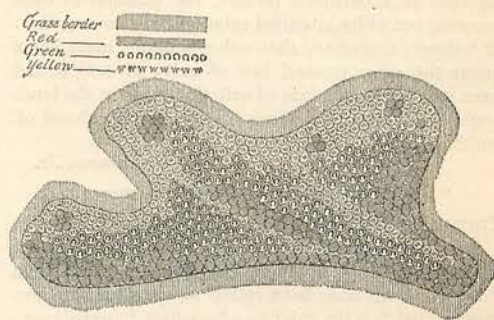
such color-plants must be brilliant, dominant, and distinct, a self-color as a general thing, *i. e.*, a color pure and unmixed throughout the surface of the leaf. Finally, the form of each sort of plant must be such as will compose and blend well with its neighbor, both in ultimate height and contour. Ability to endure successfully the heat and burning effects of a hot, dry summer, and a degree of cold in autumn that does not actually freeze, is also a desirable, if not necessary, faculty of plants that are to be widely used in bedding.

Coleus probably presents the best combination of the qualities needed. It is certainly a genus with excellent gifts for the performance of the duties of a brilliant-colored leaf-bedding plant. Its varieties are legion, most of them being mottled, spotted, and striped with combinations of different shades of red and green. Some are more hardy under the stress of changes of summer and autumn, and some have a more brilliant and positive self-color than others. *Verschaffeltii*, for instance, is such a bright example of reliable red self-color. It is the most popular of the coleuses. For yellow we have in the Golden Bedder or Golden Gem a rich pure self-color of most dominant and positive character. Then there are green coleuses suffused with yellow, that act well as foils to the red and yellow of other bedding plants, while their green thus combined contrasts distinctly with the green of the neighboring grass. Such a coleus is the strong-growing *Fitzpatrickii*. The cheapness of the coleus is all that could be reasonably required; it costs only a few cents apiece, and its peculiar contours make the different varieties blend and harmonize better, perhaps, than any other plants that are so diversely colored. For pearly white color we must turn to the *centaurea*, and in most localities to *Centaurea gymnocarpa* as more bushy and free-growing. There are other cheap white-leaved plants, such as *Gnaphalium*, or everlasting, and *Cineraria maritima*, or dusty miller, etc., but none are so nearly white-leaved as the *centaurea*. *Centaurias* do not like to be crushed in the middle of a bed, and should be therefore disposed on the outer border, where their drooping and curiously cut leaves hang gracefully and conspicuously. Several plants may be used successfully for bordering color-beds with red or yellow. Golden Feather (*Pyrethrum parthenifolium aureum*) and the different *alternantheras* are excellent for border positions, by virtue of their dwarf, compact growth and rich yellow and red color. I must not pause, however, to name any considerable number of the species and varieties suited to our purpose, as my intention is only to illustrate by a few prominent examples the principles that should govern a proper selection of such bedding plants.

The accompanying representation is of an actual bed executed for the Trinity Church Corporation in St. Paul's churchyard, and it is selected as a general illustration of the combinations of form and color that prove to be agreeable. Similar combinations of bedding plants may be also seen at Evergreens Cemetery, East New York, L. I.

It will be noticed that the outlines of such beds are irregular. The general direction of the lines is made to curve in such a way as to conform to the limitations of the buildings and paths which they adjoin. There is, moreover, a definite natural design, just as there is in the carved ornaments of some of the best architec-

tural structures. It is naturalistic, but not imitative. One fancies a resemblance to an oak or other leaf, but the beds are simply constructed on the leaf type, and not in any way imitated from actual foliage. Finger-like projections reach out into the surrounding turf, and are all the more pleasing for their boldness. It is evident that rein may be thus given in the most legitimate fashion to the most exuberant fancy, the colors of yellow, red, and white being used to enhance and perfect a beauty of line that may be indefinitely varied.



PLAN OF FLOWER-BED.

The beds may thus become streaked and spotted masses of tint, that will blend together like the wonderful shadings of autumn leaves, or those of the coleus itself. Following the suggestion of the leaf type, with its midrib and shading of subtle tint, we may readily conceive what jewels of glowing, changing beauty may in this way be devised for the emerald-green setting of the surrounding turf. It is charming also to notice the coves and bays, the armlets of the surrounding sea of grass that stretch up between the rich masses of color on either side. What an opportunity for the most lovely creations of the artist's fancy, and what an utter waste of such opportunities do we see around us. Such abortions, such crude and awkward attempts to marshal lines of color, of equal length and equal width, disposed in concentric circles, and other geometric forms! Look about the country, and behold what the gardening art of the nineteenth century generally accomplishes, with the lovely bedding materials just described. Half-moons, circles, ovals filled with these richly colored plants in the most commonplace and vulgar fashion. We might, indeed, often fancy ourselves considering, instead of an actual bed of coleus and *centaurea*, the wonderful composition of some gigantic tart or candied confection, striped yellow, red, and white at regular intervals. Can we wonder that true plant-lovers sometimes come to abhor the name of bedding, and set the value of a cardinal flower, or "modest harebell," far above all such awkward attempts to use noble material in so-called ribbon gardening. We can hardly even blame simple lovers of nature if they come to despise, in some sort, the innocent coleus or *centaurea* itself, and to speak of preferring its room to its company; for, seen in such conglomerations, its value seems very small. In this kind of ribbon gardening we must, of course, expect to find the imperfections of the work completed by the introduction of anchors, crosses, ovals, circles, and letters of a name in just that portion of the greensward where they will succeed most thoroughly in destroying

the openness, harmony, and repose of the landscape. Congruity of association forming no part of the method employed in designing such work, there is a complete failure to see that color-bedding should always be in relation to or flow out of a background of architectural structure or shrub group. It should be always remembered that a fundamental law of art ordains that all landscape-gardening combinations must invariably present an underlying unity of design. Buildings, trees, shrubs, plants, and grass should all be brought together in a balanced picture, the position of each growing out of its intended relations with some other. It follows, therefore, that color-bedding must come under the same general law of unity of design, and have its appointed place of artistic fitness in the landscape treatment of grounds in the neighborhood of buildings.

S. Parsons, Jr.

"Christianity and Popular Amusements."

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE:

SIR: In a recent paper on "Christianity and Popular Amusements" statements were made about John Bunyan, which have been called in question. It was represented that the chief sins for which Bunyan's conscience smote him at the time of his conversion were certain innocent pastimes. This account was not strictly accurate. I must own that I had never read Bunyan's "Grace Abounding," and that I relied for my information concerning his life upon Macaulay, whose article in the "Cyclopædia Britannica" justifies my assertions. Says this writer: "It is quite certain that Bunyan was at eighteen what, in any but the most austere puritanical circles, would have been regarded as a young man of singular gravity and innocence. He declares, it is true, that he had let loose the reins on the neck of his lusts, that he had delighted in all transgressions against the divine law, and that he had been the ringleader of the youth of Elstow in all manner of vice. But when those who wished him ill accused him of licentious amours, he called on God and the angels to attest his purity. No woman, he said, in heaven, earth, or hell, could charge him with having made any improper advances to her. Not only had he been perfectly faithful to his wife, but he had even before his marriage been perfectly spotless. It does not appear, from his own confessions, or from the railings of his enemies, that he ever was drunk in his life. One bad habit he contracted, that of using profane language; but he tells us that a single reproof cured him so effectually that he never offended again. The worst that can be laid to the charge of this poor youth, whom it has been the fashion to represent as the most desperate of reprobates, is that he had a great liking for some diversions quite harmless in themselves, but condemned by the rigid precisians among whom he lived, and for whom he had a great respect. The four chief sins of which he was guilty were dancing, ringing the bells of the parish church, playing at tip-cat, and reading the history of Sir Bevis of Southampton. A rector of the school of Laud would have held such a young man up to the whole parish as a model." Farther on, in the account of Bunyan's conversion, Macaulay says: "His favorite amusements were one after another relinquished, though not without many painful struggles. . . . The odious vice of bell-ringing he renounced; but he still for a time ventured to go to the church tower and look on while others pulled the ropes. But soon the thought

struck him that if he persisted in such wickedness the steeple would fall on his head, and he fled from the accursed place. To give up dancing on the village green was still harder; and some months elapsed before he had the fortitude to part with his darling sin." These extracts, with the one quoted in the article referred to, respecting the crisis of his "conviction" in the midst of the game of tip-cat, will show that I had good ground for what I said, if Macaulay were to be trusted. But passages from Bunyan's autobiography put the matter in a somewhat different light. He alleges that from a child he "had but few equals . . . both for cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the holy name of God." There is some redundancy in this self-accusation; two faults are mentioned—profanity and falsehood. The one he renounced on the first rebuke, as Macaulay has related; the other was, we may well believe, no malicious mendacity, but the exuberance of that story-telling propensity which made him John Bunyan. As to the remorse for the game of tip-cat, it does appear that it was on a Sunday that he was so stricken, and that part, at least, of his remorse was due to the violation of the Sabbath by his sport, which on that very day he had heard reprovèd in a sermon.

It is evident, therefore, that, misled by Lord Macaulay, I have extenuated somewhat the faults of young Bunyan. He was rather darker than I painted him, and had better reasons for remorse than I granted him. Nevertheless, a fuller examination convinces me that the substance of my contention is true, and that although Bunyan had other sins besides tip-cat and bell-ringing to answer for, yet he felt *these* to be sins, and sins that would send him to hell unless he forsook them. That the guilt of these games was aggravated in his conception when they were played on Sunday may be true; but he also felt them to be sinful in themselves, no matter on what day they were played; and he thought that his only chance of heaven was to abandon them altogether. They were sinful because they afforded him enjoyment, and any enjoyment not strictly religious was evil. This is the constant implication of his confession. After telling how the rebuke of the woman caused him to break off swearing, he adds: "All this while I knew not Jesus Christ, *neither did I leave my sports and plays.*" As Froude says: "Pleasure of any kind, even the most innocent, he considered to be a snare to him, and he abandoned it. He had been fond of dancing, but he gave it up. Music and singing he parted with, though it distressed him to leave them." This struggle occurred, let it be remembered, before he was twenty years of age.

In showing that Bunyan adopted these ascetic views of life, no contempt is cast on him. Such views were common in his time; they were a natural reaction from the laxity then prevailing in the Church of England. Those zealous persons who have rushed in to defend Bunyan from the charges of innocence brought against him in the article in the Cyclopædia, should remember that the writer of the article made exactly similar accusations against himself. This may serve to show that no disrespect was intended for the inspired tinker of Bedford.

Washington Gladden.