# TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### A New Volume of "The Century."

THE present number of THE CENTURY begins its thirtieth half-yearly volume with a first edition of a quarter of a million copies.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his latest friendly comments upon America, says that he is "not, by nature, disposed to think so much as most people do of 'institutions'"; whereas "Americans think and talk very much of their 'institutions.'" But he adds that the more he saw of America the more he found himself "led to treat 'institutions' with increased respect." Until he went to the United States he "had never seen a people with institutions which seemed expressly and thoroughly suited to it." Well, we think that Mr. Arnold will be quick to acknowledge that the illustrated magazine is an American "institution," and one "expressly and thoroughly suited" to the country, and he must consider it merely an American trait if it treat itself with respect. To be sure, Mr. Arnold has, on another occasion, expressed himself as not particularly impressed by mere numbers; he prefers quality to quantity, and has great faith in a saving remnant. But we are pleased to be able to tell all who think as Mr. Arnold does, that in its path of "popular" success THE CENTURY has never felt it necessary to "appeal downward." It is an unbounded satisfaction for us to be able to put on record here, as a compliment to the great audience of our countrymen, and as an encouragement to all present and future workers in similar fields, that popular success has, from the beginning, followed THE CENTURY'S unswerving attempts at greater thoroughness and excellence in every department. Take the matter of wood-engraving, for instance: for what is the new school — the so-called American school — celebrated, except for its delicacy, its refinement, its artistic expressiveness? And the American romancists and novelists — have they been blamed for a lack of, or rather, indeed, for an excess of, refinement and subtlety?

Those who are actively and eagerly engaged in an enterprise are not the ones to give a final judgment upon it. There are faults which they may not be fully aware of, and tendencies, good or bad, which they cannot discern. At the same time, experience has taught them some things which can profitably be told, and their views and aims may have at least a curious interest. The conduct of a periodical which, twelve times a year, reaches an audience of not much less than a million of people, is so grave a care that those who bear it upon their minds and hearts naturally feel a desire to make friends with this great multitude, to ask for their sympathy, to appeal to their confidence, and, in a certain way, to share with them the burden of responsibility.

This is not a fantastic idea. It is a real thing. There are some who deprecate the very existence of the popular magazines upon which our American writers are so largely dependent—especially dependent in the deplorable absence of international copyright laws, which would not only give them revenue from abroad, but protect them at home from the base competition of stolen literary wares. There are some, we say, who fear that our literature may lose in frankness and in force from the supposed necessity of trimming too consciously to the taste of an audience which has many sensitive and hypercritical elements. There is some truth in this. It cannot be denied that much of the world's most valuable literature, sacred and secular, could never reach the public through the pages of the "family magazine." There is, moreover, a certain unwritten guarantee that every periodical evolves from its own history and habit. It behooves all concerned to see to it that the limitations of the popular periodical do not have a narrowing or flattening effect upon current literature; do not put our best writers into a sort of literary bondage; do not repress originality and individuality either of style or of opinion. It may be said on this point that while the world will always have its share of the long-eared race, fortunately the number of the over-anxious and the super-sensitive seems to be growing yearly less considerable; and the idea is rapidly passing away that editors are bound to the infinite task of themselves entertaining every shade of opinion and belief expressed by the various writers for the periodical with which they are connected. Readers afford help to editors by being tolerant, open-minded, and sympathetic, with "many moods of many minds," as editors themselves must be.

In a country like this, of enormous extent, and wide divergences in local opinions, customs, and legislation, the modern "popular magazine"— with its fresh and graphic records of the various geographical, social, industrial, educational, scientific, artistic, and religious phenomena and enterprises of our great democratic empire — is a national factor of no little importance. If self-knowledge is of the highest consequence to the man, it is no less so to the empire of men; and what agency can be more powerful to this end than those periodicals which are written, not by local coteries of writers, however able, or however sincere in their convictions, but that draw from every quarter the best that can be found,— periodicals which look to no locality for support and audience, but rather to the intelligence of the entire country and continent?

The truth of these remarks is borne in upon us in contemplation of the discussion now going on in THE CENTURY with regard to the pressing question as to the reorganization of society in the Southern States of our Union — one of the gravest and most difficult with which humanity in any age has had to deal. On this question, owing, in some degree, to the blinding effect of inherited views and party bitterness, the North needs information as to facts; the South needs to put itself more and more in a position where it can observe facts with a calmer and deeper vision. The

Northern freeman needs to put himself in the place of the Southern; the Southern freeman in the place of the Southern *freedman*. Mutual respect, sympathy, knowledge — these are indispensable. It is of the highest importance that the Southern majority should consent to consider the opinions advanced by Mr. Cable in the name of the Southern minority. It is of the highest importance that the Northern majority should consider such a representative Southern statement as that of Mr. Grady in the last number of the magazine. The next thing we shall do is to ask our Northern and Southern readers to consider another convinced, outspoken, and eloquent statement on this pressing subject, this time from the (Episcopal) bishop of one of our lately slave-holding states.

In the war now being chronicled in THE CENTURY by many of its leading figures, the North and South each discovered the mettle of the other. It is a help to mutual understanding and good-will that the North should know all that is admirable and desirable in Southern life and character, and much of this has been and will be recorded in these pages. It is important that the South should lay aside its prejudice, hold itself in the literary and human frame of mind, and — read, for instance (as it may in our present number), of the life-work of the great lyrical prophet of emancipation, told by the author of the never-to-be-forgotten ballad of Ossawatomie Brown. Later on, we shall ask the South, along with the North, to study the character and motives of one whom even the North itself does not yet fully know, and whom the South long hated with a bitterness born of inherited devotion to an anomalous social system now forever destroyed.

The country, the section, or the man that is not infidel to truth, will never fear honest freedom of debate.

In looking back over what is written above, we fear we have magnified our office. And yet, were not the first illustrated-magazinists kings of the earth? The great Egyptian sovereign, Thothmes III., one of whose obelisks to-day adorns New York's Central Park, was a distinguished member of the ancient and honorable craft. There were no printing-presses in those times, so his pictures and articles were graven upon rock, and may be seen and read of all men to this day. The old Egyptian magazines contained poems, historical articles, accounts of travel, and descriptions of various industries and enterprises,— with, by way of illustration, portraits, scenes of battle, of the chase, of agriculture, etc., pictures of plants and of animals at home and abroad, and engravings of architecture and objects of minuter art. In one of these illustrated articles, published by Thothmes, it is said: "Here are all sorts of plants and all sorts of flowers of the Holy Land, which the king discovered when he went to the land of Ruten to conquer it." The king swears by the sun "that all is plain truth; there is no trace of deception in that which I relate. What the splendid soil brings forth in the way of productions, I have had portrayed in these pictures."

Let us hope that the work of the writers and artists of our own CENTURY shall have as long life, and prove as valuable to mankind, as that of the writers and artists of those centuries of long ago, by the storied and eternal Nile.

### The Future Life.

"IF a man die, shall he live again?" To that question the mind returns in every generation, with an exhaustless and deepening interest. Any worthy discussion of it is sure to attract the thoughtful reader with a fascination such as hardly any other theme possesses. It is discussed in this number of THE CENTURY by a writer who rises to the height of the great argument. We believe that Mr. Munger's article is unique, in the combination of powers which it applies to the great problem,— the familiarity with the principles alike of science and philosophy, the firm logic and the spiritual feeling, the open-mindedness and the seriousness. For the adequate study of questions like this there are needed the spirit of science, the spirit of poetry, and the spirit of religion; and Mr. Munger has all three.

We do not attempt to add here a single word to the philosophical discussion, desiring only to set, as it were, a finger-post toward the article, for all readers who care for noble reasoning on the ultimate problems of life. But our thoughts turn toward the many who have a personal and intense interest in the question of immortality, yet feel themselves unable to thoroughly follow such arguments, or to judge whether the welcome conclusion has been fairly reached. Let us remind all such of the truth which Mr. Munger intimates in his opening,— that, in the end, it is not a process of intellect, but a process of life, which best supplies the hope and confidence of immortality. That we may face our future destiny undismayed and joyful, the chief requisite is not that a man be able to reason logically, but that he be faithful, patient, and brave.

The march of the mind in its great quest for truth is like a work of tunneling through a mountain. Marvelous is the engineer's sagacity that directs the advance; mighty are the forces that slowly blast the rock; strong are the arms and resolute the hearts that push their way on through the darkness toward the light beyond. But out on the mountain-side the glad sunlight is poured; every dew-drop glistens in it, every flower drinks it, birds sing and children play in its embrace. So, while thinkers are working their way, there are countless folk, simple or learned, who daily live in untroubled and happy sense of a divine love, from which they can never escape.

It is Life itself which with its various voices teaches us the things best worth knowing. And the voices which come home to us with sovereign authority are those of Love and Death,— and, for the mother's sake, shall we add, Birth? Let one of the chief of women interpret for the mothers,— it is Elizabeth Barrett Browning, speaking to two parents who mourn their child as lost:

"'God lent him and takes him,' you sigh;
Nay, there let me break with your pain:
God's generous in giving, say I;
And the thing which He gives, I deny
That He ever can take back again.

"He gives what He gives. I appeal
To all who bear babes. In the hour
When the veil of the body we feel
Rent round us,— while torments reveal
The motherhood's advent in power,

"And the babe cries! — has each of us known
By apocalypse (God being there

> Full in nature) the child is our own,
> Life of life, love of love, moan of moan,
> Through all changes, all times, everywhere.
>
> "He lends not; but gives to the end,
> As He loves to the end. If it seem
> That He draws back a gift, comprehend
> 'Tis to add to it rather,— amend,
> And finish it up to your dream,—
>
> "Or keep, as a mother may toys
> Too costly, though given by herself,
> Till the room shall be stiller from noise,
> And the children more fit for such joys
> Kept over their heads on the shelf."

So speaks the woman. And what has the man to say? Here is he whom we boast as the wisest and highest among our American authors,— a man, too, so wrapt in philosophic thought, so happy in his lonely contemplation, that he seems generally to stand apart from the struggling, work-a-day world, where most of us live. But the man is a father, like other men; his boy dies, and how does he bear it? He puts his heart into the tenderest poem he ever wrote, the "Threnody." He looks longingly back on just such pictures as other parents do,— the throng of children about the baby in his willow wagon, led by the boy "with sunny face of sweet repose,"— the painted sled, the snow fort, the sand castle, the garden of which his "blessed feet" had trod every step,— and now the boy is gone. The lonely father thinks of it, and will not drown or forget his grief; and slowly there comes to him the sense that love can never lose its own. The rainbow, the sunset, all beauty, all experiences of the soul, teach him a new lesson:

> "What is excellent,
> As God lives, is permanent;
> Hearts are dust, heart's loves remain,
> Heart's love will meet thee again."

The moments when such convictions flash in — such insights, rather — are an assurance deeper than belief; but how much can be carried forth from them into the common levels of every-day life? How much will stay after the first exalted hours? There are not many of whom the world can take testimony on these questions; but occasionally there is some one in whom a typical experience is wrought out, and who has the gift of expressing it, like Tennyson in "In Memoriam." It is almost twenty-five years since Mrs. Browning died. Here is a little volume of new poems by her husband, "Ferishtah's Fancies." There run through it — as there have run through all his best works — the notes of the same constant love-song. It is as tender as it was of old, and it merges now in a symphony,— the love of the one blending with the love of all; the immortality of one union prefiguring a universal joy. In the verses that close the book, the poet tells his companion spirit how all the sadness and trouble of the world cries out to him, and he listens; but, as he hears, a vision rises, and he sees, as if in a rift made by the moon through clouds, the heroes and saviors of past ages;— they bid him fight and trust as they fought and trusted.

> "Was it for mere fool's play, make-believe and mumming,
> So we battled it like men, not boy-like sulked or whined?
> Each of us heard clang God's 'Come!' and each was coming:
> Soldiers all, to forward face, not sneaks to lag behind!
>
> "How of the field's fortune? That concerned our Leader!
> Led, we struck our stroke, nor cared for doings left and right:
> Each as on his sole head, failer or succeeder,
> Lay the blame, or lit the praise; no care for cowards: fight!
>
> "Then the cloud-rift broadens, spanning earth that's under,
> Wide our world displays its worth, man's strife and strife's success:
> All the good and beauty, wonder crowning wonder,
> Till my heart and soul appeared perfection, nothing less."

True hearts make answer to each other in all ages. Just as Browning from the joy of a personal undying love goes out with fresh heart for the common battle, so Paul, after his exultant cry, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?" rallies for the present work: "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; inasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

Time would fail us to call in other witnesses, of our own day — such as Bryant, Whittier, and the American author of that little poem which is like a sun-burst: "On one who died in May." This last touches the deepest truth,— that it is only the presence of death which teaches the full significance of the present life:

> "Dark Death let fall a tear
> Why am I here?
> O heart ungrateful! will man never know
> I am his friend, nor ever was his foe?
> All Hope, all Memory,
> Have their deep springs in me;
> And Love, that else might fade,
> By me immortal made,
> Spurns at the grave, leaps to the welcoming skies,
> And burns a steadfast star to steadfast eyes!"

These voices speak home to the common heart because they speak out of the common heart at its noblest. They are not individual experiences merely; they are typical. It is motherhood and fatherhood, friendship and love that speak; it is the voice of humanity; it is the music drawn from the heart of man when touched by the hand and filled by the breath of God.

# OPEN LETTERS.

## An Interview with General Robert E. Lee.

A YEAR or more before the death of General Lee, he came to Baltimore as one of a committee to enlist the authorities of the city and the president and directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in the project for a railroad down the Valley of Virginia.

I had met General Lee but once, and then only for a few minutes; and though his home during his last years was in my native place, I did not intend calling on him in Baltimore; but a Southerner of wealth, then in New York, Cyrus H. McCormick, having telegraphed me to see the General and invite him to come on and be his guest, I called upon him to deliver

the invitation. The General said he was here on a hurried visit, that his duties to the College required his presence at home, and that with many thanks for the courtesy, and the hope that he would be able to enjoy the proffered hospitalities some other time, he must decline. I urged him not to carry out that decision, assuring him that the College would probably gain substantial benefit from his visiting my friend. He at length agreed to hold the question under consideration during a day or two he was to be absent in the country, and made an appointment for my meeting him on his return.

The two days having expired, I called again and found him expecting me. He stated that, having fully considered the subject, he had decided that he must return home. After again presenting reasons why he should make the visit to my friend, I said:

"I think I see, General, that the real difficulty lies in your shrinking from the conspicuity of a visit to New York. I can readily understand that this would be unpleasant. But you need not be exposed to any publicity whatever; my friend has given me *carte blanche* to make all arrangements for your coming. I will engage a compartment in the palace car of the night train, and will telegraph my friend to meet you with his carriage on your arrival in New York."

I shall never forget the deep feeling manifested in the tones of his voice, as he replied:

"Oh, Doctor, I couldn't go sneaking into New York in that way. When I do go there, I'll go in daylight, and go like a man."

I felt rebuked at having made the suggestion; and finding he was fixed in his determination, the subject was dropped. But he seemed in a talkative mood,—remarkably so, considering his reputation for taciturnity,—and immediately began to speak of the issues and results of the war. The topic which seemed to lie uppermost and heaviest on his heart was the vast number of noble young men who had fallen in the bloody strife. In this particular he regarded the struggle as having been most unequal. The North, he said, had, indeed, sent many of her valuable young men to the field; but as in all large cities there is a population which can well be spared, she had from this source and from immigrants from abroad unfailing additional supplies. The South, on the other hand, had none but her own sons, and she sent and sacrificed the flower of her land.

After dwelling with emphasis and with feeling on this point, the General then introduced another topic which also moved him deeply, viz., the persistent manner in which the leading Northern journals, and the Northern people generally, insisted that the object of the war had been to secure the perpetuation of slavery. On this point he seemed not only indignant, but hurt. He said it was not true. He declared that, for himself, he had never been an advocate of slavery; that he had emancipated most of his slaves years before the war, and had sent to Liberia those who were willing to go; that the latter were writing back most affectionate letters to him, some of which he received through the lines during the war. He said, also, as an evidence that the colored people did not consider him hostile to their race, that during this visit to Baltimore some of them who had known him when he was stationed here had come up in the most affectionate manner and put their hands into the carriage-window to shake hands with him. They would hardly have received him in this way, he thought, had they looked upon him as fresh from a war intended for their oppression and injury. One expression I must give in his own words.

"So far," said General Lee, "from engaging in a war to perpetuate slavery, I am rejoiced that slavery is abolished. I believe it will be greatly for the interests of the South. So fully am I satisfied of this, as regards Virginia especially, *that I would cheerfully have lost all I have lost by the war, and have suffered all I have suffered, to have this object attained.*" This he said with much earnestness.

After expressing himself on this point, as well as others in which he felt that Northern writers were greatly misrepresenting the South, he looked at me and, with emphasis, said:

"Doctor, I think some of you gentlemen that use the pen should see that justice is done us."

I replied that the feeling engendered by the war was too fresh and too intense for anything emanating from a Southern pen to affect Northern opinion; but that time was a great rectifier of human judgments, and hereafter the true history would be written; and that he need not fear that then injustice would be done him.

As the General was in a talking mood, he would have gone on much further, no doubt, but that at this point his son, General W. H. F. Lee, whom he had not seen for some time, and who had just arrived in Baltimore, entered the room.

*John Leyburn.*

BALTIMORE.

### Bishop Bryennios and the Teaching of the Twelve Apostles.

THERE is a quarter of Constantinople called Phanar, inhabited almost exclusively by Greeks. Here the houses are larger and cleaner, and an appearance of greater thrift and comfort exists, than in the Turkish parts of the city. Here is the residence of the Greek Patriarch and of the more celebrated Greek bishops. Here is the patriarchal church, where the great festivals of Christmas and Easter are celebrated with the utmost pomp. Here, too, is the confused and irregular mass of buildings belonging to the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and forming what is called the Jerusalem Monastery of the Holy Sepulchre. Hardly more than a stone's-throw to the east, opposite the entrance of the great patriarchal church, is a narrow, unpainted wooden house, four stories high. This house has been for years the residence of Philotheos Bryennios, metropolitan of Diocletian's ancient capital, Nicomedia, and, of late, specially famous for his discovery of the manuscript volume containing what is called the Διδαχή, or Teaching of the Twelve Apostles. In the library of the Jerusalem Monastery that manuscript is still kept which has been more discussed, and has attracted more attention, than any other ancient manuscript since Tischendorf discovered the Codex Sinaiticus.

It has been my good fortune to meet Bishop Bryennios on several occasions. Twice I have had the rare privilege of seeing and glancing over the manuscript — a privilege only one other American gentle-

man has enjoyed. I am sure a few details concerning the book and its discoverer will be of interest to the reader.

The exterior of the Bishop's house is unpretentious and of gloomy appearance. Double doors opening in response to the resounding iron knocker — a broken bell-handle at the side speaks of what has long since ceased to ring — disclose a long, narrow passage, paved with marble. A blank wall stretches on the right. An Oriental kitchen, with servants at work, appears in the distant vista at the end. On the left are numerous doors, giving access, doubtless, to servants' apartments. In the very middle of this left-hand side is the winding wooden staircase, up which the visitor is to go. Two flights bring him to the third story, which is peculiarly the Bishop's dominion. The courteous servant leads the way past a half-open door, which discloses a little chamber with holy pictures on the wall, and burning lamps before them, all marking the tiny sanctuary which, in every Greek house, large or small, patrician or plebeian, is set apart for purposes of devotion. Thence one passes through a spacious hall to a large room facing on the street. This is at once the Bishop's parlor and his private study. No flowers, no pictures, no ornaments adorn the walls. Bare asceticism stamps the place as the residence of a wifeless ecclesiastic, of an Eastern monk. A low, broad divan or sofa bounds one side of the apartment. Eighteen or twenty chairs are drawn up in military precision along the two other sides. Add a table covered and littered with books and pamphlets and papers, and the furniture is complete. Simple and unassuming as is the room, it is nevertheless the audience chamber of a man in ecclesiastical rank second only to the Patriarch and the Bishop of Ephesus, unequaled among his own countrymen for learning.

A tall gentleman rises from his seat behind the table and comes forward rapidly to meet his guest. The warm welcome of his manner is pleasant, and makes the stranger feel at home; but this graceful, gracious cordiality does not characterize Bryennios alone. It is the welcome which the foreigner almost invariably receives from every dignitary in the East.

Now for his personal appearance. Imagine a Greek ecclesiastic in the very prime of life; his head covered by the black, brimless, high-crowned cap which is worn indoors as well as in the street; possessing the long, never-shaven mustache and beard; his black hair unclipped by scissors, braided and gathered in a knot; over his shoulders the black robe entirely enveloping his person and falling to the bottom of his feet; and you have a picture not only of him, but of every orthodox Greek priest, whatever his degree. But the face is Bishop Bryennios's own private possession. A large dark eye, full of expression, looks kindly at you from the handsome oval face, over which a smile is constantly playing or ready to play, but an eye that can flash forth fire when its owner is excited. A white, high, broad forehead is half concealed by the priestly cap. In the ambuscade of mustache and beard, a small mouth is hidden which can pour forth words in a hot, impetuous torrent, with no regard to pauses or periods, but which will make no slips, will utter no more than its master wishes, and will commit no blunders to apologize for or recall. The whole face is remarkably intelligent and winning. A personal magnetism characterizes the man. While one is with him he thinks as he thinks, feels as he feels, receives every word he utters as unquestionable and sincere. The impression he makes is that of personal power and force of character. You feel whatever he chooses to attempt he will accomplish; whatever he sets before him he will attain. You say, this man will become Patriarch if he desires it, and deigns to accept the office; this man can shake his church and nation with reform, and not die, like Kyril Lucar or the Russian Nicon, defeated and disgraced at the end. Or, if by a calmer field his ambitions are bounded, there is no limit to which he may not successfully go. There is nothing more curious than the difference of impression one experiences when with him and away from him. In his presence surmise, doubt, suspicion, grounded or groundless, all are hushed. You are with him heart and soul. His eye holds you, something as the eye of the ancient mariner held the wedding guest. Half an hour after one has left him the personal magnetism has spent its force. One remembers a charming host, a brilliant entertainer for whose courtesies he is grateful; but somehow, I know not how, other feelings have succeeded those experienced in his presence. But Bishop Bryennios must not keep us from the book with which his fame is identified.

I need not tell my readers that the Διδαχή, or "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," is the name given to a treatise which was composed in or shortly after the Apostolic age. The Διαταγαὶ or Διδασκαλία or Διδαχή, something apparently distinct from the Apostolic Constitutions, is often referred to by the early Christian writers, but doubt has been expressed whether they spoke of a work then existing and afterward lost, or generally of the doctrine or instruction of the Lord through his Apostles. Very many arguments were adduced to prove that such a treatise of about two hundred lines did once exist; that this was the fountain whence seeming quotations were drawn, and that on this was based part of the venerable rules or regulations called the Apostolic Constitutions. But in any case no extant copy of it was known. How, when, where, why it had disappeared no one could tell.

In 1873 Bishop Bryennios was busily looking over the manuscripts in the Jerusalem Monastery at Constantinople. His eye fell upon a small, bulky volume he had never seen before. Indifferently he took it up to glance at its contents. It was not a manuscript on a single subject, but rather a number of manuscripts brought together in one volume, and apparently all written by the same hand. Among them were two treatises of exceedingly great value, or rather three, these being the first and second Epistles of Clement to the Corinthians and the Epistle of Barnabas. In his joy at this discovery he barely noticed and gave only an absent-minded glance at an unpretending treatise occupying the very middle of the book. This was comprised in a little less than ten pages. It was introduced with two inscriptions, one of which was "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," and the other "Teaching of the Lord through the Twelve Apostles to the Nations." Not till seven years after, in 1880, when the Bishop, freer from cares, again perused the

little treatise, did he realize what he had found. From 1880 he spent upon it every moment he could spare, until it was published with introduction and copious notes in 1883. All this account which I am giving is the Bishop's most interesting story of his discovery, and is derived from his own lips.

The library of the Jerusalem Monastery is contained in a small stone chamber, erected for this purpose, and detached from the other monastic buildings. Its walls are two and a half feet thick. Scanty light struggles in through two strongly barred windows. The massive iron door, when its bolts and chains are removed, on opening, discloses a second and inner door thicker and heavier than that outside. The entrance is piously adorned with many holy pictures, and with the never-failing and always lighted lamps of olive oil. Upon the dingy shelves are arranged perhaps one thousand volumes in an orderly neatness which apparently is seldom disturbed. Moreover, there are found within, as the archimandrite Polycarp, the superior of the monastery, informed me with characteristic indefiniteness, from four hundred to six hundred manuscripts. The collection of manuscripts bound in one volume, and containing the "Teaching," is numbered 456. This is a small thick book, covered with black leather. It is 7.4 inches long and 5.8 inches wide. Altogether it comprises one hundred and twenty leaves of vellum, or two hundred and forty pages. The contents of these one hundred and twenty leaves are most precious to lovers and students of patristic theology. As given by Bryennios in his commentary upon the Epistles of Clement, they are the following:

(I.) The synopsis of the Old Testament by St. Chrysostom, contained between leaves 1 and 32, or until the 65th page.

(II.) The Epistle of Barnabas, leaves 33 to 51b, or to the 102d page.

(III. and IV.) The two Epistles of Clement to the Corinthians, leaves 51b to 76a, or to page 151.

(V.) Teaching of the Twelve Apostles, leaves 76a to 80, or to page 160.

(VI.) Epistle of Mary of Cassoboli to the saint and martyr Ignatius, Archbishop of Theopolis, or Antioch, leaves 81–82a, or to page 163.

(VII.) Twelve Epistles of St. Ignatius of Antioch, leaves 82 to 120a, or to page 239.

Finally is the colophon, or signature of Leo the transcriber, in these words:

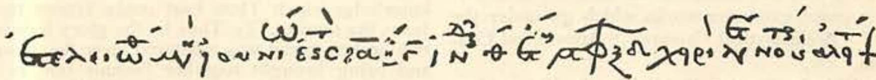
"It was finished in the month of June the 11th day Tuesday the ninth year of the Indiction in the year 6564 by the hand of Leo notary and sinner."

In ecclesiastical documents the Greeks reckon still by the indiction, or period of fifteen years, commencing in 312 A. D.

As the Constantinople Greek calendar estimates our Saviour's birth to have taken place 5508 years after the creation, 6564 corresponds to 1056 of the Christian era. 1056 is ten years before the Norman conquest of England, and forty years before the first crusade. It is only two years after the great schism between the Eastern and Western churches, which has never been closed over and never will be, and seventeen years before Hildebrand the son of the carpenter ascended the papal throne as Gregory VII.

It is an interesting fact that the manuscript written out by the humble notary is to-day demanding and receiving a larger share of learned consideration than the struggles of Hildebrand, or the crusades, or the Norman conquest. Little did Leo imagine how intently barbarous and unknown lands were to discuss his work 800 years after he died. The handwriting is small and cramped, but wonderfully distinct. A photographic facsimile of the signature of Leo and of the first four lines of the Διδαχή accompanies this article. Both photographs have been obtained with the utmost difficulty. In fact, the authorities of the monastery are for some reason most reluctant to allow

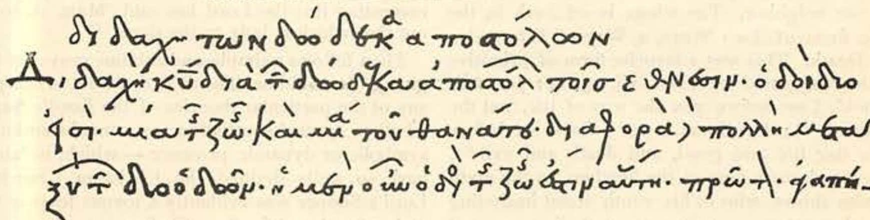
THE SUBSCRIPTION AND DATE OF THE DIDACHE.



TRANSLATION.

"Finished Tuesday, June 11, A. M. 6564, by Leon, notary and sinner."
This date is equivalent to A. D. 1056.

FACSIMILE OF THE BEGINNING OF THE DIDACHE.



TRANSLATION.

["Teaching of the Twelve Apostles.
Teaching of the Lord through the Twelve Apostles to the Gentiles.
There are Two Ways: one of Life, and one of Death; but there is a great difference between the two ways. The way of Life is this: first, Thou shalt love."]

any person to even see the manuscript. On two occasions I have held it in my hand. Each second of those two golden opportunities I improved as best I could. The archimandrite Polycarp and the librarian Sophronios both assure me that no other Frank has seen so much of it as myself. But my own inspection of it has been most hurried, incomplete, and unsatisfactory. A hundred questions arise concerning it which I cannot answer; questions, some of them, which no man can solve until after careful and rigid examination. The text, as published by Bishop Bryennios in 1883, has been translated and commented largely in Germany, France, and England, but probably it has received more attention in America than in all the three other countries combined. This study has been concentrated, however, only on Bishop Bryennios's rendering or transcription of the text. Leo's yellow bundle of manuscript these learned scholars have never seen. Doubts and uncertainties must exist concerning the manuscript of the "Teaching" which can be set at rest only by patient and competent investigation. May the time speedily come when this manuscript shall be as open to research and inspection as are the like treasures of almost every other monastery in the East.

*Edmund A. Grosvenor.*

ROBERT COLLEGE, CONSTANTINOPLE.

### THE CONTENTS AND VALUE OF THE TEACHING.

TO THE foregoing interesting account of Bryennios and his important discovery, we add a brief estimate of the contents and practical value of the document which professes to contain the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," or the "Teaching of the Lord through the Twelve Apostles to the Gentiles."

The "Didache," as it is briefly called, consists of about ten octavo pages, which Bryennios has divided into sixteen chapters. It is a sort of Church Manual, or Directory of Catechetical Instruction, Public Worship, and Church Discipline. It is the oldest and simplest work of that kind, and was afterwards superseded by more extensive works which go under the names of "Ecclesiastical Canons," "Apostolical Constitutions," etc.

The "Didache" naturally divides itself into four parts: I. DOCTRINAL or CATECHETICAL part, chs. 1–6. This contains a summary of practical duties to be taught to such Gentiles as apply for admission to baptism and church membership. The duties resolve themselves into the royal command of love to God and love to our neighbor. The whole is set forth in the parabolic form of Two Ways, a Way of Life and a Way of Death. This was a favorite form of primitive instruction, suggested by Matt. vii. 13, 14; Jer. xxi. 8 ("Behold, I set before you the way of life, and the way of death"); Deut. xxx. 15 ("I have set before thee this day life and good, and death and evil"). Nor was it unknown among the heathen, as the myth of Hercules shows, who in his youth stood hesitating between the easy way of pleasure and disgrace, and the arduous way of virtue and glory. This part of the "Didache" is an echo of the Sermon on the Mount, as reported in the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of Matthew. It shows how simple and prevailingly moral the first Christian preaching and teaching was in that part of the church (probably Syria or Palestine) where the "Didache" was composed.

II. RITUALISTIC or DEVOTIONAL, chs. 7–10. This part treats of the administration of baptism and the Lord's Supper, in connection with the love-feasts. Here occurs the passage which has given rise to so much lively discussion between Baptists and Pedobaptists, as it sanctions both immersion and affusion or sprinkling, but makes no allusion to infant baptism. It reads thus (ch. 7):

"As regards baptism, baptize as follows: Having first taught all the preceding instruction [on the Way of Life and the Way of Death, chs. 1–6], baptize into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, in living [*i. e.*, running] water. But if thou hast not living water, baptize into other water [*e. g.*, standing water]; and if thou canst not in cold, then in warm [*i. e.*, water]. And if thou hast neither the one nor the other [*i. e.*, in sufficient quantity for immersion], pour water on the head three times, into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. But before the baptism let the baptizer and the candidate for baptism fast, and any others who can; and thou shalt command the candidate to fast one or two days previously."

This passage shows clearly that preference was given to immersion (total or partial) in running water (as the Jordan where John baptized, and where Christ was baptized, and, as in the oldest catacomb pictures, where the candidate stands knee-deep or waist-deep in the water), but that in exceptional cases pouring or affusion was likewise regarded as valid baptism. This we knew already from Cyprian, but the "Didache" gives us a testimony which is at least a hundred and probably a hundred and fifty years older.

In the same section occur also the oldest and simplest eucharistic prayers (chs. 9 and 10), namely:

"As regards the Eucharist [this was the usual Greek name for the Lord's Supper], give thanks as follows: First for the cup: 'We thank Thee, our Father, for the holy vine of David thy servant, which thou hast made known to us by Jesus thy servant. To Thee be the glory for ever.' And for the broken bread: 'We thank Thee, our Father, for the life and knowledge which Thou hast made known to us by Jesus thy servant. To Thee be the glory for ever. As this broken bread was scattered over the mountains, and being brought together became one, so let thy church be brought together from the ends of the earth into thy kingdom; for thine is the glory and the power, through Jesus Christ, forever.'"

To this is added the warning:

"But let no one eat or drink of your Eucharist, except those baptized into the name of the Lord, for respecting this the Lord has said (Matt. vi. 6), 'Give not that which is holy to the dogs.'"

Then follows a simple and sublime prayer of thanksgiving. It would be difficult to draw out of this passage any of the particular theories of the Lord's Supper — whether transubstantiation, or consubstantiation, or symbolic or dynamic presence — which, in later ages, have so sadly divided the Christian Church. The Lord's Supper was evidently a joyous feast of thanksgiving for the edification of believers, and not a subject of curious speculation and doctrinal controversy.

III. The third part relates to CHURCH POLITY (chs. 11–15). It contains curious information about apostles, *i. e.*, traveling evangelists and prophets, with warnings against mercenary teachers and clerical

tramps who seem to have disturbed and misled congregations in those days. Of congregational officers, bishops *(i. e.,* presbyters) and deacons are mentioned, but no deaconesses. They were elected by the congregation and received an adequate support.

IV. The fourth and last part (ch. 16) is ESCHATOLOGICAL, and warns the congregations to be in readiness for the second coming, the resurrection, and the final judgment. This chapter consists of reminiscences of the discourses of our Lord on the last things, Matt. xxiv., and perhaps also of the passage of Paul, 1 Thess. iv. 13–18. The writer speaks of the coming of Antichrist, or, as he is called, "the world-deceiver," who shall appear "as the son of God, and shall do signs and wonders, and the earth shall be given into his hands, and he shall commit iniquities such as have never yet been done since the beginning."

From this analysis the reader may measure the value of this remarkable document. It takes its place among the writings of the so-called Apostolic Fathers,— Clement of Rome, Polycarp, Barnabas, Ignatius, and Hermas,— which fall far below the inspired height of the Apostles and Evangelists, yet breathe the spirit of the apostolic age and fill up the gap between the New Testament and the latter half of the second century; as the Apocrypha of the Old Testament fill up the gap between Malachi and John the Baptist. The "Didache" is no authority whatever in matters of doctrine or discipline, and does not claim to be the work of the Apostles. Its peculiarities do not exactly fit into any church or party. It is neither Episcopal nor Presbyterian, but both; it is neither sacramentarian nor antisacramentarian, neither sacerdotal nor antisacerdotal, neither Baptist nor Pedobaptist, though favoring both sides in part. We may safely use it as a witness of catechetical teaching and ecclesiastical usages at the close of the first or the beginning of the second century of that country where the book originated, *i. e.*, probably Palestine or Syria. It is the record by some unknown writer of what he ascertained either from personal instruction or oral tradition and honestly regarded as the teaching and practice of the Twelve Apostles. Its value is historical, and historical only; but as such it is a very important contribution to our knowledge. For this contribution the Christian church will always feel indebted to the Metropolitan of Nicomedia who drew the "Didache" from the obscurity of the Jerusalem Monastery of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem, where it had been buried for centuries.

*Philip Schaff.*

### Mark Twain.*

MARK TWAIN'S "Tom Sawyer" is an interesting record of boyish adventure; but, amusing as it is, it may yet be fair to ask whether its most marked fault is not too strong adherence to conventional literary models? A glance at the book certainly does not confirm this opinion, but those who recall the precocious affection of Tom Sawyer, at the age when he is losing his first teeth, for a little girl whom he has seen once or twice, will confess that the modern novel exercises a very great influence. What is best in the book, what one remembers, is the light we get into the boy's heart. The romantic devotion to the little girl, the terrible adventures with murderers and in huge caves, have the air of concessions to jaded readers. But when Tom gives the cat Pain-Killer, is restless in church, and is recklessly and eternally deceiving his aunt, we are on firm ground—the author is doing sincere work.

This later book, "Huckleberry Finn," has the great advantage of being written in autobiographical form. This secures a unity in the narration that is most valuable; every scene is given, not described; and the result is a vivid picture of Western life forty or fifty years ago. While "Tom Sawyer" is scarcely more than an apparently fortuitous collection of incidents, and its thread is one that has to do with murders, this story has a more intelligible plot. Huckleberry, its immortal hero, runs away from his worthless father, and floats down the Mississippi on a raft, in company with Jim, a runaway negro. This plot gives great opportunity for varying incidents. The travelers spend some time on an island; they outwit every one they meet; they acquire full knowledge of the hideous fringe of civilization that then adorned that valley; and the book is a most valuable record of an important part of our motley American civilization.

What makes it valuable is the evident truthfulness of the narrative, and where this is lacking and its place is taken by ingenious invention, the book suffers. What is inimitable, however, is the reflection of the whole varied series of adventures in the mind of the young scapegrace of a hero. His undying fertility of invention, his courage, his manliness in every trial, are an incarnation of the better side of the ruffianism that is one result of the independence of Americans, just as hypocrisy is one result of the English respect for civilization. The total absence of morbidness in the book — for the *mal du siècle* has not yet reached Arkansas — gives it a genuine charm; and it is interesting to notice the art with which this is brought out. The best instance is perhaps to be found in the account of the feud between the Shepherdsons and the Grangerfords, which is described only as it would appear to a semi-civilized boy of fourteen, without the slightest condemnation or surprise,— either of which would be bad art,— and yet nothing more vivid can be imagined. That is the way that a story is best told, by telling it, and letting it go to the reader unaccompanied by sign-posts or directions how he shall understand it and profit by it. Life teaches its lessons by implication, not by didactic preaching; and literature is at its best when it is an imitation of life and not an excuse for instruction.

As to the humor of Mark Twain, it is scarcely necessary to speak. It lends vividness to every page. The little touch in "Tom Sawyer," page 105, where, after the murder of which Tom was an eye-witness, it seemed "that his school-mates would never get done holding inquests on dead cats and thus keeping the trouble present to his mind," and that in the account of the spidery six-armed girl of Emmeline's picture in "Huckleberry Finn," are in the author's happiest vein. Another admirable instance is to be seen in Huckleberry Finn's mixed feelings about rescuing Jim, the negro, from slavery. His perverted views regarding the unholiness of his actions are most instructive and

* Adventures of Huckleberry Finn (Tom Sawyer's Comrade). By Mark Twain. With one hundred and seventy-four illustrations. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. 1885.

amusing. It is possible to feel, however, that the fun in the long account of Tom Sawyer's artificial imitation of escapes from prison is somewhat forced; everywhere simplicity is a good rule, and while the account of the Southern *vendetta* is a masterpiece, the caricature of books of adventure leaves us cold. In one we have a bit of life; in the other Mark Twain is demolishing something that has no place in the book.

Yet the story is capital reading, and the reason of its great superiority to "Tom Sawyer" is that it is, for the most part, a consistent whole. If Mark Twain would follow his hero through manhood, he would condense a side of American life that, in a few years, will have to be delved out of newspapers, government reports, county histories, and misleading traditions by unsympathetic sociologists.

*T. S. Perry.*

### Our National Defenses.

A SUGGESTION.

It has been generally assumed that we derive immunity from foreign attack, from:

*First*, our remoteness from any probable enemy;

*Second*, the habitually peaceful nature of our relations with other powers;

*Third*, our enormous resources, our acknowledged fertility of invention, and our huge population, leavened with the soldiers and traditions of the civil war.

Taking these in order, the first assumption is speedily disposed of.

We *were* distant from Europe half a century ago. To-day we are separated from it by a journey of a week; no longer time than would ordinarily be consumed by an army in marching from New York to Albany. In 1776 the citizens of the latter place could hardly have felt secure from attack because remote from the British force at New York. Why, then, the people of the country in general and the citizens of our commercial metropolis in particular should now rely upon a mere geographical bulwark is a mystery past finding out. They do not realize that the time spent in breaking off diplomatic relations and in reaching the actual declaration of war (which, by the way, usually *follows* hostilities) would be utilized in preparing a fleet of ocean greyhounds as transports that, under cover of iron-clads we are powerless to resist, could each land her regiment of men on any point of our feeble coast. They do not know that England, at least, has the transport fittings for scores of merchant steamers constantly on hand and that but a few days are needed to erect them on board. Nor do they know that every war office in Europe contains accurate plans of our harbors and alleged fortifications, complete statistics of our actual force and the number of troops, both regular and militia, which could be massed at any place in a given time, the extent and condition of our moribund floating defense, together with well-matured plans of an offensive campaign on our very soil.

Yet these gentlemen accumulate their millions, pay their taxes, and calmly look on while money that ought to be spent in insuring protection against a foe is deliberately thrown away.

To-day Spain and France reach across the Atlantic to bases of attack in Cuba and Martinique; Germany's colonial aspirations may make her a near neighbor; while England lies along our northern and lake frontier, and has threatening coigns of vantage at our very door, in Halifax, Bermuda, and Nassau.

Do our Western citizens appreciate the facts that Chili could with impunity pounce on San Francisco, that at Vancouver England is building the largest dock-yard on the continent, that by the Welland Canal she could turn a fleet of gun-boats loose on Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, and Chicago, or that we possess absolutely no navigable water-way between the ocean and the great lakes, upon which we are forbidden by treaty to keep more than one armed vessel?

It is idle to trust to the negative defense of distance; we are, to-day, dangerously near the coasts of Europe.

Our international relations have always been shaped with a view to peace. We have never sought a quarrel in the past, and I hope we shall never seek one in the future.

I am not sure, however, that it is not well, once in a while, to assert ourselves as standing on a right, because it *is* right, and as prepared to maintain it at any cost. Until human nature changes, the respect which the right would secure in the eyes of the world is and will be largely measured by the force with which it is backed.

A ship-owner, known to all the commercial world, tells me that he never sends his ships on a foreign cruise under the American flag. He tried the experiment faithfully for a time, but found that they were subjected to so many petty annoyances and trivial expenses at the hands of officials who care nothing for America's enormous strength at home (to them a vague tradition, not embodied in the tangible shape of an ever-ready war vessel), that, in despair, he was forced to secure them British colors and a British registry. Now they never fail to receive civility and attention, because it is known that any offense will be followed by an immediate demand for explanation, apology, or indemnity, the demand being supported by the presence of a British man-of-war.

Would this have been necessary in the days when the United States, unaided by European powers, resisted the exactions of the Barbary States, and suppressed the piracy which had levied toll on all Christendom?

Or would it have occurred in 1859, when the American flag was as common on the seas as it is now rare, and when our navy, though small in numbers, contained, class for class, the finest ships in the world?

Without discussing the merits of the case, let me ask whether Prince Bismarck would have ventured to intercept and return to the British House of Commons a resolution of sympathy addressed to the Reichstag?

Granted that our own behavior on a well-known occasion was in the highest degree dignified, it is humiliating to confess that no other course could have been open to us even had the chancellor's ill-breeding committed his country to a positive affront directed against the whole American people.

Those who give the subject thought cannot fail to recognize the influence which the Panama Canal, or any other water communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, must exert upon our international relations. If England, under the peace-loving rule of Mr. Gladstone, was forced to sacrifice life and treasure in preserving the integrity of the Suez Canal (for, after all said and done, there lies the gist of prolonged British intervention in Egypt), can the United

States hope to shirk the obligation of maintaining the neutrality of that part of her water-front which in the near future shall stretch across the great American Isthmus?

We are living in a fool's paradise. The rude awakening must come. Already we have been longer at peace than is our wont. It behooves us to make ready, so that if called upon to stand up for justice and right, we shall respond like men, and not hang our heads like cowards, buying a servile peace with hard dollars.

No, we cannot trust to the even tenor of our diplomatic relations to escape troubles, at least until the millennium comes.

It is taken for granted that in some mysterious, if not providential, manner we shall be able to raise and equip armies, forge guns, build forts, and launch iron-clads.

Let us not be deceived. Matters have changed since 1861.

Although more is exacted of him now than then, the foot-soldier is soon manufactured; the cavalryman less speedily; field artillery slowly, while cannon fit to defend our harbors cannot be made in very many months. There is hardly a power, European or South American, with which we might be embroiled, that could not send here one or more armored ships whose sides would shed our puny projectiles as easily as they would peas. Guns which they would have cause to dread take over a twelvemonth in building, while modern ships are years on the stocks.

To construct guns of to-day, vastly more is needed than an iron furnace and a casting-pit. Plant is demanded for the production of steel of suitable texture and, in adequate masses, hydraulic presses or heavy steam-hammers for shaping it (one of a hundred tons would be required for some pieces, and the whole country contains none heavier than seventeen tons), etc., etc.,— a host of appliances which simply *do not exist* on this side of the Atlantic.

Our fertility of resource is phenomenal, but we cannot construct formidable guns as pins and screws are made, nor can effective ships be built as gun-boats were built during the war of secession, in ninety days; yet upon guns, ashore in forts and afloat in armored ships, will the issue of the next conflict depend.

Thanks to the tremendous development of implements of war, the fate of a campaign is now decided almost at its outset. If to-day we neglect our duty to ourselves, we must expect to pay dearly when the day of reckoning comes. Money judiciously spent at present will be but a small premium to pay for security, and will save itself a thousand-fold.

I am not urging such colossal armaments as have crippled three European states financially. Ours is not a military bully among the nations. I only plead for the lock and bolt with which every man provides his house and the revolver with which he purposes defending his family and his household goods when the thief tries to break in.

It is unnecessary to bring proofs as to the condition of our defenses. Every one knows that our forts are obsolete in design and useless in the few cases where money has been forthcoming for their maintenance; that we have no proper guns ashore or afloat, no torpedo boats, and no ships. Surely a lower ebb is out of the question. Let us hope the tide will turn ere long.

In providing a remedy where everything is lacking, it is hard to say which want is most pressing. It would appear, however, as if the fortifications were in the least hopeful condition.

In this respect I speak with much diffidence, but my observation and reading impel me to believe that for ordinary sites properly designed earthworks afford ample protection.* If their walls are not less than from thirty to forty feet thick, stand fifty feet or more above the water's edge (the more the better), and have high parapet crests, then the ship may expend all the ammunition she can carry without much hope of destroying their defensive integrity. Of course in certain places, armored forts will be indispensable. Types of these are without end: casemates, turrets, cupolas, disappearing guns, etc., etc., a real embarrassment of riches.

The majority of our forts will, it may be assumed, be earthworks, and neither complex nor costly. But forts do not consist of mounds of earth alone. They must be armed with the best guns obtainable if they are to have the breath of life. And the best guns will involve a host of adequate appliances in the shape of approved gun-carriages, shot-lifts, loading machinery, etc., that must be seen to be realized. Here true economy lies in the direction of a wise liberality. As the manufacture of the largest guns (if made of American metal, a consummation devoutly to be wished for) could hardly begin within two years were the word given to-day, longer delay is simply suicidal.

Stationary torpedoes will be needed to keep an enemy from pushing by, but torpedoes are passive in their nature and limited in their range. By themselves they are valueless. They could not, for example, prevent a ship from approaching Coney Island and tossing her shell over into New York. Moreover, I doubt whether we have on hand enough cables and cases to control the channels past Sandy Hook alone.

If any one element of coast defense stands approved by more universal acceptance abroad than another without having been subjected to the crucial test of war, it is the fast torpedo boat. While not sharing personally the general belief that its attack is neither to be repelled nor avoided, I am strongly of opinion that herein the defense may find a very deadly and indispensable weapon. The Germans, who treat military subjects from a purely business stand-point, are creating a torpedo navy of one hundred and fifty boats for their short stretch of coast. And we — have absolutely nothing.

Given forts and torpedoes of the best kinds, they must be supplemented by mobile floating batteries, to act as scouts and skirmishers, undertaking hostile operations in conjunction with shore batteries, reënforcing a hardly pressed point, or covering the weak places between strong strategic centers; in other words, fortifications and ships, both in design and numbers, must be built with a view to effective coöperation.

The proper composition and disposition of our joint land and sea defenses form a question not yet solved — scarcely even thought of. Yet none is of more vital importance to-day. It cannot be decided by one man,

* The question has been discussed *à propos* of the bombardment of Alexandria in a public document accessible to all interested in the technical details.

for it extends beyond the range of a single mind. The naval officer is apt to exaggerate the weight of his branch of the profession of arms, while the soldier in turn looks upon his share in the task as paramount. The truth probably lies between these extremes. Each may, therefore, properly bring his quota of experience to the common fund of knowledge, but neither is fitted to act as the final judge, awarding to every element its due place and value.

Until the subject of our necessities is treated in a broad, catholic manner, and authoritatively revealed in all its shocking magnitude, public opinion must remain vague and ineffectual, through lack of a well-defined end in view. Therefore, besides the immediate establishment of the gun-factories recommended by the "Gun Foundry Board," I urge, as of pressing moment, the forming, under act of Congress, of a commission to inquire into our wants and to suggest the remedy. This commission should be composed of distinguished citizens and officers of the army and navy. To such a board the nation would look for guidance out of its perils, nor would it look in vain.

We may buy peace as butter and cheese are bought, or we may preserve it through being able and ready to fight for it. The choice lies with the people. They shall decide.*

*C. F. Goodrich,*
*Lieutenant-Commander U. S. N.*

* Since the above was written I have read a British War-office pamphlet on "The Protection of Heavy Guns for Coast Defense," issued by General Sir Andrew Clarke, Royal Engineers, Inspector General of Fortifications. In his preface Sir Andrew says:

"In my opinion it is undesirable in the highest interests of the country that questions of defense should be dealt with as the special prerogative of a handful of officers in a single office, and I strongly hold that the more minds are brought to bear upon them the better. It is, I consider, of special importance that naval and artillery officers should have an opportunity of hearing and expressing opinions upon matters relating to coast defense. These views cannot fail to act as a wholesome corrective to those of engineers. The opinions advanced in this paper may not, therefore, receive universal acceptance. They are merely put forward as suggestions open to discussion and criticism."

I hope, sincerely, that so laudable an example of the sinking of personal ambitions and class jealousies for the good of the country, may be followed on this side of the Atlantic, and be applied to the larger problem awaiting our solution.

### General Sam Houston: A Correction.

CERTAIN statements of mine concerning what is called the archives war in Texas, which appeared in an article entitled "General Sam Houston" (THE CENTURY for August, 1884), having been challenged, I desire as a matter of justice to myself, to THE CENTURY, and to those who took part in the so-called war, to make a correction.

I was forced to draw my material from various sources, and I find to my regret that I have allowed some errors to creep into my statements. I should have given my authority or else have sought to verify the newspaper story upon which some of them were founded.

The statement I desire to correct, being the only one to which my attention has been called, may be found on page 503 (August CENTURY), and refers to an attempt made by President Houston to remove the state archives from Austin, where they were in danger from the constant incursions of the Mexicans and Indians, to a place of safety in the temporary capital; also to a duel between a certain Colonel Morton and a scout called Deaf Smith. I gleaned the details of these events from a letter appearing in a leading New York paper purporting to have been written from Austin, Texas.

To be brief, no such man as Morton lived about Austin at that time, and no such duel took place. Deaf Smith had been dead at the date given for five years. The story is a fabrication of a well-known spinner of historical yarns of those days, Judge A. W. Arrington, of Texas. Early in March, 1842, General Vasquez at the head of twelve hundred Mexicans, sacked San Antonio. The citizens of Austin and the vicinity armed for resistance. The President, with the heads of departments, rode out of the place. The seat of government was removed from Austin to Houston, and afterward to Washington on the Brazos. Certain of the public records had been taken away, but a large portion still remained in Austin.

In a few weeks the citizens of Austin returned, and finding their town, which they looked upon as the legal capital, almost deserted, organized themselves into committees to see to it that no further removal of public records took place. During the unsettled and precarious condition of the country in the summer and fall of 1842, President Houston made several attempts to obtain the archives by persuasion, but failed. In December of the same year, after new perils from the Mexicans under General Wool, Houston sent Captain Thomas Smith (confounded with Deaf Smith in Arrington's story) and Captain Chandler to proceed to Austin and remove the papers of the Land Office. The attempt came very near proving successful; the archives were packed and loaded on wagons, ready for removal, before the citizens took in the situation and rallied in sufficient force to resist the measure. A small cannon was trained and fired upon the party at the Land Office, but Captain Smith, protected in the rear by the building, began his march toward Brushy Creek. The citizens followed, continually strengthened by accessions, and compelled the restoration of the archives. Captain Smith's posse, under plea of going to the creek to water their horses, quietly escaped, and the archives remained in Austin until annexation restored the whole government to that place. For a time bitter animosities existed, till annexation left them in the rear.

I am indebted to Judge Joseph Lee, of Austin, and Hon. John Henry Brown, of Dallas, actors in these events, for the account here presented, the facts having come to my knowledge since the August CENTURY was issued.

This correction is intended to be as frank as it is full.

*Alexander Hynds.*

DANDRIDGE, TENN., December 10, 1884.

whole force was withdrawn from about Island Number Ten and kept concealed in the woods back of the practicable landing-places, and they were well prepared to pick off all the men that could possibly be landed from the gun-boats; the woods were so close to the bank that they probably could have done so; but when they saw the four transports, loaded with troops, steam out from the bayou, they knew that all hope was gone, and the word was given for each man to take care of himself. A few hundred did manage to make their way through the swamps in the rear, but the most of them quietly yielded to the inevitable. So well had the movement been concealed that they had not the least idea of what was being done.

When the boats were about half-way through, Thomas A. Scott, the Assistant-Secretary of War, came on board from the gun-boat fleet. After a suitable inspection of the work, he returned and telegraphed to President Lincoln from Cairo that Island Number Ten would be taken within a certain time — and it was.

*J. W. Bissell.*

# TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Abetting the Enemy.

ONE of the most stubborn and discouraging evils of current politics is revealed in the notorious fact that the rascals in either party may count with confidence upon the moral support of a good share of the reputable men in the other party. To this depth does partisanship daily descend. The average party man regards party success as so much more important than the public welfare, that he is quite willing the State should suffer at the hands of his opponents, if by this means a point can be made against them in the next campaign. There are "good men" in each party ready to promote corruption and chicanery in the other party,— men who, if any nefarious deed is proposed by the worst of their opponents, do not shrink from quietly aiding and abetting the iniquity. If the miscreants cannot be openly assisted without incurring responsibility for their own party, they will at least refrain from open opposition, hoping for the success of evil schemes and rejoicing at their consummation. Is it too much to say that the average partisan wishes the State to be injured by every act of his opponents, exults when they go wrong, and ill conceals his vexation when anything is done by them for the benefit of the country?

Such conduct we might expect from those mercenaries who make politics a trade, and it would not be strange if each party contained a large number of ignorant and inconsiderate persons who would be governed by these petty motives; but one is sometimes appalled at the extent to which intelligent citizens have fallen under the sway of such pernicious passions. The prospect of reform in politics grows dim when we contemplate the tacit alliance so widely established between the respectable men of each party and the malefactors of the other.

It too often occurs that wise and beneficent measures, proposed by one party, are treated with captious and sneering criticism, and even defeated, by the other for purely partisan reasons. In one of the State legislatures, a few weeks ago, a measure was introduced looking toward the restriction of intemperance by a certain method. The party in opposition held a caucus to determine its own action upon the question. Several of the legislators expressed themselves as favoring the method proposed; they believed it to be the best method of dealing with the evil; but they readily agreed to oppose the measure before them, for the avowed reason that they would not help the party in power to do a good thing for the State. That party might gain some credit from the measure if it were adopted; and that party should gain no credit for patriotic action if they could help it. The measure, as they believed, would benefit the State, and the State was greatly suffering for some kind of legislation; but the State might continue to suffer; it should never be relieved by their opponents; no good should come to the State if they could help it, unless it came through their own party. This was exactly the purport of their reasoning. Inasmuch as the measure required a three-fifths vote, the minority were able to defeat it. The action of this caucus was reported in all the party organs, and the heroic conduct of these gentlemen who stood so firmly with their party, and who so nobly resisted the temptation to consider the welfare of the State, did not fail to receive its proper meed of praise. To none of these partisans did it appear that the men in question had acted otherwise than magnanimously; not a whisper of disapproval came from the ranks of their own party. Yet these men had violated the solemn obligation which they assumed in entering upon the duties of their office; they had deliberately done the State what they believed to be an injury in order that benefit might accrue to their political organization. The fact that such action should occur, and such considerations be openly urged at one of our great political centers, without exciting adverse comment, indicates in a somewhat striking manner the extent to which partisanship has degraded our politics.

Those partisans who rejoice over the blunders and sins of their opponents, and who deplore and obstruct their efforts to do well, have, of course, a reason for their conduct. They think that their own party practically monopolizes the virtue of the nation; that the other party is composed almost wholly of rogues; and that, therefore, patriotism is summed up in the support of their party. The good of the State is identified with the success of their party; if by abetting the evil-doing of their opponents they can maintain themselves in power, they will most effectually promote the public welfare. At the very best, then, these people are encouraging evil that good may come, and rejoicing in evil as a means of bringing good; this puts them into a class concerning whom we have high authority for saying that their "damnation is just."

But is not the notion too childish to be entertained by people of common sense, that either of the two great parties which so equally divide the voters of this

country contains all the integrity and purity of the nation? Can intelligent men of either party fail to see that there is a great deal of genuine patriotic purpose among their opponents? And is it not possible for people of fair common sense to rid themselves of partisan madness long enough to see that the country is best served by commending and supporting all that is good and opposing all that is evil on both sides. It is for the interest of the country that both parties should be incorrupt and trustworthy; he who wishes that only one party should possess any virtue is an enemy of his country.

He is equally an enemy of his party. Nothing is so good for a political party as an intelligent, sagacious, high-principled opposition. When one party lifts up its standards, the other party must hear and answer the challenge. On the other hand, the degradation of either party is an encouragement to its antagonist to relax its moral energies. The man who helps to smooth the way of his opponents toward iniquity may be sure that his own party will speedily follow in the same direction.

If consistency were a matter of great concern to partisans, it might also be pertinent to suggest that no great moral value can be attached to a protest against evil-doing at which the protestant has connived.

Great reforms are demanded in our politics, notably the complete reform of the civil service. There is good prospect of the success of some of these measures, if only decent men of both parties will stand up for decency and praise it wherever they see it, demanding and commending the thorough enforcement of the laws, whichever party is in power. If these reforms fail, the blame will lie at the doors of those otherwise highly moral and reputable citizens who prefer the success of their party to the welfare of their country.

### The Causes of the Law's Delay.

THE remarks of a correspondent in the department of "Open Letters" seem to call for a further elucidation of the subject of "The Law's Delay." We shall not make much progress in alleviating the mischief indicated unless we recognize candidly at the outset that some delay, however burdensome, is necessary. The object of the law is to hear controversies for the purpose of ending them; and it must pause to hear them fully, if it is to end them finally. The rules of procedure, allowing opportunities for preparation and revision, are framed in view of the necessities made apparent by experience. They must in general be uniform for all causes in the same court.

But there are broader reasons why litigation must often move very slowly to its final conclusion. There are questions which are new, and on which a just conclusion can be developed or evolved only by years of contest. When railroads began to rival the water-courses as means of transportation, the question arose whether railroads must stop at navigable streams or navigation must stop at railroad bridges. To settle such a question for the continent is not in the power of any single decision. It is a question for the generation. It often occurs that the justice of a case is an unknown quantity; it has to be not merely ascertained, it has to be evolved, developed by a long contest. There are questions that ought not to be foreclosed until everything that can be said on either side has been heard and reheard, nor until time has matured the reflection and promoted the judgment of those who are to pass upon it. There are many questions of public interest litigated which are beyond the possibility of immediate solution by an argument and a decision; and many questions solely of private right involve the same consideration of time.

Having thus conceded the absolute necessity of much irksome delay in any system of human justice, we are the better prepared to emphasize the injustice of unnecessary delay, and to inquire for its causes. There is a considerable class of cases in which the delay that burdens one party is purposely put upon him by the other. Delay is often a defense, and sometimes the only defense. We do not mean to say that this is in no case justifiable. Every lawyer of experience is familiar with cases where delay has been the only means he has had to defeat claims founded in fraud or on the destruction of evidence. But it is clear that, in general, contest by causing delay is so mischievous an obstruction of justice, that the courts ought to be astute to detect it and prompt to suppress it.

Apart from those cases in which delay is the desire of the client, and is paid for by him, the interests of the profession lie generally in the reasonably prompt dispatch of business, and the early and final termination of the client's controversy. It is as great a mistake to suppose that in America the profession on the whole profit by delay, as to suppose that they profit by panics and bankruptcy. That which is the most profitable to the profession is the employment called for by the prosperity of clients, by the putting through of litigation, and by new business enterprises. There are more complaints now from attorneys than from clients concerning the long calendars of untried cases, and the delays in the hearing of appeals. And wherever one of several courts in the same locality clears off its calendar, attorneys flock into it with new cases, all preferring the tribunal where they can soonest have a hearing.

For some causes of unnecessary delay the profession are responsible; for some, the courts; and for some, the legislature and the people.

Chief among those for which the profession are responsible are the inadequate standard of practical training in preparation for the bar, and the neglect of attorneys to take proper counsel in the early stages of litigation. The conduct of litigation differs in a curious way from most other business that is the subject of criticism. If a man is about to build a house, he goes to the highest authority first, and has his plans and specifications drawn to the minute details; and the builder, the contractors, the journeymen, and the laborers are all guided by the lines thus laid out for them. If a man is going to law, he has to take the lowest court first, and perhaps looks about for a young attorney who will not charge much. After the work is done and judgment got, the adversary takes it before a higher court for inspection; older counsel are engaged to argue the case before the court of last resort; and if the work is declared to have been done on the wrong lines, it is taken to pieces, and must be done over again. The chief prevention for such miscarriages of justice is in a more thoroughly trained bar. Too much emphasis can hardly be put upon this.

There should also be a more general adoption by the younger portion of the profession of the growing usage of consulting counsel as to the initiatory steps in all cases which may involve or raise doubtful questions. The counsel consulted should always be the one who is to try the case or argue the law, if need arises; and the expense of taking such advice is trivial to client or attorney as compared with the assurance of success it gives.

Among the causes for which the bench appears responsible is a lack of systematic attention and of promptness in determination. The judges are certainly the hardest-worked class of office-holders,— except members of Congress in session, and even they can "pair off." The vacations between terms are not more than is needed for the examination of the law. A judge, to keep abreast of the times, must read about as much law in a year as a student in a law school, besides attending to his duty as a judge. But many judges who use their time fully do not use it to good advantage. When a judge who has the case fully before him allows himself to be turned aside from attention to it by the pressure of a later cause, he is only accumulating uncertainty and confusion of mind. A judge, to be a success, must have something of the talent at least, if not of the genius, of a governor, a commander, a ruler among men. Nothing breeds more rapidly than procrastination. Judicial procrastination propagates itself in the judicial mind; for every undecided cause is an obstacle to every other cause, and at last the mind itself becomes characteristically an undecided mind.

The neglect of thorough consultation by members of an appellate court is a fruitful cause of uncertainty in decisions, and hence of delay. If appellate courts would adopt one simple rule as to opinions, their labors would be much diminished, the value of the results much increased, and the respect their decisions command indefinitely enhanced, viz.: never to allow an opinion to be written until the court in consultation have determined on their decision, and on the reasons therefor; nor then, if those reasons can be fairly expressed by approving the opinion of the court below. The opinions of a court of last resort, to be respected in these days, must be not essays or arguments of one member, assented to by others, nor opinions written to avoid giving offense to counsel by implying that there was nothing to appeal for; but terse statements of the law applicable to the controversy, and the reasons of the law, in those cases, and those only, where the courts below have erred in their conclusion, or in the reasons for their conclusion.

The most serious causes of delay are those for which the legislatures and the people at large are responsible. A little examination will suffice to show that the indisposition of the people to provide an adequate judicial force has kept the judicial department of the government far behind the legislative, executive, and administrative branches in ability to keep up with business. The business of the courts increases faster than the population, in a sort of geometrical ratio, and the pecuniary amounts involved, too, are vastly larger than at the organization of the government; but the judicial force has been increased not half in proportion to the population. A comparison of a year's work of the Supreme Court of the United States then and now will show something of the immense increase of labor which has characterized the growth of litigation, outrunning the force of the courts. On the other hand, the multiplication of offices, and the subdivision of labor and abundant provision of resources for the prompt transaction of business in all other departments of the State, contrast very strongly with the simple addition to the number of our judges. The difficulty is made far more embarrassing by the fact that the increase of provision for appeals is even less adequate than that for the courts of first instance. At the organization of the government there were in the whole country seventy-three judges, state and national, the importance of whose jurisdictions was sufficient to make their decisions a part of the body of the law, and therefore reported and respected as precedents. A very considerable proportion of these sat in courts of last resort. There are now over five hundred and thirty such judges, and the courts of last resort are held by relatively few of them. There are now about as many United States Circuit and District Court judges alone as there were judges in the whole country at the beginning.

The second cause for which the public are responsible is the pressure put upon such inadequate force for the more rapid dispatch of business. This is such that it is commonly understood in the profession that in some courts the papers in the cause will have little or no examination, and the decision must depend on what representation counsel make orally before the judge. In some other courts the pressure deprives the parties of an oral hearing, and printed papers, submitted with perhaps no explanations, are made to take the place of argument. It is only the most systematic arrangements, and by skilled clerical assistance and the utmost economy of time, that a judge with a long calendar, in some of our great cities, can get through the examination of the papers in the great masses of causes that are thrown upon his hands; and the disposition of some part of the press to measure the fidelity of a judge by the number of cases he disposes of in a given time would, if prevalent, be simply fatal to the maintenance of justice. Those of the community who understand the value of judicial deliberation should see to it that the judges are supported in taking all the time necessary for the just disposition of every cause, as faithfully as if there were no appeal. More thorough trial and deliberate decision in courts of first instance is the best remedy for the unnecessary delay and expense of multiplied appeals.

The periods allowed for the successive steps in litigation might in many instances be shortened by the legislature without injustice to suitors. The recent immense acceleration in the means of communication, and in the processes of business and even of thought, has not been accompanied, as it should be, with a corresponding acceleration of procedure. These changes can only be made by the legislatures; but in successive revisions of the statutes too little attention has been paid to this point.

There remains the more seriously pressing question of the overcrowded business of our courts of last resort, and the consequent long delay there between appeal and decision. The bar throughout the country are discussing this problem and seeking a remedy; but the public and the legislatures must take an interest in the

question, if we are to be relieved from the greatest causes of unnecessary delay. The one court of last resort is practically incapable, upon the present scheme of organization and practice, of hearing all the appeals that are brought. The proposal to relieve the Supreme Court of the United States by closing the doors of the Circuit Courts to large classes of cases is worthy of the "Circumlocution Office," whose grand art of public business was, How not to do it. This plan may be talked about, but will not be likely to be adopted so long as clients want actions brought and attorneys are ready to bring them. The creation of intermediate courts of appeal for the United States Judiciary would make its organization more like that of the State of New York, where two successive appeals have long been allowed; and that of England, where three are allowed. But there is nearly as much embarrassment from amount of business in the court of last resort in the State of New York, and in some others, as in that of the United States; and it is likely that intermediate appeals would not permanently relieve the latter court.

Three questions are worthy of the most careful consideration in view of these facts:

1. Should not courts of last resort be relieved from the determination of questions of fact? These questions occupy disproportionate time and settle no principle.

2. Should not the right of trial by jury be resettled (by constitutional amendment if necessary), so that a judgment need never be reversed merely because the finding was by the jury when it should have been by the judge, or by the judge when it should have been by the jury, so long as the appellate tribunal sees no error in the conclusion itself? A large part of the appeals now taken in jury-tried cases turn on this question; and new trials are ordered not because of a wrong conclusion, but because the conclusion came out of the wrong mouth.

3. Should not appellate courts be required to receive what evidence they hold to have been erroneously excluded below, or strike out what they hold to have been erroneously received, and render such a judgment as justice requires without awarding a new trial, save in those exceptional instances where justice cannot be done without it? A large part of the appeals now taken result in new trials of the whole cause, simply to let in or drop out evidence which may after all make no change in the result.

To these suggestions should be added this,— that the press, in discussing the ability of the courts to deal with business, should give more attention to the number of causes finally terminated, and the success or ill success of judges and attorneys engaged respectively in getting to an early end, than to the number of decisions rendered in a given month. The test of the law's delay is the length of time between the commencement of an action and its final cessation. The general interest of the profession and of the clientage and the aim of the judges are to bring each cause to as early an end as may be. Pressure on the bench to make as many decisions as possible in a given time tends, so far as it is yielded to, to engender appealable decisions and prolong litigation. If more publicity were given to the length of causes, and the statistics on this subject presented, it would probably be seen that while a great improvement has been made during the present generation in shortening litigation, there is room for much more. If the methods for further improvement can be agreed on, none will more gladly unite in carrying it out than the great body of the profession, who, as a general rule, find their success and the rewards of their ambition in accomplishing their business with as much promptitude as safety and security in its conduct allows.

# OPEN LETTERS.

### The Law's Delay.

"IF Saint Paul had lived in this age, he would have sent his Epistles to the columns of a theological review." THE CENTURY has provided a new channel of thought in its department of "Open Letters." There are obvious reasons for my sending this contribution here, and not to the columns of a law magazine.

In its administration the law has an important part of the world's work to do. Is it doing that work on those business principles — directness, promptness, efficiency — which men exact in the management of their private concerns, and on which they are insisting more and more in public affairs? Is legal procedure keeping pace in its improvement with other branches of the world's work?

It is time these questions were discussed at the bar of public opinion. Hitherto they have been left entirely to the lawyers who are "part of the thing to be reformed"; and the only "outsiders" who have taken hold of the subject are Jack Cade and Judge Lynch, whose remedy for inefficient law is lawlessness. The great reforms which Brougham, Romilly, and Coleridge have wrought in English jurisprudence encountered the steady opposition of the bench and bar. The only evidence of sensibility to the great evil of the law's delay ever exhibited in any representative gathering of lawyers (so far as I can recall) was the motion of Mr. David Dudley Field, at the last meeting of the American Bar Association, for a special committee upon this subject.

The professional intellect becomes subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand. In the work of reform it needs a stimulus and pressure from without.

What are the facts of the case? The most conspicuous fact which the people of this country see in our judicial system — from its miry toes in the courts of *pie poudre* to its kingly crown in the Supreme Court — is not Justice, but the Injustice of Delay.

The suitor who undertakes to enforce a claim which is contested enters upon a Pilgrim's Progress in which innumerable obstacles confront him, and the Slough of Despond is inevitable. Strait is the gate and narrow (and long) is the way that leads to success, and few there be that find it. The law of civil procedure seems to be framed and administered upon

the maxim that it is better for ninety-nine persons to escape paying a demand which they owe than that one person should pay a demand which he does not owe. Hence it has built up a system of defenses and checks which illustrate the strategy of obstruction in its perfection. The result is that, unless a plaintiff has strong faith in his "expectation of life," or is in a situation to afford the luxury of an extended litigation, he is driven either to abandon his claim altogether or to agree with his adversary quickly.

The case of a defendant against whom an unrighteous demand is asserted is no better. He would fain have a speedy riddance of its vexation; but well may he stand aghast at the chronology by which its slow length will drag along, and buy his peace. If the demand be just, the law's delay invites the defendant to use its processes in order to obtain an extension of time. In all the instances mentioned, the inducements to "settle" or to litigate are wholly independent of the justice or injustice of the matter.

The disasters of legal delay affect not only the parties to a suit but the property involved. The story told of Lord Eldon, that, while he was "doubting" about an injunction against the sale of a cargo of ice, the ice melted, if not true, is typical of truth. "When the law comes down at last, she alights on ruins." The depredations upon a fund in court would hardly be possible if the fund were not kept there until the parties interested have ceased to watch or to care what becomes of it.

The present limits forbid more than a brief mention of some of the causes of the law's delay.

*First.* The preposterously long periods allowed between the successive steps of litigation. The legal time-table is the anomaly of the century. The losing party in a Federal Circuit Court has two years within which to decide whether he will take the case by writ of error to the Supreme Court. During this time his adversary enjoys that repose which is found under the Damocles' sword of an unsettled lawsuit, sweetened by the knowledge that, if taken to that august tribunal, it will hang over him three years longer.

*Second.* The utter insufficiency of judicial machinery to do the work of the courts. Obviously, an efficient administration of the law requires a judicial force competent to dispose of litigated business as rapidly as such business accumulates. But, to say nothing of the many cases that never come into court, because of the fact now stated, the dockets of our courts everywhere are almost hopelessly clogged; and our overworked (and underpaid) judges are struggling under ever-increasing strata of undone work. Compare the equipment, the cost, and the value of the judicial and legislative departments of the nation. To make a few laws, we send to Washington a mob of more than four hundred men. To administer not only the laws so made, but the vast system of law arising under the Constitution, statutes, and the common law, we provide for a judicial force of seventy. For the legislative branch the nation will pay this year $3,416,388.77; for the judicial, $425,372.01. It is a violation of the fundamental principle of our Constitution, by which the three departments of government are declared coördinate and equal, to cripple and starve the judicial department, to refuse the supply of men necessary to discharge its functions. If one of our Federal Circuit judges had the hundred heads and hundred hands with which certain fables of antiquity sought to eke out the insufficiency of normal capacity, he could not discharge the duties that his office devolves upon him.

*Third.* The long intervals of masterly inactivity which come between the terms of court. This is partly a result of the inadequacy of judicial machinery. Instead of doing their work continuously, the courts can only have certain fixed terms at which all business must be done or left undone until the succeeding term. It is easy to see how the system of "terms" was developed by the English method of judges traveling "on circuit" to hold the courts; but the progress which has relieved the public from a dependence for their purchases upon the semi-annual rounds of that once-important person, the itinerant peddler, may be fairly expected to provide some better method of administering justice than that of sending out judges on the wing to hold a term of court once or twice a year.

It is on account of the long intervals between terms that continuances (which now constitute the chief means of the "postponement swindle") are so eagerly sought. In criminal cases they are respites, temporary pardons, rich in suggestions of still greater clemency. In civil cases they are judgments in favor of the defendant for six months or more, with increased probability of further extension at the close of the period. But they would be of small moment if they simply meant postponement until the grounds therefor ceased; until the sick witness or the interesting invalid, on whose account a continuance is asked, could "get well or something."

*Fourth.* The necessity of new trials or doing work over again, caused by the present system of requiring the jury to make the application of the law to the facts. This is more difficult than either to decide the law or determine the facts. In most cases, and in all complicated cases, certain facts affect and qualify others, so that the evidence will admit of various theories; and the judge gives in charge to the jury the different legal propositions which correspond therewith. The idea that untrained men, hearing the testimony for the first time, will be able to grasp it as a whole, and to appreciate the logical connections of different portions of it, then to remember a score of hypothetical instructions embodying the modifications and interdependences of legal principles, and then to apply the intricacies of the latter to the complications of the former, is the wildest of all legal fictions. The eager contests which learned lawyers make before the judge, in endeavoring to procure instructions to the jury which shall recognize the nice discriminations (of which they realize the significance) upon which the law of the case depends, have no parallel, except in the grotesque humor of Rabelais in representing Judge Bridoise as investigating with utmost deliberation the papers in cases which, nevertheless, he intended to decide by the chance of the dice. The conclusive presumption, however, is that the jury understands and applies every legal proposition charged by the court; and, hence, for every error therein there must be a new trial. Here is the germ of immortality in every case. The trial court and the higher court must play battledore and shuttlecock with all cases until every possibility of error in the charge of the judge is eliminated.

Now, the jury is a competent tribunal to determine

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 centauria, 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.

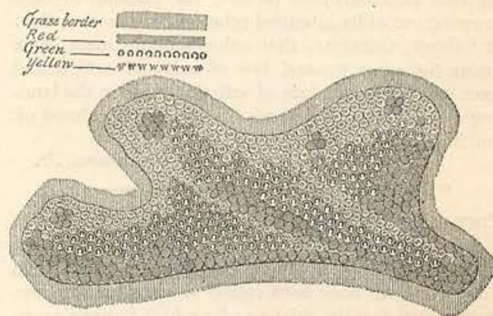
It is well known to horticulturists that the most charming results can be obtained by arrangements of brilliant color in beds, produced with such choice greenhouse plants as dracænas, crotons, and the like; but for popular work of the kind we must recognize cheapness as an important factor. The tint,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

# TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Twenty Years after the War.

IT was anticipated that besides its other probable accomplishments the New Orleans Exposition would have an excellent effect in bringing citizens of different parts of the country together, and especially in affording occasion for a visit to the Far South to many in the North who had not recently enjoyed the opportunity of travel and observation there. In this direction, at least, the latest of the world's fairs has certainly been of value to the whole country.

Among the things that must have first struck the unused observer in the South was the fact that, notwithstanding all the agony and sorrow and loss of the North growing out of the Civil War, that war was brought home to the people of the insurgent States with much greater force. One of the still-lingering mistakes with regard to the North among our Southern brethren is the supposition that so much of the Northern armies consisted of virtual aliens, or "hirelings," and there were so many non-combatants on the Northern side that the people of that section knew little of the sufferings of the war. This, of course, is untrue; though it is true, doubtless, that the proportion of non-combatants among the whites was smaller in the South than in the North. But besides this, the traveler in the South is forever passing through cities and States that have been crushed beneath the iron wheels of war. The very railroad maps that he finds it necessary to consult are maps of famous battles and campaigns. The churches where they worship, the houses where they gathered together the little that was left to them for a new start in life, have been riddled by Union shells, and the gardens and fields still yield a plentiful crop of iron and of lead. The Northern visitor finds his hospitable hosts living on the very battle-fields where they lost, not only the "Cause" once passionately dear to them, but their fathers, their brothers, their husbands, their dearest friends.

So, while in all directions there are rebuilt cities, and harvests are growing prosperously on fields strangely marked by fading lines of intrenchment, still everywhere in the South there is an inextinguishable atmosphere of pathos. Those who stood by the Union in the days when the slave-power lifted up its hand against the government of the country may hold morally, intellectually, and politically to the view that the rebellious districts suffered nothing that they did not deserve; yet he must have a mean heart who does not sympathize with a brave, sincere, and conquered foe.

But what will the traveler learn as to the sentiment of the Southern people with regard to the great questions which were involved in the war that was brought to a close just a score of years ago? What of the old belief in the institution of slavery and in the doctrine of secession? We believe it will be found that on these questions there is not only a general acceptance of the situation, but also in many cases a change of view, which involve a political revolution such as within the same length of time has never before been accomplished in the history of mankind. When one recalls the enthusiasm and devotion with which the South contended for its so-called rights during a four years' war, when one contemplates the humiliation and loss of the period of negro and carpet-bag domination, and when one realizes all the causes for bitterness and opposition from a Southern point of view, the wide extent of the anti-slavery and of the Union sentiment in the South to-day is a matter not only of surprise, but also one for the deepest gratification to the lover of his country.

The visitor in the South will soon learn that a natural loyalty to the dead soldiers of the Confederate army, along with the desire to defend the character and motives both of the dead and the living, and an insistence upon that sincerity of purpose which Abraham Lincoln recognized,— he will learn that these do not imply either an admiration of or desire for the institution of slavery, or the slightest wish for a revival of "the lost cause." In fact, the vagueness and unreasonableness of that "cause" is being borne in upon the minds of the people with growing force and conviction. It is coming more and more to be felt that slavery was not a thing to fight for, and that the Confederacy had in its origin and basis elements of disintegration which would have worked its own speedy downfall. It is probably felt also that there is little more of difficulty in carrying out national legislation in a manner acceptable to all sections of the country than there is in bringing different sections of many of the individual States themselves into harmony of view and action.

Many in the South will be apt to resent the statement that they were fighting for slavery, but a discussion of the origin of the secession movement would only reveal its inherent weakness, and the lack of unity of sentiment from the beginning.

That would be a hardy philosopher, indeed, who before the event should seek to draw consolation for the bloodshed and loss of war from any source save the desired general result,— one way or the other, according to the side with which he sympathized. But after the conflict is over, it is not so difficult to recognize the good that is ever being mysteriously evolved from evil, and at least partially to offset against the carnage and suffering not merely the main, obvious political and moral results, but other sequences scarcely less important. Suppose, then, that Lincoln at Washington and Anderson at Sumter had shown the white feather, and that the North had refused to fight, as many in the South had believed it would,— or suppose that either side had fought feebly or failed ignominiously,— would mutual respect and understanding have been advanced? Without war,— a war which those who sustained the Government must yet regard as, on the Southern side, morally and politically inexcusable and never to be commended,— could the North and the South have grown in twenty years to know and respect each other to the degree that the soldiers at least of both sections do now know and respect each other?

### The Blindness of Legislators.

It has been remarked as a triumphant test of the strength of republican government, that the reins of executive power could pass without a ripple of excitement from the hands of a party bearing a name identified with the perpetuity of the Union itself, to that of a party new to office and, to say the least, by no means established in the confidence of the entire country. But it may be regarded as a more signal triumph of popular government, that it has stood and is standing the strain of an era of distrust: — on the part of the people, a well-founded distrust of their so-called servants; on the part of our public men, an ill-founded but not unnatural distrust of the people. We are by no means likely to escape from this condition of things in one administration, or by the example of any one or two or half dozen men doing bravely the service of the people and looking to them for approval; in the faithfulness of such lies the salvation of the body politic from present evils. But it is a more profound source of hope (and an offset to the mutual distrust of which we speak) to know, as recent events have shown, that the people believe in themselves, and in principles of national honor. In the latter respect they are a generation ahead of the politicians, and even of some very honest but rather technical statesmen, who are afraid to trust their own instincts until they have heard from the noisiest and least representative of their constituents.

No one can come in contact with our legislators at Washington or Albany or elsewhere without realizing how deaf they sometimes are to the opinions of the intelligent class, the applause of whom should outweigh that of a whole continent of others. So deep a hold have vested and corporate interests upon, we will not say the sympathy, but the attention, of Congress, that no question of honor or sentiment has a ghost of a chance for attention while the material interests of somebody are clamoring for help. Ask for an honest currency, and you meet the silver lobby. Ask for an equitable international copyright law in order to abolish a national disgrace, the theft of brains,— comparable only to slavery, the theft of brawn,— and you are confronted with the awful fact that somebody's pocket is likely to suffer thereby. Ask for a consideration of works of art on a higher plane than the frames which contain them, and you are met with false ideas of the purposes of tariffs, and a blind indifference to our obligations to the art of other countries. In all questions concerning life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, the public body, whether aldermen or Congress, has to be pushed and driven by the people into a recognition of their most evident desires. A conspicuous and lamentable example of this blindness of the "public servant" is the tardiness with which Congress responded to the unanimous feeling of gratitude in which the whole country holds its first soldier. How long would an "effete monarchy" have hesitated over so manifest a duty?

These are questions of too great moment to the progress and honor of the country to be met by the response of the average Congressman: "Oh, your bill is good enough, but there is no demand for it." "Yielding to pressure" in a bad direction is deplorable enough, and we had its prospective evils sufficiently set forth on both sides of the late campaign; but *not yielding* in a good direction *except to pressure* is a danger that will bear presenting. For on the heels of the habit which a Congressman acquires of waiting for the expression of public opinion, comes the habit of indifference to public opinion when it is expressed. If a man will not listen to conscience within him, how soon will he fail to hear the thunders of its echoes from other breasts! The easy willingness of Congressmen to defer their approval of good measures reminds us, by contrast, of the Abolitionist to whom after a heated discussion an opponent said, "I believe, Mr. ——, if you had your way you would free every slave in the country to-morrow." "To-morrow!" was the indignant response; "to-morrow! Do you think me such a scoundrel as to wait until to-morrow?"

The chief difficulty, we say, in getting attention for apparently non-material interests seems to be in the indifference of legislators to the best public opinion. Men who have influence in public meetings, in the press, in society, seem to have but little weight with Congress, unless it be with the representative from their own district. Legislation thus becomes a sort of multiplied local option. Both parties compete for the title of "national," but as a rule the Congressman refers the settlement of questions of national interest and honor to his own constituency — not to the best of it, but to the opinion he thinks to be held by the average voter of his district. This timidity and lack of faith in the people is continually coming to the surface. Occasionally it meets with merited rebuke. During the recent session of the New York Legislature, a large number of petitions were received for the passage of the Niagara Reservation Bill — a most important measure, which has since been passed. Among these was one from the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, to which were added the following comments:

> "I believe and teach that legislators ought not to be looking down for instructions. A man under oath is degraded if he act or vote through love of praise or fear of blame from his fellow-man. I do not wish to influence your vote. This Niagara Park enterprise is or is not in your judgment a wise and salutary enterprise. I decline to bring popular pressure to bear on you. You know that I can get one hundred names to the above. You know as well as I about what names I should get. But if every voter in the country should ask you to vote aye, and you in your chair should feel it unwise or wrong to so vote, it would be your duty to disregard us and vote according to your best wisdom as a legislator. Then come home and teach us — not we, you."

It is time we had more of this sort of protest against the abdication of responsibility by public men. The reverence for the right of petition which is affected by legislators is often only a pretext for gauging the effect of a vote upon their reëlection. In local contests the wishes of the majority are entitled to superior consideration, but on national questions they should have, as a rule, no weight against the clearly apprehended needs of the country. Americans are in the broad a moral people, and the qualities they admire most of all in their servants are bravery and loyalty; and if the self-seeking legislator were of keener vision, he would note the popular response that comes to every manifestation of these qualities. Whether in a mayor, an assemblyman, a governor, or a President, the country forgives

much to much devotion. Men who are devoted to the public interest are too few to let minor mistakes of policy mar their usefulness. To such, if they be in the party now intrusted with power, the legacy of unsettled public questions from their opponents, which was expected to be a stumbling-block, is but a legacy of opportunities; for every question has its right and its wrong side, and offers a new chance to serve the people. Nor are opportunities fewer to members of the party now in opposition; the times were never so propitious for devotion to the country by the minority, whether individually or as a body. The people have found that their servants, as such, are of no party, and, seeing possibilities of higher honor and progress, are in no mood to lose the end and aim of popular government in a factious struggle for mean partisan advantages. In spite of the spoilsmen of both parties, a better era is at hand, with rewards for an honest and brave devotion to public interests.

### Dr. Edward Eggleston's Historical Papers.

In a leisurely way Dr. Eggleston's serial history of life in the American colonies has been brought down to the tenth paper,—"Social Life in the Colonies," — which appears in this number of The Century. Since each article of the series is complete in itself, desultory publication has harmonized with the aim to make the contents of the magazine as varied as possible, and with the author's purpose to leave no source of information and illustration unexamined. Dr. Eggleston's first visit on this errand to the British Museum resulted in the discovery of facts and pictorial materials of the highest value, including the John White drawings of Indian life. Now that his work, as it will appear in the magazine, is a little more than half finished, it may interest our readers to know that Dr. Eggleston sailed for England early in May, with the purpose of making further investigations in the large collections relating to American life at the British Museum, and in other libraries and depositories in the mother country.

In writing this history, which is perhaps unique for the telling of heretofore ungarnered facts in a popular as well as an exact style, the author, while availing himself of all the important results reached by special students and local historians, has found it indispensably necessary to go back to the original authorities, where possible, in order to get behind the superstitions and illusions that have been so long and faithfully cherished, and to catch the very tone and complexion of the old life. More than five years have already been spent in the careful study of that complex mass of printed and manuscript authorities which must be searched and winnowed in order to attain a thorough knowledge of the life of the colonists; and it will take nearly as many years more to complete the history. No such exhaustive study of the social, domestic, industrial, religious, and intellectual life of the colonists in general has ever before been made, and it will probably be long before such a comprehensive investigation will be undertaken again.

Perhaps the most important advantage the author has had for this work has been derived from an early personal acquaintance with many diverse forms of social life still existing in this country. The geologist must know the corresponding living animals in order to understand his fossils, and the social historian will find his records an enigma unless he is acquainted with the new life that has been evolved from the old. There came to Dr. Eggleston early opportunity to know life in the North, the South, and the middle country, and to live at the East and at the West — some of the fruits of which are "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Circuit Rider," "Roxy," and other stories. In southern Indiana he saw eighteenth-century life still preserved around the wide fire-places; in Minnesota he saw the preserves of colonization, the Indians, the white men in contact with savages, and an Indian massacre — that of 1862; he saw the antique Virginia life before the war, and knew rural New England at a later period. From boyhood he has noted diversities of speech and manners, and this history of life in the United States before the Revolution is in some sense the mature outgrowth of a lifetime of observation and study. And since the series was begun he has made a number of journeys between Boston and Charleston for the purpose of special study and observation of the land and the people as they exist now.

It has been the custom to write colonial history by narrating the public events, such as the appointment of a new governor, or a quarrel between a governor and an assembly. In this way the whole current of the history is destroyed by the necessity for telling thirteen different and contemporaneous stories! A squabble between a colonial governor and his assembly is an event hardly greater in dimensions than a disagreement between the mayor and common council of some third-rate city of to-day. While the public events are mostly trivial, the social history is of the greatest consequence. To tell how and why our ancestors came here, what were the aborigines, and what were the settlers' relations with them in trade, in efforts to civilize them, and in war; to relate what were the notions and methods of field and garden culture which they brought with them, and what changes and evolutions their agriculture passed through here; to describe the curious forms of their commerce by sea and along the waterways of the provinces, as well as by pack-horse with the interior; to analyze mediæval notions of land tenure introduced here, and to trace the gradual change to modern American forms; and to tell the strange story of white and black slavery in the plantations, are among the important and neglected portions of American history that are being set forth comprehensively in this work. Dr. Eggleston has written also of domestic life and manners; of houses, furniture, costume, and equipages, as well as of social life — that is, of the weddings, the funerals, the sports, and the theater in colonial days. There remain yet to be written in order to fill up the scheme the story of the multiform Religious Life — the story of churchmen, Puritans, Quakers, Baptists, and other sects; the story of persecution and of witches, and that of the Whitefield revival and its results. There will be also some account of the Curiosities of Colonial Law and Government, of strange legislation and absolute punishments, of stocks, pillories, cages, brands, ducking-stools, and gibbets; and under the head of "Intellectual Life," education and the lack of it, the rise of schools and colleges — the strange sub-

jects of intellectual inquiry, the curiosities and absurdities of colonial medical theory and practice, and the efforts at literature and art. A chapter will be devoted to the French war and its influence on colonial life. And the underlying causes which tended to produce a separation from the mother country will be traced with more fullness than ever before.

The illustrations prepared for this series of papers are among the most valuable that have ever been made for an American historical work. Though many of them are picturesque, none of them are works of fancy, but every one represents a fact of historic interest. A great amount of pains has been expended to insure the authenticity and veracity of these cuts; it is, indeed, intended to make them as valuable for historic purposes as the text itself.

# OPEN LETTERS.

### Dr. Holmes on International Copyright.

ON the 28th and 29th of April an interesting and successful series of readings was given by American authors at the Madison Square Theater, New York, in aid of the fund of the American Copyright League. George William Curtis, Esq., presided on the first afternoon, and the Right Reverend Henry C. Potter, Assistant Bishop of New York, on the second. Both gentlemen made striking and eloquent appeals in favor of the establishment of an International Copyright. Among those who took part were the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Messrs. W. D. Howells, Edward Eggleston, S. L. Clemens, R. H. Stoddard, Julian Hawthorne, Will Carleton, H. H. Boyesen, H. C. Bunner, G. P. Lathrop, and others. Mr. Joel Chandler Harris and Mr. Frank R. Stockton were represented by proxy, the latter by a new story. Two of Dr. Holmes's poems were read, prefaced by the following letter, which we are permitted to print for the first time. — EDITOR.

BOSTON, April 27, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR: I regret deeply that I cannot be present at the meeting, where so many of my friends will be gathered. It will be a grand rally in the cause of one of the hardest worked of the laboring classes,— a meeting of the soft-handed sons of toil, whose tasks are more trying than those of the roughest day-laborer, though his palms might shame the hide of a rhinoceros. How complex, how difficult is the work of the brain-operative! He employs the noblest implement which God has given to mortals. He handles the most precious material that is modeled by the art of man: the imperishable embodiment of human thought in language.

Is not the product of the author's industry an addition to the wealth of his country and of civilization as much as if it were a ponderable or a measurable substance? It cannot be weighed in the grocer's scales, or measured by the shop-keeper's yard-stick. But nothing is so real, nothing so permanent, nothing of human origin so prized. Better lose the Parthenon than the Iliad; better level St. Peter's than blot out the Divina Commedia; better blow up Saint Paul's than strike Paradise Lost from the treasures of the English language.

How much a great work costs! What fortunate strains of blood have gone to the formation of that delicate yet potent brain-tissue! What happy influences have met for the development of its marvelous capacities! What travail, what throbbing temples, what tension of every mental fiber, what conflicts, what hopes, what illusions, what disappointments, what triumphs, lie recorded between the covers of that volume on the bookseller's counter! And shall the work which has drained its author's life-blood be the prey of the first vampire that chooses to flap his penny-edition wings over his unprotected and hapless victim?

This is the wrong we would put an end to. The British author, whose stolen works are in the hands of the vast American reading public, may possibly receive a small pension if he come to want in his old age. But the bread of even public charity is apt to have a bitter taste, and the slice is at best but a small one. Shall not our English-writing brother have his fair day's wage for his fair day's work in furnishing us with instruction and entertainment?

As to the poor American author, no pension will ever keep him from dying in the poorhouse. His books may be on every stall in Europe, in their own or in foreign tongues, but his only compensation is the free-will offering of some liberal-minded publisher. This should not be so. We all know it, and some among us have felt it, and still feel it as a great wrong. I think especially of those who are in the flower of their productive period, and those who are just coming into their time of inflorescence. To us who are too far advanced to profit by any provision for justice likely to be made in our day, it would still be a great satisfaction to know that the writers who come after us will be fairly treated, and that genius will no longer be an outlaw as soon as it crosses the Atlantic.

Believe me, dear Mr. Lathrop,

Very truly yours,

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

GEORGE P. LATHROP, ESQ., *Secretary, etc.*

### Another Side of the Copyright Question.

THE struggle to secure the protection of our laws for literary property produced by citizens of foreign countries has been long and wearisome. To some it may seem fruitless. An ocean of ink has been spilt and a myriad of speeches have been made; and as yet there are no positive results set down in black and white in the Revised Statutes of the United States. But the best cure for pessimism is to look back along the past, and to take exact account of the progress already made. This examination reveals solid grounds

for encouragement in the future. The labor spent, although often misdirected, has not been in vain. Something has been gained. Public opinion is slowly crystallizing. By judicial decision, it is true, and not by legislative enactment, it is now possible for the foreign dramatist to protect his stage-right in the United States, and for the American dramatist to protect his stage-right in Great Britain. The means whereby this protection can be attained are troublesome and expensive; but that they exist at all indicates an increasing enlightenment of the public mind. Far more important than this judicial victory is the formation of the American Copyright League, and the massing together in a solid phalanx of nearly all American authors. This organization is ready to move on the enemy's works at once, and it is prepared to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer. It is devoting its utmost efforts to the urging of a bill which shall establish in the simplest manner the rights of the author. As soon as the people of the United States are aroused to see the justice of this bill and its necessity, it will become a law, and the question of International Copyright will be settled once for all. The Anti-slavery Society awakened the conscience of the people, and when the time was ripe slavery was abolished. The Civil Service Reform Associations cried aloud in the wilderness for months and years, until at last the hour came and the man, and the Spoils System received its death-blow. So the American Copyright League has settled down to its task, which it will stick to, without haste and without rest, until the good work is done.

The argument most generally used in favor of this great moral reform is that it will put an end to an atrocious and systematic robbery of foreign authors. That this is a strong argument no one can deny. As the law stands now we are willing to avail ourselves of the literary labors of the great English writers on science and on history, but we do not think the laborer worthy of his hire; we are willing to get pleasure and to take refreshment from the great English novelists and poets, without money and without price. The Englishman, the Frenchman, or the German may send to this country his goods for sale, his trade-marks to be registered, his inventions to be patented; but we deny his right of property in his writings, and his books are free stealing for whoso will. We are wont to consider this a moral country, and we are proud to call ourselves a progressive people; but in the evolution of morality in regard to intellectual property we are at a lower stage than nations which we are glad to look on as less moral and more backward. All things considered, intellectual property is now most carefully protected in France. Not long ago Belgium maintained the right of pirating books; and the business of book-piracy was then as respectable a trade in Brussels as it is now in New York. But in time the Belgians felt the disgrace of their position, and they experienced a change of heart. Not long ago the French novelist and the French dramatist were at the mercy of the English translator and the English adapter; but the English came to see the error of their ways. The Frenchman is now no longer pirated in Belgium or pillaged in Great Britain. The world moves—and the country which lags farthest behind is the United States of America. It is for the people of the United States to say how much longer we can afford to steal from the stranger.

A stronger argument, however, than that drawn from our robbing the foreigner is to be taken from our ill-treatment of our own authors. So long as we prey on the authors of other countries, just so long may we expect other countries to prey on our authors. While the writers of Great Britain are without protection in the United States, the writers of the United States will be without protection in Great Britain. In the present state of the case a double wrong is inflicted on the American author: (1) at home he is forced to an unfair competition with stolen goods, and (2) abroad he has no redress when his goods are stolen. In his "English Note-books" Hawthorne records a visit in 1856 to the office of an important English publishing house — he gives the name in full — where he met one of the firm, who "expressed great pleasure at seeing me, as indeed he might, having published and sold, without any profit on my part, uncounted thousands of my books." Cooper and Irving have fared as ill at the hands of the English pirate as Hawthorne did. The number of American books republished in England is increasing every year. In proportion there is as much piracy in Great Britain as in the United States. Time was when there was no sarcasm in the query, Who reads an American book? Time is when that question may be answered by saying that the English now read American books — and by the hundred thousand. A glance at a railway book-stall in England will show that a very heavy proportion of the books which cover it are of American authorship — just as a glance at an American news-stand will reveal a very heavy proportion of books of British origin. In both countries the most of these literary wares are stolen goods. Half a dozen English publishers have series or libraries in which a good half of the books are of American authorship. It would not be easy to make out a list of the rival British editions of "Little Women," of "Helen's Babies," of "Democracy," of "Uncle Remus," of Artemus Ward's books, of the "Wide, Wide World," of the "Biglow Papers," of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," of many American semi-religious novels, or of many books of so-called American humor. The editions of Longfellow and of Poe are numberless. Poe is perhaps more highly esteemed in England than in America; and Longfellow's popularity was greater in Great Britain than in the United States — as Tennyson's, so it is asserted, is greater in the United States than in Great Britain. Now, nearly all these editions are unauthorized by the American author, and it is very rare indeed for him to derive any benefit from them. While the American publisher has a pleasant habit of sending an *honorarium* to the writer whose books he has captured, the British publisher generally scorns to exhibit any such evidence of delicacy.

One popular American author agreed with a London publisher that the latter should have a certain new book of the former's for a fixed sum. A rival London publisher reprinted the book in a rival edition at a lower price, and the publisher with whom the American author had dealt seized this as a pretext to break his bargain; he published his edition, and he advertised it as the authorized edition, but he never paid one penny of the sum he had promised. The

English publisher, even when he is honest and means well, is prevented from offering a fair price by the fear of a rival edition. A certain American humorist wrote a book which he believed would be popular, and an English publisher offered him a hundred pounds for it. If the American could have protected his rights in England, he would have refused this offer, and he would have insisted on a royalty. As it was, he had, perforce, to accept it. It so happened that the book made a greater hit in England than in America; in the United States twelve thousand copies were sold, while in Great Britain the sale exceeded one hundred and eighty thousand copies.

The island of Manhattan has no monopoly of book-pirates. Captain Kidd was a native of the British Isles. Hawthorne, in his "American Note-books," recorded in 1850 that he had just found two of his stories published as original in the last London "Metropolitan," and he added, "The English are much more unscrupulous and dishonest pirates than ourselves." It is true that the British literary freebooter sometimes cruelly and barbarously mutilates his American victim. An American publisher, if he takes an English book, reprints it *verbatim, literatim, et punctuatim*, with the author's name in full. But the British publisher sometimes, as we have seen, drops out the author's name; sometimes he hires an English notability as editor; sometimes he revises and amends the heretical views of the American author in religion or in politics; sometimes he adapts throughout. One of Dr. Holland's earlier novels was published in England with a multitude of changes, such as the substitution of the Queen for the President, and of the Thames for the Connecticut. One of his later novels, "Arthur Bonnicastle," appeared in England with a new ending, or, as the title-page announced in the finest of type,—"The last chapter by another hand."

Writing on the subject of International Copyright fifteen years ago, Mr. James Parton began his essay with a striking statement, as is his custom: "There is an American lady living at Hartford, in Connecticut, whom the United States has permitted to be robbed by foreigners of two hundred thousand dollars. Her name is Harriet Beecher Stowe. By no disloyal act has she or her family forfeited their right to the protection of the government of the United States. She pays her taxes, keeps the peace, and earns her livelihood by honest industry; she has reared children for the service of the Commonwealth; she was warm and active for her country when many around her were cold or hostile; in a word, she is a good citizen. More than that: she is an illustrious citizen. The United States stands higher to-day in the regard of every civilized being in Christendom because she lives in the United States. . . . To that American woman every person on earth who read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' incurred a personal obligation. Every individual who became possessed of a copy of the book, and every one who saw the story played in a theater, was bound in natural justice to pay money to her for service rendered, unless she expressly and formally relinquished her right,—which she never has done." Mr. Parton's statement of the case is vehement, but his estimate of the loss to Mrs. Stowe, owing to the absence of any way by which she could protect her rights in foreign parts, is none too high. Because the people of the United States have not chosen to give protection here to the works of foreign authors, Mrs. Stowe has been robbed by foreigners, and the extent of her loss is quite two hundred thousand dollars. The extent of the loss of Irving, Cooper, Longfellow, Hawthorne, and of the many living Americans whose writings are read eagerly on the far side of the Atlantic, is many times two hundred thousand dollars, and it increases every day.

*B. M.*

#### The Calling of a Christian Minister.

THERE is loud complaint of a famine in the ministry. The bread of life is plenty, men say, but there are few to break it. The scarcity is somewhat exaggerated, but the catalogues of the theological seminaries show that it exists. The number of men in preparation for the ministry does not increase so fast as the number of the churches increases.

Part of this disparity is due, as was recently shown by an Open Letter in these pages, to the needless multiplication of churches, under the stress of a fierce and greedy sectarianism. Not only is the demand for ministers in many of the smaller communities in excess of the real need, but the petty competitions into which the churches are thus plunged prevent many high-minded young men from entering the ministry. It is probable, also, that the theological disputations which have been rife during the last few years have discouraged some who might otherwise have chosen this work. They have seen devout and faithful pastors bearing the stigma of heresy, and even cast out of the synagogues; they have seen earnest and brave young men stopped and turned back on the threshold of the ministry; and they have shrunk from entering upon a work which appeared to be beset with so many snares and suspicions. This action may have been ill-advised, but there can be no doubt that it has been taken for such reasons in a great many cases. To doubts within, as well as to disputations without, the reluctance of some to enter the ministry must be attributed. In this period of theological reconstruction it is not strange that some ingenuous young men have become somewhat uncertain respecting the foundations of the Christian faith. To enter upon the work of preparation for the ministry with such misgivings would, of course, be out of the question.

To obstacles of this nature rather than to any lack of worldly advantages in the ministry is due, we are persuaded, the greater part of the falling off in the number of theological students. The Christian ministry will never suffer from the loss of those who are allured from its labors by the superior prizes of wealth or power which are offered to men in other callings; and, tempting as these prizes are, it is to be hoped that there are still a great many young men in this country to whom other motives more strongly appeal. If young men of this class, whose aims are not mainly sordid, and who entertain a generous ambition to serve their generation, are less strongly attracted than formerly to the work of the ministry, that is certainly to be regretted. And the reasons which lead them to decline so good a work ought to be well weighed.

Even those who turn away from the ministry because of intellectual difficulties might find, if they took counsel with some judicious and intelligent friend, an easy

solution of their difficulties. And although the theological strifes are annoying and the sectarian competitions vexatious, it is quite possible to preserve in the midst of these an even temper, and to carry through them all a heart so brave and a will so firm and a spirit so generous that their worst mischiefs shall be greatly counteracted. Indeed, these evils should serve to furnish earnest young men with reasons for entering the ministry, rather than of turning from it. Doubtless there is a great work to do in overcoming sectarianism with charity, and in conquering theological rancors and prejudices by the inculcation of the simple truths of the Gospel. Is not this a work worth doing? There is really great reason to hope that Christianity can be Christianized. Efforts put forth in this direction are meeting with the most encouraging success. And any young man who finds it in his heart to take the elementary truths of the Christian religion and apply them courageously to the lives of men, may be assured that there is a great field open to him. He will get a most cordial hearing, and, if he have but a fair quantum of pluck and of prudence, it will not be possible for sectaries or heresy-hunters to hinder him in his work.

It is quite true, as has been said, that the work of the ministry offers no such baits to cupidity as are displayed before men in other callings. No minister can hope to heap up a great fortune; and most ministers must be content with a simple and frugal manner of life. Nevertheless, every man has a right to a decent livelihood; and a minister of the Gospel, of fair ability, is tolerably sure of a decent livelihood. There are indigent ministers, but probably no more of them than of indigent lawyers or physicians; and while the income of the most successful legal or medical practitioner is far larger than that of any clergyman, the clergyman's support at the beginning of his professional life is far better assured than that of beginners in the other professions. Ministers generally are able to live as well as the average of their parishioners, and they ought to live no better.

To these prudential considerations may be added the fact that the minister's calling, as shown by the life tables, is conducive to health and longevity, and the other fact that the position occupied by him in the community is still a highly honorable one. There is complaint that the respect yielded to the clergy has diminished somewhat since the days when the congregations rose upon the parson's entrance, and when little boys took off their caps to him as he passed along the road; and there is, no doubt, some lack in these times of such formal civilities. Nevertheless the minister still occupies a high place in the respect of his neighbors. If he be a gentleman, and possess a fair measure of enterprise and judgment, he will always rank with the leaders of opinion and action in the community where he lives; and if the possession of a good fame be a worthy object of desire, it is certain that no other calling offers a better opportunity of becoming widely and honorably known. These are not the reasons for entering the ministry; any man with whom they would be decisive has no call to this service; but, in view of the disparaging estimates frequently put upon this calling in recent times, it is well to keep these facts in mind. There is room enough for self-denial in the ministry, no doubt; but it should not be represented as the road to penury or martyrdom. It is quite possible for the average clergyman of this generation to avoid mendicancy, to eat his own bread, to keep his self-respect, and to live a dignified and honorable life among his neighbors.

These are not the reasons for choosing this calling, but good reasons are not wanting. Those who believe that the issues of eternity depend on the choices of time find in this fact the highest incentives to this service. But, apart from this, the work of the ministry ought to make a strong appeal to men of conscience and good-will. The services which the minister is able to render to society are above all computation, and there never was a time when society was in greater need of such services. In the work of public education, the work of moral reform, the work of charity, he is the natural leader. Here are great problems, demanding the most diligent study, the most patient and self-denying labor. The minister is bound to master them; to make his congregation familiar with them; to stir up the community to intelligent action upon them. The questions now so urgent respecting the relations of labor and capital, and the right distribution of the products of industry, are questions that are not likely to be justly solved without the application of Christian principles. To search out and apply these principles, in this great conflict, is a work that might satisfy the noblest ambition. The conduct of politics often presents ethical questions of great importance; not only the issues presented, but the methods of the politicians, need to be criticised from the point of view of an uncompromising morality, and to this service the clergyman is called. He has no right to be a mere partisan, or to advocate in the pulpit the cause of any party; but it is his duty, as a citizen, to stand up for good order and morality, and to rebuke the corruption and the trickery by which the foundations of the state are undermined.

There are other services, less direct and palpable, but even more important, which the faithful clergyman renders to the community in which he lives. The tendency of our time is strongly toward a gross materialism in philosophy and in life, and toward the substitution of æsthetical for ethical standards of conduct and of character. The greatest dangers to which society is exposed arise from this subtle but powerful tendency. Mr. Walt Whitman has not been ranked among the most spiritual-minded of our teachers, but we find him bearing such testimony as this:

"I say that our New World democracy, however great a success in uplifting the masses out of the slough, in materialistic developments, products, and in a certain highly deceptive superficial intellectuality, is, so far, an almost complete failure in its social aspects, and in really grand religious, moral, literary, and social results. . . . It is as if we were somehow being endowed with a vast and more and more thoroughly appointed body, and then left with little or no soul."

A state of society which wrings a cry like this from the lips of Mr. Walt Whitman is one in which there must be great need of lifting up a nobler pattern, and of urging, with unwearied and dauntless faith, forgotten obligations. To this work the Christian minister is especially called. It is for him to show the superiority of ideal standards over those which are

simply materialistic or utilitarian; it is for him to make his hearers believe that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth," and that there is a more august rule of human conduct than the canons of the art whose primal law is pleasure. To save the men and women round about him from the greed and the frivolity and the hardness of heart into which so many of them are sinking would be indeed a great salvation. If a call was ever heard for the lifting up of spiritual standards, that call is heard to-day from the avenues of our cities and the middle aisles of our fashionable churches. If there ever was a time when the minister's vocation was neither superfluous nor a sinecure, that time is now. "An urgent exhortation," says Mr. O. B. Frothingham, in a late essay, "must be spoken to teachers, preachers, authors, guides of public opinion. . . . They must work hard if they would counteract the downward tendencies of democratic ideas as vulgarly expounded. Theirs is no holiday task. They are put upon their intelligence and their honor." To such heroic enterprise as this the pulpit is especially called. The other classes of public instructors to whom Mr. Frothingham refers may help in this work, but the preacher's opportunity and responsibility are larger than can come to men in any other calling.

It is not too much to hope that this view of the dignity and importance of the ministerial profession will impress itself upon the minds of an increasing number of ingenuous young men. It would be easy to name a goodly number of men yet young in the ministry who have entered it with such high purposes,— men who have gone out from homes of wealth and luxury, renouncing splendid opportunities of self-aggrandizement, and devoting the finest talents to this unselfish service. It is not they who are to be commiserated; let us save our tears for those who look on them with pity for the choice that they have made.

*A Minister of the Gospel.*

### The National Flag at New Orleans.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

DEAR SIR: I called to-day upon Mr. Wilson, the photographer of the Exposition, from Philadelphia, who has superintended the taking of all the views inside the grounds, and inquired of him in regard to the alleged *hissing* of the United States flag on the occasion of the decoration of the Bankers' building, as stated in "In and Out of the New Orleans Exposition" in your June number.

Mr. Wilson was much surprised by my inquiry. Not only had he heard no hissing on that or any other occasion, but he had never before heard it intimated that the flag had been hissed. He was on the platform, and it was he who proposed the cheers, and led off. The response was hearty and unanimous —"what I should call," said Mr. Wilson, "a very enthusiastic salute." Mr. Wilson was indignant as well as surprised at the statement.

The other statement in regard to the flag — that "it is rare to see the stars and stripes in New Orleans, save on the shipping and the government building" — is also untrue. All the public buildings of the city or State, all hotels, club-houses, newspaper offices, warehouses, halls, arsenals, and many of the large business houses, display the flag on holiday occasions. It is universally used for inside decoration at public balls, fairs, concerts, lectures, etc., where any drapery is used. All the benevolent organizations of the city carry it in their processions; even in the funeral processions it appears, appropriately draped with crape. These societies, having banners of their own, could easily dispense with the national flag were they disposed to do so.

The purple, green, and orange banner, which is said to be so perplexing to strangers, is the official banner of Rex. Rex, it must be understood, has his court, his ministers, and all the paraphernalia and insignia of regular government. Purple, green, and orange are his colors; and several weeks before his arrival all good subjects are required by public proclamation to display these colors upon their residences and places of business. The order is very generally complied with, especially along the line of march of the procession. This banner does not, however, entirely usurp the place of the national flag even during Rex's brief reign, and the two may often be seen floating amicably from the same building, either public or private. The Rex banners, being as a rule of inexpensive material and renewed every year, are left hanging long after the occasion for their display has passed, while the national emblems are taken in out of the weather to be preserved for another holiday. This may account for the very queer mistake of the writer who supposes it to have been devised by the citizens for the purpose of gratifying their taste for bright colors. He must have been surprised at the remarkable unanimity with which the citizens adopted this rather singular combination. Why not vary it occasionally if it were a mere unauthorized device?

Very sincerely yours,

*Marion A. Baker,*
*Associate Editor Times-Democrat.*

[From what we learn from other sources there seems at least to have been some hissing on the occasion alluded to, but whether meant for the flag or not it would be difficult to say. The incident, at any rate, seems to have been without serious significance.— EDITOR.]

### Our Club.

FIVE years ago seven or eight married ladies, feeling the need of more culture and a strong desire to improve their minds, met and decided to form a "Literary Club." Very modestly and quietly they talked the subject over, and organized with just enough red tape to enable them to work properly. A president was chosen for three months, that each one might learn to preside, and come to know enough of parliamentary rules to do so correctly. A secretary was chosen to keep what records were needed, and notify absent members, etc. We began by choosing an author, assigning to one the sketch of his life and works, and choosing three others to read selections from the same. The second year we gave to American history and contemporary authors; the third and fourth years we enjoyed English history and literature; the present year we have taken up ancient history; and we are looking forward to German and French, and a year at least for art. Our year of study

begins the first week in October and closes the last of May. We have taken the name of Every Wednesday, and meet from half-past two till half-past four every Wednesday afternoon. Our membership is limited to twenty. The programmes for the year are arranged by a committee chosen the last of the year, who prepare them during the summer vacation.

Unlike the club spoken of in the January number, we are entirely unsectarian; nearly every church is represented. Perfect harmony prevails, and we thoroughly enjoy the interchange of thought, and feel we are greatly benefited. At the close of the year we have an evening devoted to literary and social pleasure. This is in a small town of fifteen thousand inhabitants "out West." We have found it so pleasant and so beneficial, we would like to help other women.

*W.*

### Text-books in Unitarian Sunday-schools.

In "Topics of the Time," in the November Century, reference was made to a little manual entitled "The Citizen and the Neighbor," published by the Unitarian Sunday-school Society. The connection in which this reference occurs might lead the reader to think that Unitarians are using in their Sunday-schools text-books on sociology and politics in preference to manuals on religion and lessons on the Bible. The facts are the other way. "The Citizen and the Neighbor" is one of a comprehensive series of graded Sunday-school manuals designed to meet the needs of pupils of all ages, capacities, and aptitudes. It was prepared for those classes of older boys which are found in some Sunday-schools,— boys who have just entered college or are in the preparatory schools, who have gone through the other text-books, and but for some such studies in *applied religion* might follow a too prevalent fashion of leaving the school altogether. But the text-books which are generally used in Unitarian Sunday-schools are those which are directly or indirectly studies of the Bible. For several years our Sunday-school Society issued monthly lessons on special portions of the Old or New Testament, on the general plan of the International Sunday-school lessons. Since the publication of the series of graded manuals was commenced, the books most widely used (often by all the classes in a school above the infant class) have been "First Lessons on the Bible," "History of the Religion of Israel" (by the *Baptist* professor in the Divinity School of Harvard College), and the "Life of Jesus for Young People." In the primary department a manual with accompanying picture-cards on the New Testament Parables is now used. Even the most radical of our Sunday-school workers place the Bible "highest among the helps, subjects of instruction, and written sources of inspiration."

*Henry G. Spaulding,*
Secretary Unitarian Sunday-school Society.

### Notes from Letters Received.

Coleridge.— Mr. Charles F. Johnson thinks that Mr. Frothingham (Century for March) "is hardly fair to Coleridge in implying that his criticism of Shakspere was in any way dependent on his German studies."

Social Clubs.— D. R. J. writes to suggest the use of social clubs for those young men who, in our various smaller cities, are largely dependent for their amusement on the local billiard saloons and bowling alleys. He takes the ground that billiards, bowls, cards, etc., are only evil when associated with vice, or used as a means of gambling, and speaks of a club having the attraction of games, but with the two following rules among its by-laws, which rules he believes to have made the success of the organization: "The use of intoxicating beverages of any description in the club rooms is prohibited." "Gambling or betting on games of chance to be played, or being played, in the club rooms, is prohibited." The violation of either of these laws means expulsion. Young men seeing the advantages offered by such an association, where the members make the acquaintance of leading citizens of the town, have formed several similar societies, governed by nearly the same rules. Our correspondent finds that these new societies are prospering finely, while an organization formed about two years ago by a number of well-to-do business men, but without any such restrictions, was sold out under the hammer.

Rival Cities of the North-west.— In the "Open Letters" department for last March, George M. Higginson, in presenting "The Claims of Chicago," stated that "St. Louis and Chicago are almost alone in the division of this great North-western trade, there being in all that immense region only one other city (Milwaukee) that has over one hundred thousand inhabitants." Exception is taken to this statement by Eaton B. Northrop, of St. Paul, who claims for both St. Paul and Minneapolis (whose corporate limits now join) a population, each, of much over one hundred thousand, and a combined population of between two hundred and fifty and three hundred thousand. But he says that Mr. Higginson is excusable for the error "on the grounds that even citizens of St. Paul and Minneapolis find it difficult to keep pace with statistics, which prove that the population of either city has increased over two hundred per cent. within four years," the population of the two cities in 1880, taken together, being "less than ninety thousand."

Chicago vs. New York.— A correspondent, referring to the Open Letter on "The Claims of Chicago" in the March Century, says that one of Mr. Higginson's arguments is that in eight months the number of entries and clearances of vessels at Chicago was over 26,000, thus exceeding the number of entries and clearances for the year at New York, Philadelphia, and San Francisco. "But a great part of such vessels as are entered at Chicago are not so entered at the port of New York. The arrivals at the port of New York from the Hudson River alone, and the clearances by the same route, would undoubtedly fully equal all the claims for Chicago, and those from the East River and Jersey shore would be equal again; but such vessels are not entered at the New York Custom House. Again, he says a line of steamers will doubtless be established between Chicago and Liverpool. This would do very well for the eight months in which navigation is open, but before Chicago can compete with New York as a seaport, the business of the world must be confined to the eight months on which his argument is based."

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Extend the Merit System!

THE spectacle of office-begging and office-giving now presented in Washington is not encouraging to the lover of his country. The President, the heads of departments, and all other officers having the power of selection or appointment, are almost overwhelmed by the hordes of office-seekers. Day after day and all day long their offices and ante-rooms are crowded with importunate place-seekers, delegations of Congressmen or other interested advisers, representatives of rival political factions, all clamoring for "recognition" by the bestowal of public office. The time of the President and of the members of his Cabinet is so consumed by the distribution of the patronage, that scarcely any is left for the real work of administration. The reforms, the retrenchments, the reorganization, the simplification of alleged wasteful and roundabout methods, which were promised, though not altogether neglected, are subordinated to the work of removal and appointment. The attention of the Administration is chiefly centered, not upon the proper running of the government, but upon the pulling apart and putting together again of the machinery by which it is run. At the time of writing some three months have elapsed since the new Administration came into power, and yet only a small fraction of the officers whose removal seems to be demanded by the policy adopted have been replaced with new men. At the present rate of progress a large part of the President's term must elapse before the contemplated changes are fully carried out, if indeed the end of that term does not find them still unfinished.

Under such a system mistakes are inevitable. The conditions under which the selections for office are made forbid careful choice or deliberate judgment. The only representations that are heard come from the place-seekers or their friends. The choice is necessarily limited to those who are pressing for appointment. There is no agency for ascertaining either the requirements of the place or the fitness of the applicants, much less whether the men whose "claims" are urged are the best qualified of all who are eligible for selection, even under the most rigid party conditions. In fine, the whole system is only one degree removed from barbarism, and is entirely unworthy of our American civilization. The turning loose of the clamorous applicants for a hundred thousand offices upon a dozen men, and requiring them to decide, without the aid of any system of selection, to whom all these places shall be given, imposes a duty which cannot be properly discharged. After going through all the struggle and turmoil of a Presidential election to select men ostensibly to govern the country, to administer the laws, to carry out great policies, we make of them mere machines for registering the "pressure" for office — mere scales in which to weigh the "influence" of rival applicants for place.

To say that these things are inevitable upon a transfer of power from one political party to another is simply to emphasize the condemnation of the present system. No matter how high the purpose which may be conceded as animating the President and his advisers, no matter how sincere their determination may be to choose only fit men for office, and to give the country an honest, economical, and business-like administration, the system under which they are compelled to act is in its essence, in its methods and results, the old, hateful, condemned system of spoils. Their aims are thwarted by the methods of selection imposed upon them. As a rational, practical, business-like means of selecting our public servants, the present system has utterly broken down. To quote Jefferson's phrase, "it keeps in constant excitement all the hungry cormorants for office"; it demoralizes the public service, and, aside from all considerations of principle, it imposes on the President and the other appointing officers a task whose proper performance is beyond human capacity. It is a task, too, which has never been attempted before. It is twenty-four years since there was a change in the party controlling the executive branch of the government. In that time the public service has grown five-fold in numbers and twenty-fold in intricacy and importance. Methods of appointment which were merely annoying and difficult a quarter of a century ago, are quite impracticable now.

Happily, the civil-service law and regulations, by providing a just and inflexible method of selection, have taken a large part of the subordinate places out of the operation of this wretched system. The holders of these places, so long as they are honest and efficient, are permitted to go on with their daily duties undisturbed by the scramble of the office-seekers. There is no incentive to get them out by cooked-up charges or partisan "pressure," for access to their places can be gained only through the gateway of impartial competitive examinations. At the same time the power of removal is not restricted, and the civil-service rules furnish no protection to a dishonest or inefficient clerk. Such vacancies as occur are filled in a quiet, orderly way through the Civil-Service Commission, or if not required to be filled, remain vacant, and the salaries are saved to the people. In the Treasury alone, more than sixty vacancies occurring under the present Administration remain unfilled, and more are likely to be added to them before the force of the department is brought down to a working basis. But for the civil-service rules these places would have been instantly filled with eager partisans, and every pretext which self-interest or partisanship could invent to make more vacancies would have been made use of. Indeed, it is impossible to picture how greatly the outside pressure and the inside demoralization would have been multiplied, had the places now protected by the civil-service act been thrown into the pool for whose prizes the place-hunters are struggling.

The obvious remedy is to extend the system of impartial selection to all places except those by which the policy of the Administration is shaped. But before this can be done, there must be rooted out of the public mind the notion that any public place can properly be bestowed as the reward of partisan service. The great administrative offices must be filled by adherents of the dominant party, not to reward them for their services to the party, but that the will of the majority of the people, as expressed at the polls, may be executed. But, in any broad public view, it is a matter of utter indifference whether the men who fill the minor ministerial, clerical, and laboring places belong to one party or the other. There is no difference in principle between the services required of civil officers and those performed by officers of the army and navy. All that is required in either case is honesty, capacity, and trained obedience to the Constitution, the laws, and the lawful orders of their superiors. The Jeffersonian test covers the whole ground: "Is he honest, is he capable, is he faithful to the Constitution?"

The chief obstacle to the extension of the merit system is the fact that for twenty-four years the public offices have been monopolized by one political party. It was to be expected that the opposition party on coming into power should wish to fill at least a part of these places with its own adherents. But it is plain that some check must be placed on the gratification of this wish, if we are to get any efficient work in the line of "retrenchment and reform" out of the present Administration. After the division of the public offices between the two parties has been in some degree equalized, there will be the best opportunity that has ever occurred of putting the whole public service, from high to low, the few great administrative offices alone excepted, on a permanent, non-partisan footing. To accomplish this, the lower grades in every branch of the service must be thrown open to impartial but searching competitive examinations, and all of the higher places, up to the very top, must be filled by the promotion of meritorious subordinates. This is the natural, logical, and, as we believe, inevitable outcome of the civil-service reform movement. Whether this goal can be reached in one administration remains to be seen; but when it is reached, one of the greatest political revolutions that this country has ever seen will have been accomplished. Our elections will then no longer be mere scrambles for the spoils of office, but, what our theory of government intends they shall be, pure contests of principle.

### The Christian Congress and its Fruits.

THE Church Congress, lately held at Hartford, marks progress in the direction of Christian coöperation. It is true that the meeting was only a parliament, a talking convocation; and that the constitution on which it was called together expressly and in capital letters forbids the Congress to do anything whatever except talk. Like the Christian League of Connecticut, of which this Hartford Conference may, by some stretch of imagination, be regarded as the antitype, the rules of this body provide that "no topic discussed in the Congress, nor any question of doctrine arising out of any discussion, shall ever be submitted to vote, at any meeting of the Congress or of its Council."

It is not for legislation — even of an advisory sort — that the Congress is established, but for consultation and free discussion. It is not by voting that its power will be exerted; the vanity of voting in spiritual affairs is clearly recognized by those who have the charge of it. They understand that whatever may be the uses of the suffrage in governments whose foundation is physical force and whose ultimate appeal is the sword, a vote, which is merely an expression of will, settles nothing permanently in religion. They know that all substantial gains of Christian truth are made, not by counting heads or silencing minorities, but by free investigation and untrammeled speech.

The uselessness of talk as a means of promoting Christian union has often been asserted; but this judgment is true only of the insincere talk of those who profess unity while practicing schism, and who dissemble disagreements which in their hearts they feel to be vital. It may also be said that the value of discussion, as a means of promoting Christian unity, must be limited so long as the discussion is confined to topics on which the parties have already come to an agreement. Unity is reached by a frank comparison of differences, and a manly recognition by the interlocutors of the right to disagree.

Herein is the gain of the new Congress. "The Council has no intention," as its inaugural statement asserts, "of establishing a society, or organizing a plan of union, or putting forth a creed; it simply aims, by holding public meetings from time to time, to make provision for a full and frank discussion of the great subjects in which the Christians of America are interested, *including those ecclesiastical and theological questions upon which Christians differ*." Nothing of this sort has ever before been attempted. The former essays toward unity have been confined to those who could stand together upon a platform of doctrine previously laid down. Such endeavors as these have their uses. It is important that Christians who are called by various names, and who often regard one another with suspicion, should find out how many and how important are the truths in which they perfectly agree. To rehearse these agreements and to magnify them is a wholesome exercise. But so long as there remain disagreements which they feel to be important, and so long as they do not feel themselves free to speak of these disagreements, the unity achieved is superficial. When they are ready to meet and engage in a candid and tolerant comparison of their differences, the foundation of a deeper unity is laid.

The Congress at Hartford included not only those sects which have hitherto united in Christian work, but several that have not before been welcomed to such consultations. In the Council, among the officers, and on the list of essayists and speakers, were the names of Baptists, Congregationalists, "Christians," Disciples, Episcopalians, Friends, Methodists, Presbyterians, Swedenborgians, Unitarians, and Universalists. Among the speakers no attempt was made to suppress differences of opinion; each man spoke his own mind, courteously but frankly; every speaker approached the subject before the meeting from his own standpoint; and under so many cross-lights the topic was

well illuminated. Such discussions are of the highest value in an educational point of view. Very little tendency to controversy was observable; those who participated in the conference sought not to confute the views of others, but simply and clearly to express their own. An assembly of clear-headed Christians, of all the different persuasions, from which the polemical demon is exorcised, and in which each one temperately endeavors to set forth the truth as it appears to him, must be a great school in which to study the doctrine and the discipline of the church.

But the gains of knowledge, great as they must be, are less than the gains of charity. It was a wonderful advantage to the Episcopal communion in this country and in England when the Congress of that church was organized which brought Ritualists, and High Churchmen, and Low Churchmen, and Broad Churchmen all together on one platform, and called on every man to speak his inmost thought. The bonds of fellowship in that church have been visibly strengthened by this Congress; the danger of division is greatly lessened; all parties have come to regard each other not only with tolerance, but with respect and affection. It is to be hoped that the same result will be achieved through the Congress of Churches for the scattered and discordant sects. When "Father" Grafton, of Boston, one of the most thorough-going Ritualists in the country, comes upon its platform and frankly recognizes the clergymen of other names round about him not only as Christian men, but also as Christian ministers, those who listen open not only their eyes, but their hearts; and when he goes on to say that worship, in his understanding of it, includes sacrifice, and then to explain what he means by sacrifice, and what relation this sacrifice offered by the worshiper bears to the greater sacrifice on Calvary, a kindlier feeling toward him and those who stand with him at once finds expression. The listeners may not at all agree with his view, but they can see that it is much less preposterous than they had supposed, and that the man who utters it is not only a sincere and manly man, but has something to say for himself. When Dr. James Freeman Clarke sets forth his views of the historical Christ as the true center of theology, and when the Rev. Chauncey Giles, of the New Church, expresses his mind on the same subject, and when President Chase, of Haverford College, unfolds the doctrine of the Friends respecting worship, the assent may not be universal, but the courteous attention and the sympathetic friendliness are. Through the cultivation of this generous spirit, and the comparison of views on subjects that have hitherto been tabooed in Christian assemblies, the meetings of the Congress of Churches promise to prepare the way for a great increase of practical unity among Christians.

For this, it must be remembered, is the thing to be accomplished. The sentiment of fellowship needs to be cultivated, but sentiment without practice is dead, being alone. The Congress of Churches is not called on to devise plans of coöperation, but the men who take part in its discussions and mingle in its assemblies ought to go home and heal some of the unseemly and wasteful divisions existing in their neighborhoods. No difficulty will be found in devising ways of coöperation if there is only a disposition to cöoperate. It is pleasant to hear what seems like an echo of this Congress — that a Conference of Christians in Berkshire County, Massachusetts, where this Congress originated, has just taken in hand one of the little towns where four churches occupy a field barely large enough for one, with an urgent call for their consolidation. There are a thousand little towns in this country where the same conditions exist, and where the same remedy needs to be applied. Nothing is needed for the cure of the evil but a tincture of charity and a modicum of common sense.

### The Revised Version of the Old Testament.

THE long, difficult, uncompensated labor of the Revisers is brought to an end. Be the final verdict what it may in regard to the merits of the Revision, it will stand as one of the principal literary achievements of the present generation, and an important index of the state of scholarship in this period. The Old Testament company have had at once an easier and a more serious task than the New Testament Revisers had before them. A translator must, first of all, get hold of the book which he intends to render into another tongue. He must settle the text which he will follow. This, in the case of the New Testament, was the most delicate and responsible part of the work of the Revisers. The advantages for textual criticism and the necessity for it forced on them this preliminary labor. On the whole, their most valuable service, as regards the amendment of the old version, lies just here, in the improvement of the text. Yet here is a matter where there is room for endless divergence of opinion as to particular points, and here is the place where the most fierce onslaught has been made upon them. In this attack, the old dread of admitting any uncertainty in the original text of the sacred volume, and a real, though it be an unavowed, disposition, both groundless and superstitious, to stand by the "received text," as far as it is in any way possible, underlie the angry crusade against this feature of the New Testament Revision. Yet nothing has done so much to shake confidence in it and to lessen for the time its currency and popularity. The Old Testament companies have followed the mediæval "Masoretic" text, as they have no ancient manuscripts to consult. In a few instances only have they been driven to a modified reading. They escape thus the onset of a swarm of unfriendly critics, which would no doubt have arisen had they undertaken to correct the Hebrew. They have, however, occasionally referred in the margin to the Septuagint and other ancient translations. It is worthy of notice that the American company on this subject are even more conservative than their English brethren, and would have blotted out this class of marginal references. While the Revisers have secured immunity from attack by this cautious policy, they have lessened the value of their work as it will be estimated by scholars and by coming generations. There ought to be, and there will be, a great deal done in the textual criticism of the Old Testament. The further study of the Septuagint and the rectification of its text, and the study of later ancient versions which are founded on manuscripts of the original that long ago perished, will in time yield valuable fruit. Whether the condi-

tion of these inquiries now is such as to justify the extreme prudence and reserve of the Revisers as regards the text, is a question on which there will be a difference of opinion. The first thing to be done is to dispossess the mind of the notion that the original text of the Scriptures is to be ascertained in any other way than by the means applicable to all other ancient writings. As long as a vague idea of a miraculous preservation of it, or an unreasoning timidity which debars scrutiny, is allowed to have an influence, the truth will not be reached.

The Old Testament Revisers have done an excellent service of a negative kind. In the first place, they have been able to *unload* Archbishop Usher's chronology, which has been connected with the editions of King James's version. Usher was a great scholar, and did a noble service in his day. His chronology, however, in important parts of it, was always a subject of more or less controversy. In the existing state of historical studies it is a burden and an encumbrance in our English Bibles. At best, it is of the nature of comment, and comment is out of place in a translation. In the second place, the Revisers have delivered us from the headings of the chapters. These uninspired and sometimes unintelligent assertions respecting the contents of the chapters are in their nature mere commentary, and it is high time that they were shoveled out of the way. The Protestant habit of inveighing against notes and glosses in the Roman Catholic versions, has been an example of the ease with which we condemn sins of which, in another form, we are guilty ourselves. Our editions of the English Bible have assumed to tell their readers what the prophets and apostles taught, including not a little which they did not teach.

With this improvement we may associate the gain derived from the grouping of the text into paragraphs. Here a minor ingredient of interpretation must sometimes come in, but here it is inevitable. The effect of the mechanical chipping of the Scriptures into little fragments called "verses" is in a large measure neutralized. The printing of poetry in a metrical form is another change of which a benefit in interpretation cannot fail to be one consequence.

With respect to language and style, the main objection which has been made to the Revised New Testament is that it has admitted trivial emendations, and in too many instances made a greater loss in spirit and force than it made a gain in minute accuracy. A certain petty and pedantic quality has been imputed, not wholly without foundation, to a considerable number of its alterations. The New Testament Revisers have a right to at least a partial defense against the prevalent criticism. The first thing to be said in behalf of them is that the authors of the old version allowed themselves more license than anybody allows at present to translators of ancient or modern writings. They wrote at a time when there was a great relish for sonorous English; and this we have in a noble abundance in King James's version. In not a few cases, the reflection cast on the Revisers is really a reflection on the original writers of the Scriptures, although it is not so intended. Not to mince the matter, there is more fine writing in King James's version than in the Greek of the Evangelists and Apostles; and the preference of King James to the Revisers is in some cases a preference of King James to the original authors. Then it must be remembered that what is called *rhythm* is frequently the mere mode of reciting a passage which has been acquired by a long habit of modulating the voice in its frequent repetition. The *rhythmical* utterance of a verse from King James's translation often fails in just emphasis and felicity of pause, if the sense, and not the sound, is to be chiefly regarded. However, it is undeniable that the revision of the New Testament has a fault of the nature referred to, although it has been exaggerated by critics who prefer eloquence to truth and fidelity in the transference of thought from one language to another. The Old Testament companies, made wary by the outcry raised against their New Testament colleagues, who had first to bear the brunt of criticism, have adhered more closely to time-honored phraseology, and, generally speaking, have not aimed to be accurate overmuch. The English company have not been willing to part with "bolled," although not one man in five thousand knows what it means, and they express a pathetic reluctance at giving up "ear" for "plough." They almost imply that the provincial use of a word in some district of England is a sufficient reason for retaining it, and apparently do not reflect that their entire island contains only a fraction of the English-speaking nations who, it is to be hoped, will continue to read the Bible.

Perhaps the most notable change in the vocabulary of the English translation is the retention of "sheol"— the old Hebrew translation of the under-world, the abode of the departed, the realm of shadows — in the room of the word "hell," which once was understood, but is now, owing to a change of significance, become misleading. The English company, however, persisted in retaining "pit" or "grave" in some of the passages where it occurs, and contented themselves with printing the original "sheol" in the margin. The rule of translating an original word by an identical English term is without any good foundation, and efforts to follow such a rule are one main cause of the blemish in the New Testament Revision of which we have spoken above. It is a cramping, slavish canon that nobody would think of adopting, or of trying to adopt, in rendering a book from Greek or Latin, French or German, if it were not a sacred scripture. But in respect to "sheol," there was no need of departing from the custom of keeping this term, and there is a disadvantage. It is found requisite to warn the reader in the margin that it does not mean "a place of burial," and yet the warning is not clearly uttered. The use of "sheol" in the Revision will be useful in putting the readers of the Old Testament upon a right track in the study of it. The gradual unfolding of doctrine, the progressive revelation of spiritual truth, is what all Christians at the present day have special need to understand if they would comprehend their religion or defend it against assault.

There is one word which we have to add in relation to the fair treatment of the Revised Version as a whole. It is not enough to be dissatisfied with a rendering. Unless the critic is prepared to suggest a better one, or feels authorized to affirm that a better one could be found, he is bound to keep silent. Where is there a writer, ancient or modern, who can

be *satisfactorily* presented in another language than his own, if by *satisfaction* we mean the pleasure which a *perfect* equivalent affords a reader of critical taste? It will often happen that a particular rendering raises a misgiving, if it do not stir up a feeling akin to disgust, when the reader, on making the attempt to provide a substitute, has to give up the endeavor. The New Testament Revisers have a special claim to this kind of consideration, for they labor under another disadvantage greater than any of those we have enumerated, in comparison with the Old Testament company. The writings of the New Testament, especially the Epistles, are vastly more difficult to translate than the Hebrew Scriptures. The Old Testament company had no such obstacles to wrestle with as encountered the Revisers in the Epistles of Paul. If the Old Testament company are censured less, it is because their task was easier and because they have made hardly any attempt to improve the text. In truth, however, both groups of revisers are entitled to honor and gratitude for the measure of success which they have attained.

The fact that the Bible is a sacred book is attended by one incidental disadvantage. To a considerable extent, at least at the present day, it is taken out of literature. That is to say, the poems, the histories, etc., which compose it are massed in one volume instead of being separately published, and for this reason are less read by a numerous class who are not sufficiently alive to their distinctively religious value. The book of Job is about the only one of the Scriptures which is ever published by itself in a form to attract literary readers. Whatever tends to freshen the pages of the Bible, to remind people that it is a composite collection, and not a single treatise, and that a treatise all in prose, is a benefit. The New Revision, it is possible to see, is not without an effect of this kind.

The revision of the early Protestant versions of the Bible in different countries, and the wide-spread interest felt in the work among all classes, are among the many signs that the Scriptures are not losing their hold upon the minds of men. The study of comparative religion does not operate to weaken, it rather tends to increase, the influence and authority of the Christian Bible. Let any one attempt to read the Koran, and he will rise from the effort with a profounder sense of the depth of power that belongs to the writings of the Prophets and Apostles. Editions of heathen scriptures and excerpts from heathen sages which have been sometimes put forth as rivals of the Bible bring no very large profit to editors or publishers. The Bible remains a well-spring of spiritual life. The conviction is not likely to be dislodged that within its hallowed pages life and immortality are in truth brought to light. The progress of culture and civilization in the lapse of ages does not lessen the worth of the treasure which they contain.

# OPEN LETTERS.

### What shall be Done with Our Ex-Presidents?

THIS question, which, though little discussed, has not a little exercised the minds of reflecting people in the United States of late years, was brought into special prominence at the last session of Congress by the introduction and passage of a bill extending special relief to ex-President Grant; though in this particular case it was, of course, the former military services and position of the general that enabled Congress to act effectively.

There are many who deem the present custom with regard to our ex-Presidents the most democratic — using the word in its general, and not in its partisan sense — and therefore the most fitting method. The President, they say, is taken from among the people to act as their chief servant for a brief period — on the expiration of which he resumes his place in the popular ranks, as he should. There are, indeed, some who do not believe in anything that will tend to further exalt or *personalize* the Presidential office, preferring as they do to foster a tendency towards the abolition of the Presidency, or its conversion into something like the Swiss executive system.

But of the various suggestions having to do with the institution as it is, the one printed below seems to us of especial practical suggestiveness and value. It is from the pen of one who always speaks upon public questions with authority, but whose name we suppress from a desire that his recommendation should be considered and judged, as such a question always should be, entirely upon its merits.— EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

We have now (June 15, 1885) three ex-Presidents. Since the retirement of President Washington in 1797 we have never been without one or more. We never had more than four except for a single year, in 1861–62, when we had five. The average number for the eighty-eight years since Washington became our first ex-President has been less than two and one-half per annum. But in the whole expanse of the United States there is no class of citizens so difficult to classify, none whose position is in so many respects awkward and embarrassing. But yesterday a king; to-day "none so poor to do him reverence,"— at once the most conspicuous and one of the most powerless private citizens of the Republic. Though representing not only the eminence of character which called him to the chief magistracy, but the accumulated distinction which the discharge of its duties for one or more terms necessarily begets, he is relegated to the comparative obscurity of private life, unsupported by a single expression of the nation's gratitude or the slightest official recognition of the loss the public service sustains in parting with his unique experience and trained familiarity with public affairs. He takes with him into retirement no official rank, no title, not even a ribbon, nor a perquisite unless it be the franking privilege, to distinguish him from the obscurest and least deserving of his countrymen. More unfortunate even than a good household servant, he cannot command a certificate from his last place. Neither has he the privileges and exemptions which attach to political obscurity. Like an aërolite, the height from which he has descended makes him an object of perpetual and costly curiosity. If a man of moderate means, as most of our Presidents

have been, he is condemned by the very eminence from which he descends to expenses to which no private citizen is liable,— expenses for which the State makes no provision, and expenses from which there is no graceful or dignified escape. The Presidency is the only office in the country which to a considerable extent unfits its incumbent for returning to an active prosecution of the profession or calling in which he may have been trained. He is expected to sustain the dignity of the first citizen of the Republic for the remainder of his life, without any of the resources or privileges which such a rank implies. At the very time when his availability as a public servant is presumably greatest, and when he deserves to be regarded as one of the nation's most valuable assets, he is not only cast out like the peel of an orange as worthless, but virtually disqualified for subordinate positions.

Is this as it should be? Is it just to our chief magistrates? Is it just to ourselves? Is it good economy? Is it good politics?

The time seems to have arrived when these questions should be considered, and something should be done to secure for our ex-Presidents a rank and position which shall make due account not only of the services they may have rendered the country, but those which they more than other persons are still capable of rendering. Congress has occasionally allowed itself to make some temporary provision for necessitous ex-Presidents; but, besides being transient in their operation, these expressions of national sympathy involve invidious discriminations, and they humiliate the beneficiary by granting as a favor or a benevolence what should be conceded only for an equivalent.

Without any pretension to have found the only or the most proper remedy for this great wrong to our chief magistrates,— a wrong resulting from no deliberate purpose, but from an oversight of the framers of our Constitution,— we have one to propose which commends itself to our most deliberate judgment, and to which as yet we have found no serious objections. It is very simple and not entirely new, though we are not aware that it has ever been formally submitted to the public.

We would suggest, then, that when a President's term of office expires, he shall become a senator of the United States for life, with half the salary he received as President. The very day that he hands over the key of the White House to his successor, he should be qualified to step into the upper house of our Federal legislature, and be joined to the other seventy-six statesmen whose duty it is to review his successor's policies and measures. From being the elect of a party, he would become the counselor and protector, not of one party, but of all parties; not of any political sect, but of the whole nation.

With no political ambitions ungratified, his independence as complete as it can or ought to be in this world, he would then occupy that position in which it would be least difficult to consecrate himself entirely and disinterestedly to the service of his country. Having no patronage to bestow, he would be under no obligation to meddle with its disposition by those who had. His social position being assured, his income would amply provide for all his wants, and leave him no pretext or excuse for resorting to any methods, dignified or otherwise, for increasing it. Whether at home or abroad, he and his ex-Presidential colleagues would have a well-defined official rank only lower than that of the President himself.*

As the mode of constituting our legislative bodies is determined by the Constitution, the following amendment to that instrument, or something substantially like it, would be required to accomplish the result at which we are aiming:

SEC. 3, ART. I. of the Constitution shall be amended so as to read as follows:

> The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two senators from each State, chosen by the legislature thereof for six years, *and of such persons as shall have served to the close of a term as President or acting President of the United States*, and each senator shall have one vote.

SEC. 5 of ART. I. shall be amended to read as follows:

> The senators and representatives shall receive a compensation for their services, to be ascertained by law and paid out of the Treasury of the United States. *Each President-senator shall receive for his compensation a sum equal to one-half of the salary which has been allowed to him while President, to be paid also out of the Treasury of the United States.*

The following table will show who were ex-Presidents at one and the same time, and who, had they been entitled to them, would have occupied seats in the Senate from the year 1797 to the 4th of March, 1885:

| Years | Ex-Presidents | No. |
|---|---|---|
| 1797 to 1799 | Washington | 1 |
| 1801 " 1809 | J. Adams | 1 |
| 1809 " 1817 | Adams and Jefferson | 2 |
| 1817 " 1825 | Adams, Jefferson, Madison | 3 |
| 1825 " 1826 | Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe | 4 |
| 1826 " 1829 | Madison, Monroe | 2 |
| 1829 " 1831 | Madison, Monroe, J. Q. Adams | 3 |
| 1831 " 1836 | Madison, J. Q. Adams | 2 |
| 1836 " 1837 | J. Q. Adams | 1 |
| 1837 " 1841 | J. Q. Adams, Andrew Jackson | 2 |
| 1841 " 1845 | J. Q. Adams, A. Jackson, Martin Van Buren | 3 |
| 1845 " 1849 | Martin Van Buren, John Tyler | 2 |
| 1849 " 1852 | Martin Van Buren, John Tyler, James K. Polk | 3 |
| 1852 " 1856 | M. Van Buren, John Tyler, Millard Fillmore | 3 |
| 1856 " 1861 | M. Van Buren, J. Tyler, M. Fillmore, F. Pierce | 4 |
| 1861 " 1862 | Van Buren, Tyler, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan | 5 |
| 1862 " 1868 | M. Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, J. Buchanan | 3 |
| 1868 " 1869 | M. Fillmore, Franklin Pierce | 2 |
| 1869 " 1874 | M. Fillmore, Andrew Johnson | 2 |
| 1874 " 1875 | Andrew Johnson | 1 |
| 1870 " 1880 | U. S. Grant | 1 |
| 1880 " 1885 | U. S. Grant, Rutherford B. Hayes | 2 |

* When ex-President Grant arrived in England, he was invited by the Duke of Wellington to dinner. The diplomatic corps were also invited. The American minister insisted that the ex-President should take precedence and occupy the seat of honor. The ambassadors, who represent their sovereigns and claim the rights which would be accorded to their sovereigns if present, declined to attend the dinner if the precedence was given to Mr. Grant; taking the not unreasonable ground that Mr. Grant was not an officer of any government, that he had no rank but that of a private gentleman, that his country had given the world no evidence that it expected him to be distinguished from any of its other citizens, and therefore that they would be derelict in allowing him to take precedence of their sovereigns, represented in their persons. The matter was finally compromised by the intervention of the Earl of Derby, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, by so distributing the guests that neither the ex-President nor the ambassadors could be said to have precedence nor to have surrendered it. There has been no other epoch in our history, probably, when even such a concession would have been made to any other ex-President of the United States.

The cost of these supplementary senators to the nation would have been a fraction less than fifty-two thousand dollars a year, considerably less than the cost of a President alone to-day.

For this sum of fifty-two thousand dollars yearly, the Senate and the nation would have profited by the counsel, experience, and example of Washington for more than two years longer; of John Adams for more than a quarter of a century; of Jefferson for more than seventeen years; of Madison for more than nineteen years; of John Quincy Adams for more than eighteen years; of Jackson for more than eight years; of Van Buren for more than twenty-one years; and of Grant for at least fifteen years.

However diverse may be the estimates which this generation would be disposed to place upon the services which the ex-Presidents of the United States would have rendered respectively as President-senators, it is difficult to suppose that any one of them could have failed to prove a very substantial acquisition to the legislative department of our government, or that the prospect of such a dignified termination of their public career would not have made most if not all of them better Presidents. What could contribute more than such a prospect to discourage any disposition to misuse the influence and patronage of the Executive for personal ends? The President would have every inducement to give the people as acceptable an administration as possible, for the purpose of strengthening his influence in the more enduring position of senator towards which he would be gravitating.* This would be a larger and more effectual contribution to the reformation and perfection of our civil service than any laws that Congress can enact, however faithfully executed. Then the people could not only safely but wisely restore to the President the power which he needs for the proper discharge of his constitutional duties, but of which of late years there has been a growing disposition to deprive him, because of the enormous temptations under our present system to abuse it. Till some provision like this is made for retiring Presidents, it is idle to expect them to be as indifferent about a reëlection as it is desirable they should be, or that any system of civil-service reform will result in anything more or better than a succession of transient and disappointing expedients.

*A.*

#### Recent Fiction.†

QUITE a number of anonymous novels have lately appeared, perhaps not without some influence from the success which befell "The Bread-winners." The pleasure of guessing who wrote a book carried the No Name Series along for several years, and "The Bread-winners" called public attention to the anonymous novel for the first time on a very large scale. "The Buntling Ball," a nonsense-book with a satirical aim, written in verse, has gained much by the mystery as to its authorship. While unreasonably long, it has very clever things in it, on secondary lines. The workmanship is careful, and the humorous parody on the chorus of the old Greek tragedies, first made popular here by Robert Grant, could not be better. In reading these, the writer has felt what an Ass (not to put too fine a point on it) is the Greek chorus in the bald light of the workaday world. In the same frame of mind, taking the unconventional view, we can look at the opera-singer, and find fun in his strutting and unnatural proceedings generally. This aspect of the opera-singer was once caught by Mr. Mitchell, the editor of "Life," in an early etching. On the large lines, as a satire on New York society, it must be confessed that "The Buntling Ball" is a failure.

Another surprise which has been sprung on us, instead of hanging fire like the last mentioned, was the authorship of "Where the Battle was Fought," by Mr. Charles Egbert Craddock. That young gentleman gave Boston what is very dear to it, a literary sensation, by appearing like a modern Rosalind from the depths of the Southern forests, no longer a male, but a woman genius! "Where the Battle was Fought" may not be equal in all its parts to several short stories of the Tennessee Mountains contributed by Miss Murfree to "The Atlantic," but it has very delightful chapters, and establishes her right to membership in that Society of Authoresses which has been urged as a necessity for New York and Boston. It places her beside Miss Woolson, Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, and Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson.

The last mentioned has appeared in her double character of romantic novelist and redresser of Indian wrongs. In the same romance she has more or less successfully welded together the aims of the novelist and of the reformer. It would be untrue to say that the place of juncture is invisible, or that parts of the book have not suffered as a romance from the holy zeal of the reformer. But when the cause is so good and the work itself so satisfactory, one must not pick flaws. "Ramona" is a book to read all day and far into the night; it is full of a youthful idealism; it has a charming warm love-story; certain characters, like that of the old priest and the business-like Mexican lady, are novel, well thought out, delightful.

Mr. Marion Crawford's "American Politician" is the reverse of this. Intended to belong to the carefully observant school of Messrs. Howells and James, it is only externally that there is a resemblance. To "make copy," as the journalists say, was Mr. Crawford's apparent aim. The society he represents is true to neither England nor America, Boston nor New York. The politics are as impossible for London as Washington; his hero is not merely a prig — he could not exist here. Mr. Crawford has been writing from a large fund of ignorance, and has been moreover possessed, unfortunately possessed, with the desire of saying amiable things about everybody. It is a mournful come-down from "The Roman Singer," his first, though not first-published, book; and from "Mr.

* It might be worth considering whether it would not be good policy to make a reëlection to the Presidency, and even a candidature for reëlection, work a forfeiture of all rights to a seat in the Senate. No President would be likely to accept a renomination on such conditions.

† The Bread-winners. New York: Harper & Bros.— The Buntling Ball. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.— Where the Battle was Fought, by Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.— Ramona, by H. H. (Helen Jackson). Boston: Roberts Bros.— An American Politician, by F. Marion Crawford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.— Zoroaster, by F. Marion Crawford. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.— Donald and Dorothy, by Mary Mapes Dodge. Boston: Roberts Bros.—Archibald Malmaison, by Julian Hawthorne. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.— Trajan, by Henry F. Keenan. New York: Cassell & Co.—The Mystery of the Locks, by E. W. Howe. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Isaacs," pleasing from the unusual scenery, by which he made a name.

Mr. Crawford may be said to have already met the request for romance which he has denied to us in "An American Politician"; for his last book, "Zoroaster," returns to the general vein struck in "Mr. Isaacs," only that it is completely Oriental, and that it is historical to boot. The author moves with much ease in the difficult field of the historical novel, difficult not to make learned but to make interesting. Here Mr. Crawford succeeds admirably, for much of the "tall talk" he indulges in accords well enough with the scenes of Persian and Babylonian court life he depicts, a life that recalls the pageants of the opera, as if Mr. Crawford had taken the hint from the musical boards, while the passages where he goes beyond the mark are condoned by the rapidity and interest of the story. "Zoroaster" is one of Mr. Crawford's best romances, if not the best.

The romantic element is noticeable also in Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge's latest story, "Donald and Dorothy," which might be called a novelette for young people, as it combines the complications and suspense of a definite plot with some charming pictures of home life. Though ostensibly for young people, the story, like its author's well-known "Hans Brinker," is of a kind to interest children of a larger growth. Not that there is any great resemblance between the two stories, however, as they are really written on widely different lines.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne has reprinted several stories which are practically new to us. "Archibald Malmaison" is perhaps the best thing he has produced, having an intricate plot which turns on a peculiarity of the brain of the hero. "The Pearl Shell Necklace" is a lovely story, with a good deal of plot and strong impressions of Nathaniel Hawthorne,— something that the son does not often have, notwithstanding all that easy-going reviewers may say, while "Archibald Malmaison" is, if anything, more akin to Edgar Allan Poe. Mr. Hawthorne writes like a man who has never yet found the place, the surroundings, the leisure to do his best; he is one of those workmen who impress you as capable of far stronger, deeper, more important literary work.

New as a writer of novels, but a journalist of some note, is Mr. Henry F. Keenan, author of "Trajan," which began to appear in a magazine that afterward suspended publication. The romantic element is strong in Mr. Keenan, so strong as to cause him sometimes to lose the perspective of to-day, but on the other hand giving to his work no little color and movement. The descriptions of Paris in the beginning of "Trajan" are picturesque and yet true; the characters are very uneven, often approaching silliness, and then startling one with an epigram, a thoughtful word, or a truth freshly and charmingly expressed.

Another journalist is Mr. Howe, author of "The Mystery of the Locks," a romance dripping with wet and murder, plunged in darkness and decay, redolent of ruined houses and tears. Mr. Howe manages to be readable, in spite of the lugubrious glasses through which he views everything; did he but know it, the strain of melancholy is so long drawn out that it loses its effect. His ostensible aim is realism, but were there such a pessimistic situation anywhere, the river, the halter, and the knife would soon remove the citizens of his dreary town to another world. Mr. Howe's pessimism is too artificial to be hurtful.

*A. B.*

### A Boy's Appetite for Fiction.

SOME time ago the papers reported the suicide of a young boy whose mind had become disordered through dime-novel reading; while more recently at Freehold, New Jersey, an organization of boys, calling themselves the "Jesse James Gang," were indicted for larceny to which they had been prompted by the same pernicious stuff. By way of remedy a bill was introduced in the New York Legislature prohibiting "dime" publications; but the bill was not passed, and it is doubtful at any rate whether the difficulty could be solved in this way.

Even if a boy does not incline to the dime novel or the weekly "penny dreadful," he is hardly less in danger from what we call the standard fiction, if he uses it — as too many do — without moderation. Dickens, Scott, and Charles Reade are not in themselves demoralizing; but to read half a dozen of Reade's largest novels in as many weeks, as I have known a boy to do, is a mental dissipation which cannot fail to be injurious. The prevalence of this form of dissipation is obvious, but hardly any one realizes the extent to which it prevails; and it is for the enlightenment of parents and teachers on this point that I propose giving the results of some inquiries which I have made among thirty or forty boys in a private boarding-school in the State of New York.

Of these, five or six confess at the start that they do not read at all. "I have never read a book," one small boy of ten writes, "but my mother has read some to me." Half a dozen more merely state their preferences in the various departments of literature, while eighteen or twenty furnish in addition a very full list of all the books, so far as they can remember, that they have ever read in their lives. It is from these that I have drawn my conclusions, which I feel justified in doing from the fact that the boys are fairly representative, in point of age, intelligence, and social position, of the school-going class all over the Eastern States. Some of them, I am sorry to find, are addicted to the pernicious literature of which I have already spoken. One has read the life of Jesse James, and prefers it to that of Garfield; four have perused one of Zola's vilest novels; the same number read the "Police Gazette," and two the "Police News"; a number indulge in dime novels, of which one has absorbed as many as fifty or sixty. I have no doubt, however, that as these boys have their taste educated they will abandon Beadle, Tousey, and Fox, for Scott and Dickens, as one of their companions has done already. "From the age of thirteen to fifteen," he says, "I read a great many half-dime novels, but now I have found out that it spoils my taste for solid reading, besides being a great waste of time, so I shall *never* read any more of them. I have begun to read Walter Scott, Dickens, etc., and shall try to read a good many of them."

What this lad proposes to do, however, in his reaction against sensationalism, may not be an unmixed benefit. Walter Scott and Dickens are, of course, vastly preferable to "Jack Harkaway," "Roaring Ralph Rockwood," and "Dick Lightheart"; but the

danger is that he will over-indulge himself, as many of his companions seem to be doing. Here, for instance, is a boy of fourteen who names sixty-nine books which he has read — all of them fiction — and mentions that he could give ninety-seven more. Another furnishes a list of seventy, also fiction; another, of forty; another, of fifty; another, of one hundred and thirty-six; while the most astonishing exhibit is made by a lad of seventeen, who enumerates the titles of four hundred and seven books which he has read, of which three hundred and ninety-five are novels. Assuming that he began when he was nine years old, he must have read one new book every week of his life since that time; and probably more than one, since after the four hundred and seven he adds the comprehensive words, "and many others." The eighteen boys, it appears, have read in the aggregate about thirteen hundred books, of which twelve hundred are works of fiction; while the histories, biographies, etc., all told, number but one hundred, and of these as many as forty were read by one boy.

Now this is a startling disclosure, and yet it only presents in the concrete facts of which most people are already aware. The circulating libraries report the same state of things. Volumes of history, biography, travels, and essays lie on the shelves and accumulate dust, while Optic, Castlemon, Alger, Jules Verne, Dickens, and Scott change hands fifty-two times in a year, and are worn out with constant use. It is not my purpose to discuss the situation, or its threatening aspects. Every one agrees that too much fiction is as unwholesome as too much cake; the problem is to make the boy eat bread and butter. How are we going to solve the problem?

No one, of course, can present any solution that will cover every case, because the problem varies with the individual boy. With some it will be easier than with others. One lad naturally drifts toward study and investigation, and it will be necessary only to give his mind impulse in that direction to divert it from too much light literature. Another cares nothing about literature of any kind; it will not be difficult to keep him away from the danger. There are those, however, like the one mentioned, who are ravenous readers of anything from Ouida to Gaboriau, and in their case the problem becomes difficult and important. Without professing to solve it, I may be able to furnish one or two suggestions which lie in the way of its solution.

It is important, in the first place, to keep the boy employed. His lessons occupy him during the five or six hours he is at school. What engages his attention afterward? How many parents make any provision for the unemployed hours? How many know what their boys do in the afternoon? How many choose their sons' companions, or make sure at any rate that the boys do not fall into bad company? It is simply miraculous that so many grow up pure and honest, when one considers the temptations to which they are exposed, and the little pains taken by the parent to shield them from attack. One father whom I know, and whose case I take the liberty of citing because of the example which he sets to others, provides his son with a complete gymnastic apparatus in the grounds of his house, private telegraph wires to his friends' houses, and all sorts of mechanical appliances and games for indoor use, in the enjoyment of all which the boy's friends and companions are made as welcome as himself. The lad himself plays the violin, and one or two others of his friends the banjo; several of them are addicted to chess; and for the more systematic pursuit of these employments they are encouraged to form clubs, of which I think there are as many as four in active operation. With all this occupation it may be imagined that the boys have little opportunity to read forbidden books, or engage in forbidden pleasures, even if they wanted to, which I do not believe they do. It may be urged, indeed, that they do not have much opportunity to read anything; and this is no doubt true, but for a school-boy occupied all day with his lessons reading is not an essential exercise, and as between sitting in the house over a novel or playing tennis out-of-doors, the latter is decidedly preferable.

If, however, the boy must be left to provide his own occupations, or if he does not take to out-of-door sports at all, and insists on spending his leisure over his books, then it becomes necessary to counteract the tendency toward too much fiction by stimulating his spirit of inquiry in other directions. There are few boys, however dull, indolent, or volatile, who cannot be interested in serious subjects if the attempt is only made in the right way. To illustrate this, let me give a bit of experience.

Not long ago a literary club was started among a small circle of boys in Brooklyn by their Sunday-school teacher, with a view to giving him a little closer access to his scholars in their secular pursuits. In a year and a half it grew from six members to fifteen,— at which the membership is limited,— and excited a degree of interest among the boys and their friends which fills the teacher, who is also the president, with constant gratification and surprise. Its meetings are held fortnightly in the president's house, and the exercises comprise readings, essays, declamation and debates, and the presentation by some previously appointed member of the current events of the fortnight gleaned from the newspapers, from which the organization takes its title of "The Newspaper Club." In anticipation of the closing meeting before the summer vacation, the president distributed among the members a series of history questions, promising a prize to be awarded at that meeting to the one who should answer the greatest number within a fortnight. The queries, numbering twenty in all, have already been published in one of the newspapers, but two or three may be quoted here to show their general character: "What celebrated character after spending sixteen years in writing a history burned it up, and why?" "Who was the best of the Cæsars; when and how did he die?" "Who was called the White Rose of Scotland?" "When was a lunar rainbow supposed to foretell the death of a Prince of Wales?" etc., etc.

Difficult as they were, the boys attacked them with undismayed courage, took them to their teachers and friends, invoked the assistance of editors and literary men, besieged the Brooklyn, the Astor, and the Historical Society libraries, made the librarians' lives a burden, and in every possible way sought to obtain the answers. It is no exaggeration to say that for a fortnight the questions were the uppermost thought in their minds; and not so much for the sake of the prize as

from an ambitious desire to excel in the competition. The president was simply amazed. Boys who were not naturally studious spent hours over books which they had never opened before in their lives; others who were fond of reading left fiction for history and biography; a few who did not participate could not fail to be interested in the efforts of their companions; while one who had watched the contest carefully did not hesitate to assert that the competitors got more knowledge of history out of it than they would get out of a year's study at school. It does not concern the discussion particularly, though it may be an interesting fact, that one boy answered correctly fifteen out of the twenty questions; another, fourteen; another, thirteen and a half; a fourth, thirteen; a fifth, twelve and a half; a sixth, twelve; and the seventh and eighth, eleven each.

Now this, it seems to me, suggests one antidote to the novel and the story-paper. It is only a suggestion, of course, and might not work with equal success under other circumstances. Methods of this sort have to be adapted to the exigency, and one who goes into the business of an educator — though only in an amateur way — must be fertile in expedients. But here, at least, is a single instance in which historical study became, for a time, of greater interest than fiction. And I think it may be taken for granted that whenever the boy becomes interested in the identity of the White Rose of Scotland, or the fate of the last Cæsar, or in the historical lunar rainbow, or in like subjects, the novel and the "penny dreadful" will have lost something of their charm.

*Eliot McCormick.*

### Archæological Study in America.

In past ages, despite such phenomena as the archæizing tendencies of late Egyptians and Greeks, and of the Romans, who were devoid of artistic originality, men did not interest themselves in old-fashioned details of custom or art — in antiquities. When the Greeks had repairs to make to an old temple, they did not seek, as we do now, to put back careful copies of the injured work; they added, as at Selinous, sculptures and columns in the prevailing style of the day, thus, to a modern eye, injuring the unity of the monument. So, in mediæval Europe, the majestic round-arched naves of Vézelay and Le Mans were completed a century or more later by the graceful lancets and soaring vaults of their magnificent choirs; and in 1514 the slender pinnacles and luxurious ornament of the lofty north spire of resplendent Chartres arose beside the noble simplicity of the companion spire, nearly four hundred years older. Archæology, discovered by Winckelmann in the last century, has become a science only within a few years, and is a characteristic acquisition of this encyclopædic age of patient research and reasoning endeavor — logical, if not always, unhappily, possessing the inspiration attending sincere conviction within narrower bounds.

Archæology is a purely intellectual science, without direct influence upon increase of material prosperity, and devoid of political affiliations. Hence, its pursuit is slow to gain foothold in a new civilization such as ours. Recently, however, American interest in archæology has been increasing very rapidly. This interest is fostered particularly at Harvard — where for years the artistic and æsthetic side of the subject has been admirably expounded — and at Johns Hopkins. It is manifested by the growing popular concern in the aboriginal antiquities of our own land, now carefully preserved and intelligently studied, not without important aid from the Government. It is promoted by a number of local societies, such as those of Baltimore and New York, recently organized as component parts of the Archæological Institute of America, which has become, under amended regulations, a federation destined to unite the interests and energies of smaller bodies scattered throughout the country. The Institute, though young in years, has by the thorough work of its expedition to Assos rendered a service to classical study of which the acknowledged value will not be appreciated according to its full merit until the publication of the final report. It has brought to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts the first Hellenic sculptures of capital importance which have crossed the Atlantic; and these have now taken their place beside the admirably selected collection of casts which renders that museum, as Mr. Stillman has pointed out, one of the best schools in the world to-day for the study of classic sculpture. The Institute has rendered a still greater service to American learning in becoming the parent of the school at Athens, supported by a league of colleges formed in the common interest of knowledge. The school, though only three years old, has begun already with fruitful results its work of training a band of practical young archæologists to emulate their fellows who have done honor to France and Germany, and to follow in the footsteps of our own Stillman, Clarke, Bacon, and Waldstein. Our growing appreciation of antiquities is illustrated by the popular favor with which were received last spring the archæological lectures given in Baltimore and in New York, by the general prosperity of our museums, and by the foundation at Baltimore, with much enthusiasm and a bright prospect for success and usefulness, of the new "American Journal of Archæology," which aims to cover all departments of the science — prehistoric, Oriental, Egyptian, classical, mediæval, and American — more completely than they have been covered heretofore in any one periodical.

To turn to more active American work: As is well known, the Wolfe expedition to Babylonia is now in the field; the school at Athens has just published its first volume of Papers and a preliminary report of a journey through unexplored regions of Asia Minor by one of its students — a journey rich in geographic and epigraphic gain; and the Institute has issued a most valuable volume giving the results of the labors in Mexico of its representative, Mr. Bandelier, who in considering American aboriginal problems brings to bear common sense and scientific method, and sweeps aside with little ceremony the fanciful glamour in which such problems have been enveloped by untrained explorers. It is hoped, too, that means may soon be found by the immediate initiative of the New York Society of Archæology to continue the honorable record of Assos by sending out a thoroughly equipped expedition to some such site as Cyrene, rich in history and in ruins, whence may be brought not only credit, but notable increase to the scanty national store of original antiquities.

With the despicable cry of the vandal Congressman, "What have we to do with abroad?" still ringing in our ears, it is a peculiar satisfaction to know that the best text-book upon the history of ancient sculpture which has appeared in any language is the work of an American lady.* Mrs. Mitchell has passed years studying her subject in European museums; she manifests great familiarity with its mass of literature, and she has had the masterly guidance of perhaps the greatest living archæologist, Dr. Heinrich Brunn. The chief concern of us moderns is, of course, with Greek art, which must retain for all time the office which it assumed immediately upon its development after the Persian Wars — that of a prime factor in human civilization. But it is not now disputed that to understand adequately Hellenic art, it is necessary to become familiar with the antecedent civilizations of Egypt and Mesopotamia, and with the history of Phœnician traders; to learn what we may of mysterious Hittites, and to follow the mournful decadence, under Roman sway, of Greek ideals. Mrs. Mitchell covers the whole ground; and we surely have no right to complain that she fails to disguise the preëminence of her sympathy with the noblest part of her subject — that which treats of Greece. The book is abundantly illustrated; indeed, in this and kindred subjects the illustrations are almost as important to the student as the text. The cuts, unhappily, cannot be praised without reserve. The beautiful American engravings have suffered in the reprinting; the new German engravings are inferior; and the numerous "trade" cuts, German and English, used to Mrs. Mitchell's own regret, are painful relics of an unscholarly past. The phototypes, however,— both those in the book and those in the carefully selected portfolio,— are beyond praise in their delicate and artistic execution. In a work of such wide scope it would indeed be strange if the critic were unable to find some inaccuracies, and some opinions which he could not indorse. The inaccuracies in Mrs. Mitchell's book are very few. As instances may be mentioned her repetition of an exploded interpretation of the famous Palestrina vase, and the publication in Fig. 133, as an example of archaic work, of the beautiful archaistic bronze statuette from Verona in the British Museum. She errs, perhaps, in not laying sufficient stress upon the familiar and popular side of Greek art as manifested in the terra cottas, lovely and quaint by turns, which do not represent divinities only, but illustrate all phases of daily life, grave and gay, of old and young. But Plate XI. of the portfolio gives three beautiful examples of these figures, chosen from among the best.

Mrs. Mitchell merits public gratitude for bringing together in one volume, and that not too bulky, the results of modern scholarship and discovery, which will appear in M. Perrot's admirable work only by slow installments and in perhaps eight volumes, each as large as her one. In her History are now accessible scientific achievements of which the record was before disseminated in a mass of periodicals and pamphlets in various tongues — the work of Mariette and Maspero in Egyptian necropoleis; that of de Sarzec at Chaldæan Tello, and of Ramsay among Phrygian monuments perhaps antecedent to Mycenæan lions; the discoveries by Greeks at prehistoric Spata, those of primitive Hellenic sculptures by the French at Delos, of priceless wealth of antiquity by the Germans at Olympia and Pergamon and by the Austrians at Lycian Gjolbaschi.

*Thomas W. Ludlow.*

* A History of Ancient Sculpture, by Lucy M. Mitchell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

### Letter from a Southern Woman.

A movement has been set on foot among us to establish Sunday-schools for colored children to be taught by white people, and a church where services will be conducted by one of our own ministers. This is certainly a step in the right direction, and if it does no more it may at least tend to weaken the deep distrust with which negroes regard all movements of the whites in relation to themselves. It is evident that now their need is of moral training rather than religious instruction. The tendency of their religious training has been to divorce religion and morality — to make of religion an offering, an atonement for sins, a convenient substitute for the painful denial of a life of rectitude.

Now, what seems desirable is a system of day schools, taught by a Southern man or woman, where a common-school education shall be supplemented by plain lessons in cleanliness, truth, honesty, chastity, thrift; a system of visiting each pupil at home, a kindly interest in their daily lives, words of cheer to parents.

This course could and would elevate the colored race and strengthen the bands of friendship and mutual trust between the two classes. Hundreds of Southern women of fair education are so reduced as to accept gladly a position in the homes of friends or relatives equivalent to that of upper servant, without wages, yet not one can be found to fill the useful and honorable position of teaching a colored school because of the social ostracism which would follow. Let some more fortunate sister who has a living income set the example and teach for love; the path will be opened and will speedily be filled by hundreds who are now too timid to take such a step for themselves.

Let me do all honor to the noble women of the North, who, actuated by the purest missionary spirit, braved ostracism and malaria to do this work. In numbers they were too few to make much impression on the morals of the race, and in religion they were usually enthusiasts who looked to religion alone to save and elevate this people. I see no hope for the South in any sense save through the elevation of this people, and it must be done by our own hands. We must work together for our own good; to do this we must feel and think alike, and cordial relations must be established, freely, fully, universally, not in isolated instances as now. How can this be better begun than by our becoming their teachers and visitors? Believe me, I speak as one who knows and loves this people, who is bound by many ties to individuals among them and who appreciates their good qualities as a whole.

*A. Z.*

VICKSBURG, MISS.

Oh, Mother Becker, seas are dread,
Their treacherous paths are deep and blind!
But widows twain shall mourn their dead
If thou art slow to find.

She sought them near, she sought them far,
Three fathoms down she gripped them tight;
With both together up the bar
She staggered into sight.

Beside the fire her burdens fell:
She paused the cheering draught to pour,
Then waved her hands: "All's well! all's well!
Come on! swim! swim ashore!"

Sure, life is dear, and men are brave:
They came,—they dropped from mast and spar;
And who but she could breast the wave,
And dive beyond the bar?

Dark grew the sky from east to west,
And darker, darker grew the world:
Each man from off the breaker's crest
To gloomier deeps was hurled.

And still the gale went shrieking on,
And still the wrecking fury grew;
And still the woman, worn and wan,
Those gates of Death went through,—

As Christ were walking on the waves,
And heavenly radiance shone about,—
All fearless trod that gulf of graves,
And bore the sailors out.

Down came the night, but far and bright,
Despite the wind and flying foam,
The bonfire flamed to give them light
To trapper Becker's home.

Oh, safety after wreck is sweet!
And sweet is rest in hut or hall:
One story Life and Death repeat,—
God's mercy over all.

. . . . .

Next day men heard, put out from shore,
Crossed channel-ice, burst in to find
Seven gallant fellows sick and sore,
A tender nurse and kind;

Shook hands, wept, laughed, were crazy-glad;
Cried: "Never yet, on land or sea,
Poor dying, drowning sailors had
A better friend than she.

"Billows may tumble, winds may roar,
Strong hands the wrecked from Death may snatch:
But never, never, nevermore
This deed shall mortal match!"

Dear Mother Becker dropped her head,
She blushed as girls when lovers woo:
"I have not done a thing," she said,
"More than I ought to do."

*Amanda T. Jones.*

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Huddling in the Town and Living in the Country.

HOW can the tide of population be turned back from the cities to the farms? The economists have been diligently warning the country people against the cities now these twenty years; but in spite of their exhortations the cities are constantly growing at the expense of the country districts. In several of our most prosperous cities during the last winter, one-tenth of the population received charitable aid from voluntary associations or from the city authorities; and a considerable proportion of those who were thus started on the road to pauperism were formerly living in comfort in country places. The knowledge of this fact will not greatly check the movement toward the cities. The prospect of starvation does not daunt those who are tired of the loneliness of rural life, and long for the stir and contact of the denser populations. The spectacles, the diversions, the splendors, the excitements of city life furnish an irresistible attraction; they would rather live on a crust in a city garret than fare plenteously in a farmer's kitchen. It is not from the hard labor of the farm that they flee, for they are ready to work harder in the city and with smaller remuneration: the force that draws them is the craving for society. Against this tendency of human nature it is not easy to set up an effectual barrier. It would seem that long periods of enforced idleness and frequent interviews with the bony specter of want would disenchant such persons, but they do not appear to be greatly affected by these experiences. Few of the poorest people in the cities are ready to remove to the farms. The Knights of Labor have a scheme on foot in some of the Western States by which tracts of land are to be purchased by the State, divided into small parcels, and distributed to any poor families that will accept and occupy them,—the title of the land remaining in the State, and the occupier having the right to dis-

pose of his improvements only. This socialistic experiment is not likely to be tried; but if it should be, two obstacles would be encountered — lack of capital to provide necessary buildings and implements, and unwillingness to leave the city. Not one in five of the families reported every winter as destitute in the cities could be induced to return to the country. The great majority of them are indeed wholly inexperienced in agriculture and fruit-culture, and could not gain a livelihood from the land if it were put into their hands well stocked and furnished. Those who have come into the city from the farms might successfully avail themselves of such an opportunity; but most of them would refuse it if it were offered them.

In England a great National Land Company has recently been formed, the object of which is to purchase large tracts of land and sell it in small holdings on easy terms, to actual settlers, assisting them also in obtaining the necessary outfit for occupancy and cultivation. This project has enlisted the best of the aristocracy, and the funds necessary for purchasing the land seem to be forthcoming. The reason of the movement is partly charitable and partly patriotic; it springs from a desire to help the poor people of the cities to obtain better homes in the country, and from a conviction, which is just now obtaining a strong hold of the minds of intelligent Englishmen, that the safety of society will be greatly promoted by a large increase in the number of land-holders. So much has come from Mr. Henry George's visit to England.

The basis on which the nobles of England are proceeding is much more practicable than that proposed by our Western Knights of Labor. They ask nothing from the state; their scheme is partly mercantile and partly benevolent, but not at all political. Whether they will find the crowded and starving denizens of the cities ready to avail themselves of the privileges they offer remains to be seen. The prospect of a ready response to such an overture is undoubtedly better in England than in this country, partly because the pressure of population upon subsistence is heavier in English cities than in our own, and partly because the charm of landed property is greater to an Englishman than to an American. Whatever may be the outcome, there is nothing to criticise, but everything to praise, in such voluntary organizations whose object is to bring the poor of the cities back to the healthier and homelier life of the country. The project is but another proof that the English aristocracy is trying to deserve its high calling, and that it is not wholly unmindful of the obligations of privilege and power.

The working of this English experiment should be watched and studied by American philanthropists. Nothing is clearer than that the poor of the cities cannot be removed to the country without wise encouragement and organized assistance. It is possible that increasing want and suffering may, after a while, make some of them willing to go; but the change cannot be made by those who most need to make it, unless they receive substantial help. The state cannot help them without infringing sound policy; but their case affords a great opportunity for philanthropic effort.

One enterprise which looks in this direction has been set on foot among the colored refugees of Kansas. Two hundred families of these refugees were found huddled together in great destitution in Morris County. For their relief a school was planted among them, in which the young receive instruction, both intellectual and industrial. Not only are the children taught in the school, but the teachers, as the missionaries of domestic economy, go about among the people and give instruction in the practical arts of husbandry and housewifery. No mendicancy is encouraged; the old clothes contributed for their relief are not given, but sold to them; for everything they receive, except their schooling, they are expected to return a full equivalent of service. The projectors of this charity have purchased a tract of land in the vicinity of the school, and are selling it in five and ten acre lots to those who will buy. Living thus in close neighborhood and cultivating but small areas, it is found that a few teams and plows will serve many families; those who own the teams being remunerated either in work or in produce for the use of them in breaking up the ground. The charitable effort expended on these poor people has proved to be productive; they are learning thrift and industry and the methods of agriculture, and the steady improvement in the condition of many of them inspires all with hope. But the purpose of the leaders in this movement reaches beyond the people of this colony. They hope to organize a community here so prosperous and happy that the poorest class of blacks in the cities will be attracted toward it. They wish to gain possession of considerable land, to be resold in small lots, on easy terms, to those who will come out from the cities and join them. They hope that the school will prove to be the organizing center of the community; and that by its libraries, its free instruction, its active interest in the general welfare of the people and the promotion of a more stimulating social life, it will furnish an element in which rural life is generally wanting. Doubtless the work done by the founders of this school and the promoters of this colony must rest on a philanthropic basis; but is it not a wise and productive kind of philanthropy? If the helpless and wretched people of the cities, white and black, the class from which most of our criminals and paupers come, could by any means be attracted to the country, assisted in obtaining a footing on the land, taught the simpler methods of agriculture, and trained in self-help, would not this be a fruitful sort of missionary work?

### Some Causes of the Present Depression.

THERE seems to be no reason whatever why this country should not now be continuously prosperous. Our acres are broad, our soil is productive, our mines are rich in all the minerals, our means of communication are ample, our factories are supplied with all the most improved machinery: why should we not have universal and uninterrupted plenty? Doubtless the idle and the improvident would suffer and ought to suffer in the most prosperous seasons; but it ought not to be possible to find in this country at the present time any considerable number of persons who are willing to work and who are suffering for the lack of employment. With such resources as we possess all our industrious people ought to be living in comfort, and the wheels of our industrial machine ought to move steadily and smoothly forward. This consum-

mation, so devoutly to be wished and so reasonably to be expected, keeps far from us. Occasionally a brief era of prosperity returns, when all willing workers find employment, when all our mills are running and all our mines are working, and our merchants report ready sales and satisfactory profits; but this is quickly succeeded by a long period of stagnation and stringency, when the machinery stops, and the freight-cars wait empty on the sidings, and the grain is heaped up in the elevators, and there is no demand for the fruits of the soil or the products of the factory, and the mechanics and operatives stand idle by thousands all the day long in the market-place because no man will hire them. The periods of prosperity seem to come less frequently, and the periods of stringency to be more protracted, as our civilization ripens.

What a strange spectacle this country presents at this very hour! Money is plenty,— fifty or sixty millions on deposit in the banks of New York city alone! Food is plenty; the granaries at the West are full of old wheat, and though the wheat crop of the present year does not promise well, the corn crop is likely to be larger than ever before; there is no fear of scarcity. Manufactured goods are plenty; the storehouses of the manufacturers and the shelves of the merchants are crowded with them. Labor is plenty; five hundred thousand idle men are asking for work. Yet in the midst of this abundance a great industrial and commercial depression has overtaken us. At the time of writing this, workmen are selling their labor at the lowest prices, and many are unable to sell it at any price; merchants and manufacturers find a dull market for their wares; the railroads report losses instead of gains; failures multiply.

The situation is not only pitiful, it is absurd. What is the explanation of it? Who is responsible for it? Is it the protectionists or the free-traders? Is it the "silver barons" or the "gold bugs"? Is it the freight-poolers or the iron-puddlers? Why should industry be crippled and trade paralyzed, and capital fettered and labor starved in America to-day? Who will read for us the riddle of our civilization? Three or four years ago our industries were busy and our trade was prosperous, but the stream of plenty suddenly began to diminish and disappear, like the Dry Fork of the Cheat River in midsummer. This condition of things is not natural. The action of the economical forces is morbid. There must be a remedy for these disorders. Who will discover and proclaim it? Somebody is bent on killing the goose that lays the golden egg. Who is it, and how shall he be brought to justice?

To all these questions many answers might be given; for several classes, we suspect, are engaged in this stupid conspiracy; we will content ourselves at this time with pointing out two of them.

The workmen who strike when the market is stagnant, and when there are but small profits of production to divide, may be safely reckoned among these witless destroyers. To shut up the mill or the mine that yields them a livelihood because it will yield them *only* a livelihood, when the condition of trade is such that additional expense of production means bankruptcy to the employer, is a species of fatuity quite too common among workingmen. The rightfulness of strikes is not contested; but the strike which wrecks an enterprise out of which the workmen were getting a living, and the employer was getting no more, is a flagrant case of killing the goose that lays the golden egg. Strikes, like revolutions, are justified by success. They may sometimes fail when they deserve to succeed; but they are very often undertaken when there are no possibilities of success, when the conditions of business are such that the demands of the workmen would ruin the enterprise. In all such cases they belong in the class of blunders that are akin to crime.

It is also a question for economists whether such strong combinations of capital as now exist, using their accumulated power, are not actually forcing the rate of wages down to a point at which all trade is injuriously affected; whether, indeed, the present depression of business is not partly due to this cause. Cheap labor may be a doubtful boon, after all, to the manufacturer. Doubtless he thinks it vitally important for him to buy his own labor in the cheapest market; but he can also see that it would be for his great advantage if all the rest of the workmen could sell their labor in the dearest market. If they could, they would have plenty of money to spend, and there would be a demand for his wares. Wage-workers are consumers of goods, and they constitute a considerable share of the population. Is it not for the interest of the producers of goods that there should be as large a class of consumers as possible, with plenty of money in their pockets? When labor is poorly paid trade must be dull. Combinations of capital to force down wages are thus avenged, to a certain extent, by the losses of trade. To what extent this occurs we are not wise enough to tell; it is clear, however, that a reaction of this sort constitutes no insignificant factor of the present depression.

Thus it becomes evident that selfishness, whether of capitalists or laborers, overreaches itself. He that will save his life shall lose it; and if in saving his own life he cares not how many other lives he destroys, he deserves to lose it. Some of the political economists have told us, how eloquently! that sheer selfishness is a beautiful and beneficent force; that it blesses him that grabs more than him that gives; that as soon as every man is as selfish as he can be, all men will come to their own. It begins to look as though there might be a screw loose in this logic. The general adoption, under the tutelage of certain canny economists, by employers and laborers alike, of "the good old rule" of Rob Roy,—

> "the simple plan
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can,"—

does not seem to bring the millennium so speedily as was expected.

#### The Sensitiveness of Cities.

CITIES have always been sensitive. Mr. Howells mentions, in his August "Panforte di Siena," a tribute to this sensitiveness on the part of an official of Siena. This gentleman delicately reminded the inviting Florentines that Florence might not, after all, like to have the Sienese deputation actually present within her walls, on account of "that affair of Montaperto,"

where the Florentines had been so soundly thrashed by the aforesaid Sienese,— a matter of six hundred years before. But in fact the history of wars, the chronicles of civilization in general, abound in instances of the jealousies, the suspicions, the sensitiveness of communities — large and small. It is not only cities, it is villages as well; it is the subdivisions, the social-geographical districts of all communities that illustrate this ancient and proverbial sensitiveness.

Here — in this peaceful country neighborhood where these lines are penned — there are an Upper and a Lower Landing not without their traditional jealousies and sensitiveness to the criticism of native or alien. Should these gentle undulations, deep woods, and quiet waters ever be so happy (or so unfortunate) as to produce a local novelist; and should that child of genius draw upon the life about him for suggestion and inspiration; and should he by direct intention or supposed implication dwell too obviously upon such points of character, manners, and scenery as were not, in the opinion of the Upper Landing, to be exposed to the gaze of the Lower, or were not, in the opinion of the Lower, to be rudely presented to the wide world of the Upper Landing and circumjacent villages: then we verily believe it would be better for that child of genius never to have been born — at either Landing.

These remarks were suggested by reflecting upon the tone of local criticism anent three novels, published serially in this magazine, whose scenes were laid in three widely different sections of this extremely wide and various country — one in the South, one in the West, one in the Far East. May that "good angel" who is supposed to preside over THE CENTURY, as over every other laudable enterprise, preserve us from coming any nearer to naming names than this! We will not mention, within a thousand miles at least, the precise locality of either of these three worthy and world-renowned communities. If they were sensitive, they were only exhibiting one distinguishing attribute of all organized communities; indeed, the more complete the organization, naturally the more delicate, so to speak, its nervous system. And again, it may not have been exclusively a matter of nerves. It was, we are sure, in each case, a question of art also; and as in these latter days, in the minds of many, art is nothing if not scientific, it was also a question of science. We know, in fact, nothing more interesting in modern literature than the sudden, almost in some cases violent, exhibition of the scientific temper displayed by one or two of the cities alluded to in their discussion of the niceties of dialect, the truths of history, and the *nuances* of social propriety and what not else, involved in the composition of these works of the imagination.

Nothing can be more stimulating to an author than this way of taking him in high seriousness, especially when there is no personal or political taint, and nothing in any way ill-tempered, in the criticism. The fact that the critics — we do not allude now to the formal and official criticisms of the press, but rather to the open academy of the club, the parlor, or the street — the fact, we say, that those serious and scientific critics may avow that they have never read, and, Heaven helping, never will read one line of the work criticised, or any other work by the same writer, would seem only to show how the subtle principles both of art and of science in these latter days permeate the very atmosphere, and make laborious plodding over the printed page simply a work of supererogation.

On the whole, the sensitiveness of cities not only in literary and other art, but in the realm of politics and of social reform generally, is a valuable factor in the evolution of society. The streets of not many of our large towns are clean; but if it were not for the sensitiveness of cities, how much more unclean would they be! What if a few authors *are* occasionally sacrificed to the critical exactions of their anxious and righteously rigorous fellow townsmen?

### General Grant's Papers in the War Series.

IN the present number we print the second of the four papers written for THE CENTURY by General Grant, the "Shiloh" having appeared in the number for February, 1885. The papers on "Chattanooga" and the "Wilderness Campaign" will be published, at intervals, during the coming winter and spring.

For the first time in the course of the series, it is necessary that we should make explanation of a departure from our published promises concerning its scope. General Grant's second paper, it was announced, would deal in detail with the campaign, as well as the siege, of Vicksburg. This announcement was made in good faith, for, as originally written and as delivered to us, such was the plan of the paper. General Grant's illness, however, having prevented him from elaborating this part of his military service for his forthcoming "Memoirs," at his special request we have consented to accept as a substitute for the first half of his paper the *résumé* which precedes the description of the siege now printed, leaving the fuller narrative of the campaign for first publication in his volume. In order to accommodate General Grant's wishes for an early publication of his memoirs (of which in substance the contributions to THE CENTURY form a part), it is necessary that these papers should be printed in advance of their chronological order, and, as a consequence, without illustrations, which must be deferred to supplementary papers on the same topics.

In thus departing, for such a reason, from our original plans we have reckoned on the considerate indulgence of our readers; and, to judge from our correspondence, we are not reckoning in vain. From many and diverse sources come to us expressions of the sympathy and gratitude everywhere felt for the great soldier,—to whom, with Abraham Lincoln, the world is most indebted for the preservation of our national unity. No American can be indifferent to the requests of one who has deserved so well of the republic, and whose long suffering has been to his countrymen a daily source of personal grief, as the heroism with which he has met it will be an enduring source of national pride.

[July 23.— As these last pages of the September number are going to press, word comes of the end of General Grant's remarkable career, which, in some of its aspects, will be described and illustrated in the October CENTURY.]

### Family Religion.

THE increase of divorce has become a matter of great popular concern, and many have taken in hand to set forth the causes and the remedies of this social disorder. Disorder it surely is; to this even the evolutionists bear witness. The monogamous household is the social organism that has been developed out of all sorts of social experiments; this one has survived because it was fittest to survive; because in societies so organized the strongest and best men were bred; in the struggle for existence they prevailed. To attempt to reorganize society on the basis of polygamy or polyandry, or any sort of promiscuity, would be, therefore, to revert to a worn-out type,— to bring back a form of social life which Nature herself has discarded. Thus evolution confirms revelation. Any loss of sacredness or permanence suffered by the monogamous family is, therefore, a social calamity. No wonder, then, that the truest instincts and the strongest convictions of the most thoughtful men are in arms against the foes of the household now so numerous and so strenuous, and for the time being so successful in their warfare.

The reasons of this insurrection against the family are not easily expressed. Some of the more obvious among them have been frequently mentioned, but it is not at all clear that this ominous phenomenon has been fully accounted for. One of the more apparent causes is the decay of home life among the people of our cities. The proportion of married people who live in homes of their own has been steadily decreasing. The growing difficulty of obtaining competent domestic service partly explains this; the new fashion of commerce, which keeps a great army of salesmen constantly on the road, is a more important reason. The burden of housekeeping falls heavily upon the wife, when the husband is but an occasional visitor in his own house.

To a great multitude of the active business men of this country no true family life is possible under the present conditions. The steady rise in the scale of domestic expenditure makes it difficult also for young people of the middle classes to begin housekeeping. To set up an establishment that would seem at all adequate would require an outlay that is far beyond the means of many of them. They lack the courage to begin in a homely and frugal way; they are not ready to be dropped from the circles in which they have been moving. Confronting this problem which baffles their wit and breaks their resolution, many young men and women indefinitely postpone marriage; most of those who venture betake themselves to boarding-houses. Veritable caves of Adullam are many of these boarding-houses; those that are in distress and those that are in debt and those that are discontented find refuge in them; the woman who cannot afford to keep house, and the woman who has been worsted in the warfare with inefficient servants, and the woman whose husband spends his life on the highway, and the woman who is naturally indolent and inefficient, and the woman whose soul is satisfied with reading Ouida and retailing gossip,— all these and various other types are thrown together in a promiscuous way for many idle hours, and brought into association every day with all sorts and conditions of men. Who could expect that the family life would be healthfully developed under such conditions? Who can wonder that the family bond is often sorely strained and finally broken?

Nothing is more evident than that family life requires for its best development the shelter and the privacy of the home.

If the Divorce Reform Leagues could secure the depopulation of the boarding-houses and the hotels, and the return of the families now herded together in them to some kind of home life, they would probably find their reform making considerable progress. It is not the solitary, in these days, that need to be set in families, so much as it is the flocks and droves of human beings that are losing, in their too gregarious life, those essential virtues which take root and flourish nowhere else but in the safe inclosure of the home.

To restore the home life, then, so far as it can be done; to give to it, in our teaching and our testimony, the honor and praise that belong to it; to discourage the breaking up of homes through indolence; to bestow our heartiest commendation on those young people who have courage to begin housekeeping in a small way, and to show them that they gain rather than lose respect by such a brave adjustment of themselves to their circumstances,— this is the duty of the hour. But the rehabilitation of the home in our social life will not be complete and permanent until some deeper sense of its sacredness shall be impressed upon the minds of the people. The foundations of the home must be laid in religion. The relations that constitute the home deserve the sanction and the consecration of religion. Marriage may not be a sacrament of the church, but it is the sacrament of the home; and what is begun with prayer ought to continue as it is begun. The solemn obligations of parentage — who can assume them without the divine guidance? It is in these relations of the home, when we turn away from the competitions of the world and enter the realm of unselfish affection, that we feel the power of those deeper motives through which religion appeals to us. In this human love, as in a mirror, darkly, we begin to discern something of the glory of the divine love. How strongly all this is said in a noble passage of Dr. Martineau's:

"All the pathetic appeals and reverent usages of life, the patient love, the costly pity, love shed on sorrow and infirmity, all the graceful ceremonies of the affections at the birth, the marriage, and the funeral assume that everywhere more *is* than *seems;* that whatever happens has holier meanings than we can tell; that the characters written on the screen are flung out by light behind. Take away the divine symbolism from our material existence, and let it stand only for what it can make good on its own account, and what is there to redeem it from selfishness and insignificance? The home sinks into a house, the meal into a mess, the grave into a pit; honor and veracity are appreciated chiefly as instruments of trade;

purity and temperance as necessities of health; justice as the condition of social equilibrium; mercy as the price of a quiet time. Does this literal aspect really satisfy you? Does it give any adequate account of your natural feeling towards these several elements of life? If this were all, would they stir you with such passion of love, of awe, of admiration, as sometimes carries you off your feet? No; we are not made upon this pattern; and in our composition are colors mingled which are native to no earthly clay."

Now, it is in the home more clearly than anywhere else that the good man perceives the pattern on which his life is made, and feels the force of those intimate impulses which move him to lay hold on things unseen and eternal. A home that is destitute of all this "divine symbolism," of which Dr. Martineau speaks; in which life has no holier or deeper meanings than those common utilities which appear upon the surface of it; in which no word of prayer is ever heard, and no recognition of the Giver from whom all bounty comes, lacks the strongest bond of permanence. This exclusion of religion from the family life is in the deepest sense unnatural. It is only by a willful repression of the holiest instincts of our nature that it can be accomplished. The fatal effect of this exclusion may be seen in many broken households; and they who desire to preserve the home and to make it a source of lasting benefit to the household and to society should seek to emphasize those holier meanings by which all its relations are sanctified, and to keep the fire always burning on its altar. Family worship — is the phrase old-fashioned? Even so, it describes a custom by which the life of every household should be consecrated. Doubtless the failure to maintain it is due, not seldom, to a feeling of diffidence on the part of the heads of the family,— to a fancied inability to express with propriety and clearness the daily wants and aspirations of the household. For these there are manifold helps,— the beautiful volume, entitled "Home Worship," lately published by A. C. Armstrong & Company of this city, in which Scripture and comment and song and prayer are happily combined, being one of the best. The reverent use of some such manual daily would introduce into many homes an element in which they are now sadly deficient; it would make the family discipline easier to maintain; it would lighten the inevitable trouble; it would strengthen the bond by which the family is held together. The only radical cure for the evils that now threaten the foundations of society is that which makes the home the temple of pure and undefiled religion.

*Washington Gladden.*

### Political Education: What It Should Be.

A DEEPER study of political subjects is clearly shown by the present state of affairs in this country, and, indeed, throughout the world. There has never been a time when so many important questions were presented for thought, and so many problems for solution, as now; and these questions and problems go down to the very depths of social life, and involve the most important interests of humanity. Some of them are strictly political in character, while others are rather moral and religious; yet even these latter must eventually influence, in various ways, the politics of the world. Some of them, too, are of such a kind that an early solution is urgently needed; for, so long as they remain unsettled, they must continually disturb the peaceful current of affairs.

Again, while such matters require treatment at the hands of our public authorities, the men who wield authority have thus far shown themselves little capable of dealing even with the simpler questions of the time; and the disparity thus revealed between the work to be done and the agents we have for doing it, is fitted to awaken solicitude in the minds of thoughtful men. It must be remembered, too, that it is in this country, probably, that the political problems of the future will have to be solved; for it is here that the forces now at work in society are most untrammeled in their action. For these reasons I heartily agree with those who call for a deeper study of the social sciences and the problems of practical politics.

But I cannot but think that those who have undertaken to supply the demand show an inadequate sense of the work needing to be done. The courses of political study that have been opened in some of the colleges consist mainly of constitutional history and political economy,— subjects of great importance, no doubt, but forming but a small part of political or social science. Economical questions, indeed, can hardly be studied too thoroughly, and I would by no means detract from their importance; but I think there are other aspects of affairs more important than the economical which our political educators are in danger of neglecting. The moral aspect of every question is by far the most important, and moral considerations are entitled to the precedence in all political action; hence, it would seem that the study of politics should be based on moral philosophy.

It may be urged, perhaps, that there are different schools of moral philosophy, who disagree as to what the foundation of morals really is, and that the young student would only be confused by the study of such conflicting theories, without obtaining from them any guide to practical action. But, though writers on ethics are not agreed as to the ultimate basis of morals, they all agree substantially as to the chief duties of man, both public and private; and it is only by studying the subject philosophically that one can arrive at a clear perception of moral principles and a realizing sense of their supreme importance in political affairs. To neglect such study, therefore, and give the precedence to economical science, is to place the material interests of society above the moral, the very thing which the colleges ought especially to avoid doing.

Again, the study of history, if properly pursued, is one of the most essential parts of political education; but if confined, as it is apt to be, to the history and analysis of political institutions, its usefulness must be very materially diminished. Such studies have their interest and their importance, but they are by no means the most essential parts of historical science, nor have they much connection with the practical questions of the time. We Americans are not likely to make any essential change in our form of government, and whatever changes we do make can only be in the way of further developments of our present system; and hence the study of older systems, or those of foreign countries, is of little use to us for

practical guidance. The study of history, in order to be really useful, ought to be directed to tracing the progress of civilization, not in political forms merely, but still more in those underlying principles, moral, philosophical, and others, which really shape and control political affairs themselves. If properly pursued, too, historical study is admirably fitted to inspire the student with the spirit of progress, and with that regard for justice and the common weal which is so essential to the right conduct of public affairs.

But there is a further consideration which seems to have escaped the notice of most of the advocates of political education. It seems to be thought by those who have planned courses of study in political science, that a knowledge of political economy and political history and a few related subjects is sufficient to fit a man for statesmanship, or for acting as a public counselor in political affairs; but is not this a mistake? The politician, whether leader or counselor, has his specialties, of course; but if he is nothing but a specialist, he is by no means fitted for the conduct of affairs. What he needs above all, after a spirit of justice, is a true conception of human life and of the relative value of the different elements that go to make up civilization. If he has been so superficially taught that he regards material good as the chief object of human endeavor, he will be wholly incompetent to govern a nation in the way most conducive to its well-being; for the end of life is not to amass and display wealth, but to cultivate those higher interests of science and art, literature, morals, and religion, which give to humanity all its dignity and worth.

How narrow and uncultivated men, if they happen to become legislators, may treat the higher interests of mankind, we have practical illustration in the conduct of our own Congress toward literature and art. Artists and others petition to have the tariff on works of art repealed, but Congress contemptuously increases the tariff. The same spirit is seen in the persistent refusal of our national authorities to secure an international copyright, while inventors of machinery are fully protected, and have their just rights in all civilized lands.

The truth is, the work of statesmanship is so broad and multifarious that no narrow special training can be an adequate preparation for it. A good general education ought to be added to the special one; and the political studies themselves ought to be so broadened as to include ethics especially, and such a study of history as will show the student the real springs of civilization, and the effects of good and bad government on the higher interests of mankind.

*J. B. Peterson.*

**On the Printing of "The Century."**

QUESTIONS have been asked and suggestions offered concerning the printing of THE CENTURY, which call for long explanations. May I ask you to print this as a general reply? These questions and suggestions are substantially:

1. Why do you not print THE CENTURY on the rough, hand-made papers now largely used for choice books? Etchings are well printed by Salmon on Whatman and Van Gelder papers. Why can't you print wood-cuts on the same or similar papers?

2. Why do you go to the other extreme and print on dry and smooth paper, which has, at times, an unpleasant glitter, and which does not hold ink as well as damp paper?

Hand-made paper cannot be used because it costs too much. The unprinted paper for one number of the magazine would cost much more than the thirty-five cents now paid for the printed and bound number. All publishers of books ask for copies on hand-made papers from three to five times more than for copies on smooth ordinary paper.

Rough-faced or plain-surfaced machine-made papers could be used for plain type-work, but not for printing the wood-cuts. A print on sail-cloth must be coarser than on satin; a print on rough paper cannot show the fine lines of relief engraving as well as a print on smooth paper. Seen through a magnifying glass, rough or plain paper has a surface on either side made up of fuzzy elevations and depressions, not unlike that of cotton cloth, but on a smaller scale. It is not a truly flat surface. But every wood-cut is as flat and smooth as skill can make it. A light impression against a wood-cut allows the elevations only of the rough paper to touch the cut. This makes the broken or "rotten" lines and spotty or "measly" blacks detested of all engravers. Full impression presses these elevations around the lines; it jams the paper in the cut; it thickens light lines, chokes white lines, and muddies color everywhere.

American printers of wood-cuts do but follow the lead of engravers on wood, who should be permitted to decide what kind and state of paper is best fitted to show their work. Whether printed on India paper by rubbing or on plate paper by press, the paper for the engraver's or "artist's" proof is always smooth and dry. American type-founders prefer to have their specimens of types printed on dry, smooth paper.

The reference to the successful use of Whatman's paper by Salmon is not to the point. Salmon's method, the copper-plate process, is entirely different. The etching is printed on a small sheet at the rate of six an hour; the profusely illustrated magazine sheet, more than four times as large, at the rate of six hundred an hour. The etching is printed from lines sunk below the surface of the copper-plate; the wood-cut from lines raised above the surface. The ink that makes the print in an etching is confined in little ditches that will not allow it to escape under pressure; the ink that makes the print of a wood-cut is spread in a thin film over the surface of the cut, and will spread or get thick from over-pressure.

The relative values of papers cannot be determined by their roughness or smoothness. The teachings of Art on this subject, as expounded by amateurs of printing, are contradictory. The rough, half-bleached, but honest linen papers in the books of the early Flemish and German printers were not esteemed in their own time. The book-buyers of the fifteenth century judged them vastly inferior to the smooth vellum of old manuscript books; and buyers of this day prefer the smoother paper and printing of the old Venetian printers and the French printers of missals and devotional books. At the end of the last century the Whatman mill was making excellent paper, but there were English bibliophiles who went to Bodoni

of Italy to get smooth paper and printing which they thought could not be had in England. The papers in the books of Baskerville, as well as in those of Dibdin and the Roxburghe Club, are below the standard of roughness now in fashion. When rough papers were common, the smooth paper was preferred. Now the tide has turned. Smooth papers being common enough, rough paper is "artistic." Price has something to do with artistic preferences. A spotty and cloudy smooth Japan paper is of more value than the rough hand-made linen; the wriggling vellum, too often greasily smooth, is highest of all in price. Is it the perception of really meritorious qualities in paper, or the intent to have what few can get, that makes the buyer at one time prefer, and at another reject, a smooth surface?

The opinion that dry paper does not hold ink as firmly as damp paper must have been obtained from some special or unfair experiment. Under the unwise and entirely unnecessary process of dampening the leaves (which will make them stick together), and of scrubbing or scraping these leaves together by violent beating under the book-binder's hammer, the ink will set off. Under this treatment any strongly printed work will lose its color, smear, or set off. But this is not a fault of printing, but of book-binding. Before leaving the bindery each copy of THE CENTURY magazine is tested by a direct (not a scraping) pressure of not less than a thousand pounds to every square inch of surface. Under this pressure any moisture or oiliness in the ink would at once be apparent. Twenty years ago the few black wood-cuts in books and magazines were faced with tissue paper to prevent smear. This tissue paper is no longer needed, although black wood-cuts are more frequently used, and are always printed with more ink and more clearness.

The best results are had from dry printing. Prejudice has nothing to do with this conclusion. The printers whose experience teaches them that dry and smooth paper has the best surface for wood-cut printing prefer dampening when the cuts are to be printed on rough paper. If an American printer were required to produce a facsimile of an early book on rough paper, he would surely dampen it. But the water that softens a rough paper is injurious to smooth paper.

The dampening of any paper is a practical admission that it is, in its dry state, unfit for press-work. Then come the questions: Why should it be unfit? Is it not possible to make paper printable by giving it from the beginning a faultlessly smooth surface? These questions have been fairly answered by the paper-makers of THE CENTURY. The paper they furnish is printed without dampening, yet with a sharpness of line on cuts and type, with a fullness of black, and a uniformity and firmness of color, impossible on damp paper.

Wood-cuts of unusual fineness and shallowness, with a delicacy of silvery tint heretofore rated as "unprintable," have been shown in this magazine (see pages 701–720 of the last volume of THE CENTURY), with the blackest of backgrounds, and without any loss of engraved work. If there be any printer who thinks he can get as good a result from damp paper, I am sure that I can not.

The publisher selects smooth paper, not because he thinks it luxurious, but because it yields better prints. He gets from it the result he seeks. It enables him to show a breadth, a beauty, and variety of engraving that cannot be shown by any other paper. He accepts the gloss on it in the same spirit that the book-collector accepts the specks and dinginess of India paper, the smoky cloudiness of Japan paper, the uneven thickness and variable color of vellum. He cannot get all the good qualities in any one fabric. He does not seek gloss. If he could get smoothness without gloss, he would have it.

*Theodore L. De Vinne.*

### Recent Inventions.

IN the application of electricity to industry the tendency of recent work appears to be towards the construction of new forms of self-acting or self-controlling appliances. The opening or closing of a circuit at one point may cause the movement of an armature at a distant point in the same circuit. This is the underlying idea of the telegraph, fire and burglar alarms, and many other industrial applications of electricity, and a great number of inventions have been brought out seeking either to make the closing or breaking of the circuit at the transmitting end of the line, or the movement of the armature at the receiving end, automatic — self-acting, self-controlling, or self-recording. For instance, the rise of the mercury in a thermometer may close a circuit by touching a wire suspended in the upper part of the tube of the thermometer, and thus sound an alarm-bell. This idea is used in several forms of thermal alarms, and for another purpose in thermostats. The thermometer may be in a dry room or cold-storage warehouse, and the bell in a distant office, and serve a good purpose in reporting a dangerous rise in the temperature. The objection to such an alarm system is that it is too narrow in its range. It only reports the rise of the temperature to a known point, and tells nothing of the movements of the mercury above or below that point. One of the most recent inventions in this field seeks to make a self-reporting thermal indicator that shall give on a dial every movement of a thermometer at a distance.

For this purpose a metallic thermometer is used. It consists of a bar composed of two metals, having different rates of expansion and contraction, brazed together and twisted into the form of a spiral spring. By means of simple mechanism the bending of the bar, under the influence of heat and cold, is made to turn an index on a dial marked with the ordinary thermometer scale. In converting such a thermometer into an electrical apparatus for transmitting indications of the thermometer to a distance, a shaft moved by the variations in the instrument carries at one end a short arm. A sleeve, slipped over the shaft, carries the index of the thermometer, and also two arms placed one on each side of the arm on the shaft, and each connected with the line wire leading to the distant receiving station. There is also on the sleeve a toothed wheel, the arms and the wheel being insulated from the shaft. The receiving instrument consists of a shaft carrying a toothed wheel of the same size as the first, and also an index moving over a dial having a thermometer scale. On each side of the toothed wheel in each instrument are electro-magnets having armatures, that

by means of levers and pawls control the movements of the wheels. While at rest the arm on the shaft of the thermometer or transmitter stands between the two arms of the sleeve and insulated from each, the circuit being open. If now there is any movement in the thermometer, caused by a change in the temperature, the arm on the shaft will move in one direction or the other, strike one of the arms beside, it and close the circuit. Three magnets are then brought into play, one after the other. The first magnet attracts its armature, and its movement first closes a shunt round the two arms, that have just met to close the circuit, and secondly operates the pawl and moves the wheel one step. Instantly after, the magnet at the receiving station is affected, and its armature, by means of the pawl, advances the wheel one step in the same direction. A third magnet is then brought into play to open the circuit and restore everything to its normal condition. As the two wheels thus move together one step, the index on each points on the dials to the same figure of the scale, and both report the same movement of the thermometer, however wide apart they may be placed. The advance of the wheel in the transmitter also serves to draw the arms apart and restore the instrument to its normal position, ready for the next movement in either direction. It will be seen that the system, while apparently complex, is based upon a simple mechanical movement. The turning of the shaft in either direction moves the wheel of the distant receiving instrument, and its index shows continually on the dial every movement of the shaft, and consequently every change in the thermometer. The shaft may in like manner be made to turn under any mechanical movement, be it the rise or fall of a barometer, the movement of a weather-vane, the rise or fall of the tide, the changing pressure of steam, gas, or air, or any physical force that it may be desirable to measure or record. In the instruments examined, the apparatus was employed in connection with a thermometer, a barometer, a steam-gauge, and a float in a water-tank, the transmitting instrument being in each instance at a greater or less distance from the receiver. In all except the barometer, the index of the receiver appeared to respond with precision to every movement of the transmitter. The instruments were also all fitted with a device for signaling on a bell whenever the maximum or minimum points of pressure, height of water, etc., were reached. The mechanism for this part of the system is made adjustable, so that the bell can be made to ring at any point desired. This system of indicating at a distance physical changes, however large or small, promises to be of great scientific and commercial value, because it makes it possible to observe and record variations in temperature, pressure, and even work at a distance. It can be used to record in a ship's cabin every variation in the wind, the temperature of the sea, the pressure of the steam, the speed of the vessel and her direction; to give variations of pressure in compressors, caissons, steam-boilers, vacuum-tanks, etc.; to indicate the quantities of water or other liquids in tanks and vats; and to show any changes in speed or out-put of machines, however great, or however minute. By the addition of any form of recording apparatus, the system can also be used to record automatically every movement at the distant transmitting station.

Among new school appliances is a clock designed to show the time at any given moment in all parts of the world. The clock does not differ in mechanism from any other clock, the novel feature being the arrangement of the figures on the dials. Two dials are used, one over the other, the smaller being in the form of a ring, and moving over the other dial in unison with the hour-hand. The larger dial covers the whole clock-face, and is marked with four systems of figures. The first system, in Arabic numerals, stands next to the edge of the dial, and begins at the beginning of the universal day, or midnight. The first number is at the left of the lowest point of the dial, and the others are arranged at regular intervals around the dial to 24 o'clock, or midnight. Midday, or 12 o'clock, is at the top of the dial, all the numbers to the left being marked A. M., and all to the right, or from 13 to 24 o'clock, being marked P. M. Within the circle of figures is a circle of Roman numerals, beginning also at the same point, or midnight, and marking XII figures to midday, and then XII more till midnight. Within this circle is another circle of 60 figures and points to mark the minutes for the hour-hand. Within this circle is also another system of figures giving 15 degrees of longitude, or one hour, and divided into 60 parts. The second dial moves over the larger dial with the hour-hand, and is marked with the degrees of longitude east or west in groups of 15 degrees. The hour-hand is in two parts, a single hand pointing to the minutes, and a series of fifteen minor hands that move with it. Supposing the clock is to be used at some point, say on the 75th degree west of Greenwich, the smaller dial is adjusted so that the figure 75 is opposite the hour-hand. The dial now moves with the hour-hand, and to find the hour at any degree of longitude it is only necessary to find the hour opposite that degree. The minute-hand will also give the time before or after that hour. If the place at which it is desired to know the time is not on one of the numbered degrees of longitude, and is either east or west of these, the time, faster or slower, can be estimated from the supplementary minute-hands and the inner circle of figures on the dial. This dial system explains a number of interesting geographical and time questions, and will, no doubt, prove of value in schools.

*Charles Barnard.*

**A Plea for National Aid to Education.**

THE movement to give national aid to elementary education, which originated with the National Aid Association a few years ago, nearly reached a successful culmination in the Blair Bill, passed by the Senate, and now awaiting the assembling of the next Congress. As a living issue of national importance and a measure of public safety, it ought to receive the general attention of the press. The larger journals and magazines have set a good example, but the network of local publications, through which the masses are best reached, have barely touched upon the subject. It has engaged the support of some of the greatest minds in this country, and literature on the subject is not wanting, but the means of distributing the data already available is sadly lacking.

Of course, the South will receive the most direct

benefit if this appropriation is granted, because they have the most illiterates; but if ever our sister States needed help, it is now. The war left the South so desperately poor, that a tax equal to, and in many cases greater than, the Northern school tax barely keeps their schools open three months in the year; and to this fund the colored man, who receives over one-half the benefit, contributes next to nothing. It is no new idea that we owe the colored man an education. He is with us to stay, and we have made him a citizen, and as such he is entitled to an education, whether he contributes one cent to the school fund or not. The duty is a national one, but the burden now rests on the shoulders of the South, and the appropriation merely proposes to distribute the load. The essence of the measure is contained in the proposition, Shall we as a nation assume the burden, or shall we continue to shirk it on to the South?

A direct remedy lies in a thorough discussion of the subject by the thousands of newspapers and journals scattered throughout the land. We at the North are geographically too far removed to appreciate the necessity of extending this aid; but once let it be fully understood, the North will arise as a unit and demand that a measure so just be speedily carried into effect. But the benefits conferred will not be on the colored man alone. The framers of the Blair Bill anticipated the objections of the selfish few, who for the sake of a few pence would let ignorance inhabit and till the fairest fields of this country. The appropriation will be impartial to each State in proportion to the illiteracy within her limits, without regard to race.

Major R. Bingham, in his masterly paper entitled "The New South" (published by the Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., in the proceedings of the meeting in February, 1884, of the superintendent's department National Education Association, and in the proceedings of the National Education Association, which met in Madison, Wisconsin, in July, 1884), has set forth the needs of our sister States far more forcibly and appropriately than I can, for he speaks whereof he knows. Widespread circulation of the sentiments contained in his paper, coming as they do from a prominent Southern educator, would do much; and as the day draws near when this cause shall live or die, I hope to see the press of our land, mustered under the banner of justice, prepare our people to give the Blair Bill, or some similar measure, when passed by our next Congress, a cordial reception.

*C. N. Jenkins.*

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

### Women and Finance.

WE have just heard of the girl whose father had opened a bank account for her and given her a check-book, and who said she couldn't tell what the former was till she had written through the latter. And, long since, we knew her married sister, who always destroyed a receipt, "to make sure the bill wouldn't come up again." But while the wise virgins have smiled at these vagaries of the feminine mind, a hundred foolish ones have lifted innocent eyes at our hilarity. It is always a little difficult, knowing a thing one's self, to imagine a general ignorance of the subject; but one may safely put at the lowest the average feminine intelligence on business matters. Even among self-supporting women, a head for finance is the exception. They are usually the resigned victims of their male relatives who relieve them of the trouble of investments, and are apt, sooner or later, with the best intentions and the most affectionate dispositions, to lose their savings for them. "The most upright men will take advantage of a woman," a victim of a brother-in-law's wiles once said; but it was because of ignorance that she suspected treachery. On the other hand, the most upright men do not enjoy managing women's affairs, sure, early or late, to be confounded by feminine inconsequence or reproached by ignorance so dense that it seems to them intentional stupidity. For, though your fair friend knows all about Greek literature and Renaissance art, the music of the future and the proper thing in prayer-rugs, you are talking an unknown tongue when you hold forth on first and second mortgages, foreclosures and consolidations, incomes and "watered stock." She does not know, she hates to ask; and if she does, your explanations presuppose information she has not, and so are of no use to her. She has a vague sense that she has been cheated if your efforts do not bring that ready money which is to her the most comprehensible fact of business transactions. If she be a saint, she says nothing and forgives a wrong she never received. If a she have a temper, she quarrels, not with destiny and the trick of trade which sent those investments down instead of up, as prophesied, but with her unhappy agent.

When she takes matters in her own hand, she does not fare much better. She falls a victim to Mrs. Howe, the banker, and learns in the dear school of experience the simple first lesson that profit is in direct ratio to risk. Or she learns wisdom at a Woman's Exchange, whose methods may be exactly calculated to play upon her ignorance and develop all her superstitions as to the little god of Luck who rules in business. For intuitions break down before the laws of trade, and the finest feminine instincts prove poor guides in that unknown world.

Now, cannot something be done in the schools to remedy the ignorance which lies at the base of all this? Is it not possible to impress on the mind, at a time when all impressions are vivid and lasting, some first principles of business and the legal forms connected therewith? The law is a terror to women, and an understanding of its certainties alone frees them from their fear. And it is not a dull subject when clearly explained, and with proper treatment may be made almost as fascinating as its underlying delight, money-getting and money-spending. We may be told, of course, that women have no head for business, and that therefore all exertions are thrown away; but we have heard the same story about so many things which, on trial, proved not beyond the feminine mind. We are getting all sorts of things into the schools now; political economy, the Constitution, and physical culture being modest side-dishes in the intellectual feast. Let us have now lessons in the logic of business, duly seasoned with clearly explained law, and garnished with common sense as to the spending of money and keeping account thereof.

And, to the same purpose, one must put in a word on the injustice which brings up the daughters of the

rich in irresponsible spending of ready money, or that more irresponsible "making of bills" which gives such a pleasing sense of having all one wants. It is not only a question of accounts, though these are necessary and helpful; but why should Midas's daughter be so utterly dependent upon his golden touch? If he means to leave her fifty thousand some day,— providing his luck holds out,— why can't he give her a title of that now? It would be a possible resource against an evil day, and, what is much more important, could be made the basis of practical teaching as to the care of money. Why must she wait till it all comes to her encumbered by endless bewilderments as to securities and investments, with the risk of losing most of it in learning to manage it? Of course King Midas answers that he needs all his money in his business; that he cannot afford to tuck any of it away in a savings bank for Fragoletta, in these days of general untrustworthiness. But will fifty thousand some time, and no more idea than a baby what to do with it, equal the tact, experience, and development of judgment involved in managing for herself a smaller sum under his wise direction? Is it a father's duty to leave all the money he can to his children, minus his own power to keep or increase it? We all know the consequences. Fortunes built up by a life's labor are lost in a decade by children who were brought up chiefly to spend. It is a phase of democracy delightful in the abstract, but painful in experience, when Fragoletta goes to the lower end of the see-saw. And so we come back to the first proposition — to give her knowledge of these things through the schools, to which, nowadays, so large a part of the training of girls is intrusted.

*Emily F. Wheeler.*

### The Serial Story.

THE continued story is a literary product characteristic of our time. "Blackwood's" was first among magazines to make the serial publication of fiction important; and though much fault has been found with the method, it has grown in favor and proved of use.

The flavor of the component parts of the novel is more distinctly appreciated when it is served up in a series of judiciously related courses. The hungry curiosity to follow the events, discover the plot, and swallow the book whole, which belonged to the world's younger days and long nights of novel-reading, is turned into the discriminating attention of a patient public, whose interest in the story does not preclude the study of underlying problems presented in a lifelike and artistic way. The writer has reason to feel assured that his "gentle reader" is not hurrying him on to the finish with cries of blood and vengeance on the villain or with urgent appeal for the hero's prosperity, nor clamoring for poetical justice or conventional moral conclusions with a vehemence disproportioned to some concern for the inward laws of life and the requirements of true art.

Labyrinthine plots are now justly degraded to catchpenny uses. Events are treated as in themselves nothing,— as affecting character, everything. Big and startling circumstances lose their preëminence, for it is found that occurrences of the slightest every-day nature are important enough to build up or disintegrate moral power, and that the excitement of following events is superficial dreariness compared with the excitement of following the meaning of events. Characters enlivened from the inside will make a story live in a reader's interest during a year of monthly magazines and beyond "Finis," more surely and clearly than the most cunningly contrived mock motions of pretty puppets jerked about in a vain search for the unexpected.

The "installment" method makes the work of entertaining the world more difficult, rather than easier, for the author. It defends the market against the demands of the market by making it harder than ever for any but the fittest novels to survive the passing purpose of filling a leisure hour; and it requires more strictly than ever before a consummate artistic skill in the choice and handling of material.

The modern reader will not sit easily in his chair while the novelist pursues pet digressions, elaborates irrelevant details, and blocks the progress of his chief characters with a throng of supernumeraries. The long-winded narrative of Fielding and Richardson, indulged with innocent zest, suited the old-school manners of a departed age. But the average magazine-reader will have none of it, under any circumstances. He must come to the point, understand the clearly marked issue, and get about his own business shortly. He requires the author to follow his plan so strictly that, on taking up a magazine to read the continuation of a novel, the first word shall at once recall the previous part and imply the whole train of the story. As to the philosophy,— the thought which animates the novelist's scheme,— the modern public will only find it absorbing if it has well-considered bearing upon the meaning and tendencies of new phases of life. His moral, like his plan, must be fully worked out in his own mind, never elaborated in the presence of his readers. The novel, once thought to be an instrument of moral corruption, is thus become an acknowledged aid to moral insight. It is growing morally suggestive without becoming clumsily didactic.

The change in the treatment of heroines signally illustrates the new position. The transfer of the author's attention from the story about his characters to the representation of the life within them has revealed the individuality of the heroine, and developed an altogether new estimate of woman's moral value. The old-time heroine was used merely as a tool of the plot, considered simply as "spoils" for the victor,— a lovely, passive thing for the hero to exercise his compelling force upon. Or, if she were not so passive, she was not so lovely. Round her centered the series of thrilling adventures; yet she herself was not the actual point of interest. She was often the prize for which the race was made, but the prize was at best a fine incident of a finer struggle; the race was the thing,— for that the onlookers cared.

The modern heroine fills a larger place. Over the circumstances of life and influences of love from which the novelist has framed his story, she asserts herself with force as well as favor. She takes herself in earnest, and the sincere treatment she gets shows at the first glance amusing contrasts, as to age and worldly experience, with the old lighter method. A blushing

*débutante* she used to be, very shrinking, entirely unsophisticated, and — somewhat insipid. Now she is a self-possessed and individual woman, whose capabilities ripen steadily in the contact with the general life. Writers of recent society novels have dared even to make her wife or widow, as world-weary in her own more graceful fashion as only heroes like Rochester or Lovelace were wont to be.

The ideal woman, the heroine worthy of the name, with all her new power of making strange situations becoming, must still be moved by conscience. Womanly intuitions and instinctive purity, however inconvenient at times to the masculine mind, are still ideally charming, and the more potent when enlightened by a ray of reason. The conscientiousness of Romola, Dorothea, Maggie Tulliver, Isabel Archer, Miss Woolson's Anne, Mrs. Burnett's Bertha Amory, or even poor life-thwarted Marcia Hubbard, is as remote as the twentieth century from the conscientiousness of Pamela, Clarissa Harlowe, Evelina, Amelia Sedley, or Dickens's strongest woman, Lizzie Hexam. The conscientiousness of these earlier heroines based its authority and privilege upon the conventions of church and state, and for the rest upon that weak and unenduring thing, womanly innocence. The modern heroine has further warrants of faith. She has ideals of her own of the life to be desired, ideals whose truest sanction lies in an educated as well as an implanted sense of the eternal fitness of things. She has proved that knowledge gives more advantages than innocence for the formation of healthy character and attainment of right action. A significant description is given in "The Portrait of a Lady" of the life Isabel sought:

> "Her notion of the aristocratic life was simply the union of great culture with great liberty; the culture would give one a sense of duty, and the liberty a sense of enjoyment.
>
> "She was driven to open recognition of conflict with Osmund, when she opposed the essentially aristocratic life for which she cared to that which was with her husband merely 'a thing of forms, of conscious, calculated attitudes.'"

What Laura Pendennis, what Amelia would have assumed to measure her hero's motives and judge his position? The utmost she could do would be to cast herself down before him because of things which her soul could not reverence, weeping and afflicted, but weak and submissive. The modern heroine suffers none the less in such evil case, but her independent withdrawal from any implication therein of her own self is as firm and unmistakable as Romola's was from Tito's moral inefficiency.

In Mr. Howells's Marcia or George Eliot's Gwendolen — both undisciplined, but both rudimentary women of the century, if one may speak so — an independent moral sense is wakened through the bitter trials and disappointments of their love. The awakening and development of this moral sense is more important to reader and writer than the love which is its instrument.

The heroine, as an image of ardent self-respecting womanly character, has become in herself of value. The development of her personal responsibility, expanding in contact with world-old customs, still powerful though waning, and with others stronger still that must forever live,— her spiritual growth and undetermined influence,—suggest lines of present and absorbing interest fit to be continued in serial novels yet unwritten.

*Charlotte Porter.*

### A New Solution of the Indian Question.

At a public dinner in the capital town of one of the Western Territories, recently, I was seated beside a gentleman who had lived upon the frontier for twenty years, and had represented his Territory as a delegate in Congress for several terms. The conversation turned upon the problem of how to bring the Indians up to a tolerable degree of civilization and to make them self-supporting. My acquaintance had just returned from a visit to three of the largest reservations in the West. Knowing that few men had enjoyed a wider opportunity to become acquainted with Indian character, I drew him out as to his own plan for the management of the "wards of the nation." His ideas seemed sensible and practical. First, he condemned the large reservation system as encouraging vagabondism and barbarism. This system, with its concomitants of money annuities and the issue of rations in times when game is scarce and starvation imminent, makes of the Indian a pauper and a loafer. In the summer he revels in a continuous excursion and picnic, roaming over his reservation with his companions and his family, poling, hunting, and having a good time; and in winter he pitches his tepee close to the stone house of the agency, knowing that the Government will provide for his necessities. Place a few hundred white families of a low grade of intelligence upon an area as large as the State of New Jersey, keep everybody else off the territory, let these people know that the Government will provide them with blankets and with flour, beef, and sugar, if they are in want, and they or their descendants would become about as lazy and barbarous as the Indians in a short time.

So argued my neighbor at the table. He did not, however, favor the severalty system pure and simple as it is usually advocated in the West. He thought it should be introduced gradually in connection with small reservations. The Indians should be perseveringly encouraged to make permanent homesteads, till the land, and raise cattle. Every man showing an ambition to acquire land and support himself upon it should be given a patent to secure him his property rights. It would be too much to expect, however, that the whole body of a tribe, accustomed to a semi-nomadic life, idle, trifling, and childish by nature, could be made stable, independent farmers all at once by the combined influence of an act of Congress and impending starvation. They would simply starve, like so many wild animals deprived of their usual resources of sustenance, or, made frantic by hunger, they would engage in desperate forays upon their nearest white neighbors.

A continuance of the reservation system, but on a very much smaller scale than at present, combined with the steady, judicious introduction of the severalty system, was, in a word, my friend's solution of the Indian problem. By this plan, he thought that in another generation the reservations, having been steadily reduced from decade to decade by the increase of individual holdings and the restoration of unused land to the pub-

lic domain, might be abolished altogether, the Indians having by that time become self-supporting citizens.

I may add that my observations recently among the Crows and Flatheads of Montana the Umatillas of Oregon, and the Puyallups of Washington Territory confirm this view. In all these tribes I found Indians who had made creditable beginnings at agriculture or herding, and who complained that they could get no titles to the land they occupied, and thus could not, like white men, acquire property and leave it to their children. Such cases were exceptional, it is true. The great majority of the men were stalwart vagabonds, the women doing all the work required by the simple savage mode of life. The average Indian, however, is more intelligent than the average negro of the cotton States, and there is no reason to think he will not learn to work if made to feel the incentives of prosperity and comfort on the one hand, and the sharp spur of want on the other.

*Eugene V. Smalley.*

### The Indian Schools of New Mexico.

IN the June CENTURY, page 197, I read:

> In the New Mexico section are shown a curious batch of compositions written by Indian pupils in the Catholic schools.

There are no Catholic schools for Indians in New Mexico. One boarding-school (this one) and seven day-schools are conducted by the Home Mission Board of the Presbyterian Church. A new boarding-school has lately been started under Congregational auspices.

It is possible that a few Indians are taught in Catholic schools, but the Catholics have not only made no effort to educate the Indian, but the Jesuits here have frequently said that the Indians were better off without education.

This school had a large exhibit at New Orleans, both literary and mechanical.

*R. W. D. Bryan,*
Superintendent.

ALBUQUERQUE INDIAN SCHOOL, NEW MEXICO, June 8, 1885.

## BRIC-À-BRAC.

### Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

THERE is a great deal of intellectual activity that is nothing better than idle curiosity; like the fly, its only ambition is to buzz and get into things.

THE great art in getting rich is not in saving money, but knowing how to spend it.

DON'T mistake stupidity for patience; patience is the humility of wisdom.

ANY one may commit a blunder, but no one but a fool is bit twice by the same dog.

THE man whom idleness don't lead into mischief is either a very pure or a very stupid one.

NATURE makes her own laws, but can't break one if she tries.

ECONOMY is a kind of natural wealth; it is money ever at interest.

To give so as to bestow a favor and not create an obligation is a delicate art.

THE more ideas a man has got the fewer words he takes to express them. Wise men never talk to make time; they talk to save it.

EXPERIENCE costs more than it is worth, but most people refuse to learn at any less price.

ADVICE, just at present, is the greatest drug in the market; the supply has ruined the demand.

LIES are like certain horses; they can travel farther in one day than they can get back in two.

TAKE all the fun out of this world and every pound of life would weigh ten.

YOU can buy a dog for two dollars and a half, but there isn't money enough in the world to buy the wag of his tail.

THE poor are more extravagant than the rich, and this is just what keeps them poor; for the sake of one feast they are willing to starve three days.

A SUIT of clothes that fits a man perfectly is worth more to him than a pedigree that fits him indifferently.

WISDOM without learning is like a sword without a handle, and learning without wisdom is like a handle without a sword.

REFORM!! is the battle-cry of civilization,— reform for others, immunity for ourselves.

THE ridiculous side of life goes far toward making it endurable.

A FOOL may possibly amuse others, but he can't amuse himself.

BEWARE of the man who listens much and talks little; he is getting your thunder and saving his own lightning.

A PEACOCK'S pedigree is all in the spread of his tail; a wet day takes the glory out of it.

CONDENSATION is almost omnipotent, single words are autocrats, and a sentence is law for all mankind.

MEN are very vain of their opinions, and yet there is scarcely any two of them who think alike.

WHAT the world wants just now is less civilization and more of the virtues.

BEWARE of the man of a few words; he always has something in reserve.

TRUTH can travel to the end of the earth all alone, but a lie must have company to keep up its courage.

RELIGION is most excellent to mix with business, but to mix business with religion is not safe.

WE get our vices from each other, but our virtues by cultivation.

MY friend, does it pay to be a great man? You must be hated by some, feared by many, and, at best, envied by all.

LABOR will buy anything that is in the market.

PEDIGREES seldom improve by age.

VICE and virtue began life together, and will leave the world when the last man does.

WISDOM can afford to go slow; but if a fool doesn't run he is sure to get left.

THE man who is ever muttering to himself is talking to a fool.

THE man who has no superstitions loses half the pleasures of life.

HONESTY, like charity, begins at home; the man who is not honest with himself cannot be with others.

*Uncle Esek.*

### Aphorisms from the Quarters.

DE cow-bell can't keep a secret.

DE bes' road to de yaller-jacket nes' ain't been diskivered yit.

DE wooden Injun' got some mighty strong p'ints.

RIPE apples make de tree look taller.

DE red rose don't brag in de dark.

*J. A. Macon.*

# TOPICS OF THE TIME.

## North and South.

THE war for the Union closed forever with the funeral of Grant. To be sure the armies of rebellion surrendered twenty years ago; but the solemn and memorable pageant at the tomb of the great Union soldier, where the leading generals of the living Union and of the dead Confederacy stood shoulder to shoulder, and mingled their tears in a common grief — this historical scene marked the virtual conclusion of sectional animosity in America — let us hope for all time to come.

The world is familiar with the fraternal sentiments uttered with so much pathos by the dying soldier, and it is not forgotten that these words were consistent with Grant's action at the close of the war, and with his frequently expressed views since then. The article on "The Siege of Vicksburg," printed in the September CENTURY, was written before he was aware of his fatal illness, and the same sentiments appear there also. In 1875 he said at Des Moines that we were not prepared to apologize for the part we took in the war, yet: "We will not deny to any of those who fought against us any privileges under the government which we claim for ourselves; on the contrary, we welcome all such who come forward in good faith to help build up the waste places, and to perpetuate our institutions against all enemies, as brothers in full interest with us in a common heritage."

As every unprejudiced observer is aware, the manner in which General Grant's sentiments of good-will were received and reciprocated in the South signifies much more than personal sympathy with a brave, chivalric, and suffering foe. The South believes no longer in slavery, no longer in secession. Some ex-rebels said not long ago: "We are glad we were whipped, and we are in to stay! Now let us see Massachusetts try to get out of the Union!" One of the leading men of the South lately told, in private conversation, a significant incident. He was complaining, he said, to one of the officials of his own State that the official salaries given were not large enough to attract ambitious young men powerfully and permanently to the State government; that their bright youths would be looking rather to the general government for a career, and would perhaps thereby lose the feeling of superior loyalty to their own individual State. "Well, why not?" was the official's reply. "We have given up all that idea; why should we want to cultivate State rather than national loyalty?" This incident and similar ones give color of reason to the theory, held by one of the most public-spirited of Northern Republicans, that the turning of the intense Southern loyalty of patriotism from the various State governments to the national government and flag may yet make the South the most enthusiastically loyal section of the whole country.

The more the South ponders on the past, admiring the heroism of Southern and Northern soldiers alike, and deprecating the unwisdom (and in some cases the treason and personal dishonor) of its own political leaders,— the more will dangers disappear from the Southern horizon. Indeed there may now, perhaps, be as much danger anticipated from the unthoughtful good-will of the North itself. We have on our desk a letter from a member of "The Grand Army of the Republic," who, while generously commending the spirit of our recent editorial on "Twenty Years after the War," goes on to propose that the general government should "establish and maintain homes for needy disabled ex-Confederate soldiers whose wounds were received at the hands of United States troops." There is a generous and pleasant sound to this proposition, and it honors the *heart*, at least, of the Union soldier who makes it. But is it in the interest of the nation, and of the South as a part of the nation, to act in behalf of Confederate, that is, of insurgent, soldiers, *as such?* If they are now good citizens, have renounced their position of enemies to the government, and wish in good faith to make themselves useful to the common weal — then give them office, if need be, for the country's good; but do not as a government, as a nation, make their very act of rebellion an occasion of bounty. Let private charity, in the North as well as in the South, do what it should for all who are in need.

The war might perhaps, have been averted; and yet it was, after all, the "irrepressible conflict" between liberty and slavery. Let the country join with General Grant in the noble spirit of the dedication of his "Memoirs" to the soldiers and sailors on both sides of the fateful struggle, and not withhold honor from those who fought conscientiously, bravely, and without stain upon either side. We can now all give thanks together to the Almighty that liberty was established and the nation saved, while we bury the last remnant of rancor in the tomb of the captain of the national armies. And if in the war of the Union the South took the mistaken and the unsuccessful side, it may remember that the very same Southern and slave State of Kentucky, which gave birth to the political leader of the slave Confederacy, gave birth also to the chief hero and martyr of the cause of Union and of freedom,—the brightest name produced by the great epoch of the civil war,—Abraham Lincoln.

## Prejudice and Progress.

THE progress of the mechanical arts and the development of the physical sciences within the past half of the present century are commonplace topics; but if one should venture the statement that the movements in the intellectual realm have been quite as rapid, and the changes of opinion no less marvelous during the same period, the assertion would be received with incredulity. Yet there are facts which strongly support such a judgment. Some of these facts have lately been brought to light in these pages. It is doubtful whether the chemists or the electricians have any greater marvels to show than those which are visible

in the changed conditions of public sentiment with respect to the black race in this country. Moral changes of this nature are silent and gradual; they cannot be recorded and advertised like the invention of a new instrument or the discovery of a new process; nevertheless they are thorough and effectual. A generation passes, and the people suddenly discover that a revolution has occurred, and that the world they are living in is a wholly different world from the one in which they were living but a few years before.

The changes in the political condition of the negroes have not indeed taken place silently; but political changes are often effected when no corresponding moral change has prepared the way for them. Slavery was destroyed by the war, at the demand of military necessity. Whatever relation the emancipation and enfranchisement of the slaves may have had to the moral feeling of the North, it is evident that it must have greatly embittered the whites of the South toward the negro. When their former slaves were by force of arms set free, and by force of law made their political masters, as they were in many localities, it was inevitable that resentment and hostility toward the negroes should take the place of the humane and paternal feelings that had been cherished by many of the whites. It was a terrible strain to which the temper of the Southern people was thus subjected; the student of history will marvel that they endured it so patiently. Even if this retribution be considered the just penalty of insurrection, just retributions are not always quietly endured. At any rate it is clear that the revolutionary movements, by which their property was torn from them and a social régime utterly repugnant to their convictions and traditions was thrust upon them, could not have inspired the whites of the South with kindlier feelings toward the negroes.

It is evident that a change of popular sentiment, if it could take place, would be far more significant and far more beneficent than any possible political changes. Legal safeguards and constitutional guarantees are of little value save as they are rooted in the convictions of the people. The ballot may sometimes be used as a weapon of defense; it was given the negro with that end in view; but that is a sorry state of political society in which any class needs to use the ballot for purposes of defense. If the class thus armed be ignorant and poor its weapon will be an inadequate protection. Peace and security will only come with the advent of a better public sentiment, from which all thought of encroaching on the rights of the weak shall be put away. The steady growth of this better sentiment throughout the whole land, and especially at the South, furnishes the marvel to which we are pointing.

Doubtless it seems to many that there is need enough of a far more radical change than has yet taken place. The weaker race is yet lacking its full rights in parts of the land; but even a cursory comparison of existing conditions with those of fifty or twenty or even ten years ago will reassure every reasonable man. What have we seen in the pages of THE CENTURY? One of the most distinguished literary men of the South defending with manly eloquence "the Freedman's case in Equity" and the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Kentucky demanding, in the name of the Master whom he follows, that the manhood of the negro be fully recognized. No right-minded black man could ask for his race more than these two Southerners now strenuously advocate. The measure of justice and consideration that they demand is more than is readily yielded to the negro in some Northern communities. These men are not alone; they have behind them a great and growing constituency of the most enlightened and most enterprising Southern people — members of the class that shapes public opinion. They speak as men who know that their cause is just and who see that it is prevailing. And this discussion, in which they have taken a leading part, but in which they are supported by men of influence and reputation, is going on throughout the South, with some, but with comparatively little bad temper. Mr. Cable and Bishop Dudley find those who strenuously dispute their demands; but, as has been said, debate is proceeding for the most part on these "three quiet convictions: that recrimination and malignment of motives are the tactics of those who have no case; that the truth is worth more than any man's opinion; and that the domination of right is the end we are bound to seek."

Let it be noted, also, that the disputants almost unanimously agree that slavery was both economically and morally wrong and ought to have perished; and that the negro must be protected in the political rights with which the Constitution has invested him. That these rights are still abridged, by fraud or intimidation, in parts of the South cannot be denied; but the sentiment that condemns and denounces this action is steadily gathering strength. When one of the most influential Southern newspapers says: "We believe there is a general desire among the people of the South that the negro shall have all the rights which a citizen of the United States, whatever be the color of his skin, is entitled to," we perceive that the tide has turned. Keep it in mind that it is not with these political rights that the present discussion at the South is concerned, but rather with those civil rights which the national statute, lately annulled, undertook to protect. That the negro may vote and hold office, no one rises to deny; the question is what his rights shall be, not to be sure in private "society," but in the railway car, and the street car, and the hotel, and the theater. Mr. Cable and those who stand with him demand that he shall have the same rights that the white man has in these public places; that no ignominy shall be put upon a citizen in public places on account of his color.

Signs of juster views and actions are visible on every hand. Mr. Cable indignantly calls attention to the discrimination against colored persons in the cars, in portions of the South, but there are also large sections of the South in which well-dressed and well-behaved people of color occupy without protest the first-class cars. In Kentucky and Virginia no such distinction is visible on the railway cars. In South Carolina also *(ecce signum!)* according to the Charleston "News and Courier," quoted by Mr. Cable, "respectable colored persons who buy first-class tickets on any railroad ride in the first-class cars as a right, and their presence excites no comment on the part of their white fellow-passengers. It is a great deal pleasanter," this editor continues, "to travel with respectable and well-behaved colored people than with un-

mannerly and ruffianly white men." A radical champion of the rights of the negro, on his recent return from the Southern Exposition, testified that he saw during his journey no discrimination against negroes upon the railway cars.

Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge of Lexington, Kentucky, late of the Confederate army and recently elected to Congress, is a man strongly in sympathy with the Southern community and its way of thinking. But after the war this man, a busy and able lawyer, and a speaker in demand on important occasions, devoted something like a dozen years to the improvement of the colored schools in his neighborhood — working against a gradually disappearing local prejudice. Judge Beckner, of the same State, recently accepted an invitation to deliver an address at Berea, Kentucky, where it is claimed that local conditions make it advisable to try the double experiment of the co-education of the sexes and of the races. Judge Beckner is personally opposed to the theory of such mixed schools, but believing that the institution had accomplished good results, he did not refuse to attend, thinking, as he has since said, in reply to criticism on his conduct, that it would have been cowardly so to do. The fact that Judge Beckner, who is a stanch Democrat, disapproved of the views held at Berea makes his general sentiments on the negro question all the more significant. Says the judge in a recent letter to "The Clarke County Democrat":

> "They, the colored people, cannot be put out of our sight by standing on the night's Plutonian shore and muttering the gibberish of a day that is done. . . . Every dictate of patriotism, humanity, and religion requires that we shall not only give them a chance, but that we shall assist them to rise from the state of degradation in which they were left by the abolition of slavery. They are citizens and voters, and will remain such as long as the Republic lasts. . . . I stand exactly in line with Lamar, Wade Hampton, Garland and other Southern Democrats."

This revolution in public sentiment has not been confined to the Southern States. In several Democratic States of the North, as Mr. Cable shows, laws for the protection of the civil rights of the negro have been enacted with substantial unanimity.

Contrast, now, with these indications of the public sentiment, a few typical facts taken from the recent history of this country. Twenty-five years ago the founder of Berea College was hunted like a wild beast through the region where now his name is spoken by men of all parties with reverence. It is only true to say that in eastern Kentucky to-day few men are held in greater respect than John G. Fee. Thirty or forty years ago large rewards were constantly offered at the South for the seizure of leading abolitionists at the North; and all such persons were warned that it would be unsafe for them to venture into that region. Prominent clergymen of the South joined in these threats of violence. Names that are illustrious in the ecclesiastical records of the great denominations are appended to the most sanguinary suggestions respecting the treatment of fellow-Christians whose only disagreement with themselves concerned the rightfulness of slavery. A leading newspaper of South Carolina uttered these words:

> "Let us declare, through the public journals of our country, that the question of slavery is not, and shall not be open to discussion — that the very moment any private individual attempts to lecture us upon its evils and immorality, in the same moment his tongue shall be cut out and cast upon the dunghill."

This was a fair sample of Southern sentiment forty years ago. The feeling at the North was not much better. The story of Prudence Crandall, told in THE CENTURY for September, shows how a good woman was mobbed and boycotted fifty years ago by so-called Christians in Connecticut for the same deeds that are now done with applause throughout the Southern States; that the Legislature of Connecticut then forbade by statute, amidst great popular rejoicings, what the Legislatures of Georgia and Tennessee and Mississippi now encourage by appropriations,— the establishment of schools for the teaching of colored girls. Miss Crandall's school was not the only one that suffered. An academy in Canaan, New Hampshire, was opened two years later for the reception of pupils, without distinction of color. Immediately New Hampshire was on fire. After a cannonade of abuse and vituperation from the newspapers, the people of Canaan and the surrounding towns gathered, and with a hundred yoke of oxen dragged the school-house from its site and left it a heap in the highway. The mob was led by a member of the Congregational church, and it expressed the public sentiment of that period. It was about this time that Garrison was dragged through the streets of Boston with a rope about his body; that Pennsylvania Hall, erected for the use of the abolitionists in Philadelphia, was burned by a mob, three days after its dedication, with the evident connivance of the authorities; that Lovejoy was murdered in Alton, Illinois; that the students in Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, were forbidden by the trustees to discuss slavery; and that Marius Robinson, a man of gentle spirit and reverent lips, was hauled from his lodgings in Berlin, Ohio, and tarred and feathered simply because he had tried to prove that the Bible was opposed to slavery. In many of these mobs leading members of the churches were active participants, and the voices lifted up by press and pulpit to reprove their outrages were few and feeble.

Such reminiscences, which could easily be multiplied, show how great and how recent has been the change in public sentiment at the North respecting the colored people, and how much need there is of patience and tolerance in judging the movements of Southern opinion upon this question. It is clear that the cause of the negro may safely be left to such champions as those who have now risen up on Southern soil to defend his rights, and it is equally clear that the people of Connecticut, and New Hampshire, and Pennsylvania, and Ohio, may well remember their own former attitude, while they are throwing stones at their neighbors across the Potomac and the Ohio.

### Civic Rivers.

A FEW years ago a citizen of New York returned from his first visit to Europe with his memory full of the civic rivers of the Old World. He remembered the splendid sweep of the Arno at Pisa, which Mr. Howells has just described; the Thames embankment; the masterly use made of the Seine for the pleasure of Paris. Here in New York, he said to

himself, we have two great rivers, and we make little or no use of them for the decoration of our city; there is not one drive from which they are visible, and there are but two small parks from which they can be seen. The Riverside Drive and Park were then in their infancy, but a drive on the former soon showed him that the need had been partly supplied — that the splendid Hudson had been at last taken into the city and made a part of its pleasure-ground. And now that a portion of the park has been selected as the burial-place of General Grant, there is every prospect that the whole plan will be completed in a manner worthy of its natural associations and its new honor. Moreover, the attention which has been drawn to Riverside Park by that event has broadened the ideas of New Yorkers as to the adaptability of other waters about the island to the purposes of public recreation.

Of recent years, New York Harbor has been virtually added to the accessible attractions of the city by the numerous lines which have been opened to the adjacent sea-coast. Any one who has ever come by night from Bay Ridge or Staten Island must have been struck with the unique beauty of the view; and of late the panorama has taken on new impressiveness from the stately procession of electric lamps upon the Brooklyn Bridge, with which the great beacon of the Statue of Liberty bids fair to "compose" in a picture of rare and modern character. What foreign city presents in a noble natural outlook two artificial features better adapted to inspire the imagination? For a trifle, this scene is now within the reach of every visitor to the city. Moreover, during the past year a new delight has been discovered in the views of the Harbor, which have been made accessible from the high roofs in the lower part of the city,—views so unusual in point of view, so comprehensive in scope, and so animated, that it is difficult to speak of them with reticence. From the top of these ten-story buildings, it seems to old frequenters of the Battery as though the Harbor were now seen for the first time. Much can be done by municipal effort to preserve the impressiveness of these views. The elevated railway can and should be removed from Battery Park. The ugly buildings now devoted to public baths should not be allowed to disfigure the scene; if not feasible to place them elsewhere, they should be taken from the middle of the view, be made picturesque on the water side, and be concealed by trees from the land. Castle Garden should be rescued from its present use as a landing-place for immigrants and made to minister to the needs of residents and visitors. The memory of its former triumphs might well be restored by devoting the building to music of a high order. If any one doubt the response of the public to such a proposition, let him fancy Theodore Thomas at the baton and remember the crowds of ten years ago at the Central Park Garden.

A third, and, for the health and enjoyment of the city, a hardly less valuable addition to the city's water parks, lies *in posse* about the region known as Hell Gate. Here virtually is the meeting-place of four streams,— the two channels of the East River reuniting above Blackwell's Island, and the broad stretch from Harlem blending below Ward's Island with the inlet from the Sound. It is a waterscape of fine dimensions and of surroundings that may easily be made picturesque. On the east are the wooded slopes of Astoria, a beautiful town which is going to ruin through municipal mismanagement. On the New York side is a bluff half a mile long, partly wooded, and in the judgment of Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted and Mr. Calvert Vaux, now our two most valued landscape architects, beautifully adapted to park purposes. This ground includes a part of the original rocky shore of Manhattan Island. It looks upon a river which possesses a most individual and interesting aspect, and to which the unusual force of the tides lends great changeableness,— making it now as smooth as glass, now as turbulent as the sea beyond the breakers. Through these gates to the city passes a variety of craft which lacks only the great ocean steamers to surpass that of any other waters.

Aside from the picturesqueness of the view, the absolute need of the establishment of such a breathing-place will be evident when it is seen that on the east shore of Manhattan Island (excepting a small part of this bluff, hardly of the extent of one city block) there is no public park reservation below Harlem, nor is there any whatever east of Central Park above Seventeenth street. With the success of the excavations at Hell Gate, this waterway will become for more and more people the portal of the city. It will be unfortunate indeed if some way is not found by the official authorities for the preservation of this eligible spot. Years from now New York will be tearing down buildings, for the sake of providing facilities for popular pleasure which now lie at her doors.

What is here said of New York may well apply to other American cities. Every moment of delay in planning for the future pleasure and health of our municipal populations is a moment lost. We have the finest rivers and lakes of the world, and with a forethought equal to that which has made Washington City in this respect a source of national pride, we should not now have to be laboriously planning to save scraps and patches of our water-fronts. Of late years there has been a marked awakening on the general subject of city parks. In some instances, as in Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, and at Niagara, it has extended to the waterways. In the suburbs of many cities there are fashionable drives along rivers or lakes, but in no other city than New York could municipal effort bring the beauties of water scenery nearer to the large majority of the people.

**The Connecticut Training School for Nurses.***

[NEW HAVEN HOSPITAL.]

A NEW idea usually finds simultaneous development in several directions, and it is rare that one person alone is the discoverer. The common parent of American hospital schools is the Nightingale Memorial of St. Thomas's Hospital, London; but the plan for their organization here was common to several communities. For example, the New Haven School was developed, a small endowment raised, and the charter obtained, simultaneously with the Bellevue Hospital school — though chance prevented the reception of pupils in New Haven until six months later.

A school of the size of the New Haven School, adapted to the wants of a comparatively small hospital, stands in relation to similar organizations in large charity hospitals as the private select school does to the large public ones in the common-school system. In a hospital of only one hundred and sixty beds, there is no great mass of sick to care for; nurses have time to study the accomplishments of their profession, and lady visitors and managers are able to give personal attention and supervision to the classes. That the results are favorable is shown in the New Haven School by the number, in proportion to the graduate, who have been called to fill positions of trust in other hospitals, nearly one-fourth having been given the supervision of nursing in hospitals, in New Haven, New York City, Brooklyn, Pittsfield (Massachusetts), Boston, and the States of New Jersey, Indiana, Ohio, Vermont, and Virginia. The growth of the school in public favor is shown by the constantly increasing demand for nurses for private families, two-thirds in excess of the provision, and also by the applications for admissions, which at the present moment are greatly in excess of the vacancies. Another proof of the favor with which the enterprise is regarded is found in the liberal way in which money has lately been contributed to build in the hospital inclosure a nurses' home, now finished and occupied, having accommodations for thirty,— a handsome, ample three-story brick building, with cheerful parlors, single bedrooms, bathrooms, piazzas, etc., well-warmed, ventilated, and lighted, which — it may be useful to those engaged in similar undertakings to know — has been substantially and satisfactorily completed at an outside cost of $11,800.

It might be supposed that the New Haven School, comparatively small as it is, would have a local reputation only; it is noticeable, however, that young women all over the country are increasingly interested in the new profession open to them, and anxious to collect information concerning all the schools. Thus far the following places have been represented in the New Haven School by accepted pupils: Connecticut, Vermont, Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Georgia, Illinois, Wisconsin, Washington, Canada, Nova Scotia, and Australia. Trained nurses have been sent on application to all the New England States, New York, Florida, and Virginia, and on graduation have scattered to all quarters, from Canada to California. For the benefit of those who may be desirous of connecting a nursing school with smaller hospitals than those found in our large cities, it may be useful to give the points of difference between the New Haven organization and similar undertakings in New York and Boston.

The New Haven School is in charge of a president, vice-presidents, general treasurer, and auditors, and a committee of twenty-one ladies and gentlemen, five being physicians, two of whom are connected with the hospital staff; this makes a connecting link between the ladies' committee and medical and other male boards of hospital management. The gentleman who is the general treasurer pays out to the sub-treasurer, who is a lady, the funds necessary for the current expense of the school, which she accounts for, making weekly payments to the nurses. The secretary, another member of the ladies' committee, conducts all the correspondence with applicants, accepts them if they answer the requirements, and notifies the lady superintendent when to expect new arrivals. The assumption by the ladies' committee of all these duties relieves the superintendent of much outside responsibility and gives her time for her legitimate duties as instructor of the pupils in the wards. That the pupils may be under the best teaching it is required that the superintendent of nursing and her assistant shall themselves be ladies of thorough hospital training, knowing the theory and practice of skillful nursing, and able to recognize at once bungling work on the part of the pupils and to set them right.

In a small hospital it is unnecessary that ward head-nurses should be employed, as in large institutions, at an increased expense. Here the senior nurse in each ward is in that position, at the ordinary payment. Each pupil, coming in turn to be senior nurse, gains greatly in self-possession and quick perception — faculties which are required in this responsible position.

The hospital contributes nothing towards the payment of the nurses; that is attended to by the society. The table for the school is, however, provided by the hospital; and the officers, relieved from the daily cares of housekeeping, give their whole time to the supervision of the nursing. Differing again from other schools, the course of instruction here is shortened to nineteen months,— thirteen spent in hospital and six at private nursing; this private nursing is required of all pupils.

In this way the school receives additions to its funds in payments from families, and the committee know from actual trial and report whether the nurse is entitled to her diploma. The exigencies of very large hospitals make it necessary often to decline to send nurses to private families. The New Haven School re-

* For a description of the interesting work of the Bellevue Hospital (New York) Training School for Nurses see THE CENTURY for November, 1882.— EDITOR.

quires that all should serve in this way for six months, their places in the hospital being taken by new pupils. In all these ways—in the absence of increased payments toward head-nurses, and of housekeeping cares, and in the requirement of nursing in private families — the school finds an advantage over other systems. One other difference is in the form of graduation papers. Each graduate receives with her diploma a printed statement of her standing in the school during her course of study, and the seal of the school is not affixed to the diploma until one year after graduation. At this time, the self-reliance of the nurse having been tested for this additional twelve months, a certain number of testimonials from physicians are required to be returned with the diploma for final action, and if a majority of the committee so decide the seal is affixed.

The course of instruction consists of careful teaching in the ward by the lady superintendent, recitations held daily from text-books, lectures, autopsies, attendance at surgical operations, and three weeks or more spent in the diet kitchen. Quarterly examinations are held and a prize is given for the best recitation. Examinations for diplomas are conducted by one of the physicians of the committee.

The school has published a hand-book of nursing, which is in use in the hospital schools of New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, Washington, and Orange, and in one of the large English hospital schools. It may be an encouragement to other schools in their beginning to see at the close of ten years how far a little candle throws its beams.

It is important to those about organizing a nursing school to lay special stress upon the need of strong health in their pupils. Only about one-third of all the accepted pupils of the New Haven School have finished their hospital course; and the cause of failure in a large majority of cases has been ill health. The work makes a drain upon the system mentally and physically, and it often happens that physicians who do not understand the wearing nature of hospital life will certify to the physical fitness of a young woman who in six months' time breaks down entirely, and the result is loss of health to her and loss of time and money to the school. Some applicants who bring clean bills of health from home are pronounced by our own physician unequal to the strain.

One other difference between this school and others is in the requirement that at the close of a year's hospital life the pupils shall take a month's vacation, to be spent away from the hospital. This is considered necessary, in order that pupils may go in a good physical condition to their nursing in private families.

The "sources of financial support" are a small endowment and payments made by families for the services of nurses.

There is no hospital too small to furnish useful training to at least three or four pupil nurses, and all over the country there is a demand for skilled services in illness.

The New Haven School began in a very small way a few years ago, with six pupils, and has now over forty under its control, with a graduate list of more than one hundred. What is a far better test of success, however, than mere numbers, is the wide reputation it has secured for faithful training; and this reputation can be obtained by even the smallest cottage hospital.

### In the Chilcat Country.

ALASKA is a land of winter shadow and summer sun. Appointed by the Board of Presbyterian Home Missions to establish its farthest outpost in the country of the Chilcats, we left our old Middle State home in the early part of May, 1881, and sailed from San Francisco on the 21st. At that time there was no such thing as a "through steamer."

On reaching Sitka, June 11th, with the expectation of getting out almost immediately to our post, we heard that two powerful families of the Chilcats (the Crows and the Whales) were engaged in war, and that we would not be permitted to enter the field until there was some promise of peace. However, after a month's detention, we were allowed to proceed, and on the evening of July 18th the little trading vessel cast anchor. After plunging through the surf of Portage Bay, we set our feet upon the beautiful shore of Da-shu — the site of the mission village of Haines.

From Portage Bay west to the Chilcat River and southward to the point, lies the largest tract of arable land, so far as my knowledge goes, in south-eastern Alaska, while the climate does not differ greatly from that of Pennsylvania. Though the winters are longer and the snows deeper, the thermometer never falls as low as it does sometimes at home,— there are no such sudden and constant changes,— and the air is salt and clear as crystal. Our first snow fell on the 10th of October, and we never saw the ground again until May. In the month of February alone we had eighteen and three-fourths feet of snow-fall, and for months it lay from eight to twelve feet in depth. Here summer reaches perfection, never sultry, rarely chilling. During the winter months the sun lingers behind the eastern range till nearly noon; then, barely lifting his lazy head above the southern peak for two or three hours, sinks again into the sleepy west and leaves us a night of twenty-one hours.

But in May the world and the sun wake up together. In his new zeal we find old Sol up before us at 2:15 A. M., and he urges us on till 9:45 at night. Even then the light is only turned down,— for the darkest hour is light early summer twilight, not too dark for reading.

From our front door to the pebbly beach below, the wild sweet-pea runs rampant, while under, and in, and through it spring the luxuriant phlox, Indian rice, the white-blossomed "yun-ate," ferns, and wild roses which make redolent every breath from the bay. Passing out the back door, a few steps lead us into the dense pine woods, whose solitudes are peopled with great bears, and owls, and — Kling-get ghosts! while eagles and ravens soar without number. On one tree alone we counted thirty bald eagles. These trees are heavily draped with moss, hanging in rich festoons from every limb; and into the rich carpeting underneath one's foot may sink for inches. Here the ferns reach mammoth size, though many of fairy daintiness are found among the moss; and the devil's walking-stick stands in royal beauty at every turn, with its broad, graceful leaves and waxen red berries.

Out again into the sunshine and we discover meadows — of grass and clover, through which run bright little streams, grown over with willows just as at home. And here and there are clumps of trees, so like the peach and apple that a lump comes into your

throat. But you lift your eyes, and there beyond is the broad shining of the river, and above it the ever-present, dream-dispelling peaks of snow, with their blue ice sliding down and down.

The winter night display of Aurora Borealis is another feature of the north country scenery, where the stars seem twice as large as they do at home, and Polaris hangs the central light in the heavenly vault. The finest lights we have seen were in the north. First appears a glimmering, then a flashing light which gradually assumes the form of a solid arch of sheeny, scintillating whiteness; then a bright bow springs from and over it, and presently another, while from their base on either side are thrown, clear into the zenith, great flashing streamers of red and white and green. When there is much of this lightning crimson the Indians are troubled, as to them it indicates that war is engaging the spirit world's inhabitants, and forebodes the same for them.

The Chilcat people long ago gained for themselves the reputation of being the most fierce and warlike tribe in the Archipelago. Certain it is that, between themselves and southern Hy-dah, there is not another which can compare with them in strength, either as to numbers, intelligence, physical perfection, or wealth.

A diseased person among the Chilcats is rather the exception, and prostitution as defined by them is punishable with death. At first thought their marriage laws seem very elastic, but such is not the case. Though they do not bind tightly they bind strongly, and the limits which are fixed are fixed indeed. The children always belong to their mother and are of her to-tem. This to-temic relation is considered closer than that of blood. If the father's and mother's tribes be at war the children must take the maternal side, even if against their father. It is this law which makes illegal any marriage between members of the same tribe; though the contracting persons may be entire strangers, and unable to trace any blood relation. At the same time a man may marry his half-sister (one having a different mother) or a woman and her daughter — either at the same time or consecutively; for plural marriages are not uncommon, though they are by no means general. In very rare cases a woman has two husbands, oftener we find a man with two wives, even three; but more frequently met than either is the consecutive wife. One contract may be set aside by mutual consent, in favor of a new one. But in any case, while a contract exists, it must be lived up to; each must be faithful to the other.

The women are generally plump, healthy, and modest, and are always modestly clothed, some avoiding bright colors. I noticed one day at church a pretty young woman wrapped in a scarlet blanket, with a black silk handkerchief tied becomingly about her face; but her eyes were downcast; scarcely did she lift them during the service. Thinking that something troubled her, I made inquiry after we were dismissed, and found that it was the bright blanket. "I felt," she said, "that I was in everybody's eye. I wore it because my husband gave it to me last night; but I'll never wear it again," and she didn't. The men are large, straight, and muscular, with an air of natural dignity, and unconscious grace in pose, and in the manner of wearing their blanket or fur-robe, that one is reminded constantly of the ancient Roman and his toga. The head, too, is rather small and shapely; the eye well set, clear, and bright; the chin and mouth firm, but seldom heavy; while the nose — usually adorned with a ring — is well-developed, and somewhat of the Roman cast. But in some cases the physiognomy bears a striking resemblance to that of the Chinese, small, thin features, a sharp or turned-up nose, and small eyes set obliquely. They are, comparatively, a cleanly people, both as to their persons and houses. I have been in Indian houses where the floors were so scoured with wood ashes and sand that I had rather eat from them than from their oily dishes; and I have seen a boy and girl wash and wipe these wooden dishes and horn spoons after the family meal, as handily as ever I did it myself.

Since they have come to know of the Christian Sabbath they measure time by so many Sundays; before, it was kept by means of knots in a string or notches in a stick for *days*, as they do now outside of the mission village. Saturday is general cleaning-up day. Heads are carefully washed, and are dried by running the fingers through the hair in the sun or by the fire. Then all who possess or can borrow a comb use it to the best advantage, and the hair is then oiled and tightly braided from the "part" close about the face and joined in one plait at the back. On Sunday it is *smoothed down* and a "j'eue" or covering of bead-work tied over the braid, though this last is a mark of "high class," and I have heard of a slave having been killed for daring to wear one. Though slavery is almost a thing of the past, there are still some captives in the Chilcat country. They are mainly from the Far South "Flat Heads." The Chilcats wash their blankets by rubbing them on a flat board, then by swishing them back and forth in the surf. And in utter defiance of the old belief that cold water, and especially salt, would ruin wools, their white blankets are among the whitest, woolliest, and softest I have ever seen.

It is a general custom for the men and boys to take a morning bath in the river or bay, even when they have first to break the ice. Casting aside every garment, within doors, they walk leisurely down to the dipping place. After plunging about to their satisfaction they come out and roll awhile in the snow. Then taking up a short thick bunch of rods they switch themselves until a perfect reaction is secured. The babies are bathed indoors in a large native basket; but a new-born child is *never* washed. These baskets are closely woven from grasses and the inside bark of the yellow cedar. Some of them are very handsome. They are used for almost everything — from the bath-tub and water-bucket, to the dinner pot, in which their food is easily cooked by dropping into it stones first heated in the fire. It is in this way in their canoes that such immense quantities of salmon are cooked, in the manufacture of salmon oil. The canoe is half buried in earth, filled with red salmon and a little water; great heaps of stones about fist size are made red-hot and dropped into the great boiler. In a very short time the whole canoeful is boiling and hissing like a common dinner pot. The boiled fish is then pressed in coarse baskets, or trodden rather, for it is done with the feet. The juice is collected in a canoe and again heated. It then stands for a day, and the clear red oil is taken from the top. That made at Chilcoot is the

finest, and is in demand even as far south as Fort Simpson, British Columbia, as it is a choice and indispensable article of diet among Northern Indians.

The Chilcats are, comparatively, an industrious people. On the mainland we have none of the deer which so densely populate the islands, owing, it is said, to the presence of bears and wolves; but we have the White Mountain sheep, which while it is lamb is delicious meat. From its black horns the finest carved spoons are made, and its pelt when washed and combed forms a necessary part of the Indian's bedding and household furniture. The combings are made by the women into rolls similar to those made by machinery at home. Then with a great basket of these white rolls on one side, and a basket on the other to receive the yarn, a woman sits on the floor and, on her bared knee, with her palm, rolls it into cord. This they dye in most brilliant colors made of roots, grasses and moss, and of different kinds of bark.

It is of this yarn that the famous Chilcat dancing-blanket is made. This is done by the women with great nicety and care. The warp, all white, is hung from a handsomely carved upright frame. Into it the bright colors are wrought by means of ivory shuttles. The work is protected during the tedious course of its manufacture by a covering resembling oiled silk, made from the dressed intestines of the bear. Bright striped stockings of this yarn are also knitted, on little needles whittled from wood.

In sewing nearly every woman is an expert. Their moccasins and other leather garments are well fitted, and sewed with *tus*, a thread made from animal sinew. The leather and furs are tanned and dressed by the women. They use much of the unbleached muslin in their dress now, and the garments are, for the most part, torn out and fitted with gussets. The ravelings are rolled on the knee into thread and used in making all the different articles of cotton clothing; and they are all made with extreme neatness. I have seen an old-fashioned white shirt made by one of these women with all the pleats and bands stitched with such accuracy and delicacy that it could not have been told from the finest machine work. In addition to the work already mentioned, the women weave the nets and baskets, gather and cure the berries and sea moss, help to raise the potatoes and turnips and to prepare the winter's store of oil and salmon, and care for the house and children; though the men share the last-named duty, and that often in a tender way, especially if the child is sick.

The men bear the burdens, cut and drag the wood, tend the fires, take the fish, make canoes and dishes, carve spoons and decorations for almost everything, but their principal business is trading in furs.

Just over the mountain range, to the north and east, which marks the dividing line between American and British possessions, live the "Gun-un-uh" or Stick Indians (more freely translated, the Indians of the wood), who are the fur *takers*. For generations the Chilcats have been the middle-men between these trappers and the outside world, and in this way have gained their wealth. Having so intimidated the Sticks that they dare not come to the coast, about four trips annually are made to the interior by the Chilcats, who carry with them American goods for the purpose of buying up furs.

In our upper village on the Chilcat River, called by the Indians Clok-won, lives Shat-e-ritch, the highest chief of all the Chilcats, being head of the Cinnamon Bear family. Every honest white man visiting this country has found in him a cordial host and a trusty friend. We have now in this upper village (which is about twenty miles north of Portage Bay) a native teacher and wife, under the missionary's supervision, and Shateritch is their patron and protector.

Over the two lower villages, on the same river, is the Crow Chief, "Don-a-wok" (Silver-eye), our aid and friend. When it was thought best to establish the mission on Portage Bay, he and his larger village came over in a body and built what, together with our mission buildings and those of a trading company, constitutes the village Haines. We have had accessions also from the Chilcoot village, whose chief bears the name of "Hū-Kūph-hink-Kush-Kiwā." He made me a present of a carved pipe-bowl, which he assured me was a treasure he would not sell, as it had been from time unknown the property of Chilcoot chiefs, and so had descended to him. I thanked him, and afterward made for him a little bag, such as they prize very much for carrying trifles and treasures. He is a very large, handsome old man of about fifty, but almost blind; and, if the reason for the excitement had not been so trivial as to make it ludicrous, his reception of the gift would have been most impressive, not to say imposing. Staring at me a moment with the blankness of utter astonishment, of unspeakable surprise, and laying his hand upon his heart he bowed silently, again and again; then in a low, deep voice he said in his own language, "My sister, I thank you, I thank you, I thank you! My heart shakes so that I cannot speak to you, thank you, thank you, thank you. To every one I show my treasure, my treasure which my snow sister gave me. It shall go with me always till I die, then it must be laid over my heart." And seizing my hand he held and gently shook it in both of his own, while tears gathered in his eyes.

*Mrs. Eugene S. Willard.*

HAINES, CHILCAT COUNTRY, ALASKA.

**Police Reform.**

AS THE large cities of the United States grow larger, the control of the vicious and criminal classes by a police force deriving its authority from the local political influence grows more and more inefficient. Here in Boston we have taken the first step toward reform in this direction, and believing that the time is near when all the large cities will have to grapple with this problem, I have thought your readers might be interested in some account of what has been done here, and the reasons for the action that has been taken.

Previous to the amendment of the Constitution of Massachusetts in 1852 the sheriffs of the several counties were appointed by the Governor and Council, and they appointed their deputies and enforced the State laws. The rage for extreme democracy which went like a great rolling wave over Europe in the years immediately following 1848, had reached the United States in 1852 and exerted a great influence in our Constitutional Convention of that year. A determined effort was made to change the method of appointing

the judges of our courts to hold office during good behavior, and to make them elective by the people for short terms. To defeat this movement the convention made district attorneys and sheriffs elective for terms of three years. Upon this concession was founded the local system of police to enforce in the city the laws of the State.

From the beginning all laws which were strenuously opposed by strong factions of men with political influence have remained practically dead letters so far as they applied to the great city. The first public demonstration against this local system was made in 1860, when a mob had broken up the John Brown meeting. Those people believed they had a right to assemble peaceably for a legitimate purpose, and strongly resented the interference of the mob and the hostility or apathy of the police upon whom they felt they had a right to rely for protection. Then began the movement for a police deriving its authority directly from the State which has just now crystallized into a law.

During the quarter of a century of agitation upon this question the retail liquor dealers, the gamblers, and other lawless classes have been growing relatively stronger to the rest of the population, and for many years the laws placing restrictions upon the liquor traffic have had only a semblance of enforcement in the city of Boston. At last the political government of the city had fallen almost absolutely into the hands of these lawless classes. The greed of these would-be rulers of the people has, we hope, at last worked their own downfall, and we expect to see the liquor traffic in future obedient to the law.

The law just enacted directs the Governor, with the consent of his council, to appoint three commissioners, who shall be a Board of Police for the city of Boston. The appointments are for five years. The Board may remove any officer for cause, the reasons being stated in the order for removal, and all appointments are to be made under the civil-service rules. The active friends of the reform desired to have the commissioners appointed to hold office during good behavior, to the end that the force might be entirely removed from political influence; however, the system adopted is a great improvement over the system it overturned.

The representatives of the slums, backed by a powerful lobby, made a determined fight against this bill. Their real reason for opposition they could not state, and they fell back upon the statement reiterated by every opposition speaker in every speech, that it was an interference with local self-government. But a legislature which had just remodeled the city charter, limiting the rate of taxation, and in many ways changing the whole theory of municipal government, was not doubtful about its power in the premises. The sound argument upon which the reform rests is that the whole people of the State is the law-making power. Laws are made, not for localities, but for the commonwealth, and should be enforced in Boston as thoroughly as in the smallest town or village. The executive officers charged with the administration of law should derive their authority from the same source as the law-making power, to the end that there shall be harmony between legislation and administration.

The weakness of the position that a police force should be a local institution is shown when it is remembered that out of every sixty arrests made by the police of Boston last year, fifty-nine were for violation of State laws, and only one for infringing the ordinances of the city. Sixty-one per cent. of the taxes in Boston are paid by non-residents. The city is the capital of the State and the commercial metropolis of New England, and near a hundred thousand persons are brought into Boston daily by the transportation lines. The enforcement of the laws, then, concerns others besides the voters of Boston. The example of the city works good or ill to the remotest corners of the commonwealth.

This measure was not initiated by any political party nor from any partisan motives. The active members of the Citizens' Law and Order League, embracing men from all parties, brought it forward in the interest of good order, and for the peace, quietness, and good name of their city. The reform goes into operation here, and its results will be of general interest to the good people of all our large cities.

*L. Edwin Dudley,*
Secretary Citizens' Law and Order League.
BOSTON, MASS., June 19, 1885.

### "Hunting the Rocky Mountain Goat."

REFERRING to Mr. Baillie-Grohman's "instructive and entertaining article in the December number of THE CENTURY," Mr. B. G. Duval, of San Antonio, Texas, corrects the statement that the animal is not found below the forty-fifth parallel. He says he killed a Rocky Mountain goat in July, 1882, near the thirtieth parallel, in the Chenati Mountains, about sixty miles south of Fort Davis and not more than fifteen miles from the Rio Grande. Mexicans who were with him said the animal was seen occasionally in that range, and also in the mountains of Northern Mexico.

Mr. Frank P. Davis, of Washington, D. C., writes that the author of the article was in error in saying that the goat does not inhabit the main range of the Rocky Mountains, and that its haunts are entirely above the timber line. During two years' experience in the main range of the Rocky Mountains, between the eastern base and the Columbia River, and in the valley of the Kicking Horse River, he killed many goats, all of them being below the timber line.

### "The Summer Haunts of American Artists."

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY:

SIR: The sketch of my father's studio on page 845 of the October CENTURY, is a sketch of his first studio in Catskill village. It stands a little back of the house he occupied on the Athens road, on a ridge north of the village, and within ten minutes' walk of the main street. The building was originally a carriage house, and the right end shown in the sketch was used for that purpose while my father had his studio there. The part he used for a studio does not appear in the picture. It is needless to say that the building did not present such a dilapidated appearance in my father's time. Yours truly,

SAUGERTIES, N. Y., August 13, 1885. *Thomas Cole.*