

was well known to my informant, the pastor of a church in a town in the great wild forests of Michigan many years ago. He lived a bachelor life, and lived most penuriously. In every other regard he was beyond reproach, but people thought him most unreasonably stingy, and dubbed him a miser. When he died, it was found that his hard-saved money had been put away for all those years that he might leave twenty thousand dollars to found an academy in the town for the boys and girls of that destitute region. And in all those years of self-denial and

odium, he had hugged that excellent project and held firmly on his way, without giving a sign to any one or asking any sympathy.

We live at the dawning of a better time, a time of broader views and a more hopeful spirit. The severe and stately parson passes away. No longer, clad in official and funereal black, shall he sit like Poe's raven, cawing a sepulchral "nevermore" to the despairing human spirit. The strong men of our time know how much better is love than fear, hope than despair, personal influence than official authority.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Magazine.

THE minister who preaches his Master fifty-two Sabbaths in the year, takes the Thanksgiving anniversary for the airing of himself and his pet notions on social or political topics. A wayfarer finds nothing so convenient and suggestive as a mile-stone, to sit down upon or lean against. Anniversaries have always been occasions for the survey of the path before and the path already trod, for individuals and enterprises and institutions; and as eight years of the existence of this magazine have been completed, and we enter with this number upon the ninth year, and the seventeenth volume, it seems a fitting occasion for us to say something about it to its friends and the great public.

Eight years ago, SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY began to be published. It entered the field without a subscriber, and now has a patronage crowding closely upon a hundred thousand. It never was growing more vigorously than it is to-day, and never, during any year, made a better or more healthy advance than it did last year. The elements that have commanded this success seem worth talking about.

No one can suppose that a magazine published without illustrations could have achieved the success to which we allude. It is doubtful whether the same magazine, omitting the illustrations entirely, could have been made to pay expenses, thus reduced to the minimum, as they would have been. It is proper, then, that we place the pictorial department of the magazine at the head of the list, in recounting the elements of its success. It is not necessary for us to repeat the verdict of the newspaper press, both of this country and Great Britain, in regard to the excellence of this department. It has commanded, by its superiority, all that it has won. No labor and no money have been spared to secure the best results possible in this country; and such has been the advance in the arts of designing and engraving, under the stimulus of this patronage, that it may well be doubted whether the work on SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY could be produced to-day in any other

country. Certainly, there is no such work done on a popular magazine in any other part of the world.

It is noticeable, too, that the same change of relation, between the best artists and the magazine—considered generally, as a literary institution—has taken place that had already been effected between the best writers and the magazine. Formerly, the best writers of fiction never appeared in the magazine. It will be remembered that Dickens's works originally appeared in parts, and that almost all the prominent novel-writers of Great Britain published from the manuscript their completed volumes. The magazine-writers were another class, and a lower one, in everything, perhaps, but the essay. Now it is the second or third rate novelist who cannot get publication in a magazine, and is obliged to publish in a volume, and it is in the magazine that the best novelist always appears first. When this magazine published its first number, the best artists, as a rule, were not willing to engage in illustration, and very few of them had ever learned to draw on the block for the engraver. Within the past twelve months, some of the best artists in this country have been more than willing to furnish their exquisite work for the MONTHLY, and it will soon be impossible for any but the best artists to get magazine work to do.

The next element of success that comes up for notice is the publication of the distinctively American novel. In the success of a popular magazine, the serial novel has become a very important factor. There is a large number of readers in the country who never subscribe for a year, but who always buy the numbers as they appear. To give regularity and steadiness to this demand and sale, the serial novel has been found to be all important. For many years the American public depended upon the British novel. It took the work of the British novelist at second-hand, and at the price of second-hand work. The consequence was that the novel-writing capacity of the American remained undeveloped. This magazine saw very early the evil

effects of this policy upon American literature. It saw, at last, that it could do no better for its own countrymen and for American literature than to discard utterly the British novel, and get the best American novel it could, to take its place. The result is already most encouraging. The names of several writers will occur to our readers who have been developed under this policy, and who, without it, would have secured but a limited hearing—possibly no hearing at all. If writers have been developed, readers have been pleased. There is but one English writer—a woman—who can command a better audience in America than the woman whose novel we begin in the present issue of the MONTHLY, —a woman first made known to the world through these pages, and developed through the policy now under notice. The next three years are likely to furnish further instances of this development of writers upon our own soil, working with material furnished by our own American life. It certainly is gratifying to witness the growing interest in home writers, and to find it for the interest of home magazines to discard the foreign writer, or to give him the subordinate place which he ought to hold among the American readers of current fiction.

The next element which claims notice is the editorial department, occupying the closing pages of the magazine. This department is not peculiar to SCRIBNER, nor was it originally instituted by this magazine; but it is peculiarly an American feature. The ordinary English magazine, prepared for popular reading, has no editorial department whatever, and is hardly more than a piece of job printing, performed in the advertising interest of a publisher. Of a carefully prepared editorial department, treating political, social, and household matters, giving literary and art criticism, and detailing the progress of invention and discovery, the characteristic popular magazine of Great Britain knows nothing. We believe that the peculiarities of this department as they have existed in SCRIBNER, have had much to do with its success. It presents many points of difference with the corresponding department in other magazines, and is received with a hearty relish by a great army of readers.

All the American magazines have been modified during the past few years, and we have shared with them the change from topics pretty purely literary to those of a more vital interest in connection with the social, political, and economical life of the nation. The old-time magazine was very largely a record of literary dilettanteism, and to-day would be laughed at and not tolerated at all. Now, every reader of a magazine expects to see all the topics of leading interest in the life of the nation and the world treated in its columns, and it is for this reason, very largely, that the periodical dealer has supplanted the country book-seller, nearly everywhere.

The future of magazine literature seems to us a very bright one. Magazines will not be multiplied as they have been, because it takes too much money to establish a magazine that will meet the competition to which it will be subjected; but the competition that exists between monthlies that are already

established will insure to readers the worth of their money, and continue to make of them the best that the world can show.

Greenbacks and Green People.

WE suppose that the men who consider soft money better than hard, and a greenback superior to gold, are mainly honest. There are undoubtedly demagogues among them who know better, and who, for personal purposes, are practicing upon the popular ignorance; but the masses who belong to what is called the "greenback" party believe that somewhere in the unlimited issue of greenbacks there lies a cure for their own financial depressions and diseases. Their mouth-pieces talk about "cheap money," and they assert that if money were only cheap, the poor man could have more of it. The fallacy of this doctrine, and the foolishness of this kind of talk, would seem to be obvious enough; but multitudes are deceived by it, and misled to their own disappointment, and to the great disadvantage of the country. We do not remember a time when money was any more plentiful than it is now, or cheaper; yet the fact that it is both plentiful and cheap does not start the wheels of business. It is so because there is not sufficient use for it. If it were only scarce and dear, in consequence of the prosperity of business, or the increased use for it, the poor man would have more of it.

It is perhaps a useless task to reason, or to undertake to reason, with those who have given their allegiance to this greenback heresy, because they can hardly be intelligent readers of anything. We are, practically, already returned to specie payments. Within half a cent, a paper dollar is already as good as a gold dollar; and if we are to get any cheaper money than this, it must be poorer money. There is no such thing as getting money for less than it is worth, or getting anything for less than it is worth. If the national bank circulation, based upon pledges of United States interest-paying bonds, were to be wiped out, and the place of this circulation filled by greenbacks,—“absolute money,” “fiat money,”—the money might be very cheap, but it would also be very poor. Its purchasing power would be small, and every man would be obliged to pay in labor just its worth. He might, under such circumstances, get ten dollars a day for his work, but he would be obliged to pay a hundred dollars a barrel for his flour, because flour would be produced by labor costing ten dollars a day, on land worth five hundred dollars an acre. There is no legitimate way of getting money but by paying what it is worth, in labor or merchantable material.

The existing greenback, it may be claimed, is worth as much as a national bank note of corresponding denomination, but it is to be answered that the greenback, as it exists, does not pretend to be “absolute money.” It is a promise of the United States to pay money, and there is no sane financial man who does not know that it is a promise to pay coin, or something that directly represents coin. A greenback is good, and only good, because the

country accepts it as a pledge of gold or silver. The precious metals have been accepted, the world over, as the basis of currency, and when men talk about money they invariably talk about that which has its basis in coined metals. A paper dollar always represents a gold or a silver dollar. Throughout the long period during which specie payments have been suspended in the United States, the value of bank-notes and of greenbacks has been sustained by the faith that ultimately—sooner or later—every dollar would be redeemed or redeemable in coin. There was a time when it took two dollars in paper to buy one in gold, and the gap between that period and this has gradually been closed, as the certainty has increased that the promise upon the face of the paper dollar would be redeemed. If the greenback were to be changed to-day, so that it would bear no such pledge, it would become very cheap money indeed. It would hardly be worth the paper it is printed on.

There is no power on earth that can legislate value into paper. If paper does not represent value, it is good for nothing, and no government can make it good for anything. The question of cheap money, for the benefit of the laborer, for instance, is "as broad as it is long." If money is good for anything, it will have to be paid for in labor. The markets of the world settle the values of merchandise. We may legislate that every bushel of wheat shall be worth five dollars, but our legislation will have not the slightest effect upon the price. Wheat is wheat the world over, and the price is regulated by the great law of demand and supply. Money is money the world over, and money is gold and silver the world over, and every article that a man possesses and has for sale will be regulated in its price by the relation which it bears to some gold unit in the markets of the world. Money cannot be so made that a man can get something for nothing. It cannot be so made that he can get it for less than the market price in labor. The idea that it can be so made is a delusion and a snare of the devil, or a demagogue, who is his most obedient servant.

We have been through our experience with "cheap money." At the time the present greenback was created, there was a large party in this country who did not believe that, as a government pledge, it would ever be redeemed. Indeed, it was doubtful at that time, in the minds of some of our best patriots, whether the country would survive. The consequence was "cheap money," and the consequence of cheap money was of course inflated prices. The laborer's wages doubled and so did his expenses, and a thousand enterprises were entered upon which circumstances did not call for. Trade and manufactures were over-stimulated; and over-trading and over-production were the results. Real estate went up to absurd financial altitudes. Speculation was rife. Nothing could have been any more unhealthy than the financial and industrial condition of the country. Then came the crash and the end. It was a fever,—a burning, disastrous fever,—and still the patient lies pale and almost pulseless, though slowly gathering strength. And now our

new doctors wish to repeat this horrible business. Just as we are recovering,—just as the country is getting upon a sound financial basis,—we are told, not only that we want more greenbacks, but that we want only greenbacks; and not only this, but that we should compel the creditors of the country to take greenbacks for their bonds, thus adding the crime of the swindler to the blunder of the fool. Would it not be well to stop the teaching of what Herbert Spencer calls "the ornamental branches" in our schools for a while, that our young people may learn something more than their fathers seem to know of political economy?

Mr. Theodore Thomas.

THIS gentleman did a very natural and proper thing in going to Cincinnati, for Cincinnati is a much more musical city than New York. It was quite fitting that the best conductor of music in the country should make his residence in the most musical city in the country. The scolding that was administered to Mr. Thomas, and the scolding that was dealt out with more unsparring measure to New York, for her failure to appreciate and hold him to herself, were both very foolish. Mr. Thomas did what he could, and much more than any other twenty men ever did, to educate New York into a taste for the best music; and he found, at last, that he could not get a living at the business. So he went to Cincinnati, where he could accomplish that very desirable end. He goes into a most respectable and responsible position; he is domiciliated with a people possessed by a grand musical enthusiasm; he has now, all prepared, a chorus and an orchestra trained in his own methods, and he possesses the means, reckoning in the new music-hall and organ, for accomplishing grander and every way more remarkable musical effects than can be produced elsewhere on this continent. Why should not Mr. Thomas go to Cincinnati? We congratulate him on the change, and we give Cincinnati our hearty felicitation on an event so consonant with her history, and so important in its bearing upon her musical future. She has fairly earned any prize upon which she sees fit to lay her hand.

If New York can learn any lesson from this disappointment, which is almost felt to be a disgrace, it will be very well. The mere concentration of wealth and of political and commercial influence—the adding together of numbers and the spreading out of streets—do not necessarily make a city worth living in. No metropolis is worthy of its name which does not draw to itself, and hold, the best men in every department of art. The departure of Mr. Thomas for Cincinnati proves simply that New York lacks the culture and the institutions which would naturally retain him, and make his departure practically impossible.

It is to be remembered, however, for the encouragement of New York, that Mr. Thomas is not the only man who ever lived, and that the resources of the world were not exhausted when he left us. Such a man always stands in the way of the development

of other men in the line of leadership, and New York will not be a day without men quite capable of conducting her music and educating and directing her taste. Mr. Thomas's departure makes room for other men, who have been working at a dis-

advantage in his shadow; and we shall soon learn who among them is to take the ruling baton. He is certain to appear, and New York will have and hold just as good musical leaders as her musical culture and institutions deserve and naturally attract.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Suggestions to Young Housekeepers.—I.

INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE heard so much of the trials and perplexities of young housekeepers that, after forty years of experience, begun in ignorance, I think I may be able to give some aid and instruction, and may speak with some authority. I desire earnestly to help those who wish to make a home for themselves and those around them.

I believe much of the trouble of housekeeping is owing to the want of proper attention on the part of the housekeeper. Men choose for their professions the law, medicine, architecture, merchandise, and theology, and they give all their attention to the professions they have chosen, or they cannot hope to succeed. A woman chooses for her profession the head of a household. Properly viewed, it is the highest and most elevating of all professions,—let her not enter upon it lightly. She has in her hands the happiness and welfare and direction of a few or many people, as it may be; but she cannot neglect her work. It is not to be neglected, and cannot be put into the hands of any other person. It is her bounden duty to see that her home is clean, airy, cheerful, happy, and all its various economies attended to. She can no more neglect it with impunity than a doctor his patients, a lawyer his clients, a merchant his customers. She must be the mistress of her own household. She may have as many servants of high and low degree as her home and income may require, but she must be superintendent. She must require obedience to her orders, and strict performance of duty; but she must understand what those duties are, how they should be performed, and what time they require, or her orders are of no value, and she cannot judge of their performance. A mistress should go through her house every morning, praise where praise is due, and quietly find fault with any carelessness or omission, thinking nothing beneath her notice, but with a gentle authority which admits of no question, never placing herself in an antagonistic position to any member of her household. Where there is decision it prevents all uncertainty (a most painful condition), and is very much for the good of all.

Circumstances, temperament, good or ill health, make the conditions of housekeeping more or less light, and more or less pleasing; but a good and determined *will* does much for us all.

CHOICE AND ARRANGEMENT OF A HOME.

In choosing a house, the first object should be a

wholesome situation, good drainage, ventilation, and a dry cellar. The health of the family depends upon these. Let your house be chosen according to your income and means of living, as far as possible. This advice seems almost a satire in New York, where there are no small houses in decent situations, and people requiring modest accommodations are driven into "flats,"—a mode of life in countries where there is no word like home.

Do not live with a fine house over your head, and subsist in the basement. Few people, out of your own family, know or care how you live. You will, probably, neither surprise nor please them by opening fine parlors kept only for occasions, and the reception of strangers. Let your home, large or small, be kept for the benefit of those who live in it. Warmth and light are better than fine furniture; and good beds better than fine bedsteads. If there is plenty of money, one may have all these good and comfortable things with all possible beautiful surroundings. If not, a woman with taste, industry and ingenuity, and with her heart in the matter, can make almost any place cheery. The more tasteful, the more beautiful your home can be made, the better always for those around you, and for the friends dear to them and you,—not for show—not for display; these degrade the mind and the habits.

In the arrangement of a home, let each member of the household, who is old enough, have his or her own room to be kept in order, and made as individual as possible. Carry this principle out, if you can, with servants. It saves much trouble to them and to yourself. If you have children, let the nursery be the sunniest and most cheerful room in the house, with pictures, and open fire. These surroundings are a part of education.

To begin with the attic. Let your servants' rooms have abundant means of washing (their own towels marked "attic," and given out once a week with the bed-linen), comfortable beds, and bureaus in which they can keep their clothes. There should be a housemaid's closet, and in it everything which her work requires,—pail, scrubbing-brushes, scrubbing-cloths, dusters, towels, brooms (whisk and long), dust-pan, window-brush, dusting-brush, long-handled feather-duster for cornices and the tops of doors, short feather brush, chamois leathers (kept in a box or bag), not forgetting two large unbleached cotton covers for beds and furniture when she is sweeping; on the door of the closet there should be a plain list of her work and the time required for doing it.

Let any man who is seeking for investment of capital in railway construction, consult those who have operated both classes of roads, and he will be advised, almost invariably, that he will save very little in cost of construction, equipment, and operation, and that he will lose business from competition, if he adopts the narrow-gauge. My

experience in the management of both classes of roads does not, therefore, lead me to conclude that the multiplication of narrow-gauge roads will cheapen transportation until the standard-gauge roads are suppressed, and even then the saving will be very much less than is usually claimed.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Prudential Element.

WE have received a very candid and, in some respects, a very impressive letter, criticising Professor Sumner's recent article on "Socialism," published in this Magazine. We make space for a paragraph.

"He (Professor Sumner) is evidently more a student of political economy than of moral economy; for he seems to believe in those economic laws which offer their rewards to the sharp, rather than the moral man. The present economic laws are based upon free competition. Here the intellectual, subtle man has greatly the advantage. Right is determined by might in this as much as in the savage state, only here it is intellectual rather than physical might which controls."

The writer goes on to say that this kind of civilization is "only a step out of the merely natural brutal instincts," that men are mostly made and their lives directed by circumstances, and then he gives the familiar proposition that "one-tenth of the population of England die paupers *in order that* another tenth may live in luxury and die millionaires."

No account is taken in what we have quoted, and no account is taken in the letter, of the prudential element in human life and human society. This is the more remarkable because our correspondent assumes the rôle of morality with which that element is indissolubly associated. It is not true that the great victories of life are to the sharp and immoral man, as a rule. Here and there, by sharpness and cunning, men rise into wealth, but that wealth is not of a kind that is apt to remain. *It takes a certain amount of virtue, of self-denial, of morality, to lay up and to keep money.* In the lives of nearly all rich men there have been periods of heroic self-denial, of patient industry, of Christian prudence. Circumstances did not make these men rich. The highest moral prudence made them rich. While their companions were dancing away their youth, or drinking away their middle age, these men were devoted to small economies—putting self-indulgence entirely aside.

If our correspondent or our readers will recall their companions, we think the first fact they will

be impressed with is the measure of equality with which they started in the race for competence or wealth. The next fact they will be impressed with is the irregularity of the end. Then, if they make an inquisition into the causes of the widely varying results, they will be profoundly impressed with the insignificant part "circumstances" have played in those results. Circumstances? Why the rich man's son who had all the "circumstances" of the town, has become a beggar. The poor, quiet lad, the only son of his mother,—and she a widow, who could only earn money enough to procure for her boy the commonest education,—is a man of wealth and has become a patron of his native village. The man who possesses and practices virtue, makes his own circumstances. The self-denying, prudent man creates around himself an atmosphere of safety where wealth naturally takes refuge, provided, of course, that the man has the power to earn it, either in production, or exchange, or any kind of manual or intellectual service.

We are sorry that our correspondent, who seems intelligent in some things, should betray the ignorance or lack of reflection that appears in his proposition relating to the English paupers and millionaires. Nothing could be more grossly and abominably untrue than the statement that "one-tenth of the population of England die paupers *in order that* another tenth may live in luxury and die millionaires." There is not between the poverty of one class and the wealth of the other the slightest relation of effect to cause. If the poor people of England had taken for the last few centuries the gold that wealth has paid to them for work in honest wages, and used it only in legitimate expenses, if they had not debauched themselves with drink, spending not only their money but their life and their power to work upon a consuming appetite, the pauper class would be too insignificant to talk about. It is not "circumstances" that reduces the British workman to pauperism; it is beer, or gin. The waste that goes on in England, through the consumption of alcoholic drinks, is the cause of its pauperism.

The case, *prima facie*, is always against a pauper. The accidents of life sometimes cast a man or a woman high and dry upon the sands of a helpless

poverty; but usually pauperism comes through a lack of the prudential virtues. It is not always that a pauper wastes his revenues in drink, or other immoralities; but somewhere in his career, forty-nine times in fifty, it will be found that he has been extravagant; that he has not exercised self-denial under temptation; that he has lived up to or beyond his means, or has ventured upon risks that the lowest grade of business prudence would condemn. Now who is to bear the penalty of these sins and mistakes? How are they to be prevented in future, if those who commit them, regardless of consequences, are to be coddled and taken care of by those who have denied themselves and laid up a little wealth? Good, rugged, grand old Thomas Carlyle! It is refreshing to read amid the mawkish sentimentality of this latter day such a healthy utterance as this from his sturdy pen: "Let wastefulness, idleness, improvidence take the fate which God has appointed them, that their opposites may also have a chance for their fate." As it is, our philanthropists try to make us believe that the special business of a thrifty man is not in any way to enjoy the fruit of his prudence and enterprise, but to shield the shiftless people around him from the results of their own imprudence and improvidence.

Literary Materials and Tools.

WHEN Bulwer was in the enjoyment of his young popularity as a novel-writer, before Dickens had been heard of on this side of the Atlantic, he issued his "Ernest Maltravers." The memory of that book has lingered with us during these forty years as a glaring instance of an appeal, by a powerful popular author, to the coarser and more destructive passions of men and women. He pictured his lovers, brought them into association, and so gave direction to the reader's imagination that itself, without his words, pictured the fact and scene of a seduction. It was the theme of excited common talk among the young men of the time, to whom it became a delicious and powerful poison. We do not know whether he ever repented of his terrible sin, but we know that he did incalculable harm by it. We do not know whether it stands in his later editions just as it appeared in the first; but there are many elderly men into whose memory a certain page of that book, with convenient rows of asterisks, is fairly burned.

The question naturally arises whether sins against social purity are legitimate literary material. A critic of "Roxy," in one of the newspapers, objects to the book on account of the relations between Mark Bonamy and Nance Kirtley. The condemnation is quite sweeping, and the only inference we can make is, that sins of impurity are not legitimate literary material—in the critic's opinion. Why? we ask. What is there in human life that is not legitimate material? Why should the novelist have the free handling of murder, of suicide, of theft and robbery, of slander, and a thousand cruelties that need not be named, and be forbidden to touch the abuse that is associated with the strong-

est and holiest affections and passions of human nature? If love has dangers, is it wrong to point them out? Is virtue very much nourished nowadays in an atmosphere of ignorance? Is there any such thing as an atmosphere of ignorance in these days?

We can get at a fair conclusion upon this matter by comparing the effect of these two books upon the mind. We have noted the effect of Bulwer's book. It was the intention of the writer, without question, to excite the prurient imaginations of his readers, and not to place the deed in its proper relations to the peace and well-being of the parties and of society. If any one can rise from the perusal of "Roxy" without realizing that Mark Bonamy went through a terrific degradation, and that a coarse pleasure was purchased by him at a price too terrible to invite imitation, he must be very singularly constituted. One book leaves, or is calculated to leave, the reader in love with vice; the other leaves or is calculated to leave him horrified by it, and disgusted with it.

We might quote the freedom with which the Bible—a book intended for universal use—employs material of this sort; but as we do not intend to appeal to the Bible moralities to make good our position, we simply allude to the matter and drop it. We maintain that all which illustrates human nature and human history is legitimate literary material, the writer being simply bound—not as a moralist, but as a literary man—to represent everything in its proper relation to the scheme of things which he finds established, as it concerns the happiness and well-being of the individual and society. When a novelist represents vice as a thing that in any way "pays," he lies, and is therefore untrue to his art. When he so represents the sin of social impurity that it shall appear more attractive than repulsive, more delightful than blameworthy,—when he represents it shorn of its natural consequences—half harmless to the guilty ones, and quite venial in the eye of society, he betrays his untruth to literary art, and reduces and vulgarizes the standard of his own work. This may be said, or pleaded in the way of an *argumentum ad hominem*: that it does not become an editor who spreads before families of readers the details of a hundred adulteries and seductions and other crimes against social purity every year, accompanied with the usual amount of reportorial and judicial jesting, to take to task a conscientious novelist who treats the crime he depicts as God and nature dictate.

There is another point about which there are contrarities of opinion. It makes no difference whether a novel-writer be clerical or lay, Christian or un-Christian, he feels deprived of the use of his legitimate tools in the prohibition placed upon profanity. Some writers will not accept the law, because only by the use of what is called profanity can they properly represent the characters and situations in hand. We are not alluding to the disgusting "blanks" of Colonel Starbottle, or to any of the writers whose low tastes lead them to prefer profanity to decency, and who sympathize

with it to the very tips of their tongues. We venture to suggest that Mrs. Stowe and Dr. Eggleston and George MacDonald feel the denial of the use of profane language in their novels as a real harm to their art. Men must speak their vernacular or they cannot speak naturally, and to put "dang it" into a man's mouth when he said something else, or "the deuce" when he said "the devil," is to dodge and palter, for the purpose of not giving offense.

Still we think a man is quite at liberty to choose here. There is nothing vital about this matter of tools. The vitalities attach to materials. It is doubtless better that the novelist bow as far as he can to the popular prejudice against the use of profane language in literary art. In New England there is great popular reverence for the devil, which we do not at all share; so it is probably best to present him always in a disemboweled form, preserving only the initial and final consonants. We are to remember that there is a considerable portion of every community which believes that all besides themselves are children, and are to be treated as such—by all sorts of publications except the daily newspapers. These seem to be quite at liberty to choose whatever material comes to their hands,—the worse the better.

Social Needs and Social Leading.

THE social potentialities of the average American village are quite beyond any man's calculation. It would be difficult to find any village in the country which has not the materials and the forces of the best civilization and culture. If these forces and these materials were not under restraint,—if they were only free to follow their natural impulses and courses, there would be universal progress. The fact, however, is, that almost universally the agencies concerned in raising the social life of a community are, for various reasons, held in check, or altogether repressed.

Let us try to paint a typical village. It shall consist, say, of a thousand people, more or less. The village has its two or three little churches, and these have their pastors—men of fair education and faultless morals. Still further, the village has one or two physicians and a lawyer. In addition to these, there is the postmaster, who is usually a man of activity and influence; there is the rich man of the village; there are the three or four men who are only less rich than he; there are the young, well-educated families of these well-to-do people; there are a dozen women who are bright in intellect, and who read whatever they can lay their hands on; there is a fair degree of worldly prosperity, and the schools are well supported. One would say that nothing is needed to make it a model village,—full of the liveliest and brightest social life, and possessing all the means and institutions of intellectual culture and progress. To repeat a phrase with which we began, the social potentialities of the village are incalculable. All the agencies, and materials, and appurtenances for a beautiful social life and growth

seem to exist, yet the fact probably is that the village is socially dead.

If we look into the condition of things, we shall find that the little churches are, through their very littleness and weakness, jealous of each other; that their pastors are poor and are kept upon a starving intellectual diet; that the doctors and the lawyer are absorbed in their professions; that the rich men are bent upon their money-getting and money-saving, and that all the young people are bent upon frivolous amusements. The village has no public library, no public hall, no public reading-room, no lyceum, no reading-clubs, no literary-clubs, and no institutions or instituted means for fostering and developing the intellectual and social life of the villagers.

We have seen exactly this condition of things in a village many times, and we have seen, under all these possibilities and the hard facts of apparent indifference or social inertia associated with them, a universal desire for something better. We have seen churches ashamed of their jealousies and the meager support accorded to their ministers. We have seen young people dissatisfied with their life, and wishing that it could be changed, and we have seen our dozen of bright, reading women ready and longing to make any sacrifice for the production of a better social atmosphere. Nay, we believe that the average American village is ready for improvement,—ready to be led.

The best social leading is the one thing lacking. Sometimes it does not need even this,—only some fitting occasion that shall bring people together, and reveal the under harmonies which move and the sympathies which bind them. The probabilities are that there is not a village in America that needs anything more than good leading to raise its whole social and intellectual life incalculably. The village that is most dead and hopeless needs but one harmonizing, unselfish, elevated will to lead and mold it to the best life and the best issues. We cannot illustrate this power of leading better than by citing the results of the recent mode of raising church debts. One of the two or three men who have become famous for raising church debts goes into a pulpit in the morning and stands before a bankrupt congregation. He is told before he enters the building that every effort has been made to raise the debt, but in vain,—that, indeed, the people have not the money, and could not raise the required sum if they would. Yet, in two hours every dollar is subscribed, and the whole church sits weeping in mute and grateful surprise. No advantage whatever has been taken of them. They have simply, under competent leading, done what they have all along wanted to do, and what they have known it was their duty to do.

Any man who has ever had anything to do in organizing the social life of a village has, we venture to say, been surprised amid what seemed to be universal stagnation, to find how general was the desire for reform. Everybody has been ready. All were waiting for just the right man to set them going, and he only needed to say the word, or lift and point the finger.

It is not necessary to break up any legitimate

family feeling that may exist in churches, or to interfere with social cliques and "sets," or to break down any walls between classes. We talk now only of the general social and intellectual life which brings people together in common high pursuits, and gives a village its character and influence. It is only from this life that a strong and efficient public spirit can come. A village must hold a vigorous general life outside of sects and cliques and parties, before it can make great progress, and it is astonishing how quickly this life may be won by the right leading.

We write this article simply to call the attention of that resident, or those residents, of any village who will naturally read it, to their own duty in this matter. The chances are that they live in a village whose life is split into petty fragments, and devoted to sel-

fish, or frivolous, or brutal pursuits. We assure them that all the people need is good leading, and that there must be one among them who has the power in some good degree of leading, organizing, and inspiring a united and better life. It is not an office in which personal ambition has any legitimate place,—that of social leadership. Any man who enters upon it with that motive mistakes his position, and hopelessly degrades his undertaking. But wherever there is a sluggish social life, or none at all that is devoted to culture and pure and elevating pursuits, somebody—and it is probably the one who is reading this article—is neglecting a duty, from which he is withheld, most probably by modesty. We assure him that if he is really fit for his work, he will find an astonishing amount of promising material ready and waiting for his hands.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Origin of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

IN the very able "Recallings from a Public Life," in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for October, the distinguished author (Robert Dale Owen) omitted, perhaps necessarily, the origin of the *projet* of treaty intrusted to Nicholas Trist, as an agent of this government, in April, 1847.

Inasmuch as the preparation of that afterward consummated treaty forms one of the most remarkable chapters in the secret-service history of our country, and as the causes which have hitherto rendered absolute silence in regard to it strictly imperative, have disappeared, I find myself not unwilling to communicate some of the more interesting and leading facts thereof. But, in the brief space and in the limited time now at my disposal, I cannot complete the narrative. That can be done, however, within a month, and upon the collection of long neglected data which are not, at this moment, within easy reach.

The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was born in Monterey, baptized in the City of Mexico, and sent, complete in all its members, to the President of the United States (James K. Polk) during the opening months of 1847. By him, and by nearly every member of his cabinet, it was joyfully adopted, and, through Mr. Trist, it was remitted to Mexico as the basis of an acceptable peace. It was a most welcome ray of light at the darkest hour of our war with Mexico, and, had it not been unwarrantably shorn of some essential elements before execution, it would have ranked among the most brilliant diplomatic successes which the world has known.

While the American Army of the Rio Grande was preparing to "storm home the towers of Monterey,"—the Mexican general, Santa Anna, being then an exile, and his enemies in power,—there came to ex-President Lamar, of Texas (then in the field with the Lone Star Contingent, as it was called), the

knowledge that a Mexican plot, of deadly significance to our commerce, was in actual progress. The plot was to proclaim the Duke of Montpensier Emperor of Mexico. This son of Louis Philippe and husband of the Infanta of Spain would, at the then crisis of affairs, have carried a very strong party among the Mexican people. All the foreign merchants, most of the great land-holders, and a powerful section of the higher priesthood, would have stood loyally by this branch of an ancient line of royalty. Señor Munoz, the brother-in-law of Queen Christina by her left-handed marriage with the Duke of Rianzares, was engaged in this work at the Mexican capital; and the plot had ripened almost to completion when the secession from it of a distinguished prelate and two high officials gave a sudden turn to the whole matter.

It is scarcely possible to estimate the damaging consequences to the commerce and interests of the United States, had this plot for making a Franco-Spaniard the king of Mexico been successful, at that stage of the war. The ports of France and Spain would thereupon have been open to letters of marque commissioned to prey upon our commerce. Cuba and Porto Rico would have sent them forth by hundreds. Every maritime state in Europe then had ships for sale which might speedily have been rendered suitable for such service. The West Indian chain of islands were all European dependencies, except Hayti. That was African, and its policy—so far as it had one—was opposed to that of the United States because, if for no other reason, of the existence of our slave system. Taken together, these islands may be said to have fronted and commanded every port and outlet of our coast commerce—for our Pacific States then had no existence. Nor had we power of reprisal. Mexico offered no rich merchantmen as prizes for our cruisers, while ours whitened every sea.

During the political battle over the annexation of Texas, in 1845,—a battle waged and won in the newspaper field primarily in the columns of "The Sun,"—a strong personal attachment had developed between ex-President Lamar, of Texas, and Moses Y. Beach, the proprietor of that journal.* It was through this personal friendship that Mr. Beach became informed—in 1846—of the monarchical plot already alluded to, and, later, of the progress of Mexican-Texas political affairs, in which he manifested a profound interest. He promptly and personally communicated the plot to the President, and thenceforth, as he gathered information which he deemed of importance to the government, he communicated it, personally or by letter, to the President or the Secretary of State (James Buchanan). No phase of the subject in which either of the three countries—United States, Mexico, or Spain—could have interest, escaped his observation. The cabinet was immediately summoned, and the revelations which Mr. Beach had made were the subject of instant discussion. The result of the conference was the nearly or quite unanimous decision that the return of Santa Anna to power was the sole and perfect remedy for the dreaded disaster. By a silent and wonderfully rapid movement on the part of President Polk's cabinet, this return was successfully accomplished. The leading monarchists in Mexico were paralyzed and scattered by the sudden advent of Santa Anna, and the plot for a monarchy was completely frustrated.

But the work was not yet ended. A peace with Mexico was now to be conquered, and it remained to be known upon what basis such a peace could be obtained. On the ruins of the monarchical power in Mexico a peace party of no insignificant pretensions had reared itself, and this it was evidently the policy of our government to foster and sustain. The "Santanistas" had been communicated with, and had promised, as the reward for the return of their chief, to recognize the claim of Texas to the territory as far as the Rio Grande, New Mexico included. In other words, they yielded the whole of the Texan claim, out of which the war originated. Certain of the Mexican leaders, and these of the higher classes, fearing that the prolongation of the war would result in the conquest and absorption of their entire country, proposed "to stay the land-devouring voracity of the Northern barbarians," by granting them what they considered as the barren wastes of California and Arizona, in return for a cancelment of the claims of American citizens against the Mexican government, and the protection of the proposed new frontier from

* Ex-President Lamar wrote to Mr. Beach, whose advocacy of the annexation of Texas commenced in 1842, as follows:

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 26th, 1845.

"MOSES Y. BEACH, Esq.:

"Dear Sir:—I congratulate you on the realization of your favorite hope. You were among the first to enter the list for the annexation of Texas, and may fairly rejoice on the almost certain success of that great and American movement. The bill has passed the House of Representatives, in a form which, I have no doubt, will be readily accepted by the people of Texas.

"MIRABEAU B. LAMAR."

Indian incursions, then the greatest terror of all border settlements.

It was through the industry and perseverance of Mr. Beach, and the facilities which he enjoyed for confidential correspondence with leading men in Mexico, that these facts were made known to the American government; and when he further communicated to the President and the Secretary of State the startling information that peace was attainable upon conditions more favorable than any of which they had previously conceived, he was at once—but *unofficially*—requested to make a personal visit to the country in the furtherance of such private interests as he might have in hand, and while there, by conferring with the leaders of the peace party, verify the conclusions to which he had arrived. The commission was one which involved an almost unlimited confidence in his faithfulness and discretion.—a confidence which, to the last day of his life,* was strictly merited. It was, moreover, a commission, the execution of which not only demanded the sacrifice of exceedingly important private affairs, but also the taking of his own life in his hand, by the fact of entering the capital of his country's enemy. But with him thought was action, and his country's welfare was second to no personal consideration. With no shadow of hesitation he accepted the duty, and set himself wholly to its accomplishment.

Of the means by which that duty was performed, of the perfect success which attended it to its very end, and of some of the exciting incidents which marked its progress, it will be my pleasure to speak in another paper.

M. S. BEACH.

Takigraphy.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4, 1878.

EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY:

Dear Sir:—Doubtless many persons will thank you for the article on "Neophonography," in the October number. It contains many judicious observations, and treats of a subject of such immense and growing importance, that it cannot fail to attract very general attention. I desire, however, to correct the wrong impression which the author conveys regarding Takigraphy, which is quite different from the other systems, and has been found entirely practical for all the purposes of writing.

Takigraphy is not open to the objections charged against it by Mr. Richardson, but meets fully every reasonable requirement of a practical script. It provides an alphabet that is a "complete and sufficient key to the writing." Takigraphers do not, however, deem it necessary to distinguish between the vowel sounds in *bat* and *bale*, nor between those in *boat* and *bold*, though such distinctions can be made in Takigraphy, if any writer chooses to make them, just as easily and just as philosophically as in Mr. Richardson's system. In Takigraphy, each vocal element *does* "have one, and only one, distinct sign, absolute in value." Each character is made by "a single impulse of the pen." The writing *does*

* His death occurred in 1869.

flow "freely and distinctly from left to right," and is "compact" and "flexible." It embraces every other feature which Mr. Richardson regards as essential, except one, which embodies the vice which renders his system worthless, and would render it worthless if it had all other possible virtues.

When he says, "The character value [of the letters] should be independent of the mode of writing, or direction of strokes," and works this theory into a system by giving one letter six variations of form and direction, and allowing other letters generally

to be written either backward or forward, upward or downward, at pleasure, he devises a scheme that no one can write with any fair degree either of accuracy or legibility.

I doubt whether the old Phonography, with all its complexity, is so cumbrous in its redundancy of outline, which confuses the writer continually, as a system on such a basis must of necessity be.

Very truly yours,

D. P. LINDSLEY,
Inventor of Takigraphy.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Hints to Young Housekeepers.—II.

DAILY HABITS.

EARLY rising is desirable. I do not mean getting people up before light. It is useless to begin the day by making every member of the family uncomfortable. Whatever hours are necessary for the good of all should be observed, and if the head of the household is obliged to be at his business at an early hour, it is the duty of his family to adapt themselves to this necessity. Consideration should be given to peculiarities of temperament: some nervous people sleep better in the morning; let not rules, or imaginary necessities interfere with health and comfort.

A mother must rise early (I write to mothers who are in good health), to see that all goes well in the nursery, if she does not perform the duties of nurse herself. Let the nurse and her children look for her presence with impatience, and feel that they need her assistance and oversight. Let children appear fresh from their baths, neatly dressed, however plainly, and come to the breakfast table with cheerful, happy faces,—the best attention they can show to their parents,—and turn up their little faces for a good-morning kiss. No child is too old for this while under the parental roof. The breakfast should be fresh, well served, and carefully prepared, whether frugal or luxurious. The mother should set the example of being neatly and appropriately dressed. She will see no one during the day before whom she should desire to appear so well, or to be so attractive. A cheerful, well-surrounded breakfast table is a pleasant remembrance for a man to take with him to his business. If there are no children, there is the greater need of everything being cheerful and tasteful.

I have nothing to say about family prayers; this is a matter of conscience, taste and feeling, and must be governed by these. If the children go to school (I should put in a plea for home education until a child has reached the age of twelve. No one can teach children to read, and write, and sew as well as the mother, but this rather belongs to my chapter on Children); if they go to school, their lessons must be attended to, and when they come home they must be taught to wash and dress themselves for

dinner. If young enough to make it necessary to dine in the middle of the day (and this should be till after they are twelve), the mother should be present at the dinner to see that no bad habits are formed, that there is no carelessness of diet, no irregularity. The meal hours are often the most instructive and charming hours of the day. Exercise in the open air as much as possible, but this must be governed by opportunity. With children, avoid above all things exposure to the sun. Blessed are the children who live in the country, with freedom from the necessity of an attending nurse; but, city or country, the sun must be avoided. I need not point out the occupations of the day. With one who is wife and mother, or either, every hour is more than full. A wife should be ready and dressed to receive her husband upon his return home at night, and if there are children, let them have the privilege of welcoming him too, before going to bed. If he is a busy man, he sees them rarely enough. Keep up as much as possible, as much as is consistent with your duties, your intercourse with society. Keep yourself instructed and interested in all that is going on in the world, and do not become a mere housekeeper and nurse, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of every one about you. In the evening, try to collect about you your husband's and your children's friends, as well as your own; but avoid all gossip, all meddling with the affairs of others. Let us be grateful that we are not responsible for the affairs of other people. Our own are always more than we can properly attend to. Repeat no scandal or disagreeable stories, and let not love of dress (the vice of the country) take hold of the thoughts and conversation. Tasteful, æsthetic, appropriate dress is characteristic, and it is the duty of every one to dress as well and to make herself look as becomingly as means and time permit; but to spend upon expensive dress money which should be given to necessary and improving expenses is both ignorant and vulgar.

Hospitality is one of the best virtues—hospitality in its best sense; not a display, not an effort to appear better than one's neighbors. Have no struggle to do what you cannot do well; but in accordance with your means of living, welcome your

the respect which their source demands the strictures of Mr. Richardson upon large uses of patented appliances, as, for example, farmers, manufacturers, and railroad companies. His ignorance of the facts should be the excuse for his intemperate language. Given the facts that you cannot lift up your foot and put it down again, or buy the simplest tools the market affords for tilling an acre of ground, or for making the simplest articles of consumption, or drive a nail into a railroad car, without coming against patents and patents; that at least eighty per cent. of all the patents issued are of value to the patentee only as they are used by others; and that more than ninety per centum of the infringements of patents for which claims have been made have been innocent by reason of ignorance on the part of the infringer:—yet you find that

when, after such ignorant use the claim is made, if the alleged infringer has the ability and the disposition to investigate the claim, and under advice of counsel refuses to entertain it, he is classed as a "chicken thief" or a "pickpocket."

The writer gives this public and authoritative statement that the facts in the above case are mild in comparison to those which have characterized each and every one of the claims which have been refused by the members of the Western Railroad Association. It is deeply to be regretted that the people at large, by reason of the great variety in avocations and trades, are not enabled by associations and otherwise to give these claims a just investigation, but are obliged so frequently to be subjected to the black-mailing of "patent sharks," who present frivolous and invalid claims.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Religion in These Days.

MAN'S place in nature has never been so sharply and profoundly questioned as it has been during the past ten years. The answer which science presumes to give, when it presumes to give any, is not one which pleases or in any way satisfies itself. "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return." Matter and force have manifested themselves in man, in form and phenomena, and the matter and force which have made man shall at last all be refunded into the common stock, to be used over and over and over again, in other forms and phenomena. There is a body, but there is no such thing as mind, independent of body. The dualism of constitution in which we have believed, and which lies at the basis of all our religion and philosophy, is a delusion. Out of all the enormous expenditure of ingenuity, or of what appears to be, or seems like, ingenuity, nothing is saved. The great field of star-mist out of which our solar system was made has been hardened into planets, set in motion and filled with life, to go on for untold ages, and then to come to an end—possibly to become a field of star-mist again; and nothing is to be saved out of the common fund of matter and force that can go on in an independent, immortal life. Man is simply a higher form of animal. God as a personality does not exist. Immortality is a dream, and the Christian religion, of course, is a delusion.

These conclusions seem to be the best that science can give us. Science believes nothing that it cannot prove. There may be a personal God, who takes cognizance of the personal affairs of men, but science cannot prove it; therefore a belief in a

personal God is "unscientific." There may be such a thing as the human soul—a spirit that has a life, or the possibilities of a life, independent of the body; but it cannot be proved. Indeed, it seems to be proved that all the phenomena of what we call mind are attributable to changes that take place among the molecules of the brain. Therefore, a belief in the human soul is unscientific. Of course, if there is no human soul, there is nothing to save, and if there be nothing to save, Christ was, consciously or unconsciously, an impostor; and the hopes and expectations of all Christendom are vain. And this is the highest conclusion to which science seems to be able to lead us. Can anything be imagined to be more lame and impotent? We should think that every laboratory and every scientific school, and every library and study of a man of science, would seem like a tomb!

That this attitude of prominent men of science toward the great questions that relate to God, immortality, the nature of the human soul and the Christian religion, has sadly shaken the faith of a great multitude, there is no doubt. Society is honey-combed with infidelity. Men stagger in their pulpits with their burden of difficulties and doubts. The theological seminaries have become shaky places, and faith has taken its flight from an uncounted number of souls, leaving them in a darkness and sadness that no words can describe. All this is true. It is so true that tears may well mingle in one's ink as he writes it; but, after all, we have everything left that we have ever possessed. Nothing is proved against our faith. Science has never proved that there is no personal God, no soul, no

immortality, no Christ, and these are matters that we have always taken on faith. Not only this, but they are matters which science is utterly incompetent to handle. They are outside of the domain of science. Science can no more touch them than it can touch anything that it confesses to be "unknowable."

Now, there are several important things that are to be got out of the way before thoughtful Christendom can be induced to give up its faith in a personal God. First, there is the moral nature of man which infallibly recognizes a personal God. A sensitive moral nature and a quickened conscience, whose outcome is a sense of moral responsibility, would be lost in the marvel of their own existence without the certainty of the personal God to whom they owe allegiance. They would have no meaning, no authority, no object, without this certainty. There is also the religious nature of man. Reverence for God, love to God, devotion to God,—all these, actually or potentially, exist in man's nature. They underlie character. They are potent among motives; and if there be no personal God who exists as their legitimate object, what, in the economy of nature, do they mean? There is a question for science to answer that is quite worth its while. Why! a man cannot admit the evidence of design in creation without admitting the existence of a personal God, and when men get so far bankrupt in common sense as to deny the existence of design, are they worth minding?

When we admit the existence of a personal God, the rest all comes. This doctrine lies at the basis of all faith. If there is a great, conscious, spiritual personality in existence, there are likely to be smaller spiritual personalities. If there is a personal God who has begotten a family of children capable of recognizing and loving him, is it probable that he has destined them to annihilation? Is he to get nothing out of this great experiment—to carry nothing over into a higher life? What are the probabilities? And why has he planted this desire for immortality in all nations and races of men—not only the desire but the expectation? The truth is that every unsophisticated man, looking into himself, knows, with the highest degree of moral certainty, that he is a living soul, and that the mind acts upon the brain as often and as powerfully as the brain upon the mind. How often has the brain been paralyzed, and the body been killed by a purely mental impression! Common sense that recognizes all the facts of being and consciousness is a great deal better than science that only recognizes what it can prove.

Admitting the existence of a personal God, and the relations of man to him as they are shown in his moral and religious nature, a revelation in some form becomes probable. Man naturally yearns for this recognition and this light, and is supremely happy when he believes he possesses it. A great number of people, through a great many centuries, have believed in this revelation. They have hugged it to their hearts through days of toil and sorrow, and rested their heads upon it through nights of

weariness and pain. The revelation of God in Christ has done too much for the world to be put aside at the behest of science. If science is right, then Christianity is a falsehood; but did ever falsehood do such work as true Christianity has done? Can a lie transform a base and cruel life into one that is pure and brotherly? Can a lie inspire the heroisms and the sacrifices of self which have illustrated the path and progress of Christianity from the earliest times? Can a lie sweeten sorrow, strengthen weakness, make soft the pillow of death, and irradiate the spirit shutting its eyes upon this world with a joy too great for utterance? This is what Christianity has done in millions and millions of instances. It is busy in its beneficent work of transforming character all over the world to-day. Man of science, what have you to put in its place? The doctrine of a world without a personal God, and a man without a soul! God pity the man of science who believes in nothing but what he can prove by scientific methods! We cannot imagine a sadder or more unfortunate man in the world. God pity him, we say, for if ever a human being needed divine pity he does. An intelligent man, standing in the presence of the Everlasting Father, studying and endeavoring to interpret his works, and refusing to see him, because he cannot bring him into the field of his telescope, or into the range of a "scientific method," is certainly an object to be pitied of angels and of men. The marvel is that in his darkness and his sadness men turn to him for light—turn to a man for light who denies not only God, but the existence of the human soul! Alas! that there should be fools more eminent in their foolishness than he!

Art as a Steady Diet.

THE spread of art and art ideas in this country has been accepted as a sort of new gospel. A new and advanced religion could hardly be welcomed more cordially or hopefully. A fresh significance has been given to life, and in everything—in architecture, in painting, in sculpture, in pottery, in home decoration, in embroidery, and in all the multitudinous ways in which the æsthetic in men and women (especially in women) expresses itself—there has been a great revival, or an absolutely new birth. Partly, this is the result of the Centennial Exhibition, and partly it is the result of a contagion that seems to swim in the universal air. The whole world is growing artistic. The nations are stimulating one another, and exchanging ideas. Our own country, though it has been the last to awaken out of sleep, bids fair to run its new enthusiasm into a craze.

We were about to write that this new enthusiasm had spared neither age nor sex. It has spared no age among women; but where men have felt the new impetus in a considerable degree, women have felt it in a supreme degree. Distinct from the great mass, there are two classes of women who have seized upon the new ideas and new influences to help them out of trouble, viz., those who have nothing to do because they have no physical wants to provide

for, and those who, since the war and the hard times, have been obliged in some way to provide for themselves. The multitudes who are now "decorating" porcelain, learning "the Kensington stitch" in embroidery, painting on satin, illuminating panels, designing and putting together curtains, making lace, drawing from the antique, sketching, daubing, etc., etc., are surprising. Some will undoubtedly find agreeable employment in this, and kill their superfluous time in a graceful way. Some who need it will find remunerative employment in it, and all will get a kind of culture by it that America has sadly needed. In the future, American homes will be better individualized than they have been. The work of decoration everywhere will be modified. We shall have better public and domestic architecture. The public stock of art ideas will be so greatly enlarged that the country will be comparatively safe from the outrages upon good taste that confront the eye in both city and country. People will at least know enough to see their own ignorance, and to be careful about expressing it.

Now, while we rejoice in this development, and in all the pleasure and comfort and culture it brings, we warn all against expecting too much from it. Art is a very thin diet for any human soul. There is no new gospel in it. There is no religion in it, and there is nothing in it to take the place of religion. It has to do with but few of the great verities and vitalities that most concern mankind. Form, configuration, color, construction, all the dainty secrets and devices of presentment, inventions of phrase and tint to excite the imagination, organic proportion, internal harmony and external beauty,—these constitute art, as a vehicle. Art is simply a carrier of divine things. It is only the servant of supreme values. Art is no leader and no king; and the soul that undertakes to live by being the servant of this servant, will certainly win inadequate wages and die of starvation. For art, it should be remembered, adds nothing to morality, nothing to religion, nothing to science, nothing to knowledge except a knowledge of itself, nothing to social or political wisdom, theoretically or practically. It may have a vehicular office with regard to all these; but the vital values are in them, and not at all in it.

It is not at all necessary to go to the old and familiar fields of Roman and Grecian civilization for illustrations of the powerlessness of art to conserve and to develop a national life. Rome and Athens went to sleep with all the marvels of their art around them, and the eye of To-day, prepared for vision by the survey of other fields than those of art, greets those marvels with the first appreciation they have had through long centuries. We have only to turn to the living China and Japan to see how little art can do toward civilization, and how insignificant an element it is in civilization. Japan, in many matters of art, can teach the world, and the same may be said of China. We will take the familiar matter of decorating porcelain. There is no decoration of porcelain in Europe that can compare for a moment with the best of that executed in China and Japan. English decoration is crude and coarse, and French is

feeble and conventional, compared with that. Sèvres porcelain has been shamed into poverty and commonplaceness by the rich and altogether original combinations of color that illustrate the best Oriental art. The Japanese, especially, seem to have learned everything there is to be known about color, so far as it relates to the familiar varieties of decoration, and the English attempts to imitate their work are equally sad and laughable. We mean simply to assert that, in every department of art to which they have specially turned their attention, they have surpassed the civilized world.

And what does all this prove? What but that art may be born of a people very imperfectly civilized? What but that art is a very thin and innutritious diet for any person or any people to live upon? China and Japan are trying to learn everything else of us. They knew little or nothing of science; they had no machinery; their literature was childish; they were bound up in their own self-conceit and their own exclusive policy, and the word progress was an unknown word in both those vast realms, until daylight shone in upon them from Europe and America. Now they are sending their boys to us to learn what they find will be vastly for their advantage to know.

We trust that our people, in the new interest that has been awakened in all matters relating to art, will be very moderate in their expectations of results. Art is an excellent servant, and a very poor master. When a man is supremely absorbed in it—when he has no thought for anything else—he is degraded by it. It is simply not the supreme thing, and cannot be treated as such without damage. It is most likely that, as China and Japan get more knowledge and a better hold of the practically productive arts, and of new social and political ideas, the arts that now distinguish them will decay. The new interest in art here is all right, and very much to be encouraged; only it does not come anywhere near being the principal thing, and cannot be treated as such, for any length of time, by any man or woman, without incurring mental and spiritual poverty.

Popular Despotism.

THERE is a popular theory that a despotism always consists of the arbitrary and oppressive rule of the many by one, or a few; and it seems hard for the people to realize that the only despotisms or tyrannies that we have in this country are popular.

We have had recent occasion to observe an instance of this. A gentleman employed, through the head of a Broadway establishment, a paper-hanger, for three or four weeks. Now, a paper-hanger does not need to be a man of genius. His papers are selected for him, and he has simply to put them on so that they will remain. There can be, of course, such a thing as a poor paper-hanger, but nobody would ever dream of placing the calling very high in the realm of what is denominated "skilled labor." When the gentleman was called upon to pay the bill, he found that his paper-hanger had been making ten dollars a day. Inquiring into the matter, he ascertained that the man was a "society man."

Protesting against the injustice of paying to a paper-hanger three or four times as much per diem as he was paying his carpenters and painters, the answer was, that it could not be helped, that the men were bound together and pledged to each other, and nobody could be had to do the work more cheaply. The gentleman, of course, submitted to the robbery, for such it essentially was. There was not the value of ten dollars a day in the work, and every penny taken over and above the value was an extortion, an abuse of power, an essential outrage and theft.

Now, if capital were to combine to fix the unjust price of a barrel of flour, or, if any one man could monopolize a market and arbitrarily raise the price of the necessities of life, and should do this relentlessly, without the slightest reference to intrinsic values, our paper-hanger and his brother paper-hangers would very readily understand the nature of the case. It is precisely like their own. One has labor to sell; the other has flour and sugar, and both are guilty of immoral and despotic conduct. Practically, however, there are no combinations of capital for oppressing consumers. Coal companies and railroad corporations, in their competitions with each other, make arrangements which they never loyally adhere to and are always breaking; and speculators, in their struggles with each other, get up "corners" in wheat, and other necessities of life; but they are always short-lived, and all honorable business men denounce them. The principle that lies at the basis of all organized attempts to raise the price either of labor or merchandise above that which, in a perfectly free competition, is fixed by the laws of demand and supply, is a principle of despotism, and essential robbery and wrong. This is a despotism or a tyranny practiced by the many upon the few—a popular despotism.

Of course, all tyrannies are wrong in their nature, and all tyrannies, being founded in wrong, must be supported by wrong. Tyranny must have its laws and regulations. If a high price for a certain kind of work is to be maintained by a society, then that society must keep itself small. The number of apprentices must be limited. The competition must not be free. The wants and interests of the public and the rights of the public are never to be considered. All that is to be considered is the interest, or what seems to be the interest, of the organization. The number of workmen must be kept small, so that the supply can meet the demand with the power to dictate its own arbitrary price. In all this action and attitude of the trade-union the public is the sufferer, but there comes a time when the society becomes despotic upon its own members, and even upon those of the same craft who do not choose to be society men. We have just passed through, or are now passing through, a period of business depression. There has been no profit in doing business, and men have been glad to get work at any price. But they have not been permitted to work at any price. The laws of the society have forbidden them.

They have been driven from their work, forced into strikes that were more foolish and arbitrary and brutal than we can describe, and made to contribute for the support of men who were quite willing to work and earn their living at the market price. Begun in wrong,—based in wrong,—what wonder that the end has often been riot, and violence, and bloodshed! The simple truth is, that it is all wrong from beginning to end. No body of men, no guild, no handicraft, has the moral or social right to erect itself into a despotism, and by a set of rules, shut itself off from the operation of those laws which govern all trade under the rights of a perfectly free competition. Of the effects of that despotism which reduces all excellence to the level of all ignorance and unskillfulness, we do not need to speak. To fix the wages of all men within a society at one figure, is to offer a premium for imbecility, and to strike a crushing blow upon the self-respect and the *amour propre* of those who have thought it worth while to become better workmen than their fellows.

It is a hard word to say, but the trade-union is a nursery of that monster whose shadow sometimes darkens the earth with menace, and which men call "The Commune." Now, nothing so foul, nothing so disgusting, nothing so base, nothing so iniquitous and outrageous, was ever conceived in the womb of time—begotten of the devil—as "The Commune." It can never live in this country for a day. It can never live in any country that has three million landholders. Its brief reign in France was confined to Paris. It made no more progress among its five million land-owners than fire would make upon the waves of the ocean. Communism in France is dead, and all that we mean to say about it in this connection is, that the trade societies are the natural nurseries of the Commune, and, we say this, to show the rottenness of their basis. At Pittsburgh, the strikers took possession and engaged in the destruction of property not their own, and the materials of the Commune mingled with them as naturally as one stream of water mingles with another. The whole system that leads to violence like this, is necessarily a system of demoralization. This undertaking to control the labor of a class against the competitions and interests of a whole country, to regulate that labor and its prices in all their details, to reduce and to raise to one standard of reward all the varied degrees of skill and excellence, and to order everything for the benefit of the society as against all other society, even to the exercise of hardship upon the members, and violence upon all opposing or non-consenting forces, is a most efficient training for the Commune. It tends toward it. It prepares and educates, or sophisticates the mind for it; and, if these hard times have in any degree—and we believe they have in a great degree,—weakened the hold of these societies upon the different trades, let us thank God for at least one great and good result of their coming, and take courage.

"But what for?" she murmured.

"I didn't know I loved you," he said slowly, as if recalling with difficulty, and from a great distance his motives, "and I thought it was kind to cure you of your love for me by pretending to be a fool. I think I must have been crazy, don't you?" and he smiled in a dazed, deprecating way.

Her face from being very pale began to flush. First a red spot started out in either cheek; then they spread till they covered the cheeks; next her forehead took a roseate hue and down her neck the tide of color rushed, and she stood there before him a glowing statue of outraged womanhood,

while in the midst her eyes sparkled with scorn.

"You wanted to cure me," she said at last, in slow, concentrated tones, "and you have succeeded. You have insulted me as no woman was ever insulted before."

She paused as if to control herself; for her voice trembled with the last words. She shivered, and her bosom heaved once or twice convulsively. Her features quivered; scorching tears of shame rushed to her eyes, and she burst out hysterically,

"For pity's sake never let me see you again!"

And then he found himself alone.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Checks and Balances.

IN a certain Roman Catholic church near us there is now in progress, while we write, a "Mission," carried on by a body of men called "The Passionate Fathers." They are at work at unheard-of hours in the morning, as well as during the day and evening, and the attendance and attention are something phenomenal. The excitement is the natural result of a long period of formal worship. The church had to be waked up, and that is done in a week which ought to have been spread over a year—which, if it had been spread over a year, would have made the excitement not only unnecessary but impossible. Such an event shows that very necessary work has been neglected. The same thing, calling for the same remedies, exists in the Protestant church. The revival is only rendered necessary and possible by a period of spiritual declension and death. When a great revival comes to a church, it comes as a natural consequence of a great falling away of religious interest, and a long period of spiritual inactivity. When a church does every day, and all the time, what it ought to do, a revival is impossible. Human nature demands a balance in everything, and the revival comes to fill the complement of activity necessary to preserve the aggressive life of a church.

Just now we are having in New York a great temperance revival. Under the lead of Mr. Murphy, the pledge of total abstinence is signed by thousands. There is a legal war, too, upon the rum-sellers. All this excited and radical action comes just as naturally from a bad state of things, political, moral and social, as the fall of rain from an overcharged cloud. If none had sold liquor save those who had a legal right to sell, and none had become so intemperate in the use of alcoholic drinks that the practice had grown to be the great, overshadowing curse of the city, breeding pauperism, misery and crime, Mr. Murphy would have nothing to do, and the Society for the Prevention

of Crime would never have been formed. One extreme breeds another. The drunkard calls into existence the rigid adherent of "teetotalism." The unlicensed rum-seller produces the society that puts him on his defense. It is the gross abuse of liquor that produces the extremist, in temperance practices and temperance legislation. If there were universal temperance there would be no total abstinence. Extreme temperance men are only produced by extreme intemperance in others. It is for the safety of society that this law exists, for by it the balance of forces is preserved, and society restrained from hopeless degradation.

The inauguration of our late civil war illustrated the operation of this law in a very notable way. When the South became "solid" in its attempt to destroy the Union, the North became "solid" in its defense. The first gun fired upon the national flag was the signal for Northern consolidation. It could not have been otherwise, in the nature of things. If a sectional reason had arisen for the destruction of the government, a sectional reason would instantly spring into being for its preservation, which would wipe out, or hold in abeyance, all party affiliations. The solid South produced the solid North, and what it did then, it will always do. There is not the slightest use in quarreling with the fact, for men are not responsible for it. It simply cannot be helped; and if the South ever hopes to be the power in national politics that she was in the old days, every man within her borders must be free, and the attempt to force her constituents into solidity must be abandoned as most unwise, and, sectionally, suicidal. It will always be enough that the South is solid, under political pressure, to make it impossible for its friends to assist it in its policy, whatever it may be.

The whole Christian world has become incrustated with dogma and formalism. Great importance is attached to beliefs and creeds, and the essentials of Christianity, including its vital center, are almost

forgotten. The church is overloaded with superstition and nonsensical beliefs and sacred falsehoods. What is the cure for all this? The law of checks and balances has its office here, and it has begun its operation through the skepticism of the scientists. The criticism of science was sure to come, as the necessary agent in purifying the church of superstition and falsehood. Popery produced Luther, and the peculiar form in which Christianity has presented itself to this latter age has produced the form of infidelity now propagated by the scientists, whose work we gladly welcome as the only way out of a degrading slavery. When science shall do its perfect work, and Christianity shall be shorn of that which does not belong to it, and of that which has brought it into contempt with a world of bright men and women, then we shall have such a triumph for our religion as the world has never known. And here we call the church to witness that science has thus far taught it nothing, in the uprooting an old belief, that has not enlarged its ideas of God and humanity.

Men are very apt to despair of the world, especially those who have labored long for its good. Our excellent friends who met last autumn at Dr. Tyng's church, to talk about the coming of Christ, were, many of them, those who were discouraged with their work, and who had come to a realization of the fact that the methods of saving men to which they had been bred were inadequate to the undertaking. Did it ever occur to them that their methods may be wrong, and that in the development of the future they are to be set right? Let them not be found fighting their Master in the persons of those who have been sent to show them the nature of the stuff they are believing and preaching. Christianity, purified of its dross, will be a very different thing from Christianity loaded down with sanctified absurdities.

The truth is that this law of checks and balances makes the world safe. All wrong tendencies and influences bring into existence right tendencies and influences, and God is always on the side of the latter. If an institution is worth saving, and has genuine vitality, no influence can be brought against it that will not arouse a counteracting power. The attacks of the scientists upon the church have aroused such a spirit of devotion and inquiry that great good has already resulted from them to the church itself, and, as men must have religion, those who are outside of the church are trying to get at the essential truth for themselves. Just as soon as the Christian world gets over the flurry of the onset, and discovers that the office of science and scientific criticism is to set it right as to such facts, and such only, as come within its range, and that its only lasting effect will be to rectify and purify its beliefs, it will make a marvelous advance; and that time we believe to be not far off. The cause of Christianity, of humanity, of temperance, of progress toward high social ideals, is safe in the operation of this beneficent law. There is nothing that tells against that which is good in the world which has not in it the seeds and the soil of a counteracting and controlling power.

Royalty and Loyalty in Canada.

WE do not see how any thoughtful citizen of the United States can fail to be pleased with the reception extended by the Canadians to the Marquis of Lorne and his wife, the Princess Louise. There are, of course, many things connected with the advent of the august pair which seem not a little odd to our people; but if those who are immediately concerned agree to them, or like them, we should not find fault. No Yankee can possibly understand, of course, why marriage—one of God's and Nature's institutions—does not bring to a perfect social level those who are joined by it, in spite of royalty, which is one of man's institutions. No Yankee can possibly understand how a gentleman who is appointed to the supreme office of a realm, and is by law regarded as the head of his own family, can submit to any social discount by reason of the presence of the wife who shares his bed. In short, the average Yankee naturally thinks that the Marquis of Lorne, notwithstanding his title and office, has rather a large pill to swallow.

All this, however, is none of the Yankee's business. The British and Canadian people are familiar with the notions on which this etiquette, so offensive to us, is based, and they have accepted, and possibly believe in them. The new governor will have the honor paid to him that belongs to his title and his official position, and his wife will socially overtop him, as the bearer of the blood of the Queen. We hope he likes it, and that the Canadians see nothing incongruous or offensive in it; for it seems to us that the expression of affectionate and enthusiastic loyalty, which has accompanied the reception of these high personages, is one of the most delightful and suggestive developments of our time.

It suggests, at least, the thoughts that follow:

It is natural to delight in the incarnation of one's ideas. The American is intensely loyal, after a fashion. He loves his country and his country's institutions. He has reverence for law. He is loyal to it; he respects it; he fights for its maintenance; but he does not love it. It offers nothing to his affectional nature. He writes apostrophes to liberty. He jeopardizes or sacrifices his life for it. He pictures it on canvas in the most attractive forms. He sets it upon pedestals with the lineaments of a goddess. He delights in the contemplation of power, also, as he sees it represented in social pre-eminence, in wealth, in political position and authority. He has the same love of country and pride of nationality that move those living in other climes, under other institutions. But the Englishman and the Canadian have this advantage over the American: that law and liberty and country and institutions, and social pre-eminence and power and authority, are all embodied in a single person, who can be loved and almost worshipped. All their ideas of law and liberty and power, and all their loves of country and institutions and nationality, are incarnated in their Queen. The worship of abstractions, to which the American is called, is comparatively a cold business. A presidential progress is sufficiently noisy, without doubt; but it certainly is a very different thing from the honor

paid a sovereign who, for many years, has represented a nation. It is always easier to be loyal to a person than to an idea; and men who have ideas make to themselves leaders and kings, on whom to fix their faith and their affections. Americans have had, first and last, a good many popular idols; but, in the nature of the case, the President of the United States represents only the favorite of a party.

We have no wish for a change in the American form of government. The risks would be too many, even were a change in any way desirable; but one does not need to be very acute of vision to see that the peculiar form of loyalty which gathers around the Queen and royal family of England is the grand bulwark of the national stability. Indeed, the Queen and her family hardly exist to-day for anything more or better than to sit or serve as the objects of the nation's loyalty. The sovereign of England is a person who, in these days, exercises very little authority, for the English nation is about as truly and thoroughly self-governed as our own. Indeed, England is one of the freest countries of the world; and, in some respects, her governing powers are more directly and immediately responsible to the people than our own. She certainly has this one advantage, to which in this article we call special attention, viz.: that for long years she has had in the supreme place a woman, who has represented the nation and been

the recipient of its affectionate loyalty, and not half a dozen men who, for limited periods of time, have represented a party. Through all administrations and above all administrations, there has stood unchanged the person of the British Queen, as the incarnation of the national institutions, laws, authority and life.

So we are delighted with the expressions of loyalty which have attended the reception of the new Canadian governor and his wife. Canada is a friendly neighbor, with whom it is for the interest of the United States to cultivate the most cordial relations. She wants nothing of us politically, and we want nothing of her; and it is gratifying to learn—that this reception seems to have proved—that Canada is content with the very mild foreign rule under which she lives; nay, that she has a sense of pride in being brought closer to the heart of the empire by the presence within her borders of royal blood. This reception promises well for order and peace and unity, on which our neighbor is to be heartily congratulated. She is to be congratulated on the acquisition of a capable and worthy gentleman to stand at the head of her affairs, and a woman for her social leading and political inspiration who represents in her blood the person around whom cluster the loyal affections of a great and remarkable people.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Hints to Young Housekeepers. IV.

DUTIES OF A LAUNDRESS.

A LAUNDRESS may be also a chamber-maid, where no housemaid is kept, in which case the housemaid's duties in the bedrooms devolve upon her.

The laundress should be provided (if it is convenient, and not too expensive) with all things suitable for her work. Heavy and light irons, skirt-board, bosom-board, sleeve-board (covered with heavy flannel or bits of blanket) and two washable covers for each,—best in the shape of bags of the shape of the boards and to slip over them,—and two covers for the ironing table, also covered with flannel or blanket. It is the laundress's duty to keep these covers clean. A mangle for bed and table linen and towels is advantageous. With it not more than a quarter of the usual time is required for ironing the linen, and it saves it from all scorching and gives to it the gloss and softness of new. I have used for nearly forty years the old-fashioned heavy mangle filled with stone; but there are now many kinds. The linen is folded very smooth and rolled round the mangle pins, put under the weighted box, and with the handle the box is rolled backward and forward over the pins. There should be horses in the laundry for airing the clothes, and in summer a mosquito net to throw over them to protect them from dust and flies; also a fluting machine and

fluting scissors, a piece of bees'-wax for her irons, and some bits of cotton cloth in which to tie her wax.

The laundry should be kept scrupulously clean. Laundry work is the part of house-work over which a mistress can have the least supervision; she must judge of it by the results. No soda, potash, or borax should be allowed except for special occasions,—the removing of stains, obstinate grease spots, etc.,—when it should be given out for the occasion. Bluing (of which ball-bluing is best), soap and starch must be used at the laundress's discretion. Table-linen is best with a little water starch in it and mangled. Bed-linen is better mangled. Flannels must be washed by themselves in the hottest soap-suds (no soap rubbed upon them), and rinsed in the hottest clear water, and passed through the wringer and well shaken and ironed before they are quite dry. The clothes that are ready should be brought up at the end of the day. This is the duty of the housemaid, if one is kept.

Clothes that are worn or torn should either be mended before going into the wash, or rough-dried and sent upstairs to be mended, before being starched or ironed. There is great economy in this. Clothes are much less destroyed in the wearing than by the wash-board, and a laundress should be forbidden to rub fine clothes upon it. The wash-board is a barbarous invention, and one generally yields to it from a supposed modern necessity.

of us, her half-suspected wish was a supreme law.

So, after all, it does not matter that the world no longer reads her stories or remembers her poems. Her life always seemed to me a poem, or something better than a poem. It does not matter, fellow-scribblers, that the generation to come shall forget us and go to upstart fellows of another generation for autograph verses for church fairs and charity bazars. It does not matter greatly, dear, aspiring young reader, whether you ever succeed in getting your poetry embalmed in

SCRIBNER or not. I cannot read an old magazine of forty years ago without a laugh—and almost a tear—over the airs those notabilities of a day gave themselves. How sure they were of immortality, and how utterly forgotten are the most of them, like last year's burdock, that boasted itself so proudly in the fence-row! But whether you print your story or poem or not, blessed are you if you put heroism into your life, so that the memory of it shall refresh some weary wayfarer long after the fickle public has forgotten your work.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

J. Blair Scribner.

WE suppose it may truthfully be said of the three partners in the Scribner book house who have died within the last six years, viz., Charles Scribner, Edward Seymour, and, latest, J. Blair Scribner, that they died of too much work and care. The diseases which nominally proved fatal to them were undoubtedly induced by exhausted vitality. There was no power of resistance and recuperation left when they were attacked. There are a good many publishers in a city like this who know what the care of a great publishing house is, and who can understand how these sad catastrophes have been reached. The dead and living wrecks that are strewn along the pathway of business illustrate with terrible force the dangers of the time and of the modes of active and responsible life.

It is with a peculiar sadness and sense of loss that we contemplate the latest victim to over-work. He was very young—probably the youngest man in New York who carried an equal burden of responsibility. Life had opened to him with grand purpose and grand promise. There were years of endeavor and usefulness and eminence, fronting a noble ambition. Cherishing a tender memory of his father, the founder of the house, he sought no higher earthly good than the upbuilding and perpetuation of that house by "Charles Scribner's Sons." The firm name, as we happen to know, was a tribute of filial affection, and a fair illustration of the kind of sentiment that entered into the young man's schemes. To the work of making the publishing house a worthy monument to his father's memory, erected by his sons, he sacrificed his life—a life that was very precious to a tenderly beloved young wife and a large circle of friends, and of great significance to a remarkable body of authors, a thousand book-sellers, and a little army of employes.

Mr. Scribner's love of, and devotion to, his father

and to his father's memory illustrate better, perhaps, than anything else, the sweet side of his nature. He was in college at the time his mother died. He immediately left the institution, surrendered all his plans of study, and took his place at his father's side, as his affectionate friend and helper; and from that early day until the day of his death he was never, for a waking moment, without his burden. After his father's death, when he became a partner in the late house of Scribner, Armstrong & Co., he often assumed care that was not necessary; but when the house of Charles Scribner's Sons was started, he was its head, and bore the heavy burden of its responsibilities. He was armed with a tremendous will, and an illimitable faith in himself; but the body that bore all this enginery of enterprise was a frail one, and he, all too soon, came to the end of its resources. We never saw him for one moment at play. We do not think he knew how to play. We remember that, when he was a child, he wrote, set in type, and printed a newspaper in his father's house, and that we were one of his subscribers; and this was his play, we suppose. At any rate, it was the nearest approach to play of any pastime we ever knew him to indulge in.

We shall sadly miss his kind and courteous greeting and companionship, and the community of authors and the great community of readers will miss the enterprising agent who so much delighted to stand as minister of the one to the other. To the sacred inner circle we can say nothing, except that they have the hearty sympathy of a multitude wider than they will ever know.

Social Drinking.

A FEW weeks ago, a notable company of gentlemen assembled in the ample parlors of the venerable and much beloved William E. Dodge in this city to listen to an essay, by Judge Noah Davis, on the relations of crime to the habit of intemperate drink-

ing. The company was notable for its respectability, its number of public men, and the further fact that it contained many who were well known to be wine-drinkers,—unattached to any temperance organization. No one could have listened to Judge Davis's disclosure of the facts of his subject without the conviction that it was a subject worthy the attention of every philanthropist, every political economist, and every well-wisher of society present, whether temperance men or not. These facts, gathered from many quarters, and from the best authorities, were most significant in fastening upon the use of alcohol the responsibility for most of the crimes and poverty of society. Some of them were astounding, even to temperance men themselves, and there were none present, we presume, who did not feel that Judge Davis had done a rare favor to the cause of temperance in thus putting into its service his resources of knowledge and his persuasive voice. How many were convinced by the facts detailed that evening that they ought to give up the habit of social drinking, we cannot tell. The probabilities are that none were so moved, for this habit of social drinking, or rather the considerations that go with it, are very despotical. The idea that a man cannot be hospitable without the offer of wine to his guests is so fixed in the minds of most well-to-do people in this city that they will permit no consideration to interfere with it. People in the country, in the ordinary walks of life, have no conception of the despotical character of this idea. There are literally thousands of respectable men in New York who would consider their character and social standing seriously compromised by giving a dinner to a company of ladies and gentlemen without the offer of wine. It is not that they care for it themselves, particularly. It is quite possible, or likely, indeed, that they would be glad, for many reasons, to banish the wine-cup from their tables, but they do not dare to do it. It is also true that such is the power of this idea upon many temperance men that they refrain altogether from giving dinners, lest their guests should feel the omission of wine to be a hardship and an outrage upon the customs of common hospitality.

We have called these things to notice for a special reason. The company of wine-drinkers who made up so large a portion of the number that filled Mr. Dodge's rooms on the occasion referred to must have been profoundly impressed by the revelations and arguments of Judge Davis. They could not have failed to feel that by these revelations they had been brought face to face with a great duty,—not, perhaps, the duty of stopping social drinking, and all responsible connection with it, but the duty of doing something to seal the fountains of this drink which has contributed so largely to the spread of crime and poverty and misery. A man must, indeed, be a brute who can contemplate the facts of intemperance without being moved to remedy them. They are too horrible to contemplate long at a time, and every good citizen must feel that the world cannot improve until, in some measure, the supplies of drink are dried up.

Our reason for writing this article is to call atten-

tion to the fact that there is something about this habit of social wine-drinking that kills the motives to work for temperance among those who suffer by coarse and destructive habits of drink. Temperance is very rarely directly labored for by those who drink wine. As a rule, with almost no exceptions at all, the man who drinks wine with his dinner does not undertake any work to keep his humble neighbors temperate. As a rule, too, the wine-drinking clergyman says nothing about intemperance in his pulpit, when it is demonstrably the most terrible scourge that afflicts the world. There seems to be something in the touch of wine that paralyzes the ministerial tongue, on the topic of drink.

We fully understand the power of social influence to hold to the wine cup as the symbol of hospitality. It is one of the most relentless despotisms from which the world suffers, and exactly here is its worst result. We do not suppose that a very large number of drunkards are made by wine drunk at the table, in respectable homes. There is a percentage of intemperate men made undoubtedly here, but perhaps the worst social result that comes of this habit is its paralyzing effect upon reform—its paralyzing effect upon those whose judgments are convinced, and whose wishes for society are all that they should be. It is only the total abstainer who can be relied upon to work for temperance—who ever has been relied upon to work for temperance; and of Mr. Dodge's company of amiable and gentlemanly wine-drinkers, it is safe to conclude that not one will join hands with him in temperance labor—with Judge Davis's awful facts sounding in his ears—who does not first cut off his own supplies.

Bayard Taylor.

It seems very strange to write this familiar name, and to realize that there is no living personality to answer to it. His presence had such magnitude and vitality, and the grasp of his hand was so strong and hearty, that it is difficult to think of him as lifeless, and to accept the fact that we can see his face no more. Those of us who knew and loved him—and the circle is a large one—feel the great loss occasioned by his death very keenly, but no one of us can yet measure the loss to the great public, in the death of one of its most active and important literary men. We suppose the time for measuring and characterizing the power and the work of the man we have lost will not soon arrive; yet something can be said justly, uninfluenced by partiality or prejudice.

It is always interesting to know what a writer thinks of himself, and to know just what his ambitions are. We all knew Mr. Taylor first as a writer of travels. We remember when he was a very conspicuous figure in American literature as such. He was a lion, too, in his early day; and great multitudes of people not only would go, but did go, long distances to see him and hear his voice. The young and adventurous traveler who recorded his deeds with such engaging modesty, was surrounded with a romantic interest that had a great

charm for the crowd. Yet we believe it was always true that he had a certain kind and degree of contempt for this reputation and popularity. He became a writer of travels by force of circumstances, rather than by inclination or choice, and placed but little value upon all he did in that department of letters.

He was a writer of novels also, but we do not know what he thought of himself as such. We know very well, however, that they did not lie in the principal line of his ambition. He believed himself to be, specially and eminently, a poet. He had little care to be judged as anything else. He was not insensible to praise as a prose writer, in the various fields in which he labored, but no praise was satisfying which was not called forth by his poetry. The question whether he was as truly a poet as he believed himself to be is not likely to be settled by this generation. It is quite impossible to gather up now, and embody in a fairly expressed opinion, the impressions he has made by his various essays in verse. We suppose no one will dispute that he was a verse-writer of quite extraordinary talent, while few would be moved to assert that he was a poetic genius. For what may be called the mechanics of verse, he had a gift that was unique among his contemporaries. As a translator or an imitator of the work of others, he had, in our judgment, no equal in the world. His translation of Goethe's "Faust" is, without doubt, the best presentation of that poem in the English tongue ever made, and his imitations of his contemporaries, in the "Divisions of the Echo Club," as well as in separate efforts, were quite beyond the capacity of any one of them. He could out-Swinburne Swinburne with ease, in ingenuities of structure and varieties of rhyme, or write so much like Swinburne himself as to baffle the judgment of the keenest expert. No one could surpass him in paraphrasing a story or a legend. If any one will read the Indian legend, describing "The Origin of Maize," as it has been written in "Hiawatha," and then read Taylor's version of the same legend, already in existence when Longfellow's was written, he will see that the later version is not an improvement.

Of course this talent is not the highest, or necessarily associated with the highest; but it is quite worth noticing, and is, of itself, enough to distinguish a man. It does not make a man a great poet, or even a popular poet, which latter no one will pretend Mr. Taylor had ever become, or is likely to become. His last poem, of which we recently gave a full *résumé*, presents many of his qualities as a poet; and that, certainly, can never be popular. An allegory, which amounts to a riddle, extending through a whole volume, can never be popular,

however much of talent or genius it may exhibit. No one can read this poem without acquiring a profound respect for Mr. Taylor's intellect. There is greatness in its conception, but it occupies an atmosphere quite too highly rarified for the common breathing, and deals with personages, or conceptions of personages, mainly beyond the reach of human sympathies. Any man who can fully grasp this poem at a reading is a remarkable man, and a man who could conceive and construct it is one who must have held within himself many elements of greatness. Doubtless he worked under the influence of Goethe, but Goethe never would have written a poem so devoid of human materials, and removed from human sympathies as this. The reading world wants men and women to deal with, moved by the common passions of humanity, and not gods, and imaginary personages representing histories, institutions and ideas.

That Bayard Taylor might have been a popular poet of a high order, we fully believe. In judging of a poet we must take him at his best. One of the very best short poems that exist in American literature, or, for that matter, in the literature of the English tongue, is Mr. Taylor's familiar Crimean poem, containing the lines—

"Each heart recalled a different name
But all sang Annie Laurie."

If he had never written anything but this, it would have stamped him as a poet of a rare order. Its exceeding humanity, its sensitive apprehension of all the dramatic elements of the situation, its music and pathos, mark it as the best poem of the Crimean war, and show that its author possessed qualities that would easily have lifted him to a high place as a singer of songs for the people. If he has failed of this, it is not because he lacked the genius for it, but because he was not particularly sympathetic with the people, and did not care to sing for them. It is at least true that most of his poems appeal to a small audience, and treat of topics only congenial to the cultured and thoughtful few.

We make no attempt to assign him his place in literature. He was certainly one of the most remarkable and versatile of our literary men. He was eminently an honest and most productive worker. His facility never tempted him into carelessness or indolence. His industry was enormous, and there are single feats of work recorded of him that would be incredible of any other man. No one that he has left behind him can fill his place, and his friends may safely rest upon that statement until posterity makes up its verdict upon his fame.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Some Thin Virtues.

As a working rule, in the conduct of life, we suppose there is no better than that which has been denominated "The Golden Rule," but its author could hardly have regarded it as the highest and best. There seems to be no motive bound up in it but a selfish one, and no standard of morality but the actor's own desires. The Golden Rule, as we call it, seems to be hardly more than common decency formulated. Nothing, obviously, can be decent in our treatment of others that we do not recognize as proper and desirable in their treatment of ourselves. It is a rule that seems to be made for supreme selfishness. Refrain from putting your foot into another pig's trough, unless you are willing to have another pig put his foot into your trough. One of the great mistakes of the world, and especially of the Christian world, is in the conviction that this is a high rule of action, and that the virtue based upon it is of superior value. It is the thinnest kind of a virtue, and if there be not the love of God and man behind it, to give it vitality and meaning, it can never minister much to good character. What a man does, actuated by the motive of love, he does nobly, and the same thing may not be done nobly at all when done in accordance with the rule to do to others what one would like to have others do to himself.

There are other virtues that are very much over-estimated, eminent among which is that of toleration. We know of none so thin as this, yet this is one over which an enormous amount of bragging is done. We talk about the religious toleration practiced by our government, as if it were something quite unnatural for a government to protect its own people in the exercise of their most precious opinions and privileges. The man who personally tolerates all men, and all societies of men, in the exercise of their opinions upon religion and politics, is not without his boast of it, and a feeling that he has outgrown most of the people around him. The sad thing about it all is, of course, that a country or a community can be so blind and stupid that toleration can appear to be a virtue at all, or so bigoted and willful that it can even appear to be a vice.

We thank no man for tolerating our opinions on anything, nor do we give him any praise for it, any more than we thank him for the liberty of breathing with him a common air. Toleration is the name that we give to the common decencies of intellectual and moral life. It is the Golden Rule applied to the things of opinion and expression. It is by no means a high affair. It is simply permitting others to do, in all matters of politics and religion, freely, in our presence and society, what we claim the privilege of doing in their presence and society. People who are intolerant—and we are informed that there are such in this country—are simply indecent. They are devoid of intellectual courtesy. They are bores who are out of place among a free people, and, no

matter who they may be, they ought to be persistently snubbed until they learn polite intellectual manners. The spirit of intolerance is a spirit of discourtesy and insult, and there is no more praise due a man, or a sect, for being tolerant, than there is due a man for being a gentleman; and we never saw a gentleman yet who would not take praise for being a gentleman as involving an insult. It is at least the thinnest of all virtues to brag about.

There is a virtue lying in this region, though, alas! but little known, which needs development. Toleration, as we have said, is a very thin affair. Men tolerate each other and each other's sentiments and opinions, and are much too apt to be content with that. They altogether overestimate the value of it, but beyond this there is in some quarters, and ought to be in all quarters, a sense of brotherhood among all honestly and earnestly inquiring souls. There is no reason why Dean Stanley and Mr. Darwin should not be the most affectionate friends. There is no good reason why Cardinal Manning and Mr. Matthew Arnold should not be on the most delightful terms of intimacy. There is no good reason why Mr. Frothingham and Dr. Hall, Dr. Draper and Dr. Taylor should not be bound up in a loving brotherhood. They undoubtedly tolerate one another now. It would be simply indecent for them to do anything less, but we fear that we have not quite reached the period when these men, with a profound respect for one another's manhood, truthfulness and earnestness, recognize each other as seekers for truth, and love and delight in each other as such. We are all interested in the same things, but we happen to be regarding them from different angles.

Some of the sincerest men in the world are the doubters.

"There is more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

These men get very little of the sympathy that by right belongs to them. They have as great a love for truth as anybody, and are looking for it, but by the constitution of their minds, or by the power of an unfortunate education, or the influence of an untoward personal experience, they find themselves thrown off into a region of skepticism, where they have no congenial companionship. They do not get even toleration, from those particularly who inherit their creeds, and to whom faith is as natural as breathing. These men ought all and always to be brought affectionately into the great brotherhood of truth-lovers and truth-seekers, and a Christian of any name who cannot throw his warmest sympathies around these, and regard them with a peculiarly affectionate interest, must necessarily be a very poor sort of creature. All honest truth-seekers are always truth-finders, and all have something in possession that will be of advantage to the others. The differences between them are sources of wealth to the whole.

This is true of all truth-seekers, and it is particularly true of the different sects of Christendom. Let not the Catholic think for a moment that he has nothing to learn of the Protestant, and let not the Protestant think that he holds all truth to the exclusion of his Catholic brother. The fact that all these sects exist and find vitality enough in their ideas to keep them prosperously together, shows that there is something to be learned, everywhere, and among them all, and that the policy is poor which shuts them away from one another's society. It is better to remember that truth is one, and that those who are earnestly after it, whether they deny Christianity or profess it, whether they are called by one name or another, belong together, in one great sympathetic brotherhood of affection and pursuit.

Improving Politics.

NOT quite so much progress has been made toward a reform of the civil service as we had hoped and expected, but certain events have occurred within the last few months which indicate an improvement in politics, that the country may well congratulate itself upon. Certain political machines have been badly smashed. First we had a smashing of a political society in this city known as "Tammany,"—a party within a party,—which undertook to dictate candidates and measures to a considerable portion of the body politic. The existence of such a society is an impertinence, and the exercise of its authority a usurpation of the popular will. It existed for the purpose of determining the policy of the Democratic party—for the purpose of governing the many by the few—and thus making the name of the party itself absurd. A combination of all opposing elements of political society in the city smashed this powerful machine, and gave us a city government over which Tammany has no control, thus weakening its power and prestige in the political councils of the state. It was an exceedingly happy result, in which all lovers of democratic government and pure politics may legitimately rejoice, and out of which it may draw courage for the future. We all know now exactly what to do to keep this machine out of power, and we shall be very much to blame if we neglect to do it.

We have had in the councils of the Empire State another machine, presided over by an eminent New York Senator. Mr. Conkling has been running this machine for some time, very much in his own personal interest, and for his own personal benefit, and that of his friends. It is certainly greatly to his credit, as a small politician, that he has been able to control the action of a great state through the operations of his machine, and very much to the discredit of the better men who enter into the composition of his party. It is not unfair to say that Senator Conkling likes the political machine, and believes in it. He does not like the project of a reform in the civil service. Such a reform would, as he very well knows, deprive him of his personal power in the politics of his state.

It would deprive him of his influence in the distribution of the federal patronage. It would bring to him the necessity of being useful in the conservation of the interests of the great state which places him in office. It would not permit him to sit idle and silent while the great questions which concern his constituents are discussed and decided. It would compel him to depend upon his merits for success, and not on the ingenious handling of the wires of his machine. Now it is quite possible that the President has not done so much as was expected of him toward a reform in the civil service, but it should be remembered in his favor, or as partly an explanation of the fact, that he has had to fight at every step this same New York Senator, and all the machine men who sympathize with him. Mr. Conkling has, at least, determined to control the influential and important offices at this port. Colonel Arthur was his man, and when the President presumed to remove him from the collectorship, and put another man in his place, great was the wrath of the New York Senator. And still greater was his wrath when, on the 3d of February, General Merritt, the President's appointee, was confirmed by the Senate. It was a good thing for the Senate to do. It was a good thing thus to uphold an honest President's hands, in the dignified exercise of his right, and it was a most excellent thing thus to rebuke the arrogance of a machine politician who had no right of control whatever in the matter. We thank the Senate for its action, on behalf of a great multitude who are sick of this whole machine business, and who devoutly wish that the country were well rid of it. We assure the Senate that a great multitude of honest people are more than satisfied; they are delighted with its action, and they honestly rejoice in the fact that the machine, as handled by the New York Senator, has been squarely beaten.

There are other matters for congratulation connected with this affair. Mr. Conkling took the occasion during the discussion of this confirmation to "free his mind." This was particularly gratifying to those of us who had heard that the Senator was a master of the arts of oratory, and who had been watching through many months of Senatorial discussion of the great questions before the country for a speech from him. There have been many times, during the past two years, when New York would have been glad to have her voice heard on the floor of the Senate, on questions, especially of finance, and has been disgusted by her own silence. She has felt that her influence has gone for nothing, except as she has been able to exercise it directly through committees that have gone on as volunteers to do this work which her Senator failed to do. It is pleasant, therefore, to be assured that Mr. Conkling can make a speech, and is a "master," at least, of the "arts of vituperation." It is proved, at last, that he can speak, and that we have only to touch his pets, and interfere with the operation of his machine, to bring him out, however silent he may be when the interests of his state and his constituents demand his efforts. It is pleasant,

at least, to know that our Senator is not dumb, and that he is a "master" of something or other, although he does not at present seem to be master of the New York appointments, or of the President of the United States.

We say that the smashing of the Tammany's machine, and the smashing of Mr. Conkling's little machine, are marks of a gratifying improvement in politics. One thing is certain: that we can have no reform in the civil service until such politicians as Roscoe Conkling are put out of power. They are its sworn and inveterate foes. They look upon it and its aiders and abettors with hatred and contempt. The principal reason, apparently, why President Hayes has failed to fulfill the pledges of the platform on which he was elected, is that he has not had the support of the party that elected him. Such politicians as Conkling have fought him from the beginning, and intend to fight him, in every attempt at a reform in the service, to the bitter end. But this is one of the reforms that must triumph at last. It has the right on its side. It has purity, justice, common sense on its side. Until it shall triumph, politics will be a trade, office-seeking a business, and everything connected with the making and the execution of the law will be—must be—tainted with corruption. Let us rejoice, therefore, over the smashing of all political machines of whatsoever sort, connected with whatsoever interest.

The Medical Profession and the State.

DOCTOR ROOSA, President of the Medical Society of the state of New York, recently delivered an address before the society over which he presides, on "The Relations of the Medical Profession to the State." The address, considering its subject and the point from which it emanated, was very notable for an omission. The arrogance which has been manifested in many quarters of what is called "the old school," was not manifested in the address, as we find it reported in the papers. In that part of it which treats of physicians as "protectors of the community from quackery," we find nothing that offends the common sense of the community. Doctor Roosa very properly leaves room for systems of medicine other than his own, if they are only intelligently practiced, and it is a comfort to record in this fact the advance of a profession which in many states and on many occasions has shown itself not only bigoted, but ill-mannered and stupid. Doctor Roosa says: "While we may not ask the state to endow medical schools, we may expect that it will protect its citizens from well-defined quackery. It certainly cannot discriminate in regard to modes of treatment when there must always be such honest difference of opinion. The state cannot catalogue the drugs that may be used, or name the doses, but it is the bounden duty of a government that cares for the welfare of its inhabitants to see to it that no one is allowed to prescribe for diseases who has not furnished evidence of a satisfactory knowledge of anatomy, physiology, and chemistry." Here the doctor very distinctly, and

with a courtesy which it would be well for his profession everywhere to imitate, makes room for homœopathy, a system pursued by many scientific, moral, and intelligent men all over the country. It has been quite too commonly the custom in medical bodies of the old school to treat this system as one of impudent, if not immoral quackery, and to arrogate to themselves the functions of "regular" practice. The attitude of the "regular practice" toward homœopathy has been generally absurdly arrogant and childish, for it so happens that it has been the educated and the intelligent rather than the ignorant and stupid who have given in their adhesion to the new system, and its practitioners have largely been recruited from the ranks of the old practice. The day is gone by when it was possible to whistle and hoot this system down, or to frown it down by assumed medical authority. It has won its right to live and its right to respectful recognition. It has done this at least by the power it has shown to modify and reform the old practice, and it is high time that intelligent physicians everywhere should follow Doctor Roosa's example in withdrawing or withholding the charge against it of being a system of quackery.

But we did not notice this address for the purpose of vindicating homœopathy, but to call attention to that part of it which treats of the members of the profession "as sanitary advisers to the commonwealth." Doctor Roosa very wisely says that there should be a Board of Health in every county and every town, and that there should be no man upon it who has not a scientific, medical, or legal education. He furthermore says that "not a school-house, not a jail, not a hospital, not a sewer, should be built unless competent sanitary advice, with power to enforce it, be given." This is all right as far as it goes, but it does not go half far enough. The truth is that every private house that goes up should be built under public sanitary supervision. Men are dying in New York every day because houses are built improperly. The arrangements for plumbing and ventilation are not only incompetent, but utterly vicious and murderous. Men put up buildings all over the country just as they please. We have built houses for human dwellings, and we have never yet been questioned by any public officer as to how many fatal traps we had set for human life. House poisoning has now become the most common form of poisoning. Diphtheria, pneumonia, and typhoid fever are the constant, daily demonstration of vicious modes of building, and there is no authority, apparently, to prevent the formation of the sources of these diseases. A builder puts up a block, and offers his houses for sale. The buyer sees everything fair, for the sources of disease are covered from sight, but he moves in, and one after another of his family sickens and dies, and he learns, at last, that he has dealt with a criminal, and that the municipality or the state has afforded him no protection.

The truth is that we not only need to have Boards of Health established in many places where they are not, but we need to have their powers much

enlarged where they exist. No one, we suppose, can doubt the great usefulness of our New York Board of Health, but if they could be armed with powers that would enable them to act more directly upon the prevention of disease they could be much more useful. If they could have authority to dictate the plumbing and ventilation of every structure, private as well as public, erected in this city, they could save the city a large percentage of its cruelest mortality. If they could have the control of the cleaning of the streets, does any one doubt that they would greatly improve the health of the city? We talk about the adulteration of food as if that were a great thing, and our Board of Health busies itself about it in the absence of other work, but the adulteration, the absolute poisoning, of the air we breathe, is of almost infinitely more importance.

Doctor Roosa speaks of what is done in the way of preventive medicine by our wise system of quarantine, by which the city has been saved from destructive epidemics. With our yellow fever les-

son of last year fresh in memory, it really seems as if towns should learn something. There is no question that all these epidemics become fatal in the degree in which the air is vitiated by poisonous odors. When yellow fever or cholera visits a place, it becomes a terrible or a mild visitation, according to the conditions which it finds. If it finds a people already poisoned with foul streets and bad drainage, it finds food for a great and grave mortality. If it finds a place where everything is pure and sweet, it does not stay long or work such mischief. There are some states which have a Board of Health, or may have one, in every town, armed with a considerable amount of power—with the power, at least, of holding inquest on private premises, and determining what shall be done to remedy evils; but what we really want most is a wider power of prevention, such as shall make it incumbent upon every builder to secure the approval of such a board before he can live in his house himself, or offer it for sale or rent.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Are Our Insane Retreats Inhuman?

EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY:

DEAR SIR—There is no doubt a more or less wide-spread public impression that great cruelties are not uncommonly practiced at our insane retreats. The stories which give rise to this impression are mainly started by the patients themselves. Are these stories true, or are they false? Having had some practical experience at two of the leading institutions of the country, I will endeavor to give an answer to this question.

On the first day of July, 1878, I embarked on the steamer *Mary Powell*, from Kingston on the Hudson, for New York City. During the passage, for reasons which need not be here detailed, I broke forth in a most pronounced condition of mental derangement. The next evening I found myself an inmate of the Bloomingdale Asylum, situated in the upper portion of the metropolis. There I remained until the tenth of October, when I was removed to the Hudson River State Hospital, located at Poughkeepsie.

When I left Bloomingdale, I not only believed but would have solemnly sworn in any court of justice that I had been the victim of the most diabolical treatment. I would as soon have doubted my own existence as doubted that no effort had been spared to compass my destruction. I had been purposely left, for example, an entire week without food, but I could not be starved. I had been given every poison, and every conceivable combination of poisons, but I could not be killed. Moreover, scheme after scheme had proved abortive, the object of which had been my assassination. I was proof against even silver bullets. Not

that I was the devil, for was I not the great Original and Supreme, even Brahma?

It is needless to say that I am now speaking only of certain enormous delusions which took possession of my mind at Bloomingdale. But I have spoken of these delusions in order to illustrate the undoubted general fact that, to a great extent, the cruelties which the insane are so prone to charge upon the asylums which shelter them, are as much a part of their hallucinations as is any other aspect of their insanity.

It would not be to tell the whole truth, however, did I stop here. It is no mere imagination that I was roughly handled during the more violent stages of my sickness. I was, for instance, put in strait-jackets of the stoutest linen, and in muffs and manacles of the strongest leather. I was likewise beaten, choked and stamped upon. Yet this is a mere statement of the treatment irrespective of the reasons. Were the reasons sufficient and even imperative?

I did not indeed develop any tendency to inflict upon myself personal injuries of the graver character; though to do so is not at all uncommon among the insane. But I did develop a most marked mania for tearing and breaking things in general. What, for example, was bedding for, or clothing for, or furniture for, except to be devoted to destruction? Take a single illustration. One day a special meal had been provided for me in the hall. I walked up with the utmost nonchalance and kicked the table over. Had you been the attendant in charge would you have first dealt with the patient, and then cleared away the *débris*; or first cleared away the *débris*, and then dealt with the patient?

I was at times dangerous. Thus, one day I

was out in the exercise-yard with the other patients, when I suddenly began to sweep about the grounds with great rapidity and power. After the first fury of the outburst had somewhat spent itself, I seized a huge stone, and, taking my position near a certain tree, held the entire posse of attendants at bay, as if I had been a cannon loaded to the muzzle.

Now this dangerousness of the insane is of very frequent occurrence. Thus, my second morning at the Hudson River State Hospital came very near proving fatal to me. I had been placed upon what may be appropriately termed the Wild Ward of the institution. One appearing like a human demon came rushing into my room, and almost before I could realize that he was there, struck me three full blows with a heavy chair. I caught the first two blows upon my hands, and managed to protect myself against the third by throwing myself upon my back and holding up my feet. At this juncture, an attendant came to my relief and rescue.

This then suffices to show that in the more furious cases of insanity, rigorous personal restraint and, on the part of the hospital officials, vigorous personal resistance are often not only permissible, but necessary.

Unfortunately, however, it is only too common among convalescents to remember—often with the greatest bitterness—their restraint and sterner treatment, while they utterly forget their destructiveness and dangerousness. Not a few cases of this character have come under my own observation. I remember, for instance, one stalwart giant, who was my fellow-patient at Poughkeepsie. He was a rough—standing six feet four inches in his stockings—muscular and heavily proportioned. When we were in the Wild Ward together, I used sometimes almost to tremble to see him go about with glaring eyes, his arms bared to the elbow, and breathing out threatening and slaughter. Still at that time, he was not even confined to his room. Judge of my surprise at afterward hearing him, in the Convalescent Ward, denouncing the institution with the utmost vehemence for the outrages previously perpetrated upon him, without the slightest provocation. He referred to the days before I had met him, when he must have been at his wildest, and when the personal safety of those about him must have required that he should be kept in a condition bordering closely on intimidation.

Now, it is only in these extreme instances that anything even approaching to severity is ever visited upon a patient at either of the institutions of which I was an inmate. As a general thing, the patients are treated with marked forbearance, courtesy, and kindness. Nevertheless, the entire atmosphere of an insane retreat is more or less overlaid with fault-findings and complainings. This one should never have been placed there at all. That one is being detained there in violation of every principle of humanity and justice. This one is slighted and neglected by the physicians. That one is being deliberately deprived of the proper diet by the authorities in general.

Not that there is in all this any conscious and

intentional falsification on the part of the complainants. It is simply a condition of things inevitably resulting from their disordered nervous and mental state. Thus, one man will eat a hearty meal, and yet, because of his impaired memory, forget within an hour that he has done so. Another will eat enough to satisfy a glutton, and yet, because of his abnormal appetite, have no other burden to his conversation than that he is hungry, hungry, hungry.

In the female wards of the retreats of which I am speaking, as I have had no personal experience, so I have had no personal observation. It is a well-known fact, however, that in certain forms of insanity peculiar to women, as in puerperal mania, the patient, however virtuous and chaste when sane, appears to be given over to the very devil of obscenity and lustful accusations, both toward herself and all about her. Under these circumstances, a physician at an insane asylum is pre-eminently liable to the gravest but most baseless charges on the part of the female inmates, and, as a consequence, is pre-eminently entitled to be considered innocent until clearly proven guilty. As a rule, the evidence of their accusers is as crazy as it is truthless.

The design of this paper is not, of course, to suggest any relaxation of vigilance in connection with our insane retreats. If any class of unfortunates need protection, the insane do. If any class of institutions could be converted into the most awful of human hells, did they chance to fall into the hands of cruel and lustful men, our insane retreats could be thus converted.

Neither is it the design of this paper to bear testimony whether for or against any retreat, except the two above, at which I was a patient. I am credibly informed, however, that the Bloomingdale Asylum and the Hudson River State Hospital are not exceptional, but merely typical of the better class of institutions scattered throughout the country. For some reason or another, I have, on the other hand, gained the impression that certain of our minor retreats, and notably all such as are subject to political management and manipulation, require a constant watching and a frequent overhauling. But all this is merely hearsay and impression, and constitutes no sufficient ground whether of vindication or accusation.

What I have to say, therefore, is simply this: For reasons at once suggested, no insane retreat can be conducted to the satisfaction of the insane themselves. If it were the ideal institution of its class, only too large a proportion of its inmates would denounce it. And it is with peculiar pleasure that I herewith bear personal witness that there are at least two retreats in this country which reflect the highest credit on our Christian civilization, of which they are among the most benignant outcomes. To these, and to kindred retreats, friends may commit their loved insane ones with the fullest confidence that they will in every respect be placed under conditions most conducive to their physical convalescence and mental restoration.

Very truly yours,

AUGUSTUS BLAUVELT.