

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Vulgarity in Fiction and on the Stage.

THE average playwright has a fixed opinion that certain definite appeals must be made to the groundlings, in order to produce a successful play. There must be coarseness or profanity, or the half-disguised obscenity that can be put forth in a *double entente*, or else the great multitude will not be satisfied. As a consequence of this, many ladies do not dare to go to the theater, or to take their children there. There is no question that these objectionable elements in plays have kept many more people out of the theater than they ever attracted thither. People—even vulgar people—are not pleased with vulgarity, and it is quite worth while to call attention to the things that the people are pleased with, both in the fictions of the book and of the stage.

We have had a lyrical comedy running in all the theaters of the country during the last season—"Her Majesty's Ship *Pinafore*"—which will illustrate a part of what we mean. Since we began to observe theaters at all, nothing has had such a run of popularity as this. Young and old, rich and poor, have been amused by it, and there is not a word in it, from beginning to end, that can wound any sensibility. It is a piece of delicious absurdity all through, and a man can enjoy two hours of jollity in witnessing it, which will not leave a stain upon him anywhere. It is simply delightful,—pure fun,—and the most popular thing that has appeared on the stage for the last ten years. We call attention to it specially to show that fun, when it is pure, is more popular a thousand times than when it is not. Nothing can be more evident to any man of common sense than that any admixture of unworthy elements in this play would damage its popularity. What is true of this play is true of any and every play. There is no apology whatever for making the stage impure. Even vulgar people do not seek the stage for impurity. They seek it for pleasure, and they find the purest plays the most satisfactory, provided only that the pleasure-giving element is in them. A playwright who is obliged to resort to coarse means to win the applause of coarse men, convicts himself of a lack of capacity for writing a good play.

If a man wishes to hear high moral sentiments applauded as they are applauded nowhere else, let him go to a low theater. When the villain of the play gets his just retribution, and the hero, standing with his foot upon his neck, above his prostrate form, makes an appropriate apostrophe to virtue, then the house comes down. Indeed, it loses no opportunity to applaud that with which its daily life has very little to do, as if it were trying to make up by its votes and acclamations for the sins and the remissnesses of its practical life. It takes a pretty pure playwright to satisfy an audience made up largely of thieves and prostitutes.

In these days, tragedy is at a discount. In the old times, when the world moved slowly, and life was not overworked or torn in pieces by high contending passions, men and women liked to have their sensibilities wrought upon. There was, at any rate, a desire for a different play from that which modern times call for. There are people who think that the theater audience is degraded from its old quality. We doubt it. We have no doubt, indeed, that the modern audience is better than the ancient one, and is made up of men and women of a highly improved culture. The times have changed, and life has become so active and overburdened and so full that men go to the theater to laugh. The one thing that they need most is forgetfulness of care, in innocent pleasure. To the modern man and woman, life is a tragedy. The newspapers are full of tragedies. We swallow them every morning with our coffee. What we absolutely need is fun, jollity, mirth, forgetfulness; and the stage must adapt itself to this want or go to the wall. The writer of "*H. M. S. Pinafore*" is a public benefactor, worthy of any reward we can make him; and Mr. Sullivan may snap his fingers at the stupid critics who accuse him of having stooped from his dignity to float this little play upon his excellent music, for he has won the gratitude of the English-speaking world.

It is with novels as with the stage, vulgar people do not like to contemplate vulgar people. In the novel, vulgar people delight to meet with gentlemen and ladies. They have enough of the other sort at home, and among their friends. They would like to get into better society. They wish to see those who are different from themselves, and in different circumstances.

"Mi-lord," said a soft-voiced page, dressed in blue and gold, entering: "the Ambassador waits."

Sir Edward turned from his ivory *escritoire*, with a frown, and responded, "Bid him enter!"

At this moment, the Lady Geraldine rose from her embroidery, and with a fair blush mantling her classic features, swept from the apartment.

"Hold!" said Sir Edward.

The lady turned, and gave him a single glance of scorn, as she closed the door and sought her boudoir.

It is the vulgar people who read this sort of stuff, and they read it because it represents a kind of life quite absurdly antipodal to their own. The third or fourth-rate novelist who produces it lives nearer to the people than his superiors, and knows what they like. It is true, too, that the best novelist must not deal with vulgar materials too exclusively. No matter how clever he may be, it will not do for him to forget that good people get tired in novels of the same people of whom they would get tired in their drawing-rooms, and particularly of those whom they would never receive in their drawing-rooms.

They get tired of any novelist who never gives them a gentleman or a lady.

It comes to this, then, in the novel and on the stage: we want good company and we want mirth. We want fun and we want it pure. The theater thinks that the Church is hard upon it. There was a time when the novel-writer thought the Church was hard upon him; but the Church now not only reads novels but uses them in the propagation of religious ideas and religious living. The theater, for many years, has had itself to blame for the attitude of the Church toward it. People are visiting the good ship *Pinafore* now who never entered a theater before, and this simply because it ministers to their need of amusement without offending their sensibilities by coarseness, or their eyes by exhibitions that are only at home in a vulgar dance-house.

Church Music.

THERE are great varieties and contrarities of opinion on church music, as well among pastors as congregations. It begins with the hymns. There are those who believe that theology should be taught by hymns, that appeals to heart and conscience should be made in hymns, that all phases of religious experience and feeling may legitimately be addressed through hymns. There are others who reject this theory, and would confine hymns to the expression of penitence or praise to God. They feel that a hymn, publicly sung, should be an address of the human heart to the great father heart, and not an address of man to man, and that chiefly this expression should be confined to praise and thanksgiving. When Mr. Sankey was here, he was inquired of concerning this point, and his answer, very definitely given, was that he regarded singing as possessing two different offices in the public services of the church—one of address to God, and another to man. Mr. Sankey would not stand very high as an authority on such a matter, but his idea is practically adopted in every hymn-book with which we are acquainted.

Now, to us, there is something almost ridiculous in the hymns which undertake the offices of teaching, preaching and exhortation. Think of a congregation wailing out to the old tune "China" the words:

"Why do ye mourn departing friends
Or shake at death's alarms?"

Or to some other tune:

"Think gently of the erring one,
And let us not forget
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet."

Or this, to old "Amsterdam":

"Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb."

Or this:

"Behold the day is come,
The righteous Judge is near;
And sinners trembling at their doom,
Shall soon their sentence hear."

Or this exhortation:

"Why will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares?"

Or this statement and inquiry:

"What various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?"

We take all the above extracts from the very best hymn-book with which we are acquainted, and we submit that to stand up and sing them is an absurd performance, especially when it takes place in public. Some of them are utterly unsingable when regarded with relation to any natural impulse, or any gracious impulse, for that matter. We laugh at the absurdities of the opera,—at a man who straddles around the stage, yelling his love or his defiance to a tune, and our laugh is perfectly justifiable. But for the reverence with which we regard everything that has been even remotely associated with the house and worship of God, we should say that the singing of such songs as these would be equally laughable. Still, Mr. Sankey and those who agree with him will keep on singing these songs, we suppose. It gives us great pleasure, however, to notice that they are growing fewer and fewer from year to year and from generation to generation, in new collections, and that the hymns that are sung are addressed more and more to God, while to the voice in the pulpit are left the various offices to which song has hitherto been, as we think, illegitimately subjected.

Leaving the hymns, we come to the question of music. What office has music in the public services of the church? Let us say right here that we have not objected to the hymns belonging to the class from which we have quoted, because we do not think that man's sensibilities should not be appealed to through music. We have objected to them mainly because they are unnaturally wedded to music. We do not naturally sing about the judgment day, or about death, or about our erring brother, or about the rapid passage of time. The wedding of things like these to music is an absurdity. So we recur to the question—"What office has music in the public services of the church?" It has two. The first and foremost is to give a natural expression of the feelings of the soul toward the object of its worship. The second is to elevate the spirit and bring it into the mood of worship and the contemplation of high and holy things. It has an office quite independent of any words with which it may be associated. Music itself is a language which many religious hearts understand, and by which they are led into and through a multitude of religious thoughts and emotional exercises. The voluntary upon the

organ, played by a reverent man, is perfectly legitimate sacred music, to be executed and listened to at leisure.

Nobody, we presume, will question what we say about this, yet in practice there is the widest difference among pastors and churches. One pastor or church demands the highest grade of music to be performed by a thoroughly drilled quartette or choir; another subordinates the choir, or discards it altogether, and will have nothing but congregational singing. The former make very much of the musical element, and do a great deal to act upon the sensibilities of the worshippers through it. The latter make little or nothing of the musical element, and think that nothing is genuine public praise but that which is engaged in by a whole congregation. Now, it is quite easy to overdo the music of a church. That has been done in this city, in many notable instances, but we very much prefer a mistake in that direction to one in the other. There are some ministers who forget that a choir may just as legitimately lead the praise of a congregation, as any one of them may lead its prayer, and that a choir has a sacred office and function in the church quite independent of themselves. If a preacher may be followed in his petition by his congregation, certainly a choir may be followed in its expression of thanksgiving.

For ourselves, we are very much afraid of the movement toward congregational music. The tendency thus far has been to depreciate not only the quality of music, in the churches, but the importance of it, and to make public worship very much less attractive to the great world which it is the church's duty and policy to attract and to influence. The churches are full, as a rule, where the music is excellent. This fact may not be very flattering to preachers, but it is a fact, and it is quite a legitimate question whether a church has a right to surrender any attraction that will give it a hold upon the attention of the world, especially if that attraction is an elevating one, and in the direct line of Christian influence. Congregational singing is well enough in its place and proportions, but very little of the inspiration of music comes through it. It is, indeed, more of a torture than a pleasure to many musical and devout people. The ideal arrangement, as it seems to us, is a first class quartette, made up of soloists, who take a prominent part in the public service, with a single choral in each service given to the congregation to sing. In this way, the two offices of music in public religious assemblies seem to be secured more surely and satisfactorily than in any other.

Art Criticism.

ART criticism, in this country, has reached about as low a level as it can find, without becoming execrable. It is so at war with itself, that it has ceased to have any authority, and so capricious and so apparently under the influence of unworthy motives, that it has become contemptible. We may instance the late exhibition of water colors in this city, and the

kind and variety of criticism it called forth, as an illustration of what we mean. It has been absolutely impossible for the public to get any adequate idea of this exhibition through the revelations and discussions of the public press. What one man has praised without stint, another has condemned without mercy. All sorts of theories and comments and considerations have been offered, and if the public mind is not in a muddle over the whole matter, it is not the fault of the men who have written about it.

Now there are just two objects that furnish an apology for a man to publish his opinions on an art exhibition, viz., the information of the public, and the improvement of the artists. Of course, it is an impertinence for any man to assume the rôle of the art critic who does not understand what he is talking about, and who is not free enough from partisanship and hobbies to write with candor. The great end of criticism is popular and professional improvement, and in order that this double end may be secured, there must be popular and professional confidence in the sources of the criticism. We believe it to be notorious that, among the painters of New York, there is not a particle of confidence in the critics who write upon art. They do not, in any instance, expect to be fairly and ably treated. They have no faith in the competency of the newspaper writers on art to teach them. They have no faith in their candor. When they put up a picture for exhibition, they regard the whole matter of newspaper notice as a chance in a lottery. They are thankful if somebody praises it, and if nobody abuses it, because that will help to sell it, but beyond that they have no interest. They do not in the slightest degree acknowledge the competency of these writers to teach them, and they have the utmost contempt for their general theories and their special judgments. Under these circumstances, one of the principal offices of criticism is rendered useless.

The public has come to pretty much the same conclusion as the painters. They have learned that these writers have no guiding principles, that they agree in nothing, and that each man writes from the stand-point of his own private tastes, or his own private prejudices and partisanship. They find the pictures of a certain man condemned as utter and irredeemable failures, and they go to see the failures, finding them the best pictures in the exhibition. They find the pictures of another man praised as profoundly worthy, and they go to see them, and find them unconscionable daubs that would disgrace the walls of any parlor in New York,—really, for any pleasure-giving power that they possess, not worth the white paper they have spoiled. Moreover, what one critic praises another one condemns, and *vice versa*. Indeed, there are some men among these writers whose judgments have been so capricious, and whimsical, and unfair, and so notoriously fallacious, that their praise of a picture arouses suspicions against it and really damages its market value.

Now criticism, to be valuable, must be based in principle. If there are any such things as sound principles of art, gentlemen, show them to us, and

show us your judgments based upon them. Agree among yourselves. We, the people, don't care for your private tastes and notions. We care a great deal more about our own. We are not at all interested in yours. What we want of you is instruction in sound principles of art, which will enable us to form judgments and to understand the basis of yours. Your prejudices, and piques, and whims are not of the slightest value to anybody, and your publication of them is a presumptuous and impertinent performance, growing more and more presumptuous and impertinent every year, while the people are growing rapidly more competent to judge of these matters for themselves.

In the present jumble of art criticism in this country, consisting of great contrariety of sentiment and opinion, much injustice is necessarily done to artists and schools of artists; and injustice, meted out in the unsparing doses that are often indulged in, is a poison that greatly injures all who receive

it. It takes immense pluck and strong individuality to stand up against it. There are some painters who possess these qualities, but not many, so that the consciousness of unjust treatment at the hands of public criticism is a positive damage to them and their art. There have been cruelties and discourtesies indulged in which only a raw-hide could properly punish, and for which there was no valid excuse and whose only influence was bad.

We are growing in this country in all that relates to art, except in this matter of art criticism. People are becoming educated in art, and a new spirit seems to have taken possession of the American people. Let us hope that those who undertake to guide the public judgment may meet the new requirements of the day by a most decided improvement among themselves, so that we may have something more valuable from them than the airing of pet notions and a public show of their sympathies and antipathies.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Secret Mission to Mexico.

ORIGIN OF THE TREATY OF GUADALUPE HIDALGO.—II.

EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY:

DEAR SIR—The unlooked-for interval since the publication of my first letter (SCRIBNER for December, 1878) on the treaty which put an end to the Mexican war, renders desirable a brief glance at its contents. Its purport was a general statement that, at the commencement of the war with Mexico (1846), there existed a plot for the proclamation of the Duke of Montpensier as Emperor of Mexico, which it was the evident policy of the United States government to suppress. The means by which this plot was communicated to President Polk and his Cabinet, and the decision thereupon,—culminating in the return of Santa Anna to power through their instrumentality, and the complete frustration of the monarchical design,—were also stated. Beyond this was given a rapid glance at the facilities for information in reference to Mexican affairs enjoyed by the late Moses Y. Beach, and somewhat of his association with the movement for the annexation of Texas, upon which the Mexican war was, at least nominally, predicated. Hence appeared the motives of the President and the Cabinet in selecting Mr. Beach as the confidential agent of the government for negotiating, as he did, the basis of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

It is the writer's present intention to enter—so far as space will permit—somewhat into detail as to the exact origin of the treaty, and to review some of the incidents connected with Mr. Beach's perilous undertaking,—the holding personal conference with leading men of the "opposition," in the enemy's capital city, during the progress of actual war.

In the opening paper appeared this statement:

"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."

The treaty was, primarily, the suggestion of one of Mexico's most (and most deservedly) trusted military leaders, whose name must be withheld for obvious reasons. He was an ardent patriot; but he was also a man of wide and varied information. He knew the military power of the United States far more accurately than did his superiors in rank; and he knew, too, the fatal weakness of his own nation. Reasoning that the result of a long and stubborn war could be nothing less than the entire absorption of Mexico, he set before himself the task of planning a peace acceptable to the United States, and so shorn of repulsive features that it would be listened to by the better informed Mexicans. With exceeding tact he discussed the subject with one and another prominent official in the Church, and with friends in private life, until a little circle of kindred minds had been gathered. By them the subject was gradually formulated and condensed, and, in after days, received title as the "Three Points." These conditions of peace, in their briefest form, were:

1. The "occupation" by the United States of California and of all territory north of 26°, with defence by them (as the necessary result of such occupation) of the new frontier, from Indian incursions.

2. The payment by the United States of the demands held by its citizens against the Mexican nation, and the payment, in addition, of three millions of dollars, all as compensation for the territory thus occupied.

3. The restoration to Mexico, without destruction, of the fortifications and public buildings and prop-

erty taken by the United States during the war; and the refraining by the United States from any levies or forced loans upon the Mexican people.

These "three points" were intended to, and did, rally all Mexicans who favored an honorable peace,—the Church, because any immediate peace would save its property from the inevitable confiscations of war; the people, because they restored the quiet which is inseparable from mercantile successes and personal enjoyments, and the patriot, because they saved, and, by cutting off an uninhabited and almost uninhabitable territory, strengthened, his country. It was the aim of their originators to present such points as might be firmly and steadily insisted upon by the United States, coupled with an avowal, at the outset, that no reduction or change in them would, at any time, be considered. By thus closing the door to all discussion, they hoped not only to shorten the struggle, but, while saving their country to itself, to save it also from an impending monarchy, which they regarded as more ruinous than conquest and absorption by their republican neighbors.

Their first communications with the enemy were made to Generals Lamar and Cazneau, with whom some of their number had previously held intimate personal relations. Arrangement was made for the "capture" by the American forces of certain dispatches then expected from the Mexican capital, and care was taken to place with these dispatches some remarkable memoranda in which the names of persons well known in church and state affairs were connected, for an obvious purpose, in an apparent discussion of the proposed "three points." The "capture" was successfully effected by General Cazneau, and the two generals, after consultation, deemed it wise to place the matter before the American public as a means of forming an "opinion" which it would become the duty of the administration to follow.

To this end General Lamar advised his friend Beach of the peace possibilities, sending him an abstract of the terms on which it might be based. General Cazneau conveyed the same information, through a friend in New York, to the then Catholic Bishop—afterward Archbishop—Hughes. As each of these persons was advised of the communication made to the other, they immediately conferred together as to the more desirable method of action. Bishop Hughes urged forbearance from any publication until the authorities at Washington had been consulted, and this course was adopted. Their messenger returned bearing from Secretary Buchanan an urgent request that Mr. Beach should visit Washington, and bring with him the original letters, with the least possible delay.

The personal interview with the President and the Secretary, which was long, was especially satisfactory to Mr. Buchanan; its conclusions being that action by the government would hinge upon the possibility of conferences with leading men in Mexican affairs, and with the clergy of that country; by whose approval and aid the proposed peace could be accomplished. His strong faith in the possibility of such

conferences led Mr. Beach to yield to a request, urged by both the President and the Secretary, that he would accept the duty personally.

In addition to a letter of instructions,* Mr. Beach was provided with a general letter of introduction to the military and naval commanders with whom he might have occasion to communicate, and this was supplemented by complimentary orders issued to these commanders. That Bishop Hughes took a warm interest in the mission needs not be said. He counseled with Mr. Beach at much length, and commended him strongly to the higher clergy in Havana, and, through them, to the clergy in Mexico.

To the end that his mission might more effectually be concealed, and that it might be prefaced by a personal interview with a trusted representative of the Mexican government whom he had long known, and with the aid of whose advice he proposed to fix a definite route and plan of operations, Mr. Beach became a passenger to Charleston, S. C., on the steamer *Southerner* which left New York during the latter part of November, 1846. In further concealment of his plans he was accompanied by his daughter, who, at the age of twenty-six, entered into his plans with a zeal second only to his own. And that his trip might appear yet more strongly as one of mere pleasure and observation, a lady friend was induced to join the party as companion to his daughter. Fond of adventure for adventure's sake, a mature woman of wide experience, familiar not only with the Spanish language, but also with the customs and habits of the Central American peoples by whom that language is generally adopted, this lady became an invaluable assistant in the com-

* The following letter of instructions to Mr. Beach is, throughout, in the handwriting of Secretary Buchanan :

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, 21 November, 1846.

TO MOSES V. BEACH, Esquire :

SIR—The President, having learned that you are about to visit the City of Mexico, on your own private business, and reposing full confidence in your patriotism, ability and discretion, has thought proper to appoint you as a Confidential Agent to the Republic of Mexico.

You are well aware that the President had resorted to every honorable means to avoid the existing war; and whilst prosecuting it with vigor, he has been anxious, ever since its commencement, to make peace on just and honorable terms. It is known that you entertain the same desire; and, in all your conduct and conversation in Mexico, you ought to keep this object constantly in view.

The trust thus confided to you is one of great delicacy and importance. In performing the duties which it imposes, great prudence and caution will be required. You ought never to give the slightest intimation to any person, either directly or indirectly, that you are an agent of this Government, unless it be to Mr. Black, our Consul in Mexico, or to some high officer of that Government, and to the latter only after you shall have clearly discovered that this may smooth the way to peace. Be upon your guard against their wily diplomacy, and take care that they shall obtain no advantage over you.

You will communicate to this Department, as often as perfectly safe opportunities may offer, all the useful information which you shall acquire. Should you have any very important intelligence to transmit, it may be sent through Mr. Black to the Commander of our Naval forces off Vera Cruz, who, upon his request, will doubtless despatch it to Pensacola.

Your compensation—[Here follow the business details, stated with the minuteness characteristic of Mr. Buchanan's well-known habits.]

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
JAMES BUCHANAN,
Secretary of State.

plications which resulted from the novel mission.* The route chosen from Charleston was purposely circuitous. The three companions were the only and the quite unnoticed passengers on a small schooner which sailed thence, early in December, 1846, for Matanzas; and they reached Havana from that port, by the regular coast steamer. It was an essential part of Mr. Beach's plan to interest the influential members of the Cuban clergy in the object of his mission, and, to avoid attracting attention, this must be accomplished deliberately. By day, therefore, the little party abandoned themselves to amusement and sight-seeing, while the shades of evening found Mr. Beach active in meeting appointments alike with the clergy and with other friends who were supposed to hold influence in the cause of an early peace. Not unfrequently, and not accidentally, Mr. Beach encountered some member of the clergy in his chosen temple of worship, that the object of their interview might the more perfectly be concealed. From all these friends of peace he learned of, and obtained introductions to, prominent Mexicans with whom he might have occasion to hold subsequent converse; but in every case in which the possession of such an introduction might compromise either himself or the party for whom it was intended, the letter became one of information and was forwarded under the seal of a friendly consul and by the usual course of mail.

As the day for the sailing of the monthly steamer to Vera Cruz approached, the attitude to be assumed by Mr. Beach became the absorbing question. He was urged not to trust his life without the protection of a passport as the citizen of a nation with whom Mexico was at peace; and the consul of one such power cheerfully offered to waive ordinary formalities and provide him with such a protection. On full consideration Mr. Beach determined to go in his own proper name, but accepted appointment as bearer of dispatches for the consul alluded to.

* It had been the intention of the writer to omit mentioning the name of the lady here alluded to, but the abrupt ending of her life, since the preparation of this paper, has removed all objection to its publicity. At the period spoken of she was known as Jane M. Storm, widow of William Storm. She subsequently married General William L. Casneau, whose widow she was at the time of her death. She was one of the passengers on the ill-fated steamer, *Emily B. Souder*, which left New York for Hayti, December 7th, 1878, and, three days thereafter, foundered at sea. An imperfect sketch of her personal history appeared in "The Tribune" December 31st, 1878. The writer has since obtained a letter from the late N. P. Trist (the then Assistant-Secretary of State; whose name was closely associated with the treaty the origin of which is now being considered) to Mrs. Storm, a part of which, with explanatory interlinations, made at about the period of its receipt by Mrs. Storm, will be read in this connection with some interest:

"MY DEAR MRS. STORM: * * * * *

The prophet [Mr. Beach] was to see me an hour or two ago. Is he not a wonderful man? And in more than one respect, too. Was there ever such a *hoper* before? He has forgotten all about the New York Convention already; and now 'tis *Congress* (at this very session, too) that are *cornered*, and will be compelled to act, *volens volens*, upon rational principles. [Occupy and annex Mexico, or so much of it as is needful to secure a direct route to the Pacific, for the good of the world.] They *are* the rational principles, though; and they must go on, gaining and gaining ground until we occupy the whole of it; [Occupation and Annexation of Mexico.] but this is not to be in his day, nor in yours, nor in that of

"Yours, with great esteem and cordiality, N. P. TRIST.

"Nov. 24, '46."

The few credentials which he deemed it prudent to keep about his person were inclosed under the consulate seal and became the "dispatches" of which he was the bearer. Thus prepared, he left Havana, on one of the early days of January, 1847, for Vera Cruz. To his very great surprise he found, in the person of a fellow-passenger, Señor La Granja, who had for many years been the representative of the Mexican government at New York. The two gentlemen were not strangers to each other, and concealment, however desirable, was impossible.

Mr. Beach was, at that time, the holder of a controlling interest in two banks of issue and, for the purpose of providing a business venture which could be used, if needful, to divert suspicion from his real mission, he carried with him a considerable sum in the notes of these banks. Under the shadow of this supposititious venture Mr. Beach now presented himself. Señor La Granja had long known his reputation for enterprise, and also his connection with the banking business, and was willing to countenance his proposed venture so far as refraining from revelations in respect to his citizenship, which might cause him and his party very serious difficulty.

Yet another surprise awaited his arrival at Vera Cruz. Scarcely had he located in his hotel when he received the Governor's card, which was followed, quite unceremoniously, by the appearance of that personage in his rooms. The haste and abruptness of the call seemed to indicate some species of treachery. But there was no retreat. Assuming that the manifestation was one of simple courtesy, Mr. Beach accepted the task of entertaining the Governor with his best grace. A long and animated conversation ensued, at the close of which he was severely catechized by the Governor as to his political opinions, antecedents and objects. Apparently impressed by the unhesitating frankness of his reception, the Governor finally took his leave with many expressions of regard. Later in the day Mr. Beach learned that his visitor had been attended by a military guard, who held possession of the premises during the interview, and seized and closely examined the baggage of his party.

While waiting opportunity to leave Vera Cruz, Mr. Beach secured an interview with a Mexican resident of some prominence, to whom he had received introduction. In the conversation which ensued, the gentleman seemed, without saying so, to know perfectly the object of his visit to Mexico, and very warmly assured him of sympathy and support from sources quite unexpected.

At Perote Mr. Beach and his party were openly threatened with arrest. While at table at the hotel, a guard filed into the dining-room, closing and holding all the doors. An officer thereupon seated himself in such manner as directly and closely to watch every movement of the party. Far from betraying trepidation or consciousness of danger, Mr. Beach devoted himself to his food so assiduously and so effectually as apparently to disarm whatever of suspicion had previously existed, and before his meal was finished the guard withdrew as silently as it had come. Meanwhile, however, the baggage had

again been seized, the locks forced and every article thoroughly ransacked.

At Puebla, where Mr. Beach tarried for the purpose of gaining the acquaintance of leading men to whom he had been commended, he was the subject of another, and to him, for a time, a more serious surprise. While walking the street in company with the two ladies, he was suddenly accosted by a stranger and abruptly requested to enter an adjoining house for conversation. With a feeling that he could add no danger to his position by compliance with any request, he excused himself to the ladies and accompanied the stranger. He was ushered into a room in which he found several gentlemen who evidently waited his coming. One of their number, after an apology for their apparent trap,—explained by the statement that privacy was the only security for their own lives,—stated that they had been apprised in advance of his visit and its object by ex-President Lamar, by a Mexican commander then in the field, and by other Mexicans named, who were his correspondents and friends; and that they were present to advise with him in regard to the "three points," and the most desirable mode of procedure in his present mission. In the course of the interview, Mr. Beach learned that the threats of arrest and the examinations of his baggage had been directly instigated in their and his behalf, as a means of preventing similar proceedings at times and in places beyond their control. He was advised, too, of the church-property-protest then recently (January 10th) issued; of the civil revolution imminent at the capital, and of other important events of recent or prospective occurrence.

On arrival in the city of Mexico he engaged spacious furnished apartments, over which he could exercise absolute control, and at once communicated with those to whom he had been commended. He refused, when the question was raised, to permit any concealment. He received those who called upon him openly and frankly, and by his "open house" disconcerted the spies who, he was informed, were lurking about.

Necessarily he held many conferences with men of leading position in the government, as also with leading members of the Mexican Congress, and with high officials of the Church; but these were each so carefully arranged that no more than a suspicion of them could be fixed. No record of anything that occurred was made,—the names only of such men as were deemed true to the cause of peace on the basis of the "three points," being carefully remembered. The American consul—Black*—whose very long residence and kind disposition endeared him so strongly to Mexicans with whom he had intercourse, that he was not only permitted

* Soon after the close of the war, Consul Black made a long-deferred visit among his relatives and friends in the United States. While on his return, and in the neighborhood of Puebla, certain opponents of the peace which his exertions had greatly aided, caused him to be dragged from the diligence in which he was traveling, taken to the woods, tied to a tree, and cruelly flogged. He was thereafter released and completed his journey; but he never recovered from the violence and exposure. A fatal fever followed the lacerations, and his life soon paid the penalty of his patriotism.

but urged to remain at the capital during the war—proved of the greatest service in arranging these interviews, and, in other ways, promoting the negotiations.

These interviews and negotiations covered many weeks' time. They were persisted in during the civil revolution proclaimed by Canalozo, February 27th, and continued until a sufficient number in the executive departments of the government and of leaders in Congress had, by pledging their support of the measures proposed, given to the treaty the baptism to which I have heretofore alluded. The condition precedent to these pledges was that the United States forces should first demonstrate their superior power by the capture of Vera Cruz, and by full preparation for a march upon the capital. Upon this accomplishment the peace party would declare in favor of honorable terms, and compel the immediate acceptance of the treaty.

The verbal acceptance, upon understood conditions, of this *projet* of peace—the task undertaken by Mr. Beach—was now fully accomplished. It remained only to transmit the names of the persons who might be relied upon to carry the "three points" into effect, and to do this without in any manner compromising them. This was accomplished by the skillful use of a circular of arrangements for a grand ball, then about to take place. In this circular appeared the names of leading men of every shade of politics and social position. Only those who corrected the printer's final proof were aware that the names which occurred in a certain numerical order were the names of persons who had given assent to the "three points." Copies of this ball-programme were easily forwarded; but safely to deliver the key to General Scott and to the official representative of the United States, whom Mr. Beach momentarily expected, was more difficult.

Meanwhile the attack on Vera Cruz was commencing, and Mr. Beach was becoming impatient for the appearance of the long-promised commissioner. It seemed important that communication should be opened with General Scott to the end that he might be prepared for the promised early peace, and Mrs. Storm undertook the performance of that duty. Fleeing citizens of many nationalities were then the only passengers by diligence to Vera Cruz, and among these she was enrolled. One day early in March she presented herself to General Scott. The redoubtable military leader was slow to accept her statements, and uttered an epithet regarding her, which, had it found its way to the public press, would have become not less a by-word than was, at that very time, the general's "hasty plate of soup."

The days of March were passing. Scott was storming Vera Cruz, and Mr. Beach was wearily waiting the appearance of the promised envoy. Santa Anna, released from his forced attentions to General Taylor, had returned to the capital. At last came the announcement:

"Washington, March 8th.—General Benton will leave on Thursday. He goes to the seat of war as plenipotentiary and

envoy extraordinary, with power to draw at sight on the treasury at New Orleans for three millions of dollars. The naval and military forces will act in concert with him, but no armistice will be granted except upon the conclusion of a treaty of peace, duly ratified in Mexico."

But even this tardy action—two months later than it was promised to Mr. Beach—was to be discontinued. The very next announcement was :

"Washington, March 12th.—Benton has declined because, to make his service effective, he would need an appointment superseding the authority of General Scott, and this was refused by the Senate."

While this was passing at Washington, a messenger from the Palace appeared at Mr. Beach's lodgings with an invitation to that gentleman to wait upon the Mexican President—Santa Anna. With a confidence in his good star, based upon his previous experiences with Mexican officials, he prepared for immediate compliance. Fortunately for himself, perhaps, he tarried to renew his toilet, and during the interval Consul Black entered his rooms, as was his wont, unannounced. Observing Mr. Beach's movements, the white-haired old man kindly asked his destination.

"Going to get my treaty signed—look at that!" and he pointed to the open invitation.

Scarcely had Consul Black glanced at its contents before he sprang to his feet with an emphatic

"No! No!! No!!!"

With a life's experience in Mexican treachery he declared that *such* an invitation at such a time, could have but one interpretation.

"Your life," said he, "is, from this moment, in imminent peril. Take your daughter and join the company who leave for Tampico this very night. I will send horses and a guide to your door. Say to your landlord that you have accepted the hospitalities which he knows have been tendered you by Señor —, whose hacienda is ten leagues away. Do not disturb your trunks or effects. Say nothing about this invitation from the Palace: I will answer for that."

With cheerful compliance Mr. Beach and his daughter mounted their horses, and started in the darkness upon their long ride. The night start, being one of the usual customs of the country, was quite unnoticed. The appointed place of rendezvous was distant some few miles from the city, and there, during the night and early morning, the company, in which many nationalities were represented, gradually gathered. For ten days the generally monotonous travel continued, and then, with hearts relieved, they entered the American lines. A government transport immediately conveyed Mr. Beach and his daughter to Vera Cruz, where they joined Mrs. Storm. The gruff old soldier, General Scott, listened to Mr. Beach's narrative, and concluded the interview with a jocular caution never to send messages of such importance by a "plenipotentiary in petticoats."

The middle of April had come, but there was yet no envoy from Washington with the official seal upon the "three points." Learning of disaster in some of his personal affairs, and full of mental malediction upon "red tape" in general and this instance

of it in particular, Mr. Beach abruptly retreated. He reached New Orleans April 22d, 1847, at about the same time as the long-delayed negotiator (the late N. P. Trist) who was then on his way to Mexico. But the two gentlemen were each ignorant of the other's near presence. To the President and the Secretary of State, Mr. Beach made a full personal report of the service he had rendered, and received from each the warmest encomium for the prudence, skill and steadfastness which he had conspicuously manifested.

It is unnecessary, perhaps, to recall the after-history of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo; but this narrative will in some measure explain the indignation of President Polk and his Cabinet at the unauthorized change in the basis of the negotiations, and at the undue influence which the British minister was suffered to exercise in the transaction; as also their dissatisfaction with General Scott for granting an armistice in the face of explicit instructions to the contrary. The bitter opposition made by Senators Houston and Douglas and other supporters of the Administration, to a ratification of the treaty, will also be better understood. Had simple, straightforward perseverance in the course of action predetermined by the President and Cabinet, and made an important feature in the original preparation of the "three points," been adhered to, the war would have been shortened by months and millions would have been saved, while the territory subsequently purchased at large cost, with much more, would have been added, without payment of any kind, to the domain of the American republic.

M. S. BEACH.

A Note from C. B. Chlapowski.

TO THE EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY:

DEAR SIR—The highly complimentary article in your March number on my wife (Mme. Modjeska) contains some personal errors, not important to the American reader, but of great weight to me. I hope, therefore, you will not refuse me the favor of inserting the following few lines intended to rectify them.

First, the author mentions my uncle, General Chlapowski, as having commanded in the campaign of Moscow a wing of the French army, as well as having been Polish commander-in-chief during the insurrection of 1830-1. This is a mistake, which has originated, I suppose, from the similitude of name with General Chlopicki, who had an important command in the campaign of Moscow, and later was Polish Dictator, in 1830-1. My uncle took part in the campaign of Moscow only as an *officier d'ordonnance* attached to the person of the Emperor Napoleon, and later, during the Polish war, was not commander-in-chief, but commander of a separate corps, sent to Lithuania for a diversion. As he performed his duties in a way which reflects honor upon his name, I think it an injustice to him to adorn him with a rank that he did not hold.

The second error concerns myself. The article

magnifies my political importance in my country, and does me too much honor in calling me a proscribed exile. It is true that I served in the Polish insurrection of 1863, that I passed nineteen or twenty months in Prussian prisons, and that I was the editor of a political newspaper in Cracow; but I never was exiled, not having had either opportunity or ability to distinguish myself so much as to receive such a flattering mark of esteem from the Russian government, which is the only one in which the penalty of exile still exists. There are thousands of my countrymen who have done and suffered so much more for the national cause, that I deem it

unworthy of me to assume or accept undeserved titles to the public sympathy and admiration.

At last, may I be allowed to add, in regard to some remarks of the writer about my native land, that although Poland has passed through many more or less fortunate wars, it never was subjugated before 1772, the fatal year when the crime of its first partition was accomplished; also, that the populations of Cracow and Warsaw, far from being mixed, are thoroughly and essentially Polish, as well from origin as in heart.

Yours,

C. BOZENTA CHLAPOWSKI.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

The Boys of the Family.—III.

HOW TO BECOME A MECHANICAL ENGINEER.

WHILE the aspirant in the field of mechanical engineering may acquire a satisfactory education at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, at Cornell University, at the Sheffield Scientific School connected with Yale, at the Rensselaer Polytechnical School of Troy, and at several colleges, including Harvard and the University of Michigan, which make a feature of instruction in technology, none other offers him the same facilities as the Stevens Institute of Hoboken, New Jersey, which, though its curriculum may lead to the degree of Bachelor of Science or Doctor of Philosophy, concentrates most of its forces on this one specialty. The institute was founded in 1867 by the endowment of the celebrated engineer, Edwin A. Stevens; it is pleasantly situated in Hoboken, about one hour's distance from the central part of New York City, and its faculty includes many eminent men, including Henry Morton, the president; Robert H. Thurston, the professor of mechanical engineering, and Alfred M. Mayer, the professor of physics. The collection of apparatus is undoubtedly the most complete in the country, and comprises, besides full sets of those embodying late improvements, the identical instruments used by the most famous discoverers in science,—notably those of Dalton, Gay-Lussac, Dumas, and Regnault. The cabinet of optical instruments has been declared to contain more riches than all the cabinets of France, and, perhaps, of Europe combined, and in the engineering department the collection includes, besides a variety of modern machinery, some invaluable relics, such as the high-pressure condensing engine, tubular boiler and screw, which, early in the century, drove the first steamer built by John Stevens, eight miles an hour up the Hudson. While availing himself of instruments of exquisite adjustment and perfect finish which facilitate his work in a manner unknown to his predecessors, the student can trace the successive developments by the actual object (much more memorable than a printed description), and find a stimulus to ambi-

tion in repeating the experiments made by Faraday or others with the very apparatus that the great physicists themselves employed. Other things being equal, the equipment of its physical and mechanical laboratories would still give the Stevens Institute an advantage over other schools in preparing young men for the profession of a mechanical engineer.

The boy who has a positive talent in this direction is apt to reveal it at a tender age. Like the *cacoëthes scribendi*, which plunges its immature victim into such trifling literary matters as epics and tragedies without compelling a knowledge of orthography or prosody, the mechanical instinct is urgent and overflowing, and applies itself to practice at a very early period. It has been known to separate all the parts of a watch which has been incautiously left within the reach of a seven-year-old—to separate them so perfectly that they could never be put together again; and another manifestation familiar in many large families, has been the unaccountable removal of all the door-knobs, or the suddenly eccentric conduct of an old kitchen clock which has hitherto been unimpeachably regular in its habits. That there are apparently no tools or materials for this instinct to work upon is not an embargo. Its demands upon the domestic pharmacopoeia are its most reprehensible feature; it is extravagant in requisitions for court-plaster, witch-hazel and bandages. Gradually developing from a diffusive and barren propensity to tinker, it has achieved three definite results in a case known to the writer, when its possessor was only thirteen years old—a model locomotive that “went” spasmodically, a model marine engine that would not “go” at all, and a model air-pump that inauspiciously burst. But has not the road to success always been paved by such failures?—not failures at all in the eyes of the young mechanician, but exciting and anticipated culminations.

The mother may be happy and content, despite her anxiety over his cut and crushed fingers, if her boy evinces such inclinations for mechanical pursuits; he is surely not idle nor stupid, and they open

amplification of the sound-waves by the electro-motograph may be regulated to suit the necessities of the occasion simply by increasing the area of the diaphragm, it can readily be understood that the most delicate of sounds may be brought out with clearness and, what is more, with absolute accuracy. And in connection with accuracy it may be observed that the electro-motograph, as used for the purpose of amplifying sound, overcomes a defect in the microphone that has been quite a serious drawback to the usefulness of that instrument. The microphone, as is well known, amplifies sound-waves many degrees, making

audible, for instance, such delicate sounds as those made by the feet of a fly passing over paper, but unfortunately, the reproduction of the sound as amplified is far from accurate. On an average, about four times out of ten the sound as amplified cannot be recognized as the original sound, the changes in its character being due to the magnetism employed, which latter interjects its own attending phenomena. All the wonderful results in the amplification of sound, attainable by the microphone may be obtained, and in a more perfect manner, by the electro-motograph.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Southern Civilization.

WE wonder if the South knows how hard it is making it for its friends and those who would think well of its spirit and society. We know there are two Souths, but everybody does not know it. We are quite aware, and every one is likely to be so, that the South is politically a unit for its own purposes. Even in this we think Southerners make a grave mistake, as Southern solidarity will be sure to beget Northern solidarity, and the South knows what that means for them and their views of national policy. But for this we have no disposition to blame them. We understand in this quarter that the South has no great love for the national flag as such, and that "the lost cause" is still very precious to its politicians and its people. We understand this, we say, and we expect in all their dealings with national affairs only such a policy as would naturally be dictated by the circumstances in which they are placed, and the unrepentant spirit which still possesses them and on which they take their stand and boldly make their boast.

With this we do not quarrel. We expect it. It is the most natural thing in the world that we should have it; but certain events have occurred in the South of late with astounding frequency, which betray a condition of morals and society that makes every true friend of the South and every true American hang his head in shame. Murder after murder is perpetrated in high life with the coolest blood and nobody is arrested for it and nothing is done about it. Now, as we have said, we are perfectly aware that however much of a unit the South may be politically, there are socially two Souths. There is a law-loving and law-abiding South, and there is a South that is neither the one nor the other. We understand perfectly that to a great number of Southern people such a beastly murder as that of Judge Chisholm and his family is horrible. We understand that to these people such notable mur-

ders as have taken place all over the South during the last three months are a great shock and a great sorrow. The feeling finds expression in some of their best newspapers, but the trouble is that this South is utterly overawed by the other South, so that no man dares to move for the maintenance of the law and the punishment of crime. Murder is committed, and the murderer shakes his bloody hands at the law everywhere and walks the streets with entire freedom and impunity. Human life is accounted of no sacredness whatever, and law and the executors of law are held in perfect contempt. The judge upon his bench is not safe. Even the lawyer who tries a case that involves any serious personal relations takes his life in his hands when he does so. The most trivial causes seem sufficient to awaken the brutal instincts of men and to induce the extreme of violence. Fighting weapons seem to be in every man's pocket, as if he lived in a state of war, and he does not hesitate to use them on the smallest provocation.

We read of banditti in Italy who make it unsafe for a traveler who has any money to get outside the lines of ordinary travel, and we wonder at the imbecility of a government that can give him no protection, and at the low state of civilization that renders such abuses and outrages possible. We have no longer any reason to look abroad for anomalies of this sort. These Southern murders give evidence of a lawlessness and a degraded civilization much more notable than anything that can be found among the Italian wilds and mountains. They are abominable, beyond the power of an ordinary pen to characterize. There is nothing whatever to be said in apology for them. The American, when he reads of them, can only hang his head in horror and shame, and groan over the fact that such fiendish deeds can be perpetrated under his national flag without punishment, and without even the notice of those who pretend to administer the law.

We warn this better South of which we have spoken that it must arouse itself and assert itself, if it would save the section of the country which it so enthusiastically loves from irredeemable disgrace. The thing has gone too far already, and unless these people are willing to pass the South into the undisputed possession of the men who despise the law and propose to take its administration into their own violent hands, they must arouse themselves, and become the sworn and devoted vindicators of the law. When a man takes the life of a brother man he must be made to suffer the legal penalty. They cannot but see that the matter is growing worse from year to year. Any man can commit a murder now, if he be in high life, and do it for personal reasons, and bear a white skin, with a great degree of certainty that nobody connected with the law will take any notice of it; and so long as this fact obtains, the murders will go on, and nobody will be safe. A man might as well live in hell as in a community where the law has no force and life has no sacredness. As an American who loves his country, we are ashamed of these outrages upon Christian decency and modern civilization, and they are, indeed, a burning shame upon the nation, and especially that part of the nation which has been in the habit of claiming for itself a very high stand in all those matters that relate to social purity and high breeding.

We assure the South that outside of politics, among the great Christian people of the North who wish them well, and who, in any calamity that may befall them, will always be their sympathetic friends and helpers, there is great grief over what they hear of violence and outrage upon blacks as well as whites. The stories told by the poor creatures now emigrating from the South to Kansas, braving cold and want and almost certain death, to get away from homes where they have no protection from the rapacity and the cruelty of a race whose education gives them an advantage, are sufficiently instructive. Indeed, the emigration itself, with its attending circumstances, is a terrible story. This, however, is but one story. The air is full of them, and we cannot doubt that they are mainly true, because they are so directly accordant with the line of notorious facts which pass unchallenged in every quarter. All these things are sad beyond our power to express, and in the friendliest spirit we call upon that better South which we know exists, to assert itself, and declare that these things, so cruel and disgraceful, shall no longer degrade the American name.

An Aspect of the Labor Question.

THERE is probably no country in which heredity has played so unimportant a part in the national employment as it has in America. No true American child thinks the better of a calling from the fact that his father has followed it. In European countries, especially upon the continent, men inherit the trades and callings of their fathers. Here, they are quite apt to despise them and to leave them. Our farmers' boys and the sons of our blacksmiths and carpenters all try for something higher,—for an

employment that may be considered more genteel. This is the result of certain ideas that were early put afloat in the American mind, and have been sedulously cultivated,—in the newspapers, in books prepared for the young, and in the public schools. Every boy has been told more than once—indeed, most boys have had it drilled into them—that the Presidency of the United States is within their reach; that it is a part of their business to raise themselves and better themselves; especially, to raise themselves above the condition to which they were born. Somehow or other, in the nurture of these ideas there have been developed certain opinions, with relation to the different callings of life, as regards gentility, respectability, and desirableness for social reasons. The drift of the American mind has been away from all those employments which involve hard manual labor. The farm is not popular with the American young man. The idea of learning a useful trade is not a popular one with the typical American lad, or even with his parents. If he get a liberal education, he must become a professional man. If he get a tolerable education, he must become a semi-professional,—a dentist perhaps, or the follower of some genteel employment of that sort. He drifts away from his farm into some of the centers of trade and manufactures; he becomes a clerk in a store, or a teacher of a school, or a practitioner of some art that relieves him from the drudgery of the farm and has an air of greater respectability.

The young man's sisters are affected by the same ideas. Housework, to them, is low work, menial work. It is not respectable. They go into factories, they become what are denominated "sales-ladies." Even the poor people who have hard work to keep body and soul together are affected by these same notions. We know of families where the daughters are not taught to sew, where they are instructed in none of the more useful arts, and where they aspire to raise themselves to professions of various sorts, to anything but manual work. The consequence is that in these days of business depression, when labor is hard to procure, and those who have money are obliged to cut off some part of their luxuries, these people are stranded in gentility and their genteel notions, and are the most helpless part of our population. They can do nothing useful, and are absolutely cut off from all sources of revenue. Some of the most pitiful cases we have met during the past five years have been cases of this character. One lady tells us: "My girls are as good as anybody's girls!"—a statement which we deny, because they are not able to make their own dresses or cook their own food. And the fact that her girls are as good as anybody's girls is regarded as a matter of pride, when they are as helpless as babes, and when they are actually ashamed to undertake any useful work whatever, unless that work happen to square with their notions of gentility.

We feel that this is all a mistake. Heaven forbid that we should suppress any man's or any woman's aspirations after excellence or after improvement

of personal position. We understand all this, and sympathize with it all. But it is not possible that the whole American people can rise out of ordinary, useful labor into high position. It is not possible that every lad who goes to a district school can become President of the United States. These useful employments on the farm and in the shop of the mechanic lie at the basis of all our national prosperity. This work must be done, and somebody must do it,—and those who are best adapted to it must do it. No greater wrong can be done to a lad than to lift him from the employment to which he is best adapted into something which seems to him to be higher. In these days, the foreigner is the man, as a rule, who does the work. In traveling over the country, if one loses a shoe from a horse, the chances are many that the blacksmith he will find at the wayside will be an Irishman. The old Yankee blacksmith has "gone out," as we say, and we are to-day dependent upon the person we import from Europe for the work that is necessary to carry on the farm, for the work that is necessary to carry on our manufactures, both in a large and in a small way, for the work of the kitchen, and for all the service of the household.

It is very hard for a man who has been bred an American to conceive of such a thing as over-education for what are known as the common people. Yet there is something in the education of our common people, or something in the ideas which have been imbibed in the course of their education, which seems to unfit them for their work, which makes them discontented, which disturbs them, and makes it well-nigh impossible for them to accept the con-

ditions of the lot into which they are born, and the employments which have been followed by their parents. It has become, indeed, a very serious matter, and deserves the profound attention of our educators and political economists. If by any study or any chance we could learn the cause of these great changes and obviate it, it would be a boon to the American people. As it is to-day, the avenues to what are called genteel employments are choked with the crowds pushing into them from our public-schools. Young men with good muscles and broad backs are standing behind shopmen's counters, who ought to be engaged in some more manly pursuits, who would have a better outlook before them and would have a better life and more self-respect, if they were doing a man's work behind a plow or behind a plane. There are women in large numbers striving for genteel employments, who would be a thousand times better in body and mind, if they were engaged in household work. There are men and women even in these hard times, when they hardly know where their next meal is coming from, and have not the slightest idea how they are to procure their next new garment, who are still very difficult to please in the matter of work, and who will crowd their daughters into stores and shops, rather than apprentice them to dress-makers where they may learn a useful trade and earn increased wages. In the meantime, the more sensible foreigner is picking up industriously and carefully all the threads dropped in those industries which were once purely American, and the Americans pure and simple are becoming ruinously and absurdly genteel.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Suggestions to Ocean Travelers.

THE traveler who intends to cross the ocean for the first time usually has some perplexity in selecting a line of steamers, and when he has decided upon the line the perplexity recurs in picking a desirable vessel out of its fleet. There are steamers and steamers,—some uncomfortable ones in good lines, and some comfortable ones in bad lines, and each line has two or three superior in size and speed to others of its fleet. The fastest attract the fullest complement of passengers during the summer season, and applications for berths in them should be made at least five or six weeks before the intended sailing. But, unless time is more precious than it is likely to be with the tourist, or unless sea-sickness is felt to be inevitable, and the briefest possible voyage is the greatest desideratum, the writer would advise the selection of an unfashionable vessel, supposing, of course, that its unpopularity is the consequence not of unsafety or antiquity, but as is often the case, of inferior engine power. The steamers of a thousand horsepower which speed from Sandy Hook to Queens-town in eight days are invariably overcrowded in

June and July; two dinners are served daily in the saloon for different sets of passengers; the stewards are so overworked that, be they angelically well disposed, they cannot give proper attention to every passenger, and the decks are so thronged that promenading is next to impossible. But the steamers that are two or three days longer, accomplishing an easy two hundred and fifty miles a day, usually afford better state-rooms, and, in most particulars, greater comfort.

The cost of the voyage varies from \$60 to \$100; but it is not less than \$80 in any of the first-class lines. One hundred dollars will secure an outside room for two persons,—that is, one hundred dollars each; and for eighty dollars a passage is given in an outside room containing four persons, or in an inside room containing two. The outside rooms are provided with "ports" or windows which can be opened in smooth weather, and the occupants may dress in the summer mornings with an exhilarating breeze blowing in upon them from the sea; while the inside rooms receive all their light and ventilation from the deck. But a room containing four is so

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Engraving on Wood.

"HERE in America," says Mr. Linton, in the June number of the "Atlantic," "engraving on wood has been for the last ten years steadily improving." We suppose this is true; indeed, we have no doubt of it; and we hope it is not unbecoming in us to say that, if the question were put to the artists of New York, who know all about it, they would testify that the development of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE has had much more to do with that improvement than any other influence or agency, if not more than all other influences and agencies combined. Yet Mr. Linton, in his long article from which we have quoted, not only makes no recognition of this fact, but indicates, by his attack on one of its most eminent engravers, that the improvement has been outside and in spite of the work done on this magazine. SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE is mentioned as the one great sinner in the origination and propagation of a false and illegitimate style of work.

And now, before we undertake any defense of the work so severely criticised, it seems proper to pay our respects to the critic. He calls names and deals in personal allusions and illustrations, and of course must expect them in return. In this marked improvement in engraving which Mr. Linton recognizes, has he had any share? Does he maintain, as an engraver, the reputation he won in England? He claims that he has been upon the right and only legitimate track: has he made any recognizable advances in his art? We believe it is pretty well understood among publishers that Mr. Linton's work is not what it used to be. Certainly, his latest notable appearance, made in the illustration of Bryant's "Flood of Years," was one of the feeblest, most monotonous and most unsympathetic pieces of work ever issued from the American press; yet, here he engraved his own designs. We do not know of an artist who would not choose to have Cole cut his blocks rather than Linton, yet Cole is the man whom Linton has "sat down on," if we may use the slang of the time. It is the conservative old man, who has arrived at the end of his development, and sits petulantly enshrined within his conventional methods, who assumes to be god and arbiter of wood-engraving, passing judgment upon a young genius, all alive with the spirit of discovery and progress. The sympathy of artists and the well-informed public is with the young man, and their faith is in him. The question of taste involved in this attack on Mr. Cole, by a member of his own guild, we leave Mr. Linton and the public to settle. It certainly has not a very pretty look.

To those who do not understand the processes of wood-engraving, it is proper to explain that in the preparation of a block for the engraver, the picture to be engraved is in some way made upon the block. The work of the engraver is to cut the surface of the block so as to reproduce in printing every part of the picture, and the picture itself is, of course,

spoiled as the graver goes over the surface. When the block is cut, the picture is gone, except as it remains in the lines of the engraving. It will thus be seen that as fast as the engraving is done the original picture is practically defaced, and the engraver has no guide by which to correct his details, or to hold the feeling of the picture. We say this particularly, because it has an important bearing upon what is to follow.

When SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE was established, nearly nine years ago, the men who could draw well upon the block were comparatively few. They could almost be counted on the fingers of the two hands. Drawing upon the block was an art, of and by itself. Very few of the best artists had ever attempted it, and the magazine, with all its fellow magazines, was shut off by this barrier from some of the best talent in the country. Drawing upon the limited surface of a block has always been regarded by artists as a cramped business; the freest handling is not attainable in that way. But from the moment SCRIBNER began to avail itself of the art of photographing pictures upon the wood, a great development took place, because that presented at once to the public the work of the best artists. The men who hitherto had been shut away from us could draw and paint their pictures, which could then be photographed upon the block; and the pictures themselves could all be preserved, so that as the engraver cut away his picture on the block, he had always the original before him, not only as a guide, but as an inspirer. Men drew, or painted, their designs with freedom, of any size, and often direct from nature, and the photograph, preserving this freedom and its results, reduced everything to its proper size. Now this is what Mr. Linton particularly despises, and on the engraving of these photographic pictures he expends a good deal of contemptuous English,—apparently forgetting, or not knowing, that Cole's engraving of Modjeska, which he praises, was done from a photograph on the block, and could not have been so well done in any other way.

Now we go a step further. It was found that when the pictures were photographed upon the block, we had secured entirely new effects. One picture would be drawn in charcoal; another in crayon, another would be produced by washes, another would be painted in black and white. Here was an opportunity for new effects in engraving. It was impossible, for instance, to reproduce the effect of a charcoal drawing by what Mr. Linton regards as legitimate line engraving. Such an engraving would utterly disguise such a drawing, and spoil it. In the reproduction, so far as the graver could do it, of these original designs by the best American artists, has lived the charm of the engravings of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, which has made it unprecedentedly prosperous at home and admired abroad. We have made mistakes, but everybody

makes mistakes who undertakes improvement. We have produced new and charming effects, and when we talk about "legitimate engraving," let us not ignore results, which legitimize everything, and stand as authority against all the old fogies and bigots in Christendom.

To illustrate what we mean by the reproduction of drawings, let the reader turn back to the February number of SCRIBNER for the present year. He will find on the first page of that number, illustrating "The Tile Club at Play," the reproduction of a drawing in pencil. Mr. Linton's line would utterly have spoiled the raciness and character of this drawing. By the time such a drawing had been Lintonized by a graver there would have been none of its true character left. Or, take the drawing on page 472, in the same article. This was drawn with charcoal, and photographed upon the block. It is an exquisite piece of engraving, and a picture which has excited universal admiration, but it has hardly a "legitimate line" in it. It is what the editor of "The Atlantic" in his own columns calls "bad and false" art, yet we presume our readers (who have no end to push except getting at the truth) will see that it is fresh and attractive, and does exactly what it pretends to do—it reproduces a charcoal drawing and does not lie about it, as a man who engraves in Mr. Linton's "legitimate" way would be obliged to do. Take the picture on the opposite page, photographed upon the block from a clay model. That tells the simple truth, as it is in clay. There is another charcoal drawing on page 476, worth looking at. Then, on page 468, there is a picture of Swain Gifford's in which the attempt is made to reproduce the effect of a work mostly done in washes. For another notable reproduction of the effect of a modeled clay surface, see page 465.

Now, to drop all these effects, whose charm of freshness and variety has made the popular magazine the household treasure of a nation awaking to the sense of art, is to throw away, at the bidding of a man from whom the age has absolutely run away, all the progress that has been made during the last ten years. The editor of "The Atlantic," in a notice of the new illustrated edition of Longfellow's poems, says: "All but two of the pictures here are executed in pure line, and we learn that throughout the edition none others will be done in the manner reprobated on another page of this magazine by Mr. Linton * * * " He proceeds further to speak of the others as "the bad and false school." We greatly regret, for Mr. Longfellow's and the country's sake, that he and we are to be treated to the same monotony of consecrated commonplace which prevails in the old books of engravings, and in the recent "Flood of Years." We are sorry that Mr. Anthony clings to the conservatives, and has bound himself to so hopelessly bigoted a leader. He has made a mistake for himself and his employers, which they will not be slow to discover to his disadvantage.

It is the deepest condemnation of Mr. Linton's system of engraving, and at the same time a fair index of its character, that it entirely ignores all originality

of style. With this in mind, it is not surprising that his "Atlantic" paper contains no word of praise for the exquisite work that has been done by Mr. Henry Marsh; indeed, not even the slightest mention of what can fairly be called the greatest single engraving enterprise in the world.—Mr. Marsh's wood-cuts in Harris's "Insects Injurious to Vegetation," examples of which we are fortunately able to present in this and the following number.

Mr. Kiddle's Book.

FOR every man interested in the question of immortality, we have the profoundest sympathy. It is a question which has an intense, abiding interest for every thoughtful mind. At this time, particularly, when the immortality of the soul is questioned more sharply than it has ever been before in the history of Christianity, the precious faith of the churches has to be fought for with all the weapons that can be laid hold of. From the fact that there is really no evidence of immortality except the resurrection of Christ himself, and his declarations, many minds have reached about them on every side for everything that offers help. In the desire to know something positively about the matter, modern spiritualism had its birth and has held its life. It promised to do just the thing that millions of minds desired to have done; so that when it assumed to demonstrate the existence of life after death, it had a tremendous audience in readiness for it. The marvel is that there was a man or woman living who was unwilling to hear what it and its promulgators had to say. That it has millions of believers and followers to-day, is, probably, due less to its real, inherent strength, than to the greedy want which it assumes to satisfy,—a want so greedy that it accepts as fact that which only has its lying semblance.

We are not among those who regard what are claimed to be the facts of spiritualism as improbable *a priori*. No man can read the Bible carefully without being educated in a belief in spiritualism. In both the Old and the New Testament we have multiplied records of the communications of spiritual existences, with men and women in the flesh. The doctrine of demoniacal possession is taught with great distinctness. The ministry of angels, the return to the earth of those long dead, familiar intercourse with Christ after his resurrection, all are in the line of phenomena claimed as genuine by modern spiritualists; so that it is not strange that Christian men and women should find themselves educated by the Bible itself into a sort of readiness to receive spiritualism. It is, or would seem to be, easy for a Christian to believe that visitants from the unseen world are about him influencing his mind, and endeavoring to make themselves known. That is precisely what they used to do in the olden time. Why should they not do it now as well as they did it then?

So we are not among those who think it strange that Mr. Kiddle, a thoughtful, Christian man, should give heed to what claimed to be a revelation from the unseen world. We know something of this man, whose book has attracted so much atten-

tion not so much on its own account as on his. If he had been called upon to select out of the intelligent men of New York the hardest-headed, keenest-minded possessor of common sense, we very likely should have put our hand upon the shoulder of Henry Kiddle. He has occupied, we believe, for fifteen years the position of superintendent of public schools of the city of New York. He has done this with great acceptance through all administrations, showing enormous tact, decision and skill, and maintaining a most honorable name and fame. None but a first-class man could possibly do for the city and himself what he has done. When, therefore, it was announced that this man had not only become a devoted convert to Spiritualism, but had written and would publish a book upon the subject, it excited great astonishment, and awakened no little curiosity.

Well, the book has come, and, we may say, gone. It is a pitiful disappointment to all who expected anything of importance, basing their expectation on Mr. Kiddle's character for sound judgment and common sense. There is not one sentence in it, from beginning to end, to indicate a heavenly origin, but everything to show that it is the offspring of a very commonplace and immature mind. The literary quality of the book is simply and irredeemably wretched. There is not a page of it, not written by Mr. Kiddle himself, that would pass muster in a magazine office. Prince Albert, Jim Fisk, St. Paul, Queen Elizabeth, Henry J. Raymond, William Cullen Bryant, Edgar A. Poe, Shelley, Wm. M. Tweed, Pio Nino, Archbishop Hughes, Theodore Parker, Moses, Pontius Pilate,—all write exactly alike; all utter the same "hifalutin" pious slang, in the same wretched literary style. Byron condescends to "drop into poetry," and such poetry! Now the marvel to us is that such a man as Mr. Kiddle could fail to see that it would be quite impossible for Byron to write such doggerel as he is made responsible for in this book. How he can publish it without expecting to be hooted at and hooted down, we cannot comprehend. Why, it bears no more resemblance to Byron's style than a boot-black's jew's-harp bears to Wilhelmj's violin! It is simply impossible bosh, and Mr. Kiddle ought to know it. Nay, he does know it, and knowing it, how can he risk a good reputation in publishing it? It is true that other utterances attributed to other writers are just as absurd, but this happens to be in a form of art which is absolutely determinative. Byron simply could not have written these lines, and every literary man in the world knows it. Well, if Byron did not write these lines, what warrant has Mr. Kiddle that he has had communication with any other spirit whom he puts forward as the authors of these silly utterances? If one pillar in his cobble-house falls, the whole structure goes down.

Our opinion is that every one of these communications originated in the minds of Mr. Kiddle's children, who have acted as mediums. The children of the superintendent of the public schools ought to write better English, but the stuff they have uttered

must have come from young minds filled with certain religious ideas, and certain very crude ideas of heaven. We do not mean to say that they have been conscious of originating these communications, for many of the developments of trance and semi-trance show that this kind of work can be done without conscious effort. Certainly, if the work was done by a spirit, the spirit is an unconscionable liar, and is not to be believed for a moment. A spirit that would put into the mouth of Shakspeare such stuff as he is made to utter, is not only a prodigious liar, but a practical joker of the most cruel character. Why, Mr. Kiddle, did not Shakspeare answer the question when he was asked what he considered to be his purest play? Simply because the medium had no opinion on the subject, lacking the requisite knowledge.

College Instruction.

ONE would suppose that, after the discussions of educational processes with which the platform and the press have teemed during the last two decades, professional educators would be thoroughly furnished with sound ideas and excellent methods. At least, the college, which assumes the highest place among educational institutions, should present a system of instruction above reproach; yet it seems to us that the college is particularly lame in its methods, and unsatisfactory in its results. Nothing, for instance, can be more mechanical and unsatisfactory than the system of marking, as it is pursued, say, during the first year of college life. In the first place, the class is put almost entirely in the hands of young and comparatively inexperienced instructors. At a time when the pupil needs direction and inspiration, if he ever does, he is left almost entirely to himself, or to those whose experiences of life are so limited that they are not accepted as directors, and whose lack of character framed upon experience forbids the exercise of influence. The average tutor is very rarely an instructor. The pupil's business is to acquire from books the power to answer questions, and the tutor's business is to ask the questions and mark the results to the pupil in his answers. Automata could probably be built to do the work of the tutor, in all essential particulars, and in such a case the result to the pupil would be much the same that it is now,—a wretched grind, in which the chief interest attaches rather to the marks than to the studies.

Now if the power to answer questions is the chief end of man, or the chief end of education; if marks can be made, or are ever used, to measure manhood, or power to reason or to do, the present system is much nearer right than we suppose it to be. But the truth is that marks tell nothing about a student, except about his power to acquire from a book, and his power to recite glibly what he has acquired. For it must be remembered that many a young man has not the power to recite in a classroom, in the presence of his mates, what he has faithfully learned, and is thus made to suffer in

his marks, and, consequently, in his standing, for a fault of temperament for which he is not responsible. The matter of teaching is, as a rule, left out of the tutor's functions. His business is to hear recitations, in studies in which he gives neither direction nor assistance. He is a marker; that is his special business. If "no boy ever loved the man who taught him Latin," whose fault would it be likely to be? The truth is that when the tasks of college are irksome and hateful it is the teacher's fault, as a rule; for it is within the power of any competent teacher to make any study delightful. When students are properly introduced to an author, or a study, and are really directed or led by a sympathetic and competent mind, they are happy in their work, and it is the universal testimony of students that the young tutor is the hard man of the college. They much prefer to be in the hands of the older men. They are treated more like men by the elder teachers, and less like machines. They prefer to be in the hands of men who seem interested to find out what they know, and careless to learn what they don't know, and to trip them upon opportunity.

It seems to us that a great deal too much of college work is put upon young men, who may be very acute and very learned, but not very wise; and that the system of marking, as at present pursued, is very poorly calculated to nourish the self-respect of the young men subjected to it. It also forces into prominence a motive of study which is anything but the best. The great business of the student is, not to acquire knowledge and discipline and power, but to get marks. This motive is absolutely forced upon him, and it is a mean and childish one, and he knows and feels it too, very much at the expense of his self-respect. His standing in his class, the reports of his position to his parents, even his power to stay in the college at all, depend upon his marks. Marks are the ghosts that haunt him by night and the phantoms that track him by day. Now he knows, and everybody knows, that men cannot be ticketed off justly in this way, and he may know that he is ten times the man that another student is who may win better marks, through his facility in committing to memory, and reciting off-hand. We have said that the motive forced upon him is a childish one. We know many students who feel this keenly, and who believe with us that if students were treated more like men by professors interested in them and in their progress, any apparent need for treating them like children, that may at present exist, would pass away.

We have said also that the student's power to stay in college at all depends upon his marks. This is the most astounding thing connected with this whole matter. The only remedy that seems to have been devised for the treatment of a slow student, by these great public educational institutions whose real business is to educate him, is to drop him; and to drop him is, nine times in ten, to discourage him and ruin him. Can anything more lame and impotent in the way of a conclusion be imagined? The result is absolutely rascally and criminal. It is a natural outcome, however, of the mechanical system which we regard as essentially vicious. The college seems to be regarded by its faculty as a great mill, into which the boys are turned as a grist. Everything that will not go through the hopper is thrown away, no matter what personal powers and aspirations, or what family hopes may go with it.

Of course we understand the conveniences of the marking system. It throws the responsibility of the student's progress upon himself, and entirely relieves the faculty. That is a very great convenience—to the faculty,—but as the college is paid for educating him, it is hardly fair to the student himself, or his family. Then it is so much easier to judge a man by his power to recite a lesson than it is by his power to solve an intellectual problem, or do an intellectual piece of work of any kind! Then, still again, it is a kind of work that can be trusted to young men, who have just gone through the process and are accustomed to the machinery,—indeed, are products of it!

Gentlemen of the college, is there not some better way—a way that will make more and harder work for you, perhaps, but a way that will more thoroughly nourish the sense of manhood among your students, and give them a nobler motive for work than that which you force them to regard as the principal motive,—a nobler motive which will make study a joy, and invest them with a feeling of dignity and a sentiment of self-respect? To treat students like gentlemen, and less like children or machines, and to come more into contact with them as guides and teachers, and less as task-masters, would, in our opinion, make better students out of them and exceedingly better men. We cannot doubt, we may say, in closing, that too much college work is given to young men to do. Their work is drudgery, perhaps, which the older men would gladly escape, but no work done in college should be drudgery, if pursued with the right spirit and policy, and with adequate intelligence.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Woman's Thoughts upon the Education of Women.

EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR: As representatives of this wonderful century we are perpetually congratulating ourselves—in Pharisee fashion—upon our superiority. We find ourselves looking back upon the past of our grandmothers with a compassion not untouched by scorn. It is not so much that we are holier than they; for holiness is, perhaps, just a trifle old-fashioned; but that we are so much wiser!

Our civilization has, indeed, carried us forward with gigantic strides in material things; we have thousands of comforts, and luxuries, and even advantages undreamed of by our grandmothers; but the stern question which circumstances, now and again, put to us is not merely: What do we possess? But rather: What are all these vast advantages making of us—individually and collectively? In the rush and struggle to *have*, are we not often losing sight of the old-fashioned virtue which resides in *being*?

The most favorable conditions are not always, nor even generally, the softest. That physical regimen which develops the largest normal amount of *thw* and *sinew*; which produces the soundest physique and the steadiest nerves, is the best. In just the same way it is neither the large amount, nor the delicate quality of our mental nutriment which is going to make of us a race of intellectual giants.

The education of boys and young men is undoubtedly less one-sided and narrowing now, than it was a hundred years ago. The introduction, into school and college courses, of the physical and natural sciences, has, to a certain extent, displaced the classics. However essential a classical education may be, both because of the information and the discipline which it affords, the almost exclusive pursuit of such studies is undoubtedly stultifying. There has been a great multiplication of studies even in boys' schools, it is true; but there is about a properly constituted boy a healthy animalism which enables him to resist the forcing process so unmercifully used by the educators of the present day.

With girls, the case is very different. The system bears more heavily, and the power of resistance is less. A girl, with a slighter muscular development, a more delicate nervous organization, is expected in four years to cover very nearly the same ground which is gone over by a boy in eight. The textbooks, it is true, are not so difficult, and the course is less advanced; but when girls' "accomplishments" are counted in, the *number of subjects* is about the same.

The consequence of all this is that a girl's study is far more superficial. Few teachers of experience will deny that while a bright girl will work harder

and recite better than a boy of the same intelligence, the boy is far less easily satisfied with a mechanical way of learning.

A lady who had had much experience in teaching both boys and girls, speaking of the extraordinary obtuseness of a certain pupil, said:

"In a physiology class, this young lady of fifteen inquired with languid surprise, 'Is there not a straight passage through the head from one ear to the other?'—a somewhat natural conclusion," the teacher commented dryly, "if she had ever watched the processes of her own mind."

"Which would you prefer teaching," asked a visitor,—"*boys or girls*?"

"Boys, infinitely," was the prompt reply. "No boy, for instance, would ever have asked such a question as *that*. He would long before have investigated the subject with a lead-pencil. Not, probably, in his own ears," she added meditatively, "but in his younger brother's."

The education of a girl is supposed to be finished when she is about eighteen. This makes it necessary that the heaviest pressure shall be brought to bear upon her just when she is growing most rapidly, and when her physical system requires the most favorable conditions. The dangers of this high-pressure method do not lie so much in overstimulation of the brain, as in physical and nervous depression, with an abnormal distension of the memory, at the expense of the thinking powers.

If the public mind could once be dispossessed of the stupid notion that education is a mere filling of the mind with facts and theories, and return to the noble old Greek idea of the gymnasium, there would be some hope of a radical reform. With boys this old notion is necessarily retained in a modified form: a boy is making ready for the battle of life. Whatever he learns either directly bears upon his chosen calling, or else indirectly by developing him and making a man of him so that he may be strong at all points. But school, as affording a course of "training" for a girl, is an idea almost ludicrous. Girls go to school, not to be developed into reasonable thinking beings, but to have a certain amount of information imparted to them, or, rather, "crammed" into them.

The most vigorous mind can assimilate only a limited amount of mental nutriment in a given time. When too large a quantity is forced into the mind, the effect is analogous to that of overeating. The powers are overtaxed, and even the normal amount of nourishment is not healthfully and comfortably appropriated.

As a matter of fact, do not our girls "go through" all the sciences, and some of the arts; in their last three or four years at school do not they study literature, rhetoric, logic, and political economy; natural, mental, and moral philosophy; physiology, chemistry, botany, geology, and astronomy; geometry, algebra, and perhaps the trigonometries; and

with this one or two languages, and at least one accomplishment? And yet, three years after she has left school, who ever expects from an ordinary young woman a sane opinion upon any subject connected with any of these topics? The enormous mass has either never been taken in at all, or else it has been somehow gotten rid of, and the mind is in a state of collapse. Some women do survive the course, and come out with their thinking powers not quite destroyed; but that is due to an exceptional vigor of mental constitution, and in spite of their teaching, rather than because of it.

The fact that the majority of women teachers teach simply because they must do something, and can do nothing else so "lady-like," is left out of the account. The system, even with good honest teaching, is a process of stultification. It ignores every law of growth and development; it is founded on a false notion of the nature and end of education; and thus is working toward a mistaken end by unwisely chosen means. These strictures apply to the ordinary private school system. Public schools, looking toward some practical application of what is taught, attempt less, and do what they attempt more thoroughly.

The dissatisfaction with this superficial cramming, which has been growing stronger for several years past, is now beginning to take a practical and positive form. Many a woman who looks with utter disgust upon the clamorous crowd, demanding the right of suffrage, cherishes quietly in her heart a firm conviction that she does possess an inalienable and God-given right to grow into the fullest stature of her intellectual womanhood. While the clamors are clamoring on, she has fulfilled the simple condition of deserving the guerdon, and so has won it: Harvard has opened her gates and admitted women to her instruction, if not to her honors.

The movement was a quiet one, and originated outside the circle of college instructors.

When the Cambridge professors were approached in reference to the subject, the response was so cordial that many of them offered instruction without charges rather than permit the experiment to fail. The tuition being private, this generous offer was, of course, declined. Nothing has been asked of the university as a corporation, but by the cordial kindness of the professors, some forty of the university courses will be open to girls at the beginning of the next collegiate year. Women who desire to devote several additional years to study, and who pass examinations equivalent to those of the male student, may now take either the four years college course, or special "University" courses, as they may elect. The conditions of admission are very nearly the same, the standard of scholarship being equal, and the expense rather less to a girl. This is not a new experiment, and has none of the objections belonging to a mixed education. Conservative England has taken the lead in this matter, in Girton College, Cambridge; but Harvard possesses some advantages over her older English sister; the expenses of the women's course here are less, and the instruction is more generally given by the full professors.

It is however probable that for many years to come superficial self-sufficiency will be the rule, and good, sound, modest common sense and education the exception. Editors perhaps enjoy peculiar advantages for observation in this field, since every woman in the United States, it would seem, before she settles down to anything else, tries once to write for a magazine. That ignorance which is respectable, or even lovable when veiled by sweet womanly graces and the gentle offices of home, becomes hideous when it casts off its womanhood and undertakes to be didactic, or witty, or pathetic, in silly platitudes, bad grammar and worse spelling.

Mrs. Browning, in "Aurora Leigh," gives the following greeting to a new authoress, by the opposite sex. She makes them say:

"Oh excellent!
What grace! What facile turns! What fluent sweeps!
What delicate discernment, almost thought.
The book does honor to the sex, we hold.
Among our female authors we make room
For this fair writer, and congratulate
The country that produces in these times
Such women competent to—spell!"

The point of this sarcasm would, however, be lost on many of the would-be women writers of the present day; even this "competence," which their grandmothers possessed, being lacking.

S. B. H.

"The New Museum in Rome."

A CORRECTION.

277 CLARENDON ST.
BOSTON, MASS., May 2, '79.

ED. SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR: I notice that an error has crept into the title of one of the illustrations of the interesting and valuable article in the May SCRIBNER on "The New Museum in Rome." As this is the first attempt, so far as I am aware, to popularize knowledge of the important art discoveries that have recently been made at Rome, any misinterpretation of their meaning seems worth correcting. The charming little statue of "Love Disguised with the Attributes of Hercules" is misrepresented under the appellation of "Commodus as the Infant Hercules." This doubtless has arisen from the fact that there are in the New Museum two busts of Commodus, discovered on the same spot and on successive days, and both remarkable for their wonderful execution. One of them represents him with the attributes of Hercules, and of this an engraving is given; while the other is that of a youth of some eighteen years of age; both of them are referred to in the article. But the title of "The Infant Hercules," given to the statuette in question by the official catalogue of the museum, is also incorrect; though it is described under this designation in an article by Cav. C. L. Visconti in the first number of the "Bullettino della Commissione Archeologica Municipale di Roma." That name ought to be confined to actual representations of the hero in his infancy, like the singular and extravagant example in touchstone in the Capitoline Museum at Rome; or those in which the baby is represented in the act of strangling the serpents sent to destroy him. The graceful statuette in question is simply the most charming specimen that has come down to us of the numerous parodies of celebrated originals, in which the "laek plastic" art of the ancients delighted, and about which the Greek Anthology furnishes us much information. The famous "Hercules in Repose" of Lysippus is well known to us from the copy of it by Glykon, of Athens, now in the Naples Museum, where it goes by the name of the "Farnese Hercules." If we place photographs of the two statues side by side, the intention of the parody is very evident. There are slight differences in the treatment of the original; the head is bare, and the apples of the Hesperides are held in the right hand, which rests upon the hip. Statuettes in the Louvre, however, resembling the present one, hold the apples in the right hand, instead of the left; and one of them has the head bare, while others have it muffled in the lion-skin, and smiling in the same arch fashion as this one. This is also the method of treatment of the one in the Vienna Museum, which of all that I have seen most nearly approaches this in gracefulness and *naïveté*. Welcker has suggested that this latter may possibly represent the infant Hermes, who has

stolen the club of Hercules. In the Capitoline Museum there is still another, like the present in all respects, but of very inferior execution. The occurrence of so many of these statuette, so nearly resembling one another, certainly suggests the existence of some celebrated original, of which, so far as I know, we have no other knowledge. Such a statue would be a natural companion-piece to the "Hercules bowed down by the might of love and despoiled of his weapons," which is alluded to in an epigram in the Greek Anthology, and which has been preserved for us in gems. The present statuette is also interesting as representing, in addition to the club, another of the attributes of Hercules, which is not very common in statues, the bow together with its case. "Love playing with the arms of Hercules" has been a favorite subject for ancient comic art.

Sometimes he bears upon his shoulders the massive club, which bends him down beneath its weight, and a lamp at Naples with this design has the inscription "Help, comrades!" More common still are representations of "Love bending the bow of Hercules," of which numerous examples occur, that have been made the subject of a special study by Friederichs. The combination, however, of the two attributes is, I think, unique, and seems to militate against Welcker's interpretation of the lovely statuette at Vicuna.

Hoping the intrinsic excellence of this new art gem may warrant this long note, which seeks to secure for it the rightful appellation of "Love Disguised with the Attributes of Hercules,"

I remain, very truly yours,
HENRY W. HAYNES.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Decoration of the Dinner-table.

It is quite impossible for the average female mind to confront unmoved the delightful possibilities to-day afforded by the service of a dinner-table. Times have changed since the mistress of a household thought it necessary to set before her guests a feast like the day-dream of Ichabod Crane, where "the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese swimming in their own gravy, and the ducks pairing cozily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce." The now universal *dîner à la Russe*, with its airy hints, suggestions, and innuendoes of ministry to the coarser needs of human nature, has limited each course to the one dish offered at a time, with its companion sauce or vegetable.

"Giving a dinner-party" in the Virginia days gone by, for instance, meant a good deal of hard work for the housewife and her coadjutors, generally the daughters or sisters of the family; it meant hours of seclusion in a light pantry, with curls tucked up, and ribbons obscured by a gingham apron, weighing, measuring, egg-beating, almond-blanching, icing, garnishing, seasoning, tasting and gossiping!—all this, and much more, till the lavish banquet "stood confest" before the eyes of twenty hungry guests, who had jolted over ten miles of unspeakably bad roads to be punctual to the hour of half-past two P. M.

The march of civilization and modern degeneracy have materially lessened the labors of dinner-giving in the present. As a mere matter of contrast, it might be well to picture the dame-chatelaine of latter days, who, after having bidden her guests and consulted with her cook, abandons all concern until an hour before the coming of the guests. Then may you see a sylph, in trailing Watteau gown of palest blue, with saucy little bows, glide into her dining-room and hover round the board. The absolute work of arranging cloth, silver, crystal and steel, has been done by a well-trained servant; but there are graceful last touches which no hand but hers may give. There are wreaths of smilax to be trailed over piles of rosy fruit, and flowers to be grouped in studied carelessness beside each plate. Dinner-cards, and the mighty question of places, must be

settled now; bon-bons, little cakes, and crystallized fruits must be arranged. Lamps and candles must be passed in review, the temperature of the room regulated, screens set, and portières drawn for the comfort of the company. A word of admonition is to be given to the servant about the warmth of the soup and the chill of the oysters before the mistress vanishes into her dressing-room, soon to re-appear and take her place, watchful, gracious, yet unconscious, as hostess of the feast!

The somewhat rigid forms of Eastlake's Jacobean-table are common now, despite the remonstrance of old dinner-givers, who say that there is no shape so comfortable, so sociable, or so effective as the perfect round.

Until recently, table-cloths have been restricted to an ornament arising merely from the gloss obtained by various distributions of the warp and woof in weaving. The specimens of British and Saxony table-damask are almost satin-like in texture. From Dresden has lately come a table-cloth quite new in conception, representing a dance of cupids amid garlands of flowers, encircling the center-piece. But the profuent tide of color has invaded even this stainless snow. In Germany, in 1872, some table-cloths were made, imitating the Renaissance linen, and bearing a familiar design of the Royal Meissen china—the "Zwiebelmuster" or "onion-pattern" in colored borders. Since then, scarlet and blue re-appear in monogram and crest, and in other tracteries wrought by hand upon the damask.

We use Macramé lace under the fond impression that it is "something new," but the drapery of the table in Paul Veronese's picture of "Jesus in Simon's House" has identically this trimming, and in one or two other old paintings the table-cloth is bordered with the cut-work we are all learning to make to-day. I have seen a side-board cover, table-cloth, and napkins, decorated to match, with broidery of scarlet, and a handful of scarlet poppies dropped upon one side, with interwoven texts wrought in German characters.

Variety, thus laid upon the foundation stones of your dinner-table, appears throughout. The changes of plates are kaleidoscopic. You take your soup in Sèvres, your entrées in England, and so on, till you come to fruit and coffee in China or Japan. It is quite *en règle* to turn your plate over, with the

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Scientific Foolishness.

WE have been exceedingly amused by an article from the pen of Professor Grant Allen, published in a recent number of the "Fortnightly Review," and entitled "A Problem in Human Evolution." In consequence of the opposition which Mr. Darwin's theory has met with, concerning the causes which, in the course of the development of man from his hirsute anthropoid ancestors, have despoiled him of his hairy covering, Professor Allen says: "It seems highly desirable, therefore, to prop up Mr. Darwin's theory by any external supports which observation or analogy may suggest, and, if possible, to show some original ground-work in the shape of a natural tendency to hairlessness, upon which sexual selection might afterward exert itself, so as to increase and accelerate the depilatory process when once set up." So the writer goes to work in the highly "desirable" enterprise of propping up Mr. Darwin's theory that men were not made, but were developed from a lower form of life, as it was embodied in a hairy animal. The problem to be solved is: "How did men get rid of their hair?" Well, how do you suppose it was done? It was done mainly by lying down on it. The most hairless portion of the body is the back, and the professor thinks that, as man assumed the erect position in walking, he became an animal lying less and less on its belly, and more and more upon its back, so that the growth of the hair was checked, or the hair itself was worn away. The manner of wrapping and protecting the human infant is also supposed to have had something to do with the effect. After a few had got rid of their hair, hairlessness became popular, and what artificial denudation had begun, sexual selection completed. Bare skins were too strong for bear-skins, and the hair wearers were left out in the cold. Now we submit that there never was a speculation more irredeemably nonsensical than this. And it is gravely put forth in a journal of the best class as worthy of respectful reading and consideration! Those who believe that man was created by an all-wise power who gave to the skin the beauty and delicacy which distinguish it from the hairy integuments of the brute creation, are accused very freely by the scientific world of credulity, but there are very few among them who are sufficiently addled to accept Professor Allen's speculations upon this topic as worth the paper they were written on. A child on reading them would naturally ask why, if lying upon the back should produce the results attributed to it, would not lying on the back of the head affect the covering of that portion of the human structure in the same way. Now, it so happens that where the weight of the head rests the most heavily, the hair sticks the tightest. When a man grows bald, he grows bald on the top of his head, where he gets no pressure whatever. Now, not one of our hairy ancestors ever lay down on his back without his head, and the

head, with all its weight, was pressed upon the hair. Does it not occur to Professor Allen as strange that pressure, as a depilatory, should be so partial in its operation? Nay, does it not seem strange to him that the same agent which denudes the body of its hair acts as a genuine tightener of that covering upon the head?

Speculation is cheap, so let us indulge in a little. Assuming as sound, the theory that we are descended from a hairy anthropoid ape, we must admit that we started from rather a savage condition. Why is it not possible that the hair was pulled out in fighting? What with active hair-pulling, and the cicatrices of wounds received in combat, it is not difficult to conceive of a hairy man and woman pretty well cleaned off. So, as a hairless skin began to be appreciated as a badge of bravery, it furnished "a ground-work upon which sexual selection might afterward exert itself." Is there any thing unreasonable in this? Isn't it about as scientific as Professor Allen's hypothesis? We take out no patent on it, and "The Fortnightly" is welcome to it.

But we have a better speculation than that one, which Professor Allen went all around without seeing, and the only rational one in the case. If we were writing for the object which inspires Professor Allen's efforts, viz: that of "propping up" Mr. Darwin's theory, we should speak of the probable and entirely natural effect of clothing upon the human frame. Hairy brutes suffer with cold as men do who have no hair. When man began to be man, with the hair on, he began to be bright enough to kill animals and take their skins off. Then he became bright enough to supplement his own hair with the hair he had captured. At last, he began to wear clothes as a regular habit. As soon as he did this, he rendered the hair upon his own person unnecessary, and nature ceased to produce it, as nature ceased to furnish eyes to the fishes that take up their homes in the Mammoth Cave. Nature is full of analogies which teach us that when a function is superseded it ceases. Now, how is that for a theory? Is it not a good deal more rational than Professor Allen's? We state it to show how easy it is to build a theory which shall, in all respects, be as rational as those gravely put forth by men who claim to be scientific. And we do claim that this theory is a better one than Professor Allen's, in all respects, for his own purposes.

Still, we do not believe in it. We have never yet seen anything that looks like proof that we were not created by a direct act of the Almighty. We believe that man was made originally with a hairless skin for beauty's sake, and because he was endowed with the ability to manufacture his own clothing, and with the power to tint and fashion it in correspondence with his ideas of fitness and attractiveness. There is no more reason for doubting that man began to exist by a direct act of creation, endowed with all his present characteristics of form and natu-

ral covering, than that life began to exist on the earth in any form. Somewhere, behind all the links of causation, exists the causeless cause; incomprehensible to us, but possessing intelligence and consciousness out of which our own consciousness and intelligence are born, and without which they never could have existed.

Marriage as a Test.

IF Nature teaches us anything, it is that the life-long marriage of one woman to one man is her own ordination. The sexes, in the first place, are produced in so nearly equal numbers that provision is made for just this. Then the passion of love makes the one woman and the one man supremely desirable to each other, so that to the man or the woman moved by it, all men and women, other than the object beloved, are comparatively of no value or attractiveness whatever. It is the supreme desire of a man in love to possess and for ever to hold the object of his love. On this passion of love of one man for one woman, and one woman for one man, is based the institution of the family, which we regard, in common with the mass of society, as the true social unit. It seems to us that nothing can be more demonstrable than that the family which grows out of what we call Christian marriage is, in all ways, better adapted to secure safety, comfort, happiness, and morality to the community, than any substitute that was ever tried or was ever imagined. The consummation of love is the production of offspring. The family is the institution which protects and rears within an atmosphere of natural affection the children born of love. The care and support of children are thus in the family brought upon the hands of those who are responsible for their introduction into life.

We call this Christian marriage and the family a Christian institution; but in establishing these institutions, as such, Christianity has done nothing more than to re-enact laws of nature written with great plainness. The growth of the family is as natural as the growth of a plant. Mutual love, whose supreme motive is mutual possession, ultimates in the production of offspring, whom it is a joy to rear under a separate roof, subject to the economies of a home. It is in a home, constituted in this way, that the human virtues are best cultivated, that the finer affections are most naturally developed, and that those attachments are formed and those sentiments engendered which make life a beautiful and significant thing. The associations of the family and home, in which a man is reared, are the most inspiring that he knows; and a man whose childhood knew no home, knows and feels that he has lost or missed one of the great satisfactions and one of the most sweetening and uplifting influences of his life. The history of millions of human lives stands ready to attest the salutary influence of home, and the unmeasurable loss that comes to all men who are deprived of it. It is a case past arguing. We need only to appeal to the universal consciousness. Nothing is better under-

stood, or more widely admitted, than that home, based on the life-long marriage of one woman to one man, and the family that naturally grows out of such a union, is the great conservative influence of the world's best society. Its government, its nurture, its social happiness, its delightful influences and associations, make it the brightest, loveliest, holiest, divinest thing that grows from any impulse or affection of human nature under the sanctions of Christianity.

A few days ago we received a letter from a correspondent, asking us to do for the Oneida Community what we had permitted a contributor to do for the followers of George Rapp,—to write or procure to be written,—a complete exposition of its principles and practices. We respectfully decline to do any such thing. The amount of dirt involved in an exposure of the Oneida Community's views of marriage and the practices that go with them would forbid the enterprise. This community stands condemned before the world, tried simply by the marriage test. It revolutionizes the family out of existence. It destroys home, and substitutes for what we know as Christian marriage something which it calls "complex marriage." We know by the phrase something of what it must be, but its abominations are too great to be spread before the general reader. Into such a sea of irredeemable nastiness no editor has a right to lead his readers.

How remarkable it is that whenever an enthusiast in religion gets new light, and adopts what he considers "advanced views," he almost invariably begins to tamper with marriage! In this tampering he always betrays the charlatan, and sufficiently warns all who are tempted to follow him to beware of him. There is no better test of a new system or scheme of life than its relation to Christian marriage. If it tampers with that it is always bad, and can by no possibility be good. The Shakers form a community built on this rotten foundation. They destroy the family, root and branch. They have no place for love, and enter into a determined and organized fight with the God of Nature, who, by the strongest passions and impulses He has ever implanted in the human soul, has commanded them to establish families and homes. Shakerism is good for nothing if it is not good universally,—if it ought not to be adopted universally. But universal adoption would be the suicide of a race, and a race has no more right to commit suicide than a man. Besides, the damming of one of the most powerful streams in human nature only sets the water back to cover the banks it was intended to nourish and to drain. It is too late to talk about the superior sanctity of the celibate. We have no faith in it whatever. The vow of chastity simply emphasizes in the mind the passion it is intended, for spiritual reasons, to suppress, and fixes the attention upon it. The Shaker, in denying love to himself and all the hallowed influences that grow out of family and home gains nothing in holiness, if he do not lose irretrievably. He is the victim of a shocking mistake, and he disgraces himself and his own father and mother by his gross views of an institution before whose

purity and beneficence he and his whole system stand condemned.

Of course we do not need to allude to the Mormon. His views of marriage—revealed, of course—are simply beastly. But these new schemes of life, religion and philosophy are constantly springing up. It is very difficult for any system of socialism to establish itself without tampering with marriage, and one of the best arguments against all sorts of com-

munities and phalansteries and what-nots of that sort, is that the family, as a unit, is unmanageable within them. They can take in and organize a miscellaneous mass of individuals, and provide some sort of a dirty substitute for marriage, but the family bothers them. It is a government within a government, that they cannot get along with. So the marriage test is a good one in all cases of the kind.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Southern Civilization—A Southerner's View of the Situation.

THERE has been so much intemperate and angry railing at this magazine on account of a recent article on "Southern Civilization," that we greet the following letter with heartiness, and give it place in our over-crowded columns. One thing, however, we disclaim, viz: that we have written a word on the topic in a sectional spirit, or that we have spoken as a Northerner at all. We have written as an American, about the South, precisely as we write freely about the North—which we are doing constantly—as an American. The argument of our correspondent, formulated in the familiar phrase, "you're another," is, therefore, not legitimate, however just his criticisms of Northern society may be. But as our correspondent does not deny the real point of our charge, neither shall we deny the point of his. It is healthy reading for us all,—this which shows how an intelligent outsider looks upon the criminal outcome of Northern civilization. The difference in the spirit with which the charge was received, and that in which the counter-charge will be received, is, however, suggestive. The North will not get angry about it, as the South has done, but find a lesson or a suggestion in it for its own improvement, as the South should have done. ED. S. M.

TO THE EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY:

THE June number of your magazine, under the department of "Topics of the Time," contains what I suppose to be an editorial article on "Southern Civilization," which I think does great injustice to the South, besides affording what seems to me a very imperfect view of the subjects discussed. The apparent good faith and evident tone of friendliness in which the criticisms contained in the article are offered, as well as the serious character of the charges preferred against the Southern people, seem to warrant—even to demand—some reply to the strictures made therein; I have therefore concluded to solicit the favor of being allowed to suggest some opposing ideas through your pages, and I trust you will do me the justice to believe that what I shall write is dictated by that same spirit of good faith and friendliness which I feel sure animated your own article. In the outset let me say, from a feeling of all liberality and kindness, that I believe that the expressions you have used in commenting on our "civilization" have been read with sincere regret in very many Southern families; for we cannot but deplore the fact that a literary magazine, so justly popular in every cultivated Southern household, should seem to countenance and adopt the irresponsible slanders of partisan politicians and an excited, virulent party-press.

It cannot be truthfully asserted that the Southern people, or any considerable or influential portion of them, are disposed to commit crimes, or to defend and tolerate those who do. The records of the criminal courts of every Southern state will show as many arraignments in proportion to crimes committed, and

as many convictions in proportion to arraignments, as those of any of the states of the Union.

Texas has always been the subject of special lubrications to those who are wont to bewail the prevalence of crime in the South and South-west, and perhaps this state has as large a proportion of lawless and violent inhabitants as any other. To the mind of any one disposed to pay a reasonable regard to the circumstances of our population, to our newness in point of age and to our comparative helplessness in point of all those safeguards of life and property which are the result only of time and matured social growth, this will appear neither unnatural nor surprising. And yet in spite of these exciting and aggravating causes, I think the facts will disclose that there are not as many crimes, relative populations considered, committed in Texas as in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, or any one of the more populous Eastern and Northern states; and that the ratio of convictions to crimes is as great here as in either of the states mentioned. I mention Texas as an instance, for, in reference to the more notable crime of homicide, it is perhaps an extreme example of Southern "civilization."

The charges you make in regard to murder walking abroad unchallenged, defiant and approved by the ruling sentiment of the South, though stated positively by you, are not sustained by any authentic instance within the knowledge of any responsible citizen North or South. I know they constitute part of the approved political and sectional cant current in these days, but they are false for all that, and I regret that SCRIBNER should seem to adopt and proclaim them as established facts. That there have been violent deeds of blood in the South and among reputable men, is an undisputed truth. That there have existed vile passions, lawless instincts, and brutish exhibitions of malice in the history of the South since and before the war, is likewise an undoubted fact; but the same may be said of the North and East with equal truth.

Not only can it be safely asserted that there has been and is as much crime among the people of the states not Southern, and that a comparison of authentic current history will demonstrate such to be the case; but the assertion may be carried further, and it may be positively affirmed that the character and tendency of the crimes prevalent in the Northern states indicate a more depraved, morbid, and dangerous condition of society than is shown to exist in the South.

The subject of crime, its causes and preventives, is not one to be discussed in the light of sectional prejudices. Nor can it be dismissed with a casual homily on prevailing lawlessness as exhibited by a few isolated instances of violence. It is one that involves very much the whole social temper, traditional teachings and moral habits of a people, and, considered in its relation to the North and South of this country, it predicates a comparison between the distinctive features in the civilizations of the two sections. Viewed in this light, I am free to say that I do not think we of the South need to fear the comparison. There has always existed among us, from what causes it is not now necessary to inquire, a morbid public sentiment in reference to what is technically called "the highest crime known to the law"—homicide. The sentimental fancies and Quixotic teachings of Southern chivalry, so-called, combining with the natural violence and impatience of Southern temper, have created a tone of feeling dangerous to society and destructive of law and order. The fatal and corrupting tendencies of this spirit have rendered scenes of bloodshed alarmingly frequent among our people, and have gone very far toward securing clemency and sometimes immunity for the offenders. With us and our neighbors in the far West, the murderer and criminal are usually presented in the fascinating garb of the desperado. The romance of adventure, the charm of reckless daring and the mistaken semblance of heroism surrounding the average desperate criminal of the South and West, have contributed to render him an object of ill-concealed admiration and respectful awe to the terror-stricken public against whom his life and deeds have been deadly foes. Such is, perhaps, a damaging

admission to make, but, reluctant as we may be to admit it, this feeling has a certain hold on the mind of every man, however civilized and law-fearing. It seems even to bear a natural and necessary relation to the establishment and growth of all new countries. But this covert encouragement of crime and violence is none the less ruinous and debasing in its consequences. It weaves a web of fascination and romance around those who have forfeited every claim to public toleration and clemency, and who, in their defiance of all laws of God and man, merit the unsparing penalties of a violated criminal code. The traditional influences thus fostered have received a vast impetus from the demoralization and lawless passions consequent upon the war. All these circumstances account in great degree for the numerous homicides and for the laxity of public morality on the subject in the Southern states.

The character of crime in Northern and Eastern communities is very different from ours, and its causes by no means so simple or so easily removed. Murder is fully as frequent in the North as in the South, though not usually so conspicuous as to the parties engaged. Moreover, the murders committed at the North, with but few exceptions, are of a far more degraded, diabolical and morbid type than any that have disgraced the South. They are relieved but rarely by any of the mitigating circumstances of mutual provocation and deadly affray. They appeal to not even the weaknesses and passions of savage nature, and are invested with none of the deceitful glamour of bravery, rage, and barbarous vengeance. They stand out, as a rule, in bold relief, as the results of the most abnormal and monstrous sentiments, the most diseased and sickening impulses, the most unaccountable moral obliquity and depraved ingenuity. Where the South furnishes a dozen homicides provoked by family feuds, personal quarrels, or a mistaken sense of wrong and retribution, the North and East may be arraigned for a score of wife-murderers, child-murderers, infant-murderers, fiends dabbling in the blood of their own offspring in the name of religion, to say nothing of parricides, fratricides, abortionists, and all the monsters bred in the maw of a diseased, artificial, spurious public morality. I say this in a spirit of all kindness to that large class of the Northern people whom, following your example in reference to the South, I choose to distinguish from the depraved and criminal orders of Northern society. If the character of crimes and the moral quality of the criminals a country produces be correct criteria of its civilization, then I have no hesitation in preferring the civilization that has produced such examples of bloodshed and violence as the Chisholm, Cox-Alston and Currie murders to that which boasts of such criminals as Pomeroy, Parr and Freeman. For, terrible and brutal as were the former, they exhibited the untamed ferocity and mad passions of savagery, which may be mitigated and removed with time and proper moral restraints; while the latter indicate a monstrous and diabolical criminality that is almost hopeless in its morbid and artificial enormity. Though you may have high military authority for pronouncing a large class of our people "banditti," there are equally high moral grounds for affirming that human depravity and ferocity can reach even a lower depth than that of the lawless highwayman.

In the matter then of this highest offense against penal laws, I think it is safe to claim that there is not much room for Pharasaic boasting by any one portion of the American people as against another. One thing, however, may be said to the great credit of the Northern people as a class,—they are much more prompt in their abhorrence of bloodshed, and much more rigorous in visiting the extremity of the law upon homicides than are we of the South. But can the same be said of other crimes? Is the burden of responsibility so equally distributed in regard to other, and technically less heinous, offenses? I think not; and in a comparison of the two sections on these latter, the advantages seem to me to rest decidedly with the South.

Murder, though rightly considered the most notable of all penal acts, is not necessarily nor reasonably the one by whose frequency or infrequency the true and practical outcome of a people's civilization ought infallibly to be judged. From the time of Cicero, all trustworthy writers on social science and the rationale of criminal law have esteemed the true index to the social health and the degree of civilization of a community to consist in the manner in which the every-day, practical moralities of life are regarded and enforced. Accordingly it has been considered that the crimes whose commission is rendered possible and in a degree unavoidable by the necessary domestic, social, business and political relations of life,—or, as they have been conveniently generalized, "the crimes easiest committed and most difficult to guard against,"—are the ones that should be most vigorously punished, and whose frequency gauges most nearly the relative civilization of a people. Compared on this basis, I candidly think the South is immeasurably superior to the North. It is not necessary to particularize, but will suffice to say that in all those offenses against social and domestic order and decency, against the high trusts and sacred relations of private, public and business life, the records of crime, as between the two sections, will stand as twenty to one in our favor. Forgeries, defalcations, social scandals, indecent domestic complications, clerical short-comings, prurient horrors

of nameless kinds, fill the pages of Northern papers, and have apparently ceased to excite more than a passing sensation. I honestly believe that there are some offenses of wretched and frequent notoriety in the Middle, Eastern and Northern states, which not only never occur with us, but which are morally and mentally impossible to the native Southern character. What are we to think of the rioters and strikers who, two years ago, burned, pillaged and defied both civil and military authority in at least two of the most populous and civilized Northern states? Are these things in no way exponent of civilization as it grows on Northern soil, and expressive of the real practical outcome of social life at the North? While isolated instances of violence and partisan colorings of desultory crimes are used as arguments to consign the South to barbarism and to the pious commiseration of the nation we are said to be daily disgracing, we have a right to ask that there should be some "mutuality" in this matter of blame and reproach. The South has, first and last, listened to a vast deal of mawkish sentiment and pietistic cant from Northern journals, religious and secular, and even in legislative halls; the most of which has been either too obviously partisan in its tone or too plainly false in its facts to demand our notice. It is time this sort of talk should cease, and that the better classes of the inhabitants of both sections,—whom I take to be the larger and stronger class in both—should bring themselves to recognize that in this matter they are confronted by a common enemy and invoked by a common duty.

A great deal has been spoken and written at the North concerning crime—its causes and preventives; but to us there seems thus far to have resulted nothing beyond the production of a brood of spurious reformers and sentimental pietists whose specious sophistry and morbid philanthropy have contributed to increase and encourage crime, rather than to diminish and condemn it. A few years ago, a gentleman who was presumably a fair exponent of a certain sort of Boston "cul-chah," in an address before a House of Correction for Youthful Criminals,—of whom New England appears to have a goodly number,—took occasion to tell the young reprobates that they were not responsible for their own incarceration; that they were the creatures of social and surrounding circumstances; that society and not the individual was responsible for crimes, and much more of a like mushy and sensational tone. This is a pretty correct sample of the kind of reformatory gospel preached by the "advanced thinkers" of the East. Commenting upon the above remarkable utterance, "The Nation" was led to observe that "it is difficult to watch the field of social reform long without being driven to the conclusion that the desire to improve their fellows carries men constantly along the very verge of the abyss of mental unsoundness." The discussion of this subject of crime has gone very far to confirm that opinion, and the public mind has been gradually emasculated and corrupted by a maudlin sentimentality which has converted it into the driveling apologist for crime.

In thus contrasting North and South in the matter of crime, I have not sought to evade the issue by an *argumentum ad hominem*, nor have I desired to obscure the facts by sectional recrimination. I have rather attempted to indicate what seems to me the true and philosophical aspect of this whole question; that both sections are mutually and equally interested in this great social problem, and that neither has the right to assume a tone of self-righteous pity and blame toward the other. I hope what I have said will be taken in the spirit in which I have written,—a spirit of justice toward my own section and of catholic interest and kindness toward all others.

The evil can be remedied in neither section by anything less than an earnest and honest recognition of the facts as they exist, and a mutual abandonment of theoretical and sensational morality on the one hand, and of vitiated sentiment and false chivalry on the other. That sectional arraignments and partisan distinctions will ever accomplish anything toward its cure is a flat impossibility. This time-worn antagonism of geographical situation has thrust itself into well-nigh every topic whose discussion and disposition most nearly concern the welfare and social health of the country as a whole, regardless of sections or political beliefs. In this matter of reducing the penalty, the crime and the misery of our whole people, which ought to lie near the heart of every good man from whatever section, is it not possible that for once we shall ignore this unnatural and unjust discrimination and address ourselves, fairly and impartially, to the disposition of a subject in which we most certainly have a mutual and an equal responsibility to discharge?

To adopt the sentiments of Dr. Holmes, on a different but not entirely dissimilar topic: Argument and effort must not be against isolated examples, nor deal with partial exhibitions of heresy; but should be directed against the false philosophy or the shattered moral and intellectual organization from which they spring. "The splinter of stone at your feet, which you would demolish with your logical hammer, runs deeper under the soil of society than you may at first imagine; it is only the edge of a stratum that stretches into the heart of the blue mountains in the far horizon."

In regard to the "Negro Exodus," which seems to grow

apace in the Northern mind as the last outcome of Southern violence and oppression, I have this to say: In the first place, there seems to be no reason for putting an evil and partisan construction upon the emigration of any class of American citizens, black or white, when the avowed object of the movement is to better their material prospects. During recent years, the flood of emigration from the Middle, Eastern and Northern states to the South and South-west has been simply immense,—more than 200,000 last year to Texas,—and from the lower and laboring classes, who have represented themselves as wretched in their former homes. Yet it would be folly for us to cry persecution and outrage against the people of those states. Why should the black citizen stand on different grounds from the white one in this matter? But there is, no

doubt, a very material factor concerned in this colored movement that does not operate elsewhere. The full and exact causes that have led to it are not yet clearly understood, but the indications are strong, and they are sufficiently familiar to be recognized right readily by the Southern people. When the movement is fully analyzed and its *animus* is disclosed, we feel sure there will be small difficulty in tracing it to the officious influence of those traffickers in a certain sort of spurious humanitarianism that seems to have followed the negro with fatal persistency through all his later history in this country, and which comes mainly from his so-called Northern friends and benefactors.

DUDLEY G. WOOTEN.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, June 1st, '79.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Some New York Fashions in 1814-1830.

I DO not think that the girls of my youth were prettier than girls are now, nor do I give the preference to the fashions of that earlier day. Much of our dress was very absurd,—the short waists for instance, measuring not more than half-a-finger's length below the arm-hole. At one time (somewhere between 1815 and 1820), we wore white cambric dresses, even in the street, in winter, while slippers and silk or cotton stockings were the style, no matter how cold the weather. Many a time have I walked in Broadway when the pavement sent almost a death-chill to my heart. After a time, pelisses became fashionable,—a garment of fine cloth, or velvet, worn outside the dress and nearly, or quite, as long. The first winter, the skirts were flying, but afterward they were closed with buttons up the front. This was a step in the direction of comfort and common sense. By and by moccasins appeared; they were made of some soft leather and quilted silk, and finished with a narrow edging of fur about the top. Though very insufficient, they were a great advance on anything that had been worn before. It must be remembered that merino or raw-silk underwear, or anything resembling it, had not yet been heard of; moreover, there was such a rage for classic slenderness that those who wished to be elegant abhorred all clothing that increased the size and preferred to suffer from the cold rather than to look clumsy. It is wonderful that delicate people, or hardy ones, either, could survive such exposure.

Bonnets, on the contrary, were of more sensible fashion than has been seen for the last thirty or forty years; they really shaded and screened the face. Chip and Leghorn were the favorites for summer wear; white chip always seemed to me the most elegant, and was really the most expensive, as it soon lost its freshness, and could not, at that time, be "done up" like straw. Twenty dollars, or even more, were often paid for an untrimmed Leghorn bonnet: considering the difference in the value of money, and the immense difference in the scale of expenditure everywhere, this was a great price. But then we expected that a nice thing, once bought,

would last us a long time; our bonnets were done over and re-trimmed, and came out again as good as new next season—or, if we were of a frugal mind, for several seasons. Lined and suitably garnished outside, they also did duty for winter wear. Our facilities for shopping would probably seem limited at present, though the stores contained many very handsome articles. On this head, I may quote from a letter written in 1826:

"Dear —: You should have been furnished with handsomer muslin for the promised frock than that which accompanies this letter, but mother shopped for it, and the article of a very fine texture being difficult to get, her patience at last gave over, and she took this. Your work deserves better, I own, and if you have seen or heard of any fine jaconet cambric in town let me know, and it shall be exchanged."

It appears strange that there should be any difficulty about jaconet in stores that could furnish India mull, the most exquisite of cotton fabrics; but so it was. This was the age of white embroidery; we worked our dresses, our collars and our capes, while a frock or cap for "the baby" was a frequent offering of friendship or family affection. In those days, caps were an integral portion of the child. A baby without a cap, what a monstrosity would that have been! And, indeed, the innovation of having them wear only their own little naked heads, though it was a great saving of trouble, was not a movement in the interests of beauty. After I married and left town, in 1828, the letters from home would frequently contain such passages as this: "Elizabeth is getting on nicely with your little frock, and it will be a beautiful piece of embroidery." "I have begun your little cap; the shape is a clock-mutch, and I think the pattern very handsome." "Catherine was here last week; she is working a dress and cap to match for little Edmund; you know how elegant her work is, and it will be a beautiful suit." Alas! the little garments and the workers and the wearers have nearly all passed into oblivion together!

Our toilet-tables I used to consider very pretty; they were of half-moon shape, the top stuffed and covered with white, the frills, reaching to the floor,

SEPTEMBER.

THE golden-rod is yellow;
 The corn is turning brown;
 The trees in apple orchards
 With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
 Are curling in the sun;
 In dusty pods the milkweed
 Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest,
 In every meadow nook;
 And asters by the brook-side
 Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning
 The grapes' sweet odors rise;
 At noon the roads all flutter
 With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
 September days are here,
 With summer's best of weather,
 And autumn's best of cheer.

But none of all this beauty
 Which floods the earth and air,
 Is unto me the secret
 Which makes September fair.

'Tis a thing which I remember;
 To name it thrills me yet:
 One day of one September
 I never can forget.

THE BLUSH.

IF fragrances were colors, I would liken
 A blush that deepens in her thoughtful face
 To that aroma which pervades the place
 Where woodmen cedars to the heart have stricken;
 If tastes were hues, the blissful dye I'd trace
 In upland strawberries, or wintergreen;
 If sound, why, then, to shy and mellow bass
 Of mountain thrushes, heard, yet seldom seen.

Or, say that hues are felt: then would it seem
 Most like to cobwebs borne on southern gales
 Against a spray of jasmine. But the glow
 Itself is found where sweet-briar petals gleam
 Through tend'rest hoar-frost, or upon the snow
 Of steadfast hills when shadows brim the vales.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

European Travel.

THE number of Americans traveling in Europe during the last year has been very large. This continued interest in Europe, which seems really more fresh and strong with every passing year, is a good sign, and can only result in good to our country. Our sea-side hotels are the only sufferers from this annual flight, but they manage to prosper in spite of it, so that we cannot spend much sympathy upon them. America has now become such a nation of

travelers that Europe has arranged itself in many regions for her special accommodation. Beds are made, tables are set, waiters are trained, with special reference to American wants and tastes, and no American can arrive anywhere without understanding that he is welcome, and has been looked for and carefully provided for.

Americans have been much accused, both at home and abroad, of pride and vainglory in their country. It is true that the average American grows up with the idea that his country is, in all respects, the most

remarkable and desirable country that the sun shines on,—that it has the longest rivers, the highest mountains, the broadest prairies, the most notable resources in mines and soils, the best institutions, and the brightest, the best-educated, the happiest and the most prosperous people on the face of the globe. We suppose this unreasoning pride of country is not peculiar to Americans. The average Englishman is about as bigoted in his national pride as he can be, and so is the average Frenchman, while the German regards them both with a measure of contempt, as he indulges in his habitual glorification of "*Vaterland*." There is no cure for this overweening national vanity but travel. Shut a nation off by itself, as the Chinese have been separated from the world in the years gone by, and it naturally becomes to itself "The Central Flowery Kingdom," and all other nations are "outside barbarians." Self-idolatry is the besetting sin of all peoples shut up to themselves, and nothing has done so much to modify the American national vanity as the travel of the last few years.

However grand in its natural features America may be, and however vast in its material resources, these peculiarities are hardly legitimate subjects of pride, and in the presence of what man has done in Europe, the American grows ashamed of his vanity of what God has done for him, and acquires a more modest estimate of himself and of his grade and style of civilization. The great cathedrals, the wonderful cities, the collections of art, the great highways, even the ruins of the ancient buildings, minister to his humiliation by showing him how far other nations, new and old, surpass his possibilities of achievement. When a man is thoroughly humble in the presence of his superiors, or in the presence of work that overmatches his power and skill, he naturally becomes not only teachable, but an active and interested learner. Europe to-day is a great inspirer to America and a great teacher. It is true that she gets but little of her political inspiration from Europe, but her instruction and inspiration in art are almost entirely European. In architecture, painting, sculpture, and even in literature, European ideas are dominant.

So this great tide of life that goes out from us every year does not return without that which abundantly repays all its expenditure of time and money. For in all this impression of European superiority in many things, there is very rarely anything that tends to wean the American from his home. The conventionalities of old society, and habits and customs that had their birth in circumstances and conditions having no relations to his life, do not tend to attract the American from his home love and loyalty. He usually comes back a better American than he goes away, with the disposition only to avail himself of what he has learned to improve himself, his home and his country. The American, bred to great social and political freedom, cannot relinquish it, and can never feel entirely at home where he does not enjoy it. He perfectly understands how a European can come to America and

be content with it as a home, because he can shape his life according to his choice, but he cannot understand how an American can emigrate to Europe and make a satisfactory home there, because the social and political institutions would be felt as a yoke to him, and a burden.

To leave out of all consideration the matter of utility, we know of nothing in the whole round of recreative experiences so pleasure-giving as European travel. A man of culture, visiting for the first time the old homes of art and story, experiences about as much of pleasure as this world has to give. To see new peoples and strange scenery is a great delight; and to do this, having nothing else to do,—far removed from business cares, and even the possibility of other employment,—is to see them under the most enjoyable conditions. Indeed, we know of no better reward for the labor of many years than the ability it should secure to visit Europe as a sight-seer. It is often thrown as a reproach at the American that he goes abroad quite ignorant of what is worth seeing in his own country, but this is unjust. In the first place, many of the things quite worth seeing in America are very difficult to reach. To all the scenes of Europe, the way is paved with conveniences, and often strewn with luxuries. The great mountains and cañons and geysers of the far West are difficult to reach. A man almost literally takes his life in his hand when he visits them, and his experiences are full of hardship. In Switzerland, there is a better road over the highest mountain pass than America can show in her parks, and the treasures of art which Europe has to show are of a kind which an American cannot find at home. From the time an American starts from home, including his passage of the Atlantic, until he returns and once more greets his native land, he experiences a round of pleasures procurable in no other way. He comes back full of new ideas, he is rested, he is refreshed and every way improved; and he is ready, as we are, to give the great army of his countrymen who yearly follow in his track—to repeat his experiences—a hearty "God speed!"

A Word about Newspapers.

In all the discussion inspired by Mr. Whitelaw Reid's recent suggestive address on the newspaper, we have seen no mention made of a topic of the greatest interest to the reading public and of the greatest importance to the newspaper itself, viz., the practical confusion of moral and social values in the present conduct of the public press. If any simple, unsophisticated person were, for the first time, to take up a newspaper and to endeavor to judge what things in the moral and social world were considered of the greatest importance, what would he conclude, judging by the space and attention devoted to them in its pages? In a large majority of instances, he would find a stinging column devoted to the discussions of a social science convention, and half a page to a murder or a boat race. He would find a column devoted to police reports, in which the disgusting

records of vice and its awards would be recorded in detail, while the sermons of a Sunday, from the best minds in the country, would get no greater space. In the editorial discussions, party and personal politics would be found to predominate over everything in relation to religion, morals, education, temperance, science, and the whole range of social questions. The things of great moment are treated as if they were of the smallest importance, and the things of small importance are treated as if they were of the greatest moment.

In all this there is a tremendous confusion of values that not only exhibits the worthlessness of the newspaper as a standard, but vitiates the public judgment. The standard is unsound and the influence is bad. The reply to this, of course, will be that the newspaper endeavors to talk about that which the public likes to read about. If great space is given to a murder, or a boat race, it is because people in the mass like to read about these things. If little space is devoted to a great sermon, or a discussion of a social question, it is simply because nobody cares to read about them. Has it ever occurred to the editor who would put this in plea that he has had something to do in ministering to this depraved liking for things that are valueless?—to this confusion of values in the public mind? We certainly know of nothing more naturally stimulative of the love of low excitements than the way in which crime and vice are treated by the public press. The way in which a nasty scandal is treated, for instance, by the average newspaper is not only a foul disgrace to the press, but a most demoralizing power upon the public mind. It is a putting forward, by all the power of startling head-lines, and a sturdy array of exclamation points, and double-leaded details, of a thing of shame which modest people do not like to have mentioned in their homes or their hearing. It is giving the first place, for the consideration of men, women and children, to a thing that ought to have the last place. The familiarity with vice and crime and social shame that has been acquired in this country during the last few years through the newspapers, has had the effect of a moral scourge.

But we did not intend to insist on the moralities particularly. That which comes under the notice of the newspaper press is of various value, considered from a thousand points beside the moral, and our point is, simply, that values are altogether confused in their practical treatment. Those matters are put forward which are of inferior value, and those are subordinated which are of superior value, until the newspaper altogether ceases to be, in any worthy sense, a leader of the public mind.

If the newspaper of the future, which, according to Mr. Reid, is to have Greens and Froudes to do its reporting, shall ever be reached, it will be a very different newspaper from that of to-day, which gives up its reporting to men who are neither Greens nor Froudes. Men who love virtue and hate vice, and men who have some just sense of moral and social values, will devote their reporting mainly to that which will educate and improve rather than confuse

and degrade their readers. If the world is improving,—if we are making any religious, moral, and social progress,—then the business of the newspaper is not only to make a fair record of that progress, but to note all the steps and exhibit all the influences by which it is reached. In faithfully attending to this business, it will have neither time nor space for the record of the frivolities and vices which now exclude so much that is of superior value and significance.

The great tempter of the newspaper press is what is known as "Enterprise." If anything happens that people are curious about, even if it should be of small importance, "enterprise" dictates that it should be looked up and written down to its uttermost. It is in "enterprise" that all the reporting newspapers try to outdo one another, and it is in this attempt to outdo one another that they do so much to confuse values in journalism. One newspaper must do what another does in the fear of suffering in its character for "enterprise." Newspapers do not try, apparently, to realize their own ideal, but to outdo each other in "enterprise." We do not know of a better man than Mr. Reid to undertake a realization of his own ideal, which, we fancy, does not vary very materially from our own, and to spare his "enterprise" for great things, so that the world may have one paper that, with a thoroughly catholic spirit, carries with its records a careful balance of values, and so that the public mind shall not be constantly misled, and that all that ministers to progress may have a fair chance.

Write it Yourself.

THE Reverend Moses Smith thinks that a new statement of the doctrine of the inspiration of the Bible is wanted,—something broader and better than that generally received or written. Why does not the Reverend Moses Smith write it himself, and for himself? If he is an honest man, and considers the doctrine of the inspiration of the Scriptures, as it has been written and received, of any importance, what right has he to give that doctrine the slightest respect, to seem to hold it, or to tolerate it for a moment? The worst that can happen to him is deposition from the ministry, which ought not to be a very great calamity, especially when it releases him from the necessity of preaching, or seeming to believe, a dogma which he regards as rotten and pernicious. If progress in Christian truth is to be made, somebody must be sacrificed, and it may as well be Rev. Moses Smith as any other man. Augustus Blauvelt and John Miller have been thrown overboard, and it hasn't hurt them, and if Moses Smith has got far enough along to complain of his bondage, and to wish that a portion of his creed could be rewritten, then he is just the man to rewrite it and to take what comes of it. The number of clerical cowards who sympathize with the Reverend Moses Smith's views, and who dare not write their own creed and stand by it in the face of the bigoted conservatism of their keepers, is shamefully large, and, for the sake of truth

and progress, we need some more victims. We know of no honorable way of proceeding for any man who feels that he is bound to a statement which misrepresents the truth, or presents it incompletely, but to protest against it with all his might, and to rewrite the statement as he thinks it ought to be written. There is no law against it to which he owes the slightest respect. On the contrary, he owes it to God, society, and himself to puncture all the lies, and blazon and promulgate all the important truths he sees.

Woman wants a broader field of labor and action. Very well, there is no law against her having it. Let her take it. By some of her strong-minded representatives, she goes up and down the land, demanding a larger place for herself in industry, in education, in power and influence. Men naturally object to her political aspirations that she has no right to make laws or ordain policies which she expects them to execute and maintain, but so far as education and labor go, she has only to do what she pleases. She can enter college with men, she can practice law and medicine, she can preach, she can carry on any kind of business for which she has the capacity, without saying "by your leave" to anybody. If she thinks she ought to have a larger place than she occupies, then her first duty is to repent of the sin of not taking it. She has but to write her own rule of action and endeavor, and it will be respected. If consequences naturally follow which are unpleasant to her, she must take them. If she loses sympathy among her own sex, or sacrifices the admiration and respect of men, she must yield the cost of her independence without a murmur. But let her not complain that she is not free, and that if she but had a chance she could improve her lot and remodel her destiny. Women have always written the social creeds of the world, and women have only to agree to rewrite any social creed. Man certainly is not her oppressor in this country, and if she needs liberty let her take it, in any measure and direction consistent with her obligations as a moral being.

There are many men who are discontented with the political party with which they have acted, perhaps during a long life. Its principles have changed, its leaders are unwise or unprincipled, its policy unfair and unjust, and they are sick of it. But they do not break away from it. Their character for consistency seems to be at stake. If they have any political aspirations, they are identified with the party with which they have always acted. So, with caviling judgments, or against conscien-

tious convictions, they stand by their party and are unhappy. Now, there is no good reason why these men should not declare their independence, and take what comes of it. Nay, there is every reason why no man should remain a slave to any body of men, or to himself. Of all demoralizing influences, we know of none more powerful than conscious assent to wrong action and wrong opinion. It is a bad thing for any member of a sect in religion, or any party in politics, to stand a subscriber to that in which he has no faith. To protest is not only a right but a duty. It takes something of the heroic element to do this. It is so much easier to assent than to protest, so much pleasanter to accord than to fight, indeed, it is so much more reputable to go with the multitude than to separate from it, that the majority prefer to stifle their convictions and yield their wills.

To go back to the Reverend Moses Smith for a moment, we should judge that, in religion particularly, one of the most damaging sins of the day lies in continued assent to dogmas that are really dead in the best Christian belief. We believe that there is nothing more common among educated Christian men than the conviction that the old opinions touching the inspiration of the Scriptures are unsound and indefensible; and it is fearful to witness the apathy with which this conviction is held in the presence of the conservative bigots who "learn nothing and forget nothing." While men write or speak about what ought to be done, and find responses in thousands of hearts and judgments, the majority look calmly on; but a man has only to write his own creed and stand by it to have his head chopped off, and the simple reason why the questioners do not enter their protest and undertake a crusade for its establishment is that they are afraid their heads will all be chopped off. Otherwise, does anybody suppose they would be fools enough to delay their enterprise for a day? There certainly never was a time when a reformer with brains and convictions and enthusiasm can do a better business than he can do at present in the Protestant church,—a church in which the original spirit of Protestantism seems to be hopelessly lost,—a church in which a free expression of opinion is tolerated as little as it ever was in the Catholic church, and in which the conservative forces have it all their own way. The Reverend Moses Smith is not by any means the only man who does not agree with the present statement of its dogmas and does not dare to rewrite them for himself and his fellow-men.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Word to American Collectors.

VENICE, June 19th, 1879.

THE EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY:

SIR:—I am informed that the copy of Piranesi's works in possession of Dr. J. G. Van Marter, the well-known American dentist of Florence, is offered

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for sale. In relinquishing this invaluable collection, Dr. Van Marter is anxious that it should go to the United States, and all who are interested in the progress of art in America will share his wish. To connoisseurs, the engravings of Piranesi are so well known that they require no praise here; it is only necessary to state that the present collection has

additions making it, I believe, altogether the fullest extant, including many works of Piranesi's son, and of Thomas Piroli, and that it is the identical set of volumes known as the Pope Gregory XVI. copy;—willed by the pope to Moroni, author of the "Ecclesiastical Dictionary," and some time ago purchased directly from Moroni by Doctor Van Marter. The work is fully described by Moroni in his "Dictionary." I hope that some of our New York institutions may obtain it, not only on account of the important classic monuments depicted in it, but on account also of the excellence of the drawing and the richness and beauty of the engraving and printing.

The American who is traveling in Europe and delighting at every turn in some picture, or statue, or building of imperishable beauty, entertains the bitter reflection that in his own country there is not one single great and important work of antique art! (By antique I mean all from the Greek period to the sixteenth century.) A few precious specimens there are, to be sure, of the work of great men, but they are comparatively insignificant examples. And this is not because of the lack of opportunity to obtain historical works of art,—for they not infrequently change hands and countries in Europe,—but because the money expended by our collectors has gone principally for costly modern paintings of

transient reputation. One powerful example of a great man's work would do more for art in America than a gallery full of second or third-rate canvases by men of the same grade. It is by such means that art has been inspired and advanced in all countries; nor will the expensive facilities of the steamship, and the cheaper ones of the photograph and the graver, make up to America for the abiding presence of the great work of the great masters.

American collectors should know that at this very moment some of the old families in Italy are parting with certain of their art treasures, and in some instances the most important of these. I heard in Rome that one of the most famous of Raphael's heads—engravings and photographs of which have made it familiar as household words—was about to be sold. And by the by, why does not some New York collector or public institution obtain the prize of Raphael's "Apollo and Marsyas" (belonging to Mr. Morris Moore, of Rome), one of the most exquisite and perfect examples of the art of the Renaissance,—a painting small in size, but fit to become, if this may be said of any one picture, the nucleus and the inspiration of an academy of art. G.

[It will interest many readers to learn that an account and engravings of this celebrated picture will soon appear in this magazine. Ed. S. M.]

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Domestic Nursing.

BY A TRAINED NURSE.

"SOME women possess naturally the light foot, deft hand, watchful eye and quick apprehension that are essential to the good nurse. Yet there are comparatively few who know by intuition exactly what it is best to do and to leave undone in a sick-room. In cases of severe or prolonged illness it is generally possible, at least in large cities, to procure the services of a trained nurse. But frequently from straitened means, or other causes, this is out of the question, and then the care of the sufferer devolves upon some one of the household, who may or may not be equal to the emergency. It is a responsibility bringing with it a terrible feeling of helplessness when a woman realizes that a life, for which perhaps she would gladly give her own, depends in part upon her for its preservation, and may be lost through her ignorance or inefficiency. Under such circumstances, any reliable advice must be welcome, and it is with the hope of being of use that these practical hints, the result of some experience in hospital nursing, are offered to those in need of them.

If there is a possibility of choice, a large, sunny room should be selected for the invalid; if without a carpet so much the better. The importance of sunshine can scarcely be overestimated. Cases have

been known of wounds, that had obstinately refused to heal, yielding to treatment after being exposed for a few hours every day to the direct action of the sun. It is a capital disinfectant, worth bushels of chloride of lime, and never should be excluded unless by the express orders of the physician.

The room should be kept thoroughly ventilated, and at a temperature not lower than 68° or higher than 70°. Florence Nightingale says the first canon of nursing is to keep the air a patient breathes as pure as the external air, without chilling him. In most modern houses the upper sash of the windows lets down, and may be kept open a few inches. If there is the slightest draught it may be prevented at a small expense by having a light wooden frame, similar to those on which mosquito-netting is fastened, about eight inches in width, made to fit the upper part of the window. A single thickness of flannel must be tacked on each side of it.

If the patient is kept warm, air may be freely admitted without the least danger. Far more persons are killed by the want, than by an excess, of fresh air.

All merely ornamental drapery should be removed from the windows, as it only serves to exclude the air and to harbor dust. Useless articles of furniture should be taken from the room, and those allowed to remain arranged to occupy as small a space as possible.

The twilight shuts like a prison door ;
 Louder and shriller the breakers roar ;
 And the wind's wild rout blows the watch-fire out,
 Built up on the rocky shore.

All night long the gale had sway ;
 Men shuddered and dreaded the dawning day ;
 Till the morning came with an angry flame
 Where the sky and the waters lay.

But where was the unknown ship that passed
 With her sails blown out on the streaming blast ?
 With her silent crew and her weird lights blue
 At the peak of her straining mast !

She loomed through the tempest ; she vanished away
 In peril and storm ere the break of day :
 Thus the story is told ! for never hath rolled
 Cargo nor coffer from cabin or hold,
 Corpse of sailor nor glittering gold,
 To the beach of that rock-bound bay.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Popular Wisdom.

A DISCUSSION has recently been brought to a close in "The Nineteenth Century," under the title, "A Modern Symposium," on the question: "Is the popular judgment in politics more just than that of the higher orders?" The leading participants in this discussion were Messrs. Gladstone, Grey, Hutton, Lowe, and Lord Arthur Russell. The most that seems to be proved is that much may be said on both sides, though the preponderance of opinion seems to be on the affirmative side of the question. Much is made in the discussion of the parliamentary history of the last seventy years, in its exhibition of the popular judgment upon political matters. After all, Mr. Lowe puts the matter in a nutshell when he says: "Take two persons, one from the lower and one from the higher classes, and propose to them any political question,—which will be likely to give you a right answer, the man who has had some kind of education, or the man who has not passed beyond a very moderate acquaintance with reading and writing, probably somewhat the worse for wear?" The massing or multiplication of ignorance can hardly amount to wisdom. The best men will do the best thinking and the best work.

We have in this country, as they have in England, the curse of trades unions, and it seems to us that the management of these in America has pretty conclusively proved that what would be called in England the "lower orders," have the very poorest judgment. Certainly, no educated, intelligent man, or body of men, would pursue the course of these

men in the management of their interests. Nothing more utterly suicidal can be imagined than the policy which inaugurates and perpetuates strikes, and organizes for labor a struggle with capital as its enemy. In the long depression of industrial interests from which this country has suffered, we have seen capital keeping labor employed, sometimes at a loss, never at a profit, and always for the benefit of labor, while labor has quarreled with its bread and butter. Even under these extreme circumstances, laborers have struck for higher wages, and compelled the closing of mills and the shutting down of gates; and when business has revived, and capital has at last won its chance for a modest remuneration, the most unreasonable demands from labor have made its enterprise a torment. Nothing more unfair than the demands of labor, and nothing more unwise than its action, can be imagined. Everybody but the laborers themselves have seen that they have done themselves harm and not good, and that the result of their policy has been bad upon every interest involved. Certainly we are not to regard the outcome of trades unions in this country as an evidence of the superiority of the judgment of the common people in politics. Men who manage their own affairs so badly can hardly be regarded as fit men to guide the state. Men who are incapable of seeing that other interests beside their own must thrive, or the latter can have no basis of thrift, could not be trusted with legislation.

We doubt whether there was ever a time in the history of the country when Congress was more a representative of the popular will than at present, and we have good reason to believe that the nation

has never seen the time when every good interest was in such dread of Congress as it is at present. If Congress could not meet again for the next five years, there is hardly an interest or a class in the community that would not feel profoundly relieved. The members of both houses have, in so many instances, come from their constituencies so possessed by and charged with crude theories of government and finance, based in popular ignorance and caprice, that the country at large has no faith in them. The popular estimate of the silver question and the soft money question, in many localities that make themselves felt in Congress, is absolutely dangerous to every political, commercial and industrial interest. There are multitudes to-day who honestly believe that the resumption of specie payments is a great public calamity—that an honest dollar is a curse to a poor man—that the poor man is harmed by the fact that a dollar in paper is as good as a dollar in gold. Still the heresy lingers in the popular mind in many localities that money can, by some process, be made cheap, so that by some hocus-pocus the poor man can get hold of it without paying its equivalent for it. They do not reason upon the subject at all. They seem incapable of understanding that no value can be acquired without paying for it, and that a good dollar will buy just as much more of the commodities of life as it is dearer than "a cheap dollar." They have but to look back a few years to the time of cheap money: their labor, it is true, commanded nominally a large price, but their rent was twice what it is now, and food and clothing were proportionally dearer than they are now; but this seems to teach them nothing. They seem incapable of comprehending the fact that by an unchangeable law money will command only what it is worth, and will certainly command from them what it is worth. They have an idea that there should be more money when it is the testimony of all who know that the volume of money is quite large enough for all purposes, only it cannot be had without rendering an equivalent for it. It has to be worked for and earned, but when it is acquired it is good money, without any discount,—competent to enter the markets of the world on even terms.

The popular estimate and treatment of the silver question are as wild as the popular estimate and treatment of the soft money question. The effect that silver was to have upon the laboring man's interests was to be little less than miraculous. It was to increase his debt-paying power. No wise financier could see how this was to be done. Nobody wanted the silver to handle, and nobody wants it now, when he can get gold or paper, but there were sections of the people represented in Congress, who believed there was in silver a panacea for their financial ills; but they have learned that a silver dollar costs as much as any other dollar, and that its coinage does nothing toward putting it into their pockets. So the dollars which everybody dislikes accumulate in the treasury, and go on accumulating, for the business world has no use for them.

Nearly all these financial schemes have had their

birth in ignorant brains, have been adopted by ignorant people, and pushed in Congress by demagogues fresh from the people, and sworn to the service of those who sent them. These men, representing these people, are the bane and terror of the country, in all its great interests and enterprises. So true is this that the one danger that stands as a menace of all national prosperity and safety is Congress. We dread Congress as we do pestilence. It is a stench and an abomination. It was well that the writers of "A Modern Symposium" did not appeal to the present conduct of American affairs for evidence of the superiority of the political wisdom of the common people. They certainly would have appealed in vain. Everything in our history shows us that brains, well cultivated, are needed for government. In great crises, when the moral element is involved, when right and wrong are to be decided upon, and the patriotic sentiment and impulse are to be appealed to, the people can be trusted, but of the science of government, of true political wisdom, and of the knowledge of political economy, they are as innocent as children, and cannot be trusted to take care of themselves.

Good Talking.

THERE is an impression among people who talk and write that the art of conversation has died, or is dying out; that there are not as many remarkable talkers in the world as there were, and that the present generation will leave no such records of brilliant conversation as some of its predecessors have done. We suspect that the impression is a sound one, and that for some reason, not apparent on the surface, less attention has been bestowed upon the art of talking than formerly. It may be that the remarkable development of the press which has given opportunity for expression to everybody, with a great audience to tempt the writer, has drawn attention from an art demanding fine skill, with only the reward of an audience always limited in numbers, and an influence quite incommensurate with the amount of vitality expended.

Still, there are doubtless many who would like to be good talkers. Social importance and consideration are perhaps more easily won by the power of good talking than by any other means, wealth and the ability to keep a hospitable house not excepted. A really good talker is always at a social premium, so that a knowledge of the requisites of good talking will be of interest to a great many bright people. For it must be confessed that men's ideas of the art are very crude and confused. When we talk of "the art of conversation" people really do not know what we mean. They do not know what the art is, or how it may be cultivated; or, indeed, that it is anything more than a natural knack.

The first requisite of a good talker is genuine social sympathy. A man may not say, out of some selfish motive, or some motive of personal policy, "Go to! I will become a good talker." He must enjoy society, and have a genuine desire to serve and please. We have all seen the talker who talks for his own purposes, or talks to please himself.

He is the well-known character—the talking bore. The talker who gets himself up for show, who plans his conversations for an evening, and crams for them, becomes intolerable. He lectures: he does not converse; for there is no power of a talker so delightful as that of exciting others to talk, and listening to what his own inspiring and suggestive utterances have called forth. Genuine social sympathy and a hearty desire to please others are necessary to produce such a talker as this, and no other is tolerable. Social sympathy is a natural gift, and there is a combination of other gifts which constitute what may be called *esprit*, that are very essential to a good talker. This combination includes individuality, tact and wit—the talents, aptitudes, and peculiar characteristic charm which enable a man to use the materials of conversation in an engaging way, entirely his own; for every good talker has his own way of saying good things, as well as of managing conversation based on his *esprit*.

Yet it is true that there are no good talkers who depend upon their natural gifts and such material as they get in the usual interchanges of society. For the materials of conversation we must draw upon knowledge. No man can be a thoroughly good talker who does not know a great deal. Social sympathy and “the gift of gab” go but a short way toward producing good conversation, though we hear a great deal of this kind of talk among the young. Sound and exact knowledge is the very basis of good conversation. To know a great many things well is to have in hand the best and most reliable materials of good conversation. There is nothing like abundance and exactness of knowledge with which to furnish a talker. Next to this, perhaps, is familiarity with polite literature. The faculty of quoting from the best authors is a very desirable one. Facts are valuable, and thoughts perhaps are quite as valuable, especially as they are more stimulating to the conversation of a group. The talker who deals alone in facts is quite likely to have the talk all to himself, while the man who is familiar with thoughts and ideas, as he has found them embodied in literature, becomes a stimulator of thought and conversation in those around him. Familiarity with knowledge and with the products of literary art cannot be too much insisted on as the furniture of good conversation.

Beyond this, the good talker must be familiar with the current thought and events of his time. There should be no movement in politics, religion and society that the good talker is not familiar with. Indeed, the man who undertakes to talk at all must know what is uppermost in men's minds, and be able to add to the general fund of thought and knowledge, and respond to the popular inquiry and the popular disposition for discussion. The man who undertakes to be a good talker should never be caught napping, concerning any current topic of immediate public interest.

How to carry and convey superiority of knowledge and culture without appearing to be pedantic, how to talk out of abundant stores of information and familiarity with opinion without seeming to

preach, as Coleridge was accused of doing, belongs, with the ability to talk well, to “the art of conversation.” It has seemed to us that if young people could only see how shallow and silly very much of their talk is, and must necessarily be, so long as they lack the materials of conversation, they would take more pains with their study, would devote themselves more to the best books, and that, at least, they would acquire and maintain more familiarity with important current events. To know something is the best cure for neighborhood gossip, for talk about dress, and for ten thousand frivolities and sillinesses of society. Besides, a good talker needs an audience to understand and respond to him, and where is he to find one if there is not abundant culture around him?

A Reply from Mr. Kiddle.

WE have received the following letter from Mr. Henry Kiddle:

TO THE EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY:

Will you permit me the privilege of a reply to the paper on my book which you published in the July number of the Monthly?

This book has received a peculiar treatment at the hands of critics,—very naturally, of course, and certainly not unexpected by me. The history of literature shows that of all writers literary critics are the most shallow, the most pretentious and dogmatic, and the most unreliable in their judgment and utterances. Of my book you say, “It has come, and has gone”; but this statement only shows how little you really know of the success of the book thus far, and how unable you are to judge of its future. The class for whom you write may, indeed, reject it upon your arbitrary dictum; but tens of thousands who never read a page of SCRIBNER will peruse this book with satisfaction, and “pass it around” to be read by others. Were you to read the letters which I have received from those who have read the book faithfully and humbly, you would perceive your mistake in the form of the participle used, and say not “gone” but “going.”

Now, my dear sir, will you seriously assert that you have fairly reviewed this book? Ignoring every claim set up, and sought to be established in this certainly remarkable volume, you have undertaken to judge it exclusively from a literary stand-point; and even from this stand-point you have misjudged it—denounced it not only wrongfully and unjustly, but in terms which should never have fallen from your pen—in language which I can show is far more deficient in rhetorical and grammatical propriety than any which you can point out in my book. You say: “There is not one sentence in it, from beginning to end, to indicate a heavenly origin, but everything to show that it is the offspring of a very commonplace and immature mind;” that its literary quality is “simply and irredeemably wretched;” that all the communicating intelligences “write exactly alike;” that all “utter the same ‘hifalutin’ pious slang;” that it is “simply impossible bosh;” that the communicating intelligence must be an “unconscionable liar;” etc., etc. Are these the choice phrases and epithets,—is this the pure English that “passes muster” in a magazine office?

To disprove your sweeping assertions, I should have to quote a large part of the book; but I will cite a few passages that seem to me to “indicate a heavenly origin”:

1. [From Bryant.] “In my own home on earth, I was respected for talents and mental capacities; while *here* I exhibit characteristics that outshine human faculties, and all the actions of my life stand forth in my external appearance, as never to be conceived of by mortal power. Take heed, friends, that in this judgment each day, each hour, each moment, bear testimony to the righteous working of your souls for God's glory.”

Now, I ask, does not that express a most important, nay, an awful truth, with an appropriate injunction? And could it have been said in much better or stronger language?

2. [From J. Edmonds.] "Think of a life of sin to be gazed at by a multitude of angels, good and bad. Will you be satisfied to say Amen! to that? Alas! methinks, you will strive to hide yourselves under your *lies*, if you can find a spot to escape to. But in this you will never succeed, *for the eyes of the blind see there*, and the picture, as it were, which you present, is one of pleasure or disgust."

In other words, in spirit life, you appear to yourself and to others *just as you are*.

3. [From Dr. Muhlenberg.] "Earnestly I entreat you as the sons of God to do good deeds, to clear your heart from malice and hate; to practice the teachings and sacred precepts of your Bible, and to love God *as we spirits* delight in doing; and oh! oh! the light of earth will flee away to enchanting visions of rapturous bliss."

Certainly this *appears* to have a heavenly origin.

I refer you also to the communications from Edgar Poe, Bishop Janes, and several of those from Judge Edmonds, for specimens of heavenly thoughts in good English. If all this is "simply impossible bosh," according to your taste and conception, I can only say I am sorry for such a taste. To my mind it presents considerable divinity, both in thought and style; and many of the statements made are such as could have emanated only from those having experience in the world beyond our own.

Now as to the literary objections. These are of course hard to meet, since there is no fixed standard of literary or poetical excellence. You say, "Byron simply could not have written these lines, and every literary man in the world knows it." What lines do you refer to? To the following, descriptive of the spirits in darkness?

"Oh! my friends in God's love, whose hapless fate
It is now to feel, when, alas! too late,
The sorrows that come from a sinful career,
Not mine to exult; but in anguish and fear
To gaze into that dark abyss of woe, where
They are suffering the horrors of black despair;
While sighing and mourning, and lingering awhile
Round the sacred ashes of a funeral pile.
Oh! dark is the vision for them and for me,
For, alas! too plainly my spirit can see
That no ray of light is around them thrown,
All hope in the mercy of God having flown."

Now, I ask which is the more poetical, correct in rhythm and expression, and the more beautiful in imagery,—the above, or the following, from Byron's poem, "The Island," descriptive of the shipwrecked mariners?

"But 'tis not mine to tell their tale of grief,
Their constant peril, and their scant relief;
Their days of danger, and their nights of pain;
Their manly courage even when deem'd in vain;
The sapping famine, rendering scarce a son
Known to his mother in the skeleton;
The ills that lessen'd still their little store,
And starved even Hunger till he wrung no more."

In this brief article, I cannot discuss the points you raise in regard to Shakspeare. Your dictum at the close of the article shows so clearly your utter ignorance (excusable, of course) of the whole subject of which this book treats, that it only provokes a smile, and I let it pass.

Now, Mr. Editor, you speak very kindly of me as a man and an official. You accredit me with far more ability than I claim. We have been so circumstanced as to know each other very well. Now, it does of course appear to you astonishing that such a "hard-headed, keen-minded possessor of common sense," as you say the editor of this book is, should have presented this narrative to the public. Your present solution is that he has suddenly lost all the good and strong mental qualities you attribute to him; but let me ask you to reconsider this solution, and see if you cannot devise another. Suppose all these messages are really authentic; and suppose also that

you had had the *actual experience* in receiving them, and were convinced of their authenticity, and their importance to the world in its present state of materialism, infidelity, selfishness, vice and crime; would you have been willing to face the scoffing and derision of the world in performing your duty to make them known to mankind? Well, this is what I have done; and I have never wavered in my faith that the future results will fully justify me in the sacrifice which I have made.

Very truly your friend,

HENRY KIDDLE.

[1. We admit the above reply for the same reason that we originally noticed Mr. Kiddle's book—from personal regard for the author, and not on account of any special importance in the book itself.

2. When a man cites such extracts as the above, to prove the heavenly origin of "Spiritual Communications," there is, of course, nothing to be done with him. We can only fold our hands helplessly, and exclaim: "Is it possible that an educated man, in his senses, can put forward this twaddle and doggerel, and earnestly argue his justification from it?" Think of the dear, modest, old Bryant, talking about himself in the way the extract represents! And think of Dr. Muhlenberg exclaiming: "And oh! oh! the light of earth will flee away to enchanting visions of rapturous bliss!" Things like these amount to inexcusable slanders upon the dead.

3. Mr. Kiddle calls attention to his heroism in promulgating his book. We could have more respect for this if we did not so profoundly pity the weakness and credulity which first accepted the "communications" as genuine, and the blindness which has thus far failed to discover in these crude and insignificant utterances the poor, thin rhapsodies of his mistaken children.

4. We understand the character of Mr. Kiddle's audience and do not doubt that it will be large among those already prepared to accept him and his book. The people who, the other day, in a Western town, held a wedding party for the marriage of a daughter in the spirit world, who died three weeks old, to a son of President Pierce, have, doubtless, a copy of Mr. Kiddle's book in the house. They are, we presume, just as firm in the belief of this marriage, in a country where "they neither marry nor are given in marriage," as Mr. Kiddle is in the authenticity and importance of the celestial nonsense contained in his book, and can offer just as good reasons for it.

5. We have watched the effect of the delusion which has taken possession of Mr. Kiddle upon a great number of people. When it has seized upon a gross man it has usually purified him at the beginning, by a very natural process; but there is no growth in it, and it has usually ended in a process of degeneration. Men cannot live upon the east wind. We dismiss Mr. Kiddle sadly and hopelessly to his new companionships and new influences.]