

what they want, not what you think they want; to give it to them better made and of better material, and to make your profit out of the difference between machine and hand work. You maintain the trade by always keeping your goods up to standard and never trying any experiments."

And look for a moment at what that profit must be. The English goods sold in Colombia pay the retailer in the interior, the *cargeros* who carry them, the heavy freight charges of the river steamboats, the rent of houses in Maganguè in fair time,—half the people in Maganguè live off the fairs,—the importer on the coast, the steamship companies, the manufacturer who makes them, and the banks that help the manufacturer to extend credits. Eight profits, besides the cost of handling and insurance, must be paid by the peon women who buy those hideous purple prints, or the peon men who, arrayed in cotton shirts worn outside the trousers, dance the *coombiamba* to the music of the tom-tom and the rattling gourd.

We cannot get this South American commerce away from the English and Germans unless we can offer equal or greater inducements and facilities, which cannot be created in a day or a year. In the mean time we may push the commerce, but the pushing must be done in South America, not in Washington. The Pan-American Congress will do good work and its value will be seen, but this will not take the form of a sudden rush of the golden tide into the coffers of our merchants and manufacturers. They can have the tide if they like, but they must get it for themselves.

Alfred Balch.

Christopher North.

IN THE CENTURY for February, page 625, in the article "Emerson's Talks with a College Boy," is to be found the following:

Of the author of "Noctes Ambrosianæ" he [Emerson] said: "I liked him; not as Professor Wilson, but as Christopher North. He was a man singularly loved. Hare, author of 'Guesses at Truth,' wrote his life, but it was incomplete. Then Carlyle attempted it, but he wrote too much with the air of a patron, too much condescension, as a teacher might say, 'Fine boy!'—too much pat-him-on-the-head in it. I wrote Carlyle I would rather agree with Wilson than himself."

There is something very misleading in this. No life of Professor John Wilson is to be found in the collected edition of Archdeacon Hare's works, and a long and tolerably intimate acquaintance with Carlyle's writings warrants me in saying that Carlyle never wrote a life of John Wilson.

In no part of Carlyle's works is John Wilson even referred to, save once, in the "Life of John Sterling," Vol. XX., p. 186, library edition, and then only in a very brief way, showing the high approval by Professor Wilson, "the distinguished presiding spirit of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' of Sterling's literary work." Still further, the index volume of Carlyle's works, one of the most conscientious pieces of index work in our literature, corroborates what I have said.

The effect of the misstatement is aggravated by making Emerson say that he wrote to Carlyle, "I would rather agree with Wilson than himself." In the "Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson" I have not been able to find a single expression of opinion about Wil-

son. In Vol. II., p. 210, is the following from Emerson's letter in regard to Carlyle's "Life of John Sterling," sent to Emerson by Carlyle: "Yet I see well that I should have held to his [Sterling's] opinion in all those conferences where you [Carlyle] have so quietly assumed the palms." But this has no more to do with John Wilson than with Mahomet.

In conclusion, it seems to me in the highest degree improbable that Emerson could have made the statement attributed to him.

David B. Scott.

COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

An Anecdote of Admiral Farragut.

AT the time of the evacuation of Richmond I was at Point of Rocks on the Appomattox. Having visited Richmond, I was returning North on the boat from Fort Monroe to Baltimore when I was so fortunate as not only to be introduced to the Admiral, but also to spend a good part of the evening in listening to his shrewd but simple and unpretending conversation.

Referring to the cannon which lined the river's banks from Richmond down to Fort Darling, I said to him that I did not wonder that he did not care to try to reach Richmond by water. He replied that he did not care for the cannon, it was the torpedoes that he was afraid of. And then, in explanation of his contempt for the guns, he said that he had learned, in estimating danger, to rely much upon human imperfection, and that an experience which he had in youth taught him to do so.

That experience he went on to describe by saying that during the war with Mexico, the navy having nothing to do and getting rusty through inaction, he applied to the authorities at Washington to be allowed to take a ship or two and drop a few shells into Vera Cruz.

He was met with objections, and was told, among other things, that he would be blown out of the water by the guns of San Juan de Ulloa. "But," said he, "I told them I was not afraid of guns; and as a reason for not being afraid I gave them an account of my youthful experience. I was a midshipman on board the *Essex Junior*, under the command of Commodore Downes, a brave but somewhat reckless officer. It was during the war with Great Britain, and no vessel was allowed to enter New York harbor in the night without giving certain signals. Downes knew that there was such an order, but in haste to enter the harbor, and yet not having the signal, ventured in in the evening rather than wait till morning. When we came within range of the guns upon the shore, they opened upon us so warmly that we were obliged to lie to and send a boat ashore to explain matters. Some accident happened to the boat, delaying it so that we were under fire for half an hour within easy range, and yet were not hit. The incident made such an impression upon me that I made up my mind that there was no need of being afraid of cannon.

"At this point in my narrative," said Farragut, "De R——, who was present, exclaimed, 'The devil! Were you in that vessel? Why, I was in command at New York at that time!'

"'Ah!' said I, 'that probably accounts for our not having been hit.'"

The evening passed away in such pleasant chat, in

which the hero talked with those whom he had never met or heard of before as familiarly as with old acquaintances.

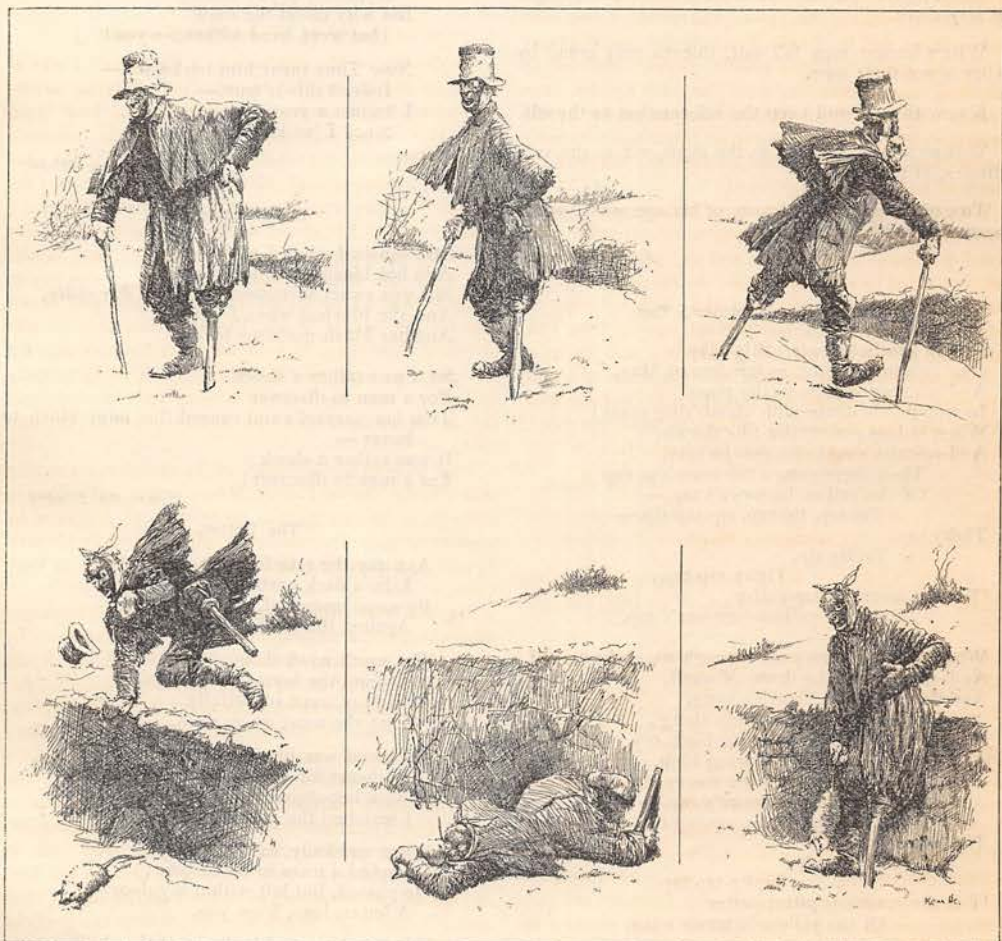
Among other subjects he referred to the position of England, towards which nation the feeling of the North

was very bitter, and said that the navy would like nothing better than a war with England.

Being asked whom they would wish for a leader—"Oh!" said he, "they would follow me as soon as any one."

A. E. P. Perkins, D.D.

BRIC-À-BRAC.



THE 'FOSSUM HUNT.

Observations.

IF the world were a whispering-gallery, it is hard to say whether one would experience the more concern about the things he spoke or the things he heard.

THE man of tact and courtesy will not talk above the head of his less gifted friend. It is easier for the one to come down than for the other to climb.

THE sluggish man wastes his time, while the man who keeps in too great a hurry tries to dispense with it altogether.

THE oracle that speaks in riddles is of no use to a man whose house is on fire.

THE robes of humility often deceive; and the shoemaker's downcast look may indicate simply a wish to find out how long the wayfarer can go without ordering a new pair of shoes.

CONSCIENCE flourishes best on continuous hard service, and should not be allowed to take a holiday for a single afternoon.

SINCE a man's thoughts must be his lifelong companions, he should strive to keep them bright and agreeable.

IT is better to represent the big end of a short pedigree than the fine point of a long one.