

the kettle boiled the least bit too much, it would become dry in quality, while if it boiled too little, it would become "soggy." He tested it constantly, plucking threads of it from his stirring stick, and trailing them round in cups of cold water. While the threads yielded waxy to the touch, the sugar was not yet done, but as soon as one broke crisp between his fingers, the moment had come to take the kettle off the fire. As the sugar began to cool, it crystallized round the sides, and gradually the whole mass, under a vigorous stirring, became granular.

In that way sugar was made years ago, and when the sap flowed profusely the operations were continued through the night, and the fires cast strange shadows in the woods. But instead of a hut of logs a permanent sugar-house is now built, and furnished with many elaborate devices to prevent waste and deterioration. Formerly, when the maples were tapped with an auger, an "elder quill" was inserted in the incision to conduct the sap into the trough below; that is, a small piece of elder wood about three inches long with the pith bored out of it, which formed a tube; but in most or-

chards to-day a galvanized iron spout is used, which has the advantage of not souring the sap nor choking many pores. Everything is "improved." The collections are made with the unvarying order of collections from letter-boxes, and if the grove is on a hill, and the sugar-house is in a hollow, the sap, as it is gathered, is emptied into a "flume," which quickly conducts it to a large reservoir within the building, wherein it is strained through cloth. A scoop or a ladle is as anachronistic as a javelin. From the reservoir the sap is conducted, as required, through tin pipes into a "heater," whence it passes through a series of iron tubes to be delivered, after straining, in a condition for "sugaring off."

Maple sugar as it reaches the market is of a clearer color for all these improvements; but there are some who actually say that the flavor has fallen off, and that the new patent evaporators are a snare. One change has certainly not been for the better, and that is the abandonment of the social life of the old camps, which made sugar-time in the Green Mountains enduring memories with those who are now ebbing away.

AN ENGLISH CATHEDRAL.

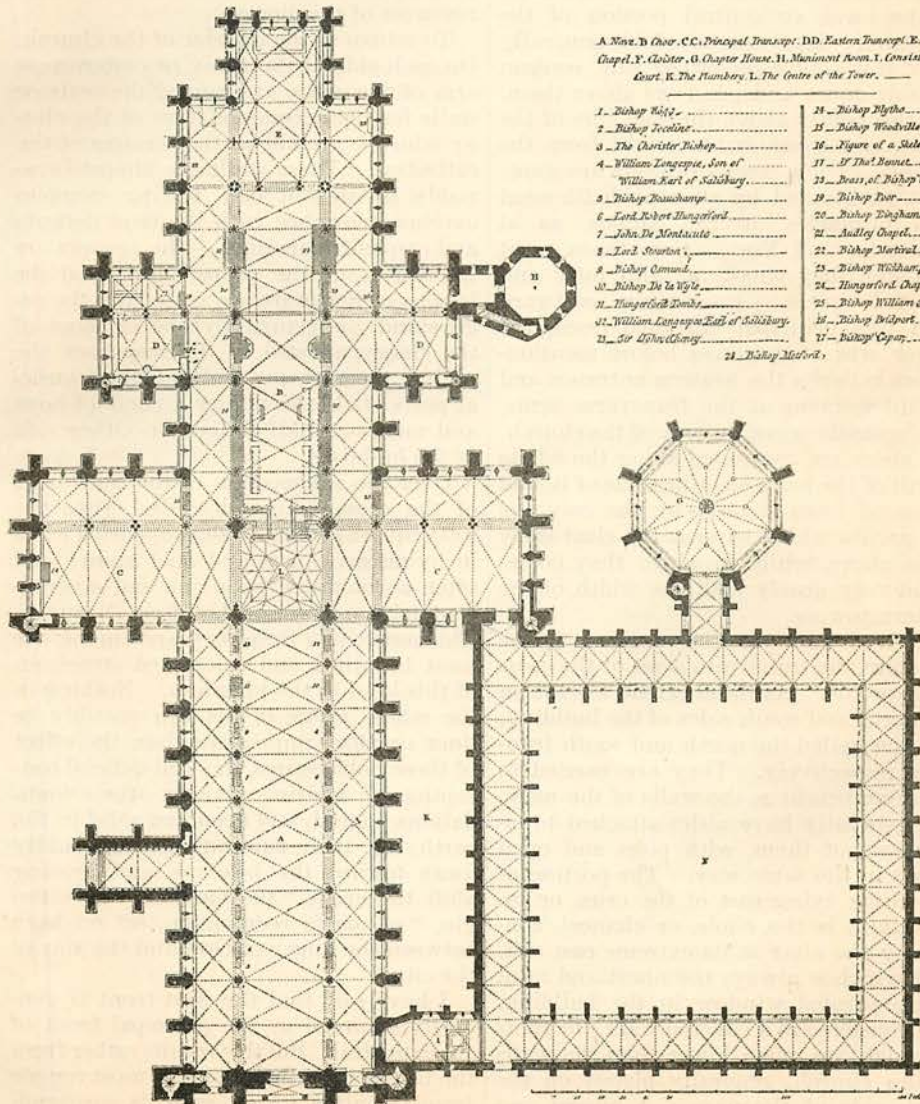
EVERY cultivated mind has doubtless its own classic ground, and its own personal associations of interest, if not of affection. However differing in the origin or the motives of their enthusiasm, assuredly there will never be any lack of pilgrims to their favorite shrines throughout all the world. Yet it has always seemed to me that the soil and the monuments of old England must of necessity be to the American visitor the subjects of a warmer interest and a closer regard than any foreign localities can possibly be to the Englishman. The English traveller in Greece or Italy may, indeed, visit the scenes of noble deeds, and wander among the remains of classic civilization; he may climb the Acropolis to recall the poetry and the arts which gave an undying lustre to the age of Pericles, or linger in the Forum as he wonders at the grandeur of the Cæsars. Yet there must always be something very *foreign* to him in it all. To the American, on the other hand, almost every step on English soil is full of memories of his own kith and

kin and blood, and all the literature and poetry of his life, from the nursery up to adult manhood, is brought vividly before him at almost every turn. He will see on many a time-worn finger-board in Oxfordshire the precise number of miles to Banbury Cross. In Nottinghamshire, on the borders of Lincoln, he may stroll under the noble oaks that still flourish as the remains of Sherwood Forest. He may angle for barbel in the silver Thames from the very banks of the little islet of Runnymede. He will find the golden wheat of Leicestershire waving thick over the slopes of Bosworth Field. He will turn to the spire of Stratford as a beacon among the green lanes of Warwick and Kenilworth. And driving through the shades of Twickenham and Sheen, he may tread the terraces of royal Windsor, and hear the curfew from Stoke Pogis church-yard pealing out over the rich woods that embosom that stately domain. Every look is full of cherished association, and every step seems to fall on hallowed yet familiar ground.

Beyond question, however, the most impressive legacies of our English forefathers are to be found in the ecclesiastical structures which are so profusely scattered throughout every part of the island. Parish churches, abbeys, priories, chapels, or cathedrals, they stand as monumental pillars in the stream of time, everywhere filling us with a sense of the mingled grandeur and beauty of conception on the part of their builders. To the last-named class of these wonderful structures—as the highest exponents of the art and skill of the Middle Ages—it is my present

purpose to devote a few pages of loving recollection. We shall find in them at least a science and a taste to which our own times, with all their boasted superiority, can lay no rightful claim. Would that architectural knowledge might bid the world another such farewell as when she left her departing footsteps at Canterbury and Westminster, at York, Salisbury, and Lincoln!

The cathedral, then, is the head church, the central edifice, of the diocese, in which the chair or seat of the bishop is always placed. From this fact its name (from



A. Nave. B. Choir. C. C. Principal Transept. DD. Eastern Transept. E. The Lady Chapel. F. Cloister. G. Chapter House. H. Manumort Room. I. Consistorial Court. K. The Hungers. L. The Centre of the Tower.

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|--|----------------------------|
| 1. Bishop Bisset | 24. Bishop Mordaunt |
| 2. Bishop Joceline | 25. Bishop Woodville |
| 3. The Christler Bishop | 26. Figure of a Scales |
| 4. William Longespée, Son of William Earl of Salisbury | 27. St. Dunstons |
| 5. Bishop Beauchamp | 28. Beasts of Bishop Wyvil |
| 6. Lord Robert Hungerford | 29. Bishop For |
| 7. John De Montacute | 30. Bishop Tyngham |
| 8. Lord Scourton | 31. Audley Chapel |
| 9. Bishop Osmund | 32. Bishop Martineal |
| 10. Bishop De la Wyle | 33. Bishop Wilhamston |
| 11. Hungersford Tomb | 34. Hungersford Chapel |
| 12. William Longespée Earl of Salisbury | 35. Bishop William of York |
| 13. St. John the Evangelist | 36. Bishop Deilport |
| | 37. Bishop Copar |

PLAN OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

the Greek *καθέδρα*, a seat) is derived. Of these, twenty-nine are still maintained as full cathedral establishments in the two provinces of Canterbury and York. With very few, and generally accidental, exceptions, these beautiful structures are all built in the form of a cross on the ground plan, the principal entrance being invariably turned to the west. Thus the western elevation is always considered the principal front of the structure. It usually comprises a wide central door, with a large and highly ornate window above it, and a central gable rising still above this, all of which features are parts of the nave, or central portion of the structure. Two towers, which generally flank this centre on either side, contain the side doors and windows above them, and rise boldly above the roof line of the centre to a considerable height from the ground. These western towers are sometimes terminated by an open battlement with pinnacles at the angles, as at Gloucester and York. Sometimes, as at Lichfield, they shoot up into lofty and graceful spires. Proceeding eastward from this principal entrance front, the longer arm of the cross before mentioned lies between the western entrance and the intersection of the transverse arms, and forms the nave, or body of the church. The aisles are continued along the whole length of the nave on either side of it, and separated from it only by the columns and arches which support the clear-story walls above, while in width they correspond very nearly with the width of the western towers.

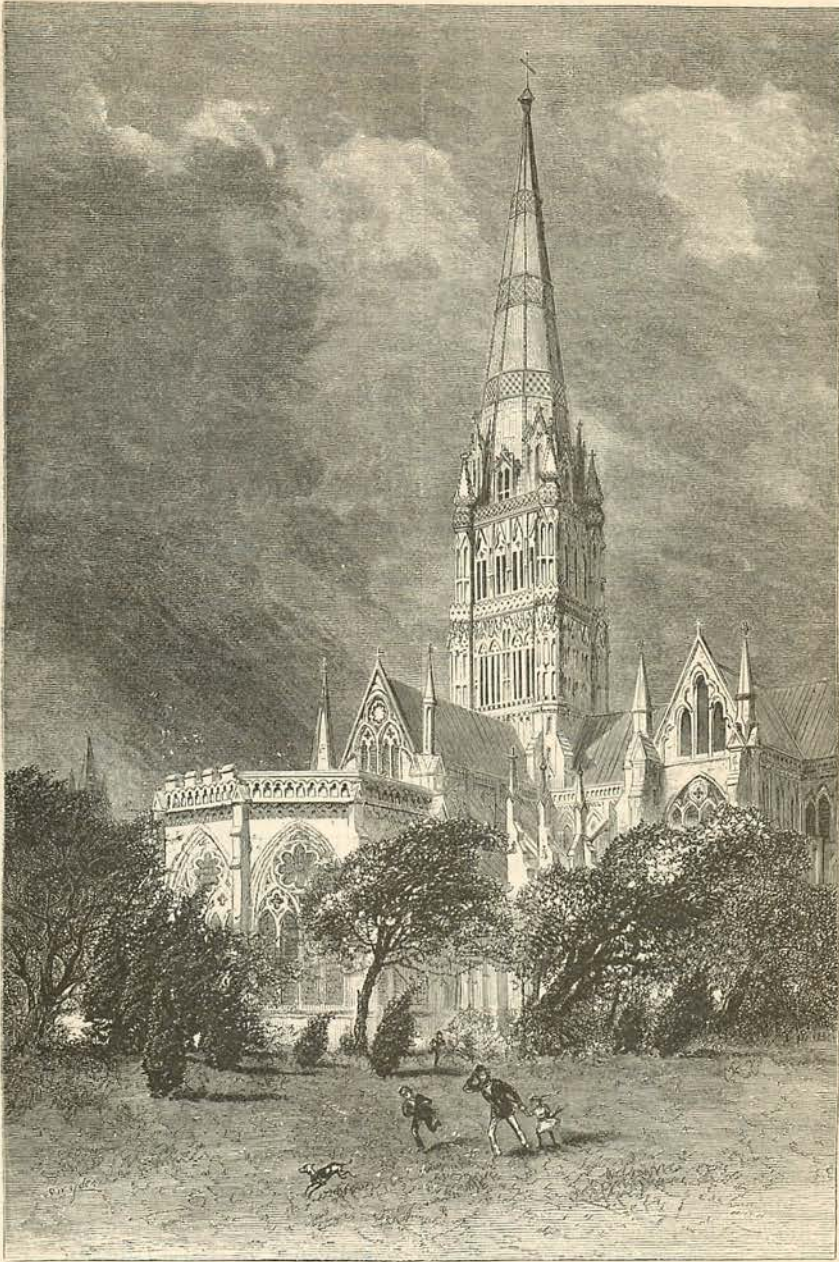
Arrived now at the centre of the structure, the transverse arms of the cross lie before us. As these extend always on the north and south sides of the building, they are called the north and south transepts respectively. They are carried to the same height as the walls of the nave, and generally have aisles attached to either side of them, with piers and open arches in the same way. The portion of the edifice lying east of the crux, or intersection, is the choir, or chancel, containing the altar at its extreme east end, over which is always the finest and most richly painted window in the building. The cloisters are a covered walk, the roofs of which are much lower than the walls of the church, generally placed on the south side of the nave. A chapel was frequently added to the eastward of the

choir, dedicated in Roman Catholic times to the Virgin Mary, and thence called the lady-chapel to this day. The chapter-house, generally a beautiful octagonal structure, with one column in the centre, appears to have been placed indifferently on either side of the exterior of the choir, but connected always with the main building by a convenient passageway. In this apartment the dean and canons, who together constitute the staff of the cathedral clergy, are accustomed to meet on affairs generally of a purely secular nature, and for the purpose of discussing and settling matters connected with the business and revenues of the diocese.

To return to the interior of the church. On each side of the choir, or easternmost arm of the cross, are ranged the seats or stalls for the accommodation of the clergy who are present at the services of the cathedral. These stalls are almost invariably of ancient oak, having canopies overhead enriched with the most delicate and exquisite carvings. The prayers are intoned from the proper desk, and the lessons of Scripture are read from the eagle-stand, or lectern, by one or more of the clergy, assisted in the responses, the psalms, the anthems, and the other musical parts of the service by a choir of boys and men, one half ranged on either side of the building.

Over the intersection of the four arms of the cross, before described, rises the lofty square central tower, supported within by massive piers and bold arches, and often surmounted by a rich and magnificent spire. Those of Lichfield, Norwich, Chichester, and Salisbury are among the most beautiful and celebrated structures of this kind in the kingdom. Nothing in the whole range of art can possibly be finer or more impressive than the effect of these noble spires, the well-defined conception of aspiring majesty—their foundations, indeed, laid deep and solid in the earth, but their summits soaring boldly away toward the heavens, and bearing aloft the cross, "the emblem," says Pugin, "of man's redemption, set on high between the anger of God and the sins of the city."

I have said that the west front is generally regarded as the principal front of the cathedral. But this results rather from the fact of its being the point most remote from the altar, which, with its surrounding sanctuary, was always placed, accord-



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL FROM THE BISHOP'S GARDEN—SOUTHEAST VIEW.

ing to the custom of those early times, if not toward the exact east, at least in an easterly direction. This choice of location arose from the custom prevalent in the Middle Ages of keeping a "vigil" on the night previous to the festival of the particular saint in honor of whom the

church was to be dedicated, and taking the point where the sun arose in the morning as the place toward which the altar of the new structure was to be turned. This is known as the principle of orientation. But as the precise point where the sun first appears is found to vary very consid-

erably during the course of the year, it follows that the position of a church which is dedicated to any saint whose festival falls at midsummer—as that of St. Peter or St. John the Baptist—will show a considerable variation from that of another whose saint's day occurs at Advent or Christmas-tide. In either case, however, the great painted window over the altar was so placed that it might catch the first rays of the morning sun, and thence diffuse its returning light over the whole interior. And this great window was always rich with all the glow of pictured legend and saintly device—the culminating point of the series of “storied windows richly dight,” which were continued round the walls of the church, and lent such a charm of warmth and color to the whole of its spacious interior.

I had already passed nearly three weeks in England without seeing a cathedral. But I had resolved that my first impressions of the full force of Gothic architecture should be taken from the great minster at Salisbury. Well did I remember an old colored print of it, with its surrounding grounds, which had come into my possession as a Christmas present in my school-boy days, and made a deep and lasting impression on my youthful imagination. It was not, however, without a lingering feeling of regret, accompanied by many a parting look behind, that I at length left Oxford by the railway train for Salisbury. It happened to be on a mild and pleasant, though occasionally showery, day in July—one of those days when the weeping skies of an English midsummer remind the traveller of all that he has read and admired of the pastoral quietude and beauty of that delightful season. As the gardens and groves, the towers, the domes, and the graceful spires, of the fine old seat of learning I had left behind me faded from the view and were lost in the blue distance, I felt most forcibly that the few days I had passed there had been far too short a period to convey any very distinct picture of their individual beauties to the mind. A momentary pang could not but steal across me as I bade them a premature farewell, despite even of the reflection that I had a still higher pleasure before me.

But the ride itself was soon sufficient to dispel any but the most pleasurable feelings. As we flew rapidly along the line of the railway, it would have been impos-

sible not to admire the delicious cultivation of the landscape, which everywhere presented a succession of the loveliest pictures to the eye. The hedge-rows of hawthorn, holly, and privet, here and there interspersed with taller trees rising from among them, and thus breaking up what would otherwise become a tame uniformity of lines; the broad, smiling fields fresh with the glittering rain-drops, and occasionally dotted by the whitest possible sheep, or tenanted by placid-looking cows, so intent upon their grazing as rarely to lift their heads for a glance at the passing train; the groups of quiet horses gravely standing in circles, and literally putting their heads together under a tree; the delicate grass-green of the new-mown hay, relieved by the golden color of the ricks which had already been gathered up; the long, low, rambling farm-houses with their tiled or thatched roofs, occasionally gathered into hamlets around the humble gray tower or the more conspicuous spire of some ancient village church—all these, together with the distant windmills, rolling their white sails lazily round in the sunshine, combined to form a picture which is enchanting indeed, beyond any power of expression, to the stranger who comes to it fresh from the newer and more prosaic life of our Western world. The language of description may at least be owned inadequate to convey anything more than a faint outline of the constant variety of loveliness, and the almost inexhaustible combinations of beauty.

But as all things in this world, and journeys in particular, have a natural end, the train drew up at last at a modest station, which the guard announced in the usual curt fashion as “Salsb'ry stop.” Without waiting to give much thought to my luggage for the moment, I rushed to the opposite door of the office, which I judged—and not incorrectly—might afford an uninterrupted view of the town. The scene which broke at once upon the eye it would not be easy to forget. There it stood, at a little distance only, before me—the grand gray old spire, as yet unharmed by the hand of time, shooting heavenward, from among rich masses of ancestral elms, to a height of more than four hundred feet, its fretted and lace-worked outline relieved against gorgeous banks of clouds in the reddening western sky. Beneath it stretched out the huge antique pile of nave, choir, and transepts, rising

high above the surrounding houses, with a broad, mellow light thrown across their walls, and their steep roofs and airy pinnacles beautifully grouped, yet each sharply defined in the clear warm light of the summer evening. So fresh, so sound, so perfect, after the lapse of six hundred years, that it seemed as if the common destroyer had been awed by their mysterious beauty, and while touching the majestic old pile here and there with those indescribable tints of silver gray and russet brown which his finger alone can produce, had forborne to displace one fragment from its buttresses, or to throw down one stone from its venerable towers.

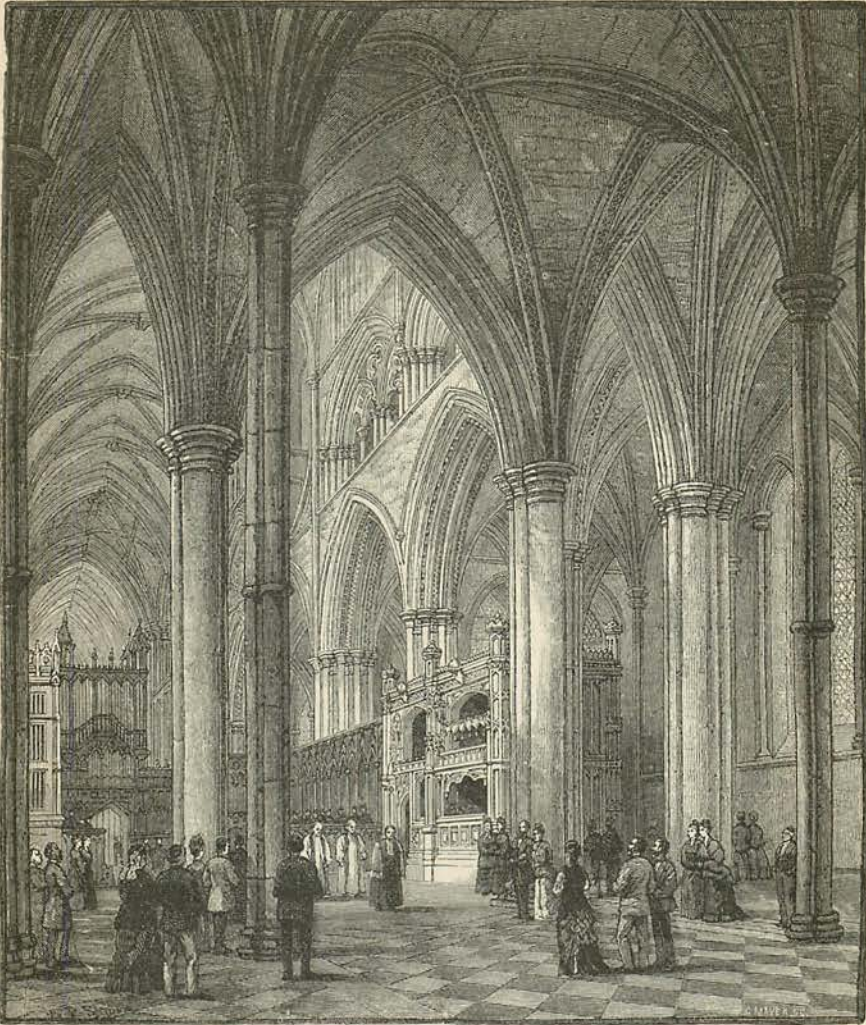
After seeing my travelling equipments duly cared for at the famous White Hart Hotel, I repaired at once to the minster. Passing under an arched gateway, at no great distance from the inn, I found myself in the *close*, or cathedral precinct, immediately surrounding the church. The houses in this spacious inclosure wear that quiet and picturesque look peculiar to such haunts of learned ease and comfortable seclusion. In the centre of the whole, surrounded by lofty trees, velvet lawns, and nicely kept gravel-walks, stood the venerable and impressive pile, in all its solemn majesty, open on the east, north, and west sides, but hidden from public view on the south by the cloisters, the bishop's palace, and the private gardens. From the open grounds which thus surround the building its appearance is indeed unequalled by anything of the kind which I have since beheld. Erected in the boldest and purest period of the early Gothic, all its various parts are grouped together in the most masterly pyramidal outline, the long succession of buttresses and pinnacles, the sharp roofs and gables and lofty turrets, all leading the eye to the central point, the great spire, with a peculiar lightness and elegance, yet grandeur of effect, that can scarcely fail to call forth an involuntary exclamation of wonder and delight. The vertical line, so expressive, in its æsthetic significance, of the hopes and aspirations of Christianity, thus becomes the controlling feature of the composition, and the mind at once recognizes the idea that religious awe and profound solemnity of impression were the first and most earnest aims of its builders. It is a temple in which man feels it almost profanation to remain upright—a temple in which

he is instinctively led to "worship and fall down and kneel before the Lord, our Maker."

The verger of the cathedral—a respectful and intelligent though somewhat corpulent official—who informed me that he had been the butler of the last bishop, and who, I suppose, had been promoted to his snug position in reward for his faithful services in that responsible capacity, received me with a grave bow at the door of the northwestern porch, and conducted me without delay over the whole interior of the building. In spite of a certain degree of coldness, arising from the destruction of the painted windows with which it was formerly adorned, the general effect is exceedingly striking, the entire uniformity of the architecture contributing not a little to its impressiveness and beauty. Without entering into any minute or technical description of its details, it is safe to say that the spectator can not fail to be charmed with the noble breadth and simplicity of the stately pile. The vaulting is plainly and boldly executed, rising to the height of about eighty feet from the pavement, and the nave arches are adorned with an effective series of deep mouldings, beneath which the slender columns look still more airy and elegant, from their division into many separate shafts of dark Purbeck marble. The roof is of the same materials as the walls of the church—a freestone, obtained from the Chilmark quarries, situated about twelve miles from Salisbury, toward the village of Hindon, and still worked to the present day. The nave is divided into ten bays or arches, with a peculiarly beautiful *triforium*, or open gallery, between them and the clear-story windows above. The windows in the nave aisles are double lancets, and in the clear-story and gables are mostly triplets, the whole forming such a variety and profusion as to give rise to the local rhyme:

"As many days as in one year there be,
So many windows in this church you see;
As many marble pillars here appear
As there are hours throughout the fleeting year;
As many gates as moons one here may view—
Strange tale to tell, yet not more strange than true."

This beautiful interior has, however, suffered in past years more than usual from ignorant and tasteless intermeddling. The very injudicious "restorations" perpetrated by the barbarous Wyatt toward



CHOIR OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

the end of the last century have much disfigured its general appearance, and what the lapse of years had failed to effect has thus been in part accomplished by his causeless and unjustifiable alterations. The altar was removed by him from its proper position to the farther end of the lady-chapel, throwing down at the same time the screen which divided the latter from the choir, and many of the beautiful old tombs and other ornaments seem to have been re-arranged by him in the most arbitrary manner, and without the least regard to ancient principles of propriety, or the commonest dictates of sense and taste. How mischievous a de-

structive this conceited creature (without in the least intending it) contrived to become, may be learned from the following extract from a recent monograph on this interesting building: "The usual alterations took place in Salisbury Cathedral at the Reformation, when much of the painted glass is said to have been removed by Bishop Jewell. Although desolate and abandoned, it escaped material profanation during the great civil war; and workmen were even employed to keep it in repair, replying, says Dr. Pope (*Life of Bishop Ward*), when questioned by whom they were sent, 'Those who employ us will pay us; trouble not yourselves to inquire; who-

ever they are, they do not desire to have their names known.' The great work of destruction was reserved for a later period, and for more competent hands. Under Bishop Barrington (1782-1791) the architect Wyatt was unhappily let loose upon Salisbury; and his untiring use of axe and hammer will stand a very fair comparison with the labors of an iconoclast emperor, or with the burning zeal of an early Mohammedan caliph. He swept away screens, chapels, and porches, desecrated and destroyed the tombs of warriors and prelates, obliterated ancient paintings, flung stained glass by cart loads into the city ditch, and levelled with the ground the campanile—of the same date as the cathedral itself—which stood on the north side of the church-yard." These operations were, at the time, pronounced "tasteful, effective, and judicious!" And thus shorn of much of its former glory, the great church remained for years a mute though eloquent witness to the height of ancient excellence and the depth of modern degeneracy.

It is, however, most gratifying to know that a better and more reverent spirit is now abroad. The revival of the true principles of pointed architecture has reached every part of old England, and rendered such proceedings as those above described quite impossible in the future. In fact, since the period of my own visit, the late Sir Gilbert Scott—the most competent and skillful of restorers—has been much employed upon the fabric of Salisbury, as upon several others of the best cathedrals. I am not aware of the precise nature or extent of the improvements projected or carried out in the present case by this truly eminent architect. But, from the restorations which he executed at Ely, and which I subsequently studied with feelings of the highest pleasure, it was easy to see how fully the style of the best ages of Gothic is now understood, leaving us little to regret in the way of mediæval execution, or even of the long-neglected principles of pointed design.

The fading twilight of the interior, and the deepening shadows of the old tombs, at length reminded my guide that it was time for us to retire. As we recrossed the foot-worn threshold, the heavy oak door closed behind us with a solemn reverberation, and the profound stillness of six centuries seemed to resume its rightful sway over the vast structure. The

verger went away, leaving me alone on the green. But with not a movement in the air, nor a living thing near, the spot had a charm for me which I was not willing to break. I felt that I was left alone there with the spirit of hoar antiquity, and face to face with the very ages of chivalry, and "the mighty faith of days unknown." I sat on a chain rail in the close till it was quite dark, watching the shadows gather in the recesses, and the last tints of light fade away on the spire, till the whole of the majestic pile assumed a sombre and gloomy indistinctness of outline, far more impressive to the mind than the sharpness and certainty of daylight. Its huge dimensions acquired a still more imposing grandeur, while its mystic quietude seemed to enshrine a haven of sweet security from the turmoil, the anxiety, and the busy fears of the outer world. And I thought, as I at length turned to leave the spot, that the mind which could not see the deepest poetry in every line of its lengthening vista would listen with cold indifference to the inspired harmonies of Beethoven, or turn with apathy from the golden pages of "Paradise Lost." For myself, I can truly say that I came away impressed

"Not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with the pleasing thought
That in this moment there was life and food
For future years."

The next morning found me early at the gate, and eager to ascend to the upper portions of the building. A bright-eyed, lively boy of thirteen presented himself as my guide, piloting me up a winding stone staircase, scooped out of one of the corner turrets, to the battlements at the top of the tower, two hundred and twelve feet from the ground. Standing here, behind and above me rose the great spire, profusely crocketed, and ornamented with sculptured bands of stone, to the fearful height of two hundred feet more. Access to the very top is practicable, but is not generally permitted to visitors; and as the view was already so extensive and beautiful, I felt no inclination to attempt any infringement of the usual rule. Beneath lay the cathedral close, its lofty elms looking, from this airy height, like bushes of foliage almost close to the ground; the cloisters, where had walked and prayed the studious monks of old, surrounding the quiet greensward of their secluded area; the episcopal palace, with its trim

gardens, neat walks, and fantastic clipped hedges; and beyond these the curious old city, looking like the toy-box towns which children delight to arrange—all spreading out like a gay map at the spectator's feet. Three miles away lay the noble domain of Wilton, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke, standing in a richly wooded park, in whose broad paths and under whose quiet shade had walked and mused "the flower of chivalry," Sir Philip Sidney, and here wrote his *Arcadia* amid its secluded and congenial scenes. Here, too, was the home of the beautiful Countess of Pembroke, to whose memory was inscribed the famous epitaph by Ben Jonson, so familiar to every lover of old English quaintness:

"Underneath this sable hearse
Lyeth y^e subject of all verse—
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death! ere thou hast slain another
Learn'd and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

Still nearer, one might recognize the little hamlet of Bemerton, where lived and ministered to a simple village congregation George Herbert, the author of "The Temple," "one of those spirits scattered along the track of the ages," says Bishop Doane, "to show us how nearly the human may, by grace, attain to the angelic nature." The sunny slopes and fertile wheat fields of the Wiltshire hills hemmed in, at a distance, the exquisite panorama through which flowed the silver Avon on its way to the sea. Though an entirely different stream, it still bears, singularly enough, the same title with that of the placid river so consecrated through all the world by its association with the birth-place, the home, and the grave of the immortal Shakspeare.

It must not be supposed that my mercenary little guide left me entirely to the uninterrupted contemplation of the scene. As we were groping up the dark and narrow staircase together, he had confided to me that he combined this congenial branch of employment with the more responsible duty of tolling the great bell in the tower twice a day for service. In this double capacity, however, he appeared not unwilling to acknowledge that he acted only as subservient to the ex-butler, whose evident shortness of wind, he fancied I must have noticed, would prove an insuperable bar to indulgence in these or any similar

exercises. But I can not say that the substitution was in all respects an agreeable one to myself, since the staid gravity of the elder functionary certainly formed no part of the character or behavior of his youthful deputy. Among other eccentricities, which in fairness, I suppose, must be put down only as the normal result of his age and sex, he had contracted an exciting though not particularly safe habit of lying horizontally across the parapet of the tower, with his body projecting considerably beyond the line of the old stonework, his feet braced merely against one of the foliated crockets of the spire, and, while in this position, tilting with his cap, at arm's-length, at the swallows that were wheeling and darting in airy circles around the dizzy pinnacles above our heads. To my frequently expressed doubts as to the entire safety of these peculiar sports, I am sorry to say that he paid little attention, beyond the assurance: "Poh, sir, I ain't a bit afraid; I does it often. I darts out my cap at 'em, and they flies into it like bats. I've caught a many this way, sir." Wearied at last with the amateur labor of humanity which I had felt it my duty to carry on, in holding him as fast as I could by the waistband of his trousers—particularly as those garments were not in any such high state of repair as gave assurance of furnishing the firmest kind of hold upon his person in case of accident—I unequivocally offered him the bribe of a sixpence to desist. To my great relief, I found that the proposal was instantly accepted; and whether the fact of the verger crossing the green below at that particular moment, and giving a professional glance upward, had anything to do with it or not, I think it no more than justice to record that, while on my side of the steeple at least, the urchin acted up to the very letter of his bargain, though in the face of constant and, on the part of the swallows, most aggravating temptation.

In the afternoon I attended for the first time at the cathedral service. The music, led by the sweet-toned organ, was sung, as usual, by a choir of twelve surpliced boys and eight men, one-half ranged on either side of the choir. The solemnity, propriety, and beauty of the music, and the decorum of its performance, were, to me at least, highly impressive. I had heard much said, it is true, of the heartlessness and formality of this musical service, and indeed I believe that to speak of it

slightingly is the usual custom among our practical and utilitarian countrymen abroad. But I must say that my own impressions were of a widely different character. As the pealing organ swelled forth, with a majestic volume that seemed full of the very spirit of devotion, the soft, high notes of the boys' voices, shaped into decision by the rapid chant of the tenor, and supported everywhere by the rich and vigorous harmony of the bass, ran through the antiphonal responses with such a plaintive earnestness and beauty of tone that it seemed to me impossible to lift a higher and holier song to the ear of Heaven. Nor could I find any

force in the objection which I have sometimes heard made to the smallness of the congregation, but rather, on the other hand, I thought that the solemnity of this high service was perhaps all the more striking from the comparative absence and indifference of the outward world. A divine presence hallowed the consecrated spot.

The anthem was over, and the congregation rose quietly to depart, while the last notes of the "Amen" faded away in the distant recesses of the building,

"Lingering and wandering on, as loath to die,
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality."

INDIAN EDUCATION AT HAMPTON AND CARLISLE.



LITTLE INDIAN BOYS AT CARLISLE.

YANKTON, DAKOTA TERRITORY, April 5, 1880.

General Armstrong :

"MY FRIEND,—I never saw you, but I have a strong attachment for you. I already wrote you two letters, as you know, but to-day I have thought of you again.

"I had two boys big enough to help me to work, but you have them now. I wanted them to learn your language, and I want you to look after them as if they were your boys.

"This is all, my friend.

"FAT MANDAN

is my name, and I shake your hand."

THERE are many, no doubt, who will smile at the title of this article, much as if it had read, "Education for Buffa-

loes and Wild Turkeys." Such, however, will be likely to read it, as others will from a more sympathetic stand-point. For it is evident that, from one stand-point or another, public interest is excited upon the Indian question now as perhaps never before.

With the opening up of the country, and the disappearance of the game before the settler's axe and locomotive whistle—to say nothing of treaty "reconstruction" and Indian wars—the conditions of the Indian himself have radically altered, and perhaps not in all respects for the worse, since the shrewd Saponi sachem declined William and Mary's classical course for his young braves, because it would not improve them in deer-stalking or scalp-lifting, but, not to be outdone in graciousness, offered

instead to bring up the Royal Commissioners' sons in his own wigwam, and "make men of them."

Fat Mandan, on the contrary, seems to think that to make men of them is just what Hampton will do for the boys he is so proud of, and he looks to them to help him to work, not to hunt. It is possible that red and white theories of education and manhood have healthily approximated in fifty or a hundred years.

To a young colonel of the Union army in the late war, as he stood on the wheelhouse of a transport, with his black regiment camping down on the deck below