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CORNELL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY EDITORS CHOSEN FROM THE SENIOR CLASS OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

VOLUME II.

OCTOBER, 1889—JUNE, 1890.

EDWIN H. WOODRUFF, - - *Editor-in-Chief.*

EDITORS FROM THE CLASS OF 1890.

JOHN W. BATTIN, WILLARD C. JACKSON,
FRANK H. CALLAN, WILLIAM S. MONROE,
HENRY W. WILKINSON.

JOHN FORD, - - *Business Manager.*

ITHACA, NEW YORK.
1890.

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CONTENTS.

PROSE.

A Kanaka Spoilsman, ... *W. S. Dole*, 39
A Lost Dream of De Quincey's, ... *W. C. Bronson*, 113
A Monetary Question, ... *John Ford*, 33
A New Marking System, ... *R. O. Moody*, 73
A Plea for Biblical Scholarship at Cornell, . *Professor J. G. Schurman*, 87
A Vagabond Volume, ... *Professor T. F. Crane*, 1
An Ancient Greek in an American City, ... *F. H. Callan*, 356
An Old-Virginia Gentleman, ... *J. W. Battin*, 108
Aristotle's Poetica and Lessing's Hamburgische Dramaturgie, ... *K. F. Rubert*, 103
As Others See Us, ... *J. D. Adams*, 220
At the North Star Mine, ... *Forbes Heermans*, 348
Bird-Life Along Fall Creek, ... *G. H. Ashley*, 305
Doctor Benassis and Doctor Stockmann, ... *F. O. Bissell*, 236
Father Curci, ... *Professor Hiram Corson*, 291
General Grant and the French, ... *Theodore Stanton*, 9
Here and There in the Library, ... *Professor E. E. Hale, Jr.*, 42 77, 119, 161, 205, 240, 283, 327, 361
How the "Princess Royal" was Won, *Professor R. H. Thurston*, 171, 211
Impressionism in Painting, ... *G. H. Emerson*, 69
Legal Tender and the Constitution, ... *Edward Cornell*, 279
Life in the United States Army, . . *Lieut. H. E. Tutherly, U. S. A.*, 127
Note on "A Monetary Question," . . . . . *Professor F. M. Burdick*, 159
One Letter a Year, ... *R. O. Meech*, 317
Owen Lovejoy, ... *J. L. Elliott*, 226
Political Education in Colleges, ... *L. J. Vance*, 95
Professor Hartt in Brazil, ... *J. C. Branner*, 186
Reading in College, ... *G. H. Fitch*, 139
Savonarola and His Biographers, ... *Professor G. L. Burr*, 47
Social Views of Henrik Ibsen, ... *E. W. Huffcut*, 59
Student Song, ... *Edwin Emerson*, 269
Survival Through Charity, ... *R. J. Kellogg*, 340
Tennis, ... *W. C. Jackson*, 309
The Catholic Church and the Labor Question, ... *J. M. Gorman*, 193
The Earliest American Novelist, ... *E. L. Phillips*, 200
The Journalist Abroad, ... *Professor Herbert Tuttle*, 251

The New Japan, ... *M. Ibaraki*, 26
The Renaissance in Architecture, ... *F. L. Robinson*, 143
The Story of a Famous Picture, ... *H. S. Gutsell*, 261
University Annexes for Women, ... *Miss A. L. Priest*, 151
Veterinary Education in Europe, ... *Professor James Law*, 333

POETRY.

A Singer, ... *H. E. Millholen*, 225
Beyond the Pale, ... *Gerald Newcomer*, 267
Burial on All Saints' Eve, ... *G. A. Ruyter*, 72
Ode on a Winter Night, ... *Edwin Emerson*, 138
The Benediction, by F. Coppée; translation, ... *G. A. Ruyter*, 182
The Marguerite, ... *Courtney Langdon*, 304
Transeunt Omnia, ... *Gerald Newcomer*, 68

BOOK REVIEWS.

Andrews' Institutes of Economics and Honest Dollar, . . . *John Ford*, 125
Austin's Standish of Standish, ... *Miss S. E. Hawley*, 248
Browning's Asolando, ... *O. F. Emerson*, 288
Caird's Critical Philosophy, ... *J. E. Creighton*, 245
Corson's Introduction to Shakespeare, ... *W. C. Bronson*, 167
Gilman's Profit Sharing, ... *C. H. Hull*, 45
Gilman's Story of Boston, ... *F. H. Callan*, 249
Jameson's Essays in Constitutional History, . *Professor F. H. Hodder*, 209
Lawton's Euripides, ... *F. M. Bronson*, 365
Murdock's Reconstruction of Europe, ... *H. E. Mills*, 82
Newton's Dr. Muhlenberg, ... *W. C. Landgon, Jr.*, 369
Watson's Swedish Revolution, ... *J. C. Hanson*, 84
Wells' Recent Economic Changes, ... *Professor R. H. Thurston*, 124
Zimmern's Hansa Towns, ... *A. A. Bird*, 86

Minor Notices, ... 250, 371

THE

CORNELL MAGAZINE.

VOL. II. OCTOBER, 1889. No. 1.

EDWIN H. WOODRUFF, *Editor-in-Chief.*

EDITORS FROM THE CLASS OF 1890:

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The Magazine is to be published monthly throughout the college year. Subscription price, $2.00 a year. Single numbers, 25 cents.

A VAGABOND VOLUME.

I.

THE following story of the vicissitudes of a little book in my possession will have at least the merit of truth, for with the exception of the names of some of the persons concerned, I have changed or concealed nothing.

In the summer of 1856, my cousin, a lad much interested in mechanical engineering, was taken to Europe by his father, and spent some time visiting the ship-yards on the Clyde and the remains of the great Paris Exposition of the year before. While wandering one day about the streets of Liverpool, he saw at a book-stall a little volume which interested him by its age and language, and which he bought for sixpence. On his return to America he gave the book to me, then a pupil in the Ithaca Academy, preparing for college.

The volume in question, five and a half inches long by three and three quarters wide, is a factitious collection of six Latin plays. A title page made for the collection runs as follows: TRAGEDIE LATINE, *Leo Philosophus*, *Philotimus*, *Thamara*, *Rubenus*, *Andria*, *Phormio*.

The separate plays are dated in the order just given: Rome, 1646; Rome, 1591; Leyden, 1611; Venice, 1616; Palermo, 1622. The first two plays were composed by Jesuits (J. B. Grattino and F. Bencius), for performance by students in colleges under the control of that order. The third play is by R. Honerd, an eminent Dutch scholar, and has for its subject the repulsive story of Tamar, the daughter of David. A Jesuit, M. Bettini, of Bologna, was the author of the fourth play, denominated *Hilarotragœdia Satyropastoralis*. The scene of this remarkable composition is laid in "Auranitide, formerly a country in Palestine at the source of the Jordan." The play belongs to the class of pastoral dramas, so much in vogue in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries all over Europe. My youthful mind was particularly impressed by the attempt to represent graphically the song of the nightingale. Here is some of it as it occurs in the fifth act:

Zpè tiù zquà
Quoror' pipì
Tio tio tio tio tio tio
Tio tio tio tio tìx.
Qutìo qutìo qutìo qutìo
Qutìo qutìo qutìo
Zi zi zi zi zi zi zì
Quoròr tiù zquà pipiquè.

Pì tiù xquò
Quorì zpè
Tio tio tio tio tio tio
Tio tio tio tiò.

The two plays of Terence which complete the volume are edited by the famous French scholar, M. A. Muret (generally known as Muretus from the Latin form of his name), and in this edition are unknown to the great bibliographers, Brunet and Graesse.*

*Full biographical and bibliographical details in regard to the Jesuit authors of the above plays may be found in De Backer, *Bibliothèque des écrivains de la Comp. de Jésus*, Liége, 1869. For R. Honerd, see V. d. Aa, *Biog. Woordenboek*, VIII, p. 1047. For Muret*e* consult Michaud, *Biographie universelle* and Didot, *Nouvelle biographie générale.*

Of the history of this particular copy before it fell into my hands I know but little. At the top of the title page is written in faded ink: *Thomas Kirkland Glazebrook—10 Oct. 1829—given me by Wm. Hendrix—Librarian Liv^e Lib^y* (Liverpool Library). On the title page of the Terence is written the name *D: Octavius Mutius.*

I became very much attached to the shabby little volume with its stained leaves and worn parchment cover, and took it with me to college, writing on the fly-leaf in a boyish hand: *Thomas F. Crane—Princeton—1860—In Coll. Neo. Caes.* It was one of the few books I took with me to that distinguished seat of learning, and one of the still fewer which I took home after graduation. Even the absorbing interest of the legal studies begun about this time did not make me forget the book of Latin plays, and when in consequence of a lucky accident I removed to Ithaca, in 1865, it still formed part of a small but select library consisting chiefly of Blackstone and the New York Code of Procedure.

II.

The most important factor in the further history of the *Tragedie Latine* is now carefully preserved in a large jar of alcohol in the University Museum. It occupies a shelf in the north-east corner, is spheroid in shape and resembles old ivory in color. It is entered in the official catalogue as follows: *Case 3, shelf 1, jar 456.* Brain of the murderer E. Ruloff, hanged at Binghamton, N. Y., May 18, 1871. Weight of brain 59 oz.

To understand how the contents of jar 456 are connected with the collection of Latin plays in question I must go back to my removal to Ithaca in 1865. It was my great privilege to enter as a student the law office of two gentlemen, who since then have occupied the highest positions on the bench, and whose influence in the development of the University, as advisers and trustees, has been profound and beneficent. If the writer of this paper has reflected no credit as a jurist upon these distinguished teachers of his, he trusts he did not altogether fail to take advantage of the fine literary taste which pervaded the office, and which later revealed itself not only in a poem of national fame ("The Blue and the Gray"), but in many an authoritative opinion from the bench.

About the time I entered this office the people of the State of New York were still deeply interested in the result of the case of Ruloff vs. the People (see *New York Reports*, vol. 18, p. 179). The career of this extraordinary man, one of the most remarkable in the long line of slayers of their kind, is too recent to dwell upon it in detail here. Of probable German parentage (everything in his story is buried in mystery), he came to this town and established himself later, a few miles north of Ithaca where he taught school, and afterwards married. In the spring of 1845 his wife and child disappeared and Ruloff was indicted for their murder. They were known to have been alive on a certain day ; the next day Ruloff borrowed a wagon from his neighbor and from his own house took a box which the neighbor helped him to place in the wagon. He drove off with it to some unknown spot, but returned the following day with the wagon and box. It was supposed that he had killed his wife and child and thrown their bodies into Cayuga Lake.

The story of his various trials and escape from jail cannot be related here, nor his brilliant defence by Mr. F. M. Finch (now Judge of the Court of Appeals of this State) who in the face of much obloquy and even threats of personal violence, fearlessly performed the part of a true advocate and established forever in this State, the English rule of Lord Hale (*2 Pleas of the Crown, 290*) forbidding a conviction of murder or manslaughter unless the fact be proved to be done, or at least the body found dead. *

Ruloff was a man of considerable learning and well acquainted with the ancient and modern languages. He was undoubtedly a monomaniac upon the subject of a theory of the origin of language, which he claimed to have invented. It is even supposed that his crimes may have been committed to remove obstacles in the way

---

* Ruloff was discharged in consequence of this decision. It is pleasant to know that after the establishment of this rule which might be the means of saving the lives of many innocent men, the undoubted criminal whom it apparently shielded was at last brought to justice. Some years after his release Ruloff was engaged in a burglary in Binghamton, in the course of which a person was killed. Ruloff was arrested, convicted and hanged at Binghamton in 1871.

of his study or to provide means for the further prosecution of his investigations. *

During the long period of his various trials and incarcerations, extending from 1845 to 1860, Ruloff was for some time an inmate of the jail at Ithaca, and the writer well remembers being taken as a school boy to gaze through the grating at the redoubtable criminal. While there, Ruloff continued his studies and amused himself by imparting instruction to others. Among his pupils was a bright young man engaged at that time in a manual occupation, but already interested in intellectual pursuits. He might have been seen any day working at his bench with a volume of the classics fastened open before him. With such perseverance and his natural abilities, it is not strange that he soon became an accomplished scholar and has since occupied the very first rank among American bibliographers.

When I first made his acquaintance in 1866, he was engaged in the purchase and sale of rare books of which he had a profound knowledge. He knew I was interested in the study of Spanish, and he had furnished me with books in that language. One day I showed him my little *Tragedie Latine* and he took a fancy to it and offered to buy it. I did not wish to sell it, but could not resist the temptation he put before me to exchange it for a collection of Spanish ballads. I reluctantly parted from the little volume with much the same feeling as one parts from an old friend whom there is no reasonable prospect of ever seeing again. The book was carried by its new owner to New York to begin over again its vagabond career.

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* After his discharge as related above, Ruloff attended the American Philological Association at its first session in 1869, under the name of E. Leurio, and obtained a committee to examine and report upon his theory ("A key to the origin and formation of language"). Upon those who saw him he made the impression that he was a monomaniac rather than an ordinary charlatan. The committee reported unfavorably, whereupon "Mr. Leurio" became violent and roundly cursed the Association, for having, as he said, ruined him irretrievably.

The post-mortem examination revealed the fact that Ruloff's brain was some ten ounces heavier than the average weight, and was among the heaviest known human brains. His skull was probably the thickest ever known, being in most places half an inch thick, the usual thickness of the human skull being only one quarter of an inch.

III.

Twenty-two years elapsed, and I was still at Ithaca. The tastes which the old fashioned college curriculum had been powerless to destroy, and which even my legal studies could not repress, had meanwhile grown and become the occupation of my life. During these long years of study and teaching, I had often thought of my volume of Latin plays and regretted deeply that I had lost forever a book, the value of which I was now just able to appreciate fully. During the spring term of 1888, my thoughts often reverted to the book. I was engaged in the study of the development of the French drama in the sixteenth century. At the time of the Renaissance the various countries of Europe possessed a popular drama evolved out of the service of the Church. In two countries, Spain and England, where the influence of the Renaissance was not so profound as elsewhere, the popular drama persisted, with certain modifications. In Italy and France, on the other hand, the revival of classical studies destroyed the popular drama by leading to the imitation of Greek and Latin models. An entirely new form of drama thus arose and received its perfection in France, where, in the form imparted to it by Corneille, it prevailed for two centuries and exercised a powerful influence over the drama of the rest of Europe. Now one of the important factors in disseminating a knowledge of the classical drama was the performance of Latin plays by the students in French and Italian colleges, and it is an interesting fact that the modern theatre, architecturally speaking, owes its form to these performances. The stage was erected at one end of the college quadrangle, the distinguished spectators occupied the windows (the modern boxes), and the common crowd stood in the court (the modern pit, compare the French name *parterre*, "on the ground"). The Jesuits, whose profound influence upon the education of this period is well known, were much interested in these college dramatic performances, and encouraged them in the institutions under their control.

I remembered faintly that in the volume I had parted with twenty-two years before were some Latin plays by Jesuits for performance in colleges, and I mourned anew the loss of a book which might be of so much value and interest to me and my students.

In this frame of mind I went one day to the post-office and was given a small package wrapped in brown paper and addressed to *Thomas F. Crane, Professor of the Romance Languages*, etc. A mysterious presentment told me that my book had come back, and sure enough when I tore off the wrapper, the tattered volume opened in my hand and I read on the fly-leaf: *Thomas F. Crane —Princeton 1860—In Coll. Neo. Caes.*

IV.

In order to explain the strange return of my book I must go back a year or two. One day I was handed a letter to the "professor of French," which contained a request for information about a French dictionary. The writer, whom I shall call Dr. M—, said he was a resident of a small town where he had no facilities for study and no means of informing himself in regard to books. There was something pathetic in the letter and I answered it in great detail, giving the writer what encouragement I could. The result was an interesting correspondence, and the restoration of my book, for on the fly-leaf under my own name was that of Dr. M—, with the date 1872.

I wrote at once to Dr. M—, giving the history of the book until I parted with it in 1866, and begging him to let me know at once how it came into his possession. I cannot do better than give an extract from his answer.

"I will try and tell you in as brief a manner as possible what I know of your little book, which, tired at last of its Bohemian wanderings, placed itself before my eyes with what now seems almost like human intelligence, knowing that I would send it *home.*

I became the owner of the book through Mr. N—, who was one of the most remarkable men in various ways ever met with outside of fiction. Mr. N—, so I am told, came to this obscure little village in 1850 or 1852. I came here a boy in 1866, and from the first became his pupil. Although at that time he was almost eighty years old, I can call the feeling that existed between us strong friendship. He was a recluse, and lived in a little room in the rear part of a house which he rented to others, and which he owned, together with nearly an acre of land devoted to the culture of different kinds of fruit. His little room was literally

covered with books, mostly Latin, some Greek, and a few works on the highest grade of mathematics. Old and rare folios and many curious editions of the Latin writers were scattered here and there. Mr. N— was a man of grand and venerable appearance in spite of his peculiar dress, the smock-frock, which he always wore. But nothing could lower him in the eyes of men.

He spoke very little of his past, but in early life he had lived in the state of Georgia and at one time in the towns of L— and O— in this state. He died in 1873. Before his death he gave me all his books, and left the remainder of his property to a nephew. He did not expect to see this nephew again, but he arrived just before his uncle's death. After Mr. N—'s death, his heir declined to ratify the gift of the library to me, but after selecting the books which he judged the most valuable left the remainder to me.

Of late years I have scarcely glanced at them. They have been stored at a house at least a mile and a half from where I have my rooms and live and sleep. It is a mystery how that particular volume made its way to my rooms and placed itself under my notice. Still stranger is it that about that time I should have made so entirely by accident the acquaintance of its former owner. Mr. N— bought almost every one of his books from L— of New York, and I have no doubt this one came from the same place."

This, briefly, is the history of the little volume of Latin plays since it first came into my possession, and how many reflections, sad and pleasant, it arouses. What interesting influences of mind upon mind it represents, and what an extensive spread of literary culture in obscure places it reveals.

Its future history is often to me a subject of melancholy speculation. After an all too brief repose upon the shelves of my library it will again resume its wanderings, and perchance may not again encounter the loving care that has preserved it nearly three centuries. Should I, to guarantee its future safety, deposit it in the stately edifice that is rising on the campus—what assures me that even there its vagabond career will be at an end? May not some sacrilegious hand tear it from its well earned rest, or is it impossible that in the dim future some mighty cataclysm of state or elements may leave of this library only what is now left of the famous libraries of antiquity—a regretful memory.

Thomas Frederick Crane.

GENERAL GRANT AND THE FRENCH.

WHEN General Grant died the American public was surprised and wounded to find that almost the only discordant note in the harmonious chord of sorrow and praise that rang throughout Europe was struck by the Parisian press. "In every act of his life," wrote M. Lucien Nicot in *La France* of July 25, 1885, "the Vanquisher of the South manifested an open and violent dislike for us. Fifteen years ago, at the fatal moment when we were prostrated by defeat, when, as the chief magistrate of a neutral nation he ought to have exercised greater reserve, General Grant declared to all who would listen to him that his whole sympathy was with Germany as opposed to France, this same France that a century ago made America free and powerful. We cannot forget these facts. . . . . To France and to us, the disappearance of this man is simply a matter of secondary importance, and should awaken in us only a feeling of supreme indifference." The *Figaro* of the day before said: "In 1870, Grant was hard and unjust towards France. He congratulated the German people 'on being united under a form of government similar to that of the American union' (*de s'être uni sous une forme de gouvernement semblable à celle de l' Union américaine.*)* On the occasion of each victory he sent King William his warmest felicitations. Grant, therefore, was no friend of ours. He forgot Rochambeau and Lafayette and there is no reason, consequently, why we should mourn him. . . . . He burnt too much incense under the nose of Bismarck and William." The *Télégraphe* of the 24th, and the *Petit Journal* of the 25th, express themselves in identically the same words, as follows: "In 1871, after our disasters, he had the heart to drink to the health of the Emperor of Germany, felicitating him on having conquered France." The editors of the *Télégraphe* and *Petit Journal* fail to tell us at what banquet table the President of the United States proposed this extraordinary toast.

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*It may be said in passing, that this pretended citation from President Grant's message of February 7, 1871, is not exact.

These extracts, clipped at the time, from newspapers of different political hues, might be multiplied almost indefinitely, and yet all would be pervaded by the same uncomplimentary spirit. Nor was it alone when General Grant died that the Parisian press manifested an hostility to him. After his reëlection to the presidency; when he visited Paris on his tour around the world; in a word, whenever a French journalist felt called upon to speak of him, General Grant rarely escaped without an arraignment similar to those given above. *Ex uno disce omnes.*

Nor is it simply in the ephemeral literature of the daily journal that General Grant has been aspersed in France. The same charges are made in all the standard biographical dictionaries, encyclopædias and political annuals, whence, probably, the hurried journalists obtained the statements reproduced in the obituary notices from which excerpts have just been given. In the *Dictionnaire de la Conversation*, under the title "Grant," is this reference to the American President and the Franco–German war: "He sent the victors felicitations that wounded French sentiment but that may be accounted for by the important part that the Teutonic element plays in American politics." The *Grand Dictionnaire Larousse* is more testy: "Although a republican government had been set up in our country after September 4th, the President of the great trans-atlantic republic, to whose foundation France had so powerfully contributed, not only did not offer us any material or moral aid, but did not hesitate, at the moment of our cruel reverses, to address his compliments to the Prussian government. And it was not without a feeling of painful surprise that we saw him, after we had been finally crushed, send a message to Congress expressive of his strong sympathy for the new German Empire." Vapereau's well-known *Dictionnaire des Contemporains* distorts still more recklessly the facts of history: "It was remarked that after every German victory," says the biographer of General Grant, "the President sent his warmest congratulations to King William."

This French antipathy to General Grant is not confined to the prose of newspapers and biographical dictionaries, but has installed itself in the nation's poetry. Victor Hugo, returning to Paris after long years of weary exile, pierced to the heart by his coun-

try's misfortunes and fired to anger by the exaggerated and perverted statements of the Parisian press concerning America's sympathies for Germany, threw off, in a moment of patriotic enthusiasm, a terribly severe extravaganza apropos of one of President Grant's state papers devoted to German affairs. This poetical tirade, entitled "Le Message de Grant," is found in the *Année Terrible*, and has, unquestionably, done more than any other one piece of writing to keep alive and spread this national prejudice against General Grant. I regret that it is next to impossible to translate into English these excessively Hugoish verses. Suffice it to say that if the American President had declared war against France, he could scarcely have been more roughly handled.

The object of this article is to show how little foundation there is for this French opinion of General Grant, and, at the same time, to point out some errors in fact concerning him that have found their way into French histories, biographical dictionaries and newspapers, thus misleading the public mind. In the first place let us review President Grant's public acts in so far as they bear on the Franco-German difficulty.

In the Message of December 5, 1870, occurs this passage: "As soon as I learned that a republic had been proclaimed at Paris, and that the people of France had acquiesced in the change, the Minister of the United States was directed by telegraph to recognize it, and to tender my congratulations and those of the people of the United States. The reëstablishment in France of a system of government disconnected with the dynastic traditions of Europe appeared to be a proper subject for the felicitations of Americans. Should the present struggle result in attaching the hearts of the French to our simpler forms of representative government, it will be a subject of still further satisfaction to our people. While we make no effort to impose our institutions upon the inhabitants of other countries, and while we adhere to our traditional neutrality in civil contests elsewhere, we cannot be indifferent to the spread of American political ideas in a great and highly civilized country like France."

This modest account does not reveal the real enthusiasm produced in Paris by President Grant's recognition of the Government of National Defence that, after the revolution of September

4, 1870, took up the heavy burden that had broken down the Second Empire. The *Rappel*—the organ of Victor Hugo, who, when a few weeks later he wrote his poem concerning another message, seems to have quite forgotten this one—published on September 10, 1870, these editorial words: "And to-day the great American Republic has officially recognized the Government of National Defence as the government of France. The diplomatic note addressed to our Minister of Foreign Affairs by Mr. Washburne will create a powerful impression. We feel convinced that it will secure the adhesion of the Cabinet of St. James and of all the liberal and parliamentary governments. Henceforth the revolution of September 4th is an accomplished fact which all Europe must accept. We felicitate President Grant on his courageous initiative and thank him for it." This article is signed by Paul Meurice, the novelist and dramatist, then one of Victor Hugo's intimates and to-day one of his literary executors, and is followed in another column of the same paper by an editorial entitled "The Resurrection," from the pen of M. Edouard Lockroy, the stepfather of Georges and Jeanne and to-day an influential Deputy and an ex-Minister. "France has risen from the dead," writes M. Lockroy; "America salutes her. She salutes her as one does a friend supposed to be in the tomb, but who suddenly appears again." M. Camille Pelletan, now a leading deputy of the Extreme Left, writes on the same page: "This afternoon a body of citizens started from the Boulevards to go and thank the representative of the United States of America for the warm and magnificent recognition of the French Republic by his government." The French and American flags were displayed at the head of the column, while the tricolor and the stars and stripes floated side by side from the balcony of the Legation situated at the corner of the Rue de Chaillot and the Avenue Josephine, now the Avenue Marceau. A delegation from the crowd went up stairs to thank Mr. Washburne, who said in reply: "In my communication to which you so kindly allude, I only expressed the sentiments of the President and the people of the United States." This "communication" was the letter sent M. Jules Favre, Minister of Foreign Affairs, immediately on receiving instructions from Washington to recognize the new government.

It contained this passage: "They [the government and people of the United States] will have learned with enthusiasm of the proclamation of a republic in France, accomplished without the shedding of a drop of blood, and they will associate themselves in heart and sympathy with that great movement, confident in the hope of the most beneficial results to the French people and to mankind."

But it was not only the republican newspapers and citizens of Paris that were delighted and encouraged by the action of the Washington cabinet. The French government, sprung from a revolution and uncertain of support at home and of recognition abroad, was peculiarly gratified and immeasurably strengthened before France and Europe by the prompt and unexpected action of President Grant. M. Jules Favre, in his acknowledgment of Mr. Washburne's communication, states that "this recognition by the United States is the first diplomatic support" that the new government has received, and the gladdened Minister of Foreign Affairs then indulges in a high strain of compliment of the American Republic. But M. Favre did not consider that his written thanks were sufficient. "About two o'clock P. M., yesterday," wrote Minister Washburne to Secretary Fish on September 9, 1870, "M. J. Favre called upon me in person to thank my government in the name of that of the National Defence, as well as in his own behalf, for its prompt recognition of the republic and the tender of its felicitations. He again desired that I should transmit to the President and Cabinet at Washington the profound acknowledgments of the Government of National Defence."

The republican rejoicings over the action of the United States were not confined to Paris. "Similar manifestations occurred in most of the French cities where there were United States Consuls, and the imagination becoming heated, people began to believe, in fact went so far as to announce as positively settled, that there would be an armed intervention of the United States in favor of France. But this infatuation did not last long. On September 18th and 19th all the papers published President Grant's neutrality proclamation of August 22d, which prohibited any American citizen from taking up arms in aid of either of the belligerent

parties."* The feeling of disappointment produced in France by reading this neutrality proclamation was increased by this paragraph from the President's Message of December 5, 1870, where he says: "We were asked by the new government to use our good offices, jointly with those of European powers, in the interests of peace. Answer was made that the established policy and the true interests of the United States forbade them to interfere in European questions jointly with European powers. I ascertained, informally and unofficially, that the Government of North Germany was not then disposed to listen to such representations from any power, and though earnestly wishing to see the blessings of peace restored to the belligerents, with all of whom the United States are on terms of friendship, I declined, on the part of this government, to take a step which could only result in injury to our true interests, without advancing the object for which our intervention was invoked. Should the time come when the action of the United States can hasten the return of peace, by a single hour, that action will be heartily taken."

But it was the Message of February 7, 1871, that gave the keenest offence to France. Here are the principal passages from this document: "The union of the states of Germany into a form of government similar in many respects to that of the American union, is an event that cannot fail to touch deeply the sympathies of the people of the United States. This has been brought about by the long-continued, persistent efforts of the people of twenty-four of the German states, through their regularly constituted representatives. In it the American people see an attempt to reproduce in Europe some of the best features of our constitution, with such modifications as the history and condition of Germany seem to require. The local governments of the several members of the Union are preserved, while the powers conferred upon the chief, impart strength for the purposes of self-defence, without authority to enter upon wars of conquest and ambition . . . . . The adoption in Europe of the American system of union, under the control and direction of a free people, educated to self-restraint, cannot fail to extend popular institutions and to enlarge the peaceful influences of American ideas. The relations of the

Annuaire Encyclopédique, 1869–71, p. 1538.

United States with Germany are intimate and cordial; . . . and the large number of citizens and residents in the United States of German extraction, and the continued flow of emigration thence to this country, have produced an intimacy of personal and political intercourse, approaching, if not equal to, that with the country from which the founders of our government derived their origin."

The *Journal des Débats* of February 27, 1871, in a second article devoted to this message, says: "We return to this document for the simple purpose of expressing our astonishment at the astonishment that its language has occasioned certain journalists and the public. 'Have you read the Message of the President of the United States?' asks one. 'It is treason on the part of a president of a republic to praise in this way a nation bent on destroying the French republic.' 'I know General Grant,' says another, 'through one of my friends, a distinguished American statesman, who tells me that General Grant has a mediocre, illiberal mind.' 'Well,' adds still another, 'these Americans have forgotten that Lafayette was French.' . . . Until when will we persist in shutting our eyes to the fact that alliances between peoples do not depend upon conformity of institutions? . . . You do not hear the republicans of the United States exclaiming as one of ours did concerning England: 'I perceive a King, and draw back with horror!' and refuse to come to an understanding with monarchies. They let their fellow men govern themselves to suit themselves, and limit their solicitude to the best management of their affairs. Let us imitate them."

But all the French Press did not take such a sensible view of the Message. "Will America, that showed so much sympathy for France on the occasion of the Revolution of September 4th," said the *Rappel* of February 26th, "approve, in his admiration of force and his indifference to right, the narrow-minded soldier who represents her for the moment before the world?" The following extract from a letter of the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, dated February 25, 1871, reflects French public opinion concerning this message. "A very singular effect is produced," writes the correspondent, "by the President of the United States' Message congratulating the Government of Count Bismarck upon

the extraordinary similarity which exists between the institutions over which these two eminent men preside and 'the adoption in Europe' of the American system by a free nation accustomed to self-government, which will have a tendency to propagate democratic institutions, and to augment the pacific influence of American ideas. It will be difficult to say who will be most astounded by certainly the most comic effusion in the shape of a state document which has ever been seriously promulgated by a government —the Kings of Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Saxony, and other Grand Dukes and Princes by right divine, when they hear that they have been adopting unwittingly American institutions, and propagating democratic ideas, or poor Victor Hugo, Louis Blanc and Co., who have been laboring under the delusion that the form of government which France has just adopted had more similarity with that of America than the one presided over by the Emperor of Germany. Had President Grant wished to play an elaborate practical joke upon the Junkers of Prussia and the International Democratic Association of Europe generally, he could not have succeeded more perfectly. As is generally the case when people feel themselves made ridiculous, the Emperor of Germany and Rochefort will be equally indignant. Indeed, the latter asks in his paper to-day whether President Grant is "*un homme d'état sérieux*,' and apparently begins to doubt whether, if Presidents are to find so much more sympathy with Emperors than with other Presidents, a Republic is so good a form of government as he supposed."

While the Paris newspapers were publishing and commenting on President Grant's message, the French capital was forced to submit to the stinging humiliation of throwing open its gates for the entrance of the victorious German armies. It is only by the perusal of the journals of the day that one is fully impressed by the deep feeling of sorrow and bitterness with which the population witnessed this "pollution of the divine city." And may not this unfortunate circumstance at least partially account for the high resentment awakened in French breasts by the untoward appearance of this document, which, otherwise, might have occasioned a ripple in public events but surely could not have produced a violent storm?

President Grant was now called upon to send his official and formal congratulations to the newly created Emperor, and here, I take it, is the origin of the groundless charge made by the French, as we have already seen, that General Grant was in the habit of felicitating the Germans on their military successes. On February 27, 1871, Minister Bancroft wrote to Secretary Fish from Berlin: "The Emperor has probably before now announced to the President his increased dignity and jurisdiction. If so, I shall hope very soon to receive the President's letter in reply." Nearly a month later, on March 22d, the Minister, evidently embarrassed at hearing nothing from Washington, writes the Secretary of State as follows: "Before leaving Versailles, the Emperor of Germany addressed a letter to the President of the United States, informing him of the new title which he had assumed on the occasion of the union of the Southern German States with the Northern." This dispatch and the President's letter to Emperor William passed each other on the ocean. The text of the latter is as follows:

"ULYSSES S. GRANT, President of the United States of America,
to His Majesty William, Emperor of Germany.

Great and Good Friend:

I have received the letter written to me by your Majesty on the 29th of January last, stating that the rulers and free cities of Germany having unanimously requested you to assume the title of Emperor, you had decided to accept that title in deference to their wishes. Permit me to congratulate your Majesty upon this fresh and well-deserved mark of the confidence of your countrymen. It may be hoped that the functions incident to the new dignity thus conferred on your Majesty, will conduce to the security and prosperity of Germany in which the United States take a lively interest. I pray God to have your Majesty always in his safe and holy keeping.

Written at Washington, this sixteenth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-one.

Your good Friend,

(Signed) U. S. GRANT.

By the President,

(Signed) HAMILTON FISH,

Secretary of State."

Anti-French feeling has also been discovered in President Grant's reply to the German minister at Washington, when the latter presented the former the letter of Emperor William, the answer to which we have just read. President Grant said on this occasion: "The notification which you have conveyed to me relates to an event of historical importance. The States of this Union, which severally bear a relation to the others similar to that which Prussia bears to the other States of Germany, have recently made such sacrifices and efforts towards maintaining the integrity of their common country for general purposes in peace and war, that they cannot fail to sympathize in similar proceedings for a like object elsewhere. The new title, which has been accepted by your sovereign, may be regarded as the symbol and the fulfillment on its part by Germany of that high purpose. The disposition which you express in behalf of the Emperor of united Germany to maintain unimpaired and friendly relations with the government and people of the United States is heartily reciprocated."

It would be interesting to compare President Grant's letter and speech with the letters and speeches called forth on this same occasion from the other chief magistrates of the world. I have gone to the trouble to do this in one instance. In his reply to King William's letter the President of the Argentine Republic wrote: "It will always be a pleasure to the Argentine government to cultivate the friendship of Germany and its government, to continue in the future the good relations that have existed in the past, and to give new proofs of the sincere good will professed by the Argentine people for the peoples of Germany that have placed their destinies in your hands." In his speech welcoming the new German minister, the President began with these words: "To the profound transformations that modern societies have had to undergo in order to more fully conform their institutions to the ideas and necessities of the epoch, Prussia in particular and Germany in general, have responded better than the other peoples of Europe."* President Samiento's expressions appear to be even more complimentary to Germany than those of President Grant, but I do not find that he was blamed by Frenchmen on this ac-

**Memoria Presentada. Por el Ministro de estado*, etc., 1871, pp. 343, 345.

count, although France and the Argentine Republic are very closely united by the flow of commerce and immigration.

The charges made against General Grant by the French may be summed up in these two: that he declined to intervene in favor of France during the war of 1870–71, when the tide of battle began to turn against that country, and that he showed sympathy for Germany both before and after the proclamation of the French Republic.

The first charge needs no refutation before an American public. We all know that an armed intervention in 1870 was morally impossible, for, even if President Grant could have entertained such an idea, Congress and the people would have scouted it, on the ground that every tradition of our national history is opposed to the participation of the United States in European quarrels. Frenchmen are, as a rule, so ignorant of this long-established American policy that they could not and cannot understand why President Grant was powerless to come to their aid in the late conflict. We have seen, however, that he stood ready to use his good offices in favor of peace whenever he could do so without compromising the United States and with some hope of success. We have also seen that it was the American President who was first among the rulers of the world to recognize the new Republic, and we have read of the enthusiasm and encouragement that this act produced at Paris among the people and in governmental circles. We may, therefore, dismiss this charge and declare, what an impartial historian must admit, that Frenchmen should not blame President Grant for holding aloof from the complications growing out of the Franco-German war.

The second charge—that President Grant was at heart a friend of Germany and hostile to France—has no good basis to stand upon. Whether General Grant as a private American citizen admired the German nation more than the French nation is of no importance, for he may have preferred England or some other country to either of them. The only question of pertinency is to decide whether in his official capacity as President of the United States, he showed partiality during the Franco-German war. Looking at his conduct from this standpoint, I think it must be admitted that if either party is to find fault, it is not France that should do so.

We have so far had to do only with state papers, daily journals and other printed materials. I now take up a number of manuscript letters which were written to me some time ago, but have not heretofore been published. It will be noticed that they are from the pens of gentlemen who were closely associated with General Grant both in public affairs and in the intimacy of private life, and several of whom were conspicuous in diplomatic stations during his administration and participated actively in the diplomatic transactions between the United States on the one hand, and France and Germany on the other, that marked the stormy period covered by the years 1870 and 1871. The statements of such witnesses and their commentaries on the documents that have already been placed before the reader, will show still more conclusively, I think, that General Grant must be exonerated by all fair-minded Frenchmen from the charge of hostility to France.

General Wm. T. Sherman, who was General of the Army in 1870 with headquarters at Washington, says: "General Grant in common with all Americans entertained great love and affection for the French nation because of the material aid extended to us during the Revolutionary war, and especially for the gallant youth, of whom Lafayette was the type, who shared the dangers of that war near the person of the father of his country, General Washington.

During our civil war, when we were contending for liberty as against slavery, the French Government was chiefly instrumental in establishing an Empire in Mexico with an Austrian Prince at its head, backed by a strong army of French troops, commanded by Marshal Bazaine. This General Grant construed as an act of unfriendly interference, if not positive hostility to us, and I have heard him say that our civil war was not over till the French were compelled to leave Mexico. He would have been most willing in 1865 to have turned our victorious armies against Bazaine had not the same end been accomplished by diplomacy.* The history of all this is well known in France. General Grant never attributed this act to the French people but

*Col. Wickham Hoffman, who was first Secretary of the American Legation at Paris in 1870, informs me that General Grant once wrote him: "Tell those Frenchmen that they have got to get out of Mexico."

to Louis Napoleon. Therefore, when in 1870, the French and Germans became involved in war, his sympathies were against Louis Napoleon. But the moment he fell at Sedan that feeling ceased, and thenceforward I cannot recall an act or expression of his but of the kindest nature towards France and her people."

"When the French and German war took place," writes the Hon. John Russell Young, who, it will be remembered, accompanied the ex-President on his tour around the world, "General Grant held the opinion that it was impossible for France to succeed. Results justified that opinion. General Grant had a strong aversion to the Bonaparte family, especially the first Napoleon. Until the battle of Sedan and the foundation of the Republic, his sympathies, as far as I ever heard him express them, were with the Germans,—not as against the French, but against the Bonaparte dynasty. After Sedan and the establishment of the Republican government, France had no warmer friend than President Grant.

It is true that when General Grant was in Paris, Victor Hugo expressed his disinclination to meet him. General Grant had said on one or two occasions that he would like to have the pleasure of seeing a man whose genius he respected as much as that of Victor Hugo. I spoke to M. Clémenceau, whom I happened to know well, about it, and he agreed to arrange an interview, but when Hugo was spoken to, he said he regarded General Grant as the enemy of France; that he had written, or would write, a poem to that effect, and that he would neither call upon him nor receive a call. The matter dropped there. I never communicated to General Grant the message of M. Hugo, and in the hurry and whirl of his life in Paris, the subject passed from his mind.

My own impression is, from many conversations with General Grant, that any idea in the French mind that he was hostile to that country, or that he wished Germany to triumph over the Republic, is a mistake. His dislike was to the Bonaparte family, and that was so intense, that when in Paris he would not even visit the Invalides to see the tomb of the Emperor, and when the Prince Imperial intimated, through a third person, that he would like to meet General Grant, he declined the invitation. His dislike to Bonaparte and Bonapartism amounted to an aversion."

Thus, while Victor Hugo was refusing to open his door to General Grant, the latter was turning his back on the uncle and the son of him who had sent the former into exile. It is easy to understand why French Imperialists should heartily dislike General Grant, but one would think that his pronounced antipathy to the Napoleons and Napoleonic Cæsarism would secure him the friendship of every French republican.

"In all my acquaintance with the General," says the Hon. E. B. Washburne, who was one of Grant's earliest and most intimate friends, and who represented the United States at Paris during the Franco–German war, "I never knew him to express an unfriendly sentiment, or say an unkind word of the French. He knew of the kindly relations I had with the French Government and the French people and he always expressed to me his gratification and his cordial approval of my course. As the head of a great neutral power, he guarded the strictest neutrality between the two belligerents."

The Hon. Hamilton Fish, who was President Grant's Secretary of State during the eight years of the latter's presidency, writes me as follows on this same subject: "That he had much admiration for Germany and its people is undoubtedly true, but I am very sure that his admiration for France and her people was no less than that for Germany. I never saw or heard from him anything that indicated a preference for one over the other.

During the war between the two countries, my interviews and conversation with him on the subject were, necessarily, frequent. He insisted upon the strictest and most impartial but friendly neutrality on the part of the United States towards both belligerents. He deeply regretted the outbreak of the war, which he may have thought, as all the world thought, had been precipitated by France. If he had any decided partiality for either of the belligerents, I failed to perceive it. He was at the time, as you may remember, charged by some of the German residents in this country with an undue leaning towards France, in that France was allowed to purchase arms freely in the United States."

"If the impression prevails in France that General Grant either hated France or loved Germany," writes the Hon. J. C. Bancroft Davis, who was Assistant Secretary of State during the war of

1870, "I am sure it is without cause. General Grant was essentially an American, and so far as concerned his sympathies or affections, they were given without stint to his own land, and nowhere else. As President, he was strictly neutral during the war of 1870–1. If he erred at all during that period, it was in permitting the sale of surplus government arms to agents of the French government and their shipment to France. Germany, however, did not complain of this, as it was not in reality a violation of a neutral's duties, and in its worst aspect could only be construed as a willingness to aid France in its distress."

The foregoing letters have dealt in a general way with President Grant's private opinions and public acts concerning Germany and France. Those that follow will treat of a particular incident, and a very important one, in the controversy now under consideration. It will have been noticed in the extracts from French newspapers and books, given at the beginning of this article, that General Grant is charged with having sent his congratulations to the Prussian sovereign whenever the Germans defeated the French in battle. "On the occasion of each victory," said the *Figaro*, "he sent King William his warmest felicitations." "It was remarked," reads the passage in Vapereau, "that after every German victory, the President sent King William his warmest congratulations." When I asked the poet-journalist, M. Auguste Vacquerie, the intimate friend of Victor Hugo and one of his literary executors, what message of General Grant's the poet referred to in the *Année Terrible*, I received this reply: "The verses you speak of were not written in answer to the Message of February 7, 1871, but to the telegram of felicitation sent to the King of Prussia by General Grant after the disaster of Sedan." If President Grant had penned letters or telegrams of such tenor, he would richly deserve all the censure he has received in France. But it is a curious instance of the inaccuracy of history that no letters or telegrams of this kind ever existed. These supposed congratulatory communications are always uppermost in the French mind whenever the name of General Grant is mentioned and, in fact, they have envenomed the controversy. They are, however, only figments of a too patriotic imagination.

"It is utter absurdity," writes ex-Secretary Fish, "in fact it

borders on idiocy, to suppose that 'after each German victory he [General Grant] sent a congratulatory letter to King William.' He would have been kept busy had he undertaken to write such letters. Until one such letter is produced, I shall hold to my firm conviction that nothing of the sort ever was written. At any rate I never heard of any letter of the kind, and do not believe that any such ever was written or even was ever contemplated.

The only letters that General Grant ever signed addressed to the King of Prussia or to the Emperor of Germany, so far as my knowledge or belief extends, were the letters in acknowledgment of what are called the 'dynastic' letters, addressed by the sovereigns of Europe to other sovereigns or heads of government, announcing births, marriages, deaths, etc., in royal families, or accessions to thrones, etc. I have before me at this moment a copy of the letter of the Emperor announcing his assumption of the title of Emperor. It begins: 'William by the grace of God Emperor of Germany, King of Prussia, etc., to his Excellency the President of the United States, of North America. Great and good Friend.' It states that the rulers and free cities of Germany having unanimously requested him to assume the title of Emperor at the close of the war, he had considered it his duty to the Fatherland to accept this title for himself and his successors on the throne of Prussia, etc., etc., etc. The letter is dated January 29, 1871, is signed 'William,' and countersigned 'V. Bismarck.'"

Referring to President Grant's reply, the text of which has already been given, Secretary Fish continues:

"Like all ceremonial letters of the sort, it was signed by General Grant. It differed in no essential respect of style, expression or otherwise, from the hundreds of letters of the sort that the ceremonies and dynastic relations of the courts of Europe have found necessary, or at least have established. They are ever courteous in expression, and so far as the United States are concerned, our part of the correspondence is responsive and usually expresses either congratulation or regret, according as is the announcement of the event, and we seek to do so pleasantly and in a manner acceptable to the party addressed. Such, and such only, was this terrible letter of General Grant to the Emperor William. The telegrams and the letters congratulatory on victories were not,—they never existed."

Speaking of M. Vacquerie's statement, Mr. Fish says in this same letter: "I have no recollection of any telegram, or communication of any kind or sort, sent by General Grant to the king of Prussia on the affair at Sedan. I have no idea that there ever was anything of the kind. Possibly M. Hugo's literary executor may be able to give his authority for alleging the existence of such a communication, but I doubt whether there will be found any authority whatever. I am very confident that the thing is mythical."

Mr. Chapman Coleman, First Secretary of the American Legation at Berlin, writes me on this same subject as follows: "It seems incredible to me that General Grant should have sent the telegrams imputed to him to Berlin. Nothing whatever respecting the subject can be found on our files. If any such telegrams were sent, the fact must have been known to the Hon. George Bancroft, then minister at this post. His denial that such had been sent, or even his statement that he had never heard of them while minister here, would, if obtained, I fancy, settle the question."

Following Mr. Coleman's suggestion, I wrote Mr. Bancroft on the subject. Here is his reply, dated "Washington, December 5, 1885." "The statement, by whomsoever made, that the late President Grant sent telegrams of felicitation to King William, whenever in the late war between France and Germany, the Germans gained a victory over the French, is wholly without foundation. I was at the time minister of the United States in Berlin, and know certainly that no such telegram was received at the office or forwarded through the office. Further, I have called at the State Department here and requested that an examination of the archives might be made relative to the statement, and I have received from the Secretary of State the assurance that there is in the archives of the Department no authority for the statement whatever."

It will have been seen, therefore, that not only Victor Hugo's celebrated "Message de Grant" has no *raison d'être*, but that there is little if any bottom to what French journalists and biographers have said and still say about President Grant's relations with Germany and France. French writers and leaders of opinion are, conse-

quently, in duty bound to revise their hasty judgments formed in the midst of the smoke and intense excitement of 1870 and 1871 and persisted in ever since, to correct more than one gross misstatement and thus to remove from a whole nation's mind a groundless, or at least an exaggerated, prejudice against a great citizen of a friendly people.

Theodore Stanton, '76.

THE NEW JAPAN.

ON the western margin of the Pacific Ocean there is a dragonish island stretching out from north to south. It is the seat of an empire whose dynasty has descended in an unbroken line from 660 B. C. Its people are always boastful of having such an old empire and so rare a history, of having never been conquered, or defeated by invaders since the formation of the Empire two thousand five hundred and fifty years ago. It is not my purpose to trace chronologically the progress and vicissitudes of its political history, but to be content with briefly describing the characteristic features of each period.

The entire history of Japan is generally divided into four periods. First, the period of the supremacy of the imperial power. This extends from the foundation of the Empire in the year 660 B. C. down to 1186 A. D., when the great General Yoritomo Minamoto founded the feudal government on the decline of the imperial power. The second period is called the dark age. Although General Yoritomo Minamoto established the feudal government with great skill and talent, nevertheless his power and influence went forever at his death, and the whole nation was plunged into long misery and continual strife. The august emperors having become powerless, as did the inglorious descendants of the Merovingian dynasty in the old Frank kingdom, the rulership of the nation became a disgraceful game hunted by ambitious soldiers, no one of whom was strong enough to put down his refractory rivals. This dark age extends from the year 1186 down to 1600. The third period comprises that era in which the long, bloody wars among the rival feudal powers having finally been

put down by the famous General Hidĕyoshi Toyotomi, the next feudal government was established by Iyĕyasŭ Tokŭgawa, who was the ally and successor of Toyotomi. After this consolidation of feudalism the country enjoyed peace until recent times, when the new commotion of society began with the introduction of western civilization. The fourth and last period is that of New Japan in which the old state of things has almost wholly disappeared and been supplanted by an entirely different sort of civilization.

Of these four periods, the first, namely that of the supremacy of the imperial power, was, it is said, very peaceful and more or less prosperous. The arts and literature were early imported from China and developed to a high degree. It was then from the rise of feudalism that society began to be disturbed and declined. To cover in a word all these periods, it is enough here to say that through their history of twenty-five centuries the people had no right, no security whatever against absolute government; their properties and their lives were at the mercy of their rulers, although there have been, singularly and happily, very few tyrants throughout our history. If we study the political doctrines of our earlier ages, it is not strange that the people so long remained without any knowledge of freedom and right,—possessions which now seem to us inalienable. The theory of the divine origin of the imperial family strongly took hold of the mind of the people, assisted by another well-known oriental political maxim, that "there is no land under heaven that does not belong to the monarch; there is no people even on the shore who are not the monarch's subjects." It is no wonder that such doctrines as these easily induced the credulous people to believe that we all existed for the sake of one man, but not for ourselves.

In such a deplorable condition we were brought down to the year 1853, when Commodore Matthew C. Perry, of the United States Navy, first entered the Bay of Yedo—now the Bay of Tokyo —whose waters had never floated any "barbarian vessel," to use the Chinese way of expression, since the foundation of the Empire. Indeed, the true history of both civil and political liberty in Japan began with the memorable mission of that great Commodore.

For eighteen years after that day, however, our history is nothing but social disorder and factious contests. The Mikado and his

court, being hostile to foreigners, were deeply incensed at the Shōgŭn's arbitrary measure of introducing them. Thus, there were constant efforts to overthrow the Shōgŭn or the feudal government of Tokŭgawa, and to drive off the strangers. This last effort led the Mikado's officers to fire on the ships of foreign nations. But the defeat which these inflicted in the harbor of Shimonoseki in 1864, so impressed the Emperor, in conjunction with his fear lest the foreigners should help the feudal government, that he completely reversed his anti-foreign policy. However, the hostility between the imperial court at Kioto and the feudal government at Yedo could not be reconciled. Consequently, a terrible war broke out. The result was the complete overthrow of the feudal government and the restoration of the imperial power which had been for more than eight hundred years trampled down by the feudal powers. By this revolution the country was finally united and strengthened under the new imperial government. The era of New Japan has been strikingly marked by the rapid introduction of western institutions and customs. Political and legal reforms have kept pace with the introduction of the railroad, telegraph, and other material improvements. Christian missionaries from Europe and America have been earnestly welcomed, and are actively engaged in preaching and teaching.

As soon as the present Emperor had ascended the throne in 1868, he issued the first Imperial Promulgation which showed the principle and policy of our new government and was also the very foundation of the new Constitution issued last February. This first Imperial Promulgation consists of five provisions substantially as follows :

1. By means of general consultation, the national affairs shall be determined according to public opinion.

2. Uniting the hearts of the rulers and subjects into one harmony, the government of the Empire shall be carried on by their co-operative work.

3. From both the civil and military officers down to the common people all shall freely accomplish their desires and objects, so that no one shall become weary of his life.

4. Breaking off the old corrupted state of things, we shall follow universal justice and reason.

5. Obtaining knowledge from the whole world, we shall strive in every way to strengthen the foundation of the Empire.

These provisions of the Imperial Promulgation show how deeply and intuitively our statesmen had imbibed the spirit of liberty and of western civilization. Soon after that, the miserable and degraded class of slaves were emancipated, and given at the same time the full rights of citizenship. On the part of the people, the spirit of progress has been equally great, though their idea of liberty is not always clear. Petition after petition was presented to the government asking for the establishment of a representative government, which they now became desirous of having. Meanwhile, the tendency for hasty and radical changes in matters political and social was so strong that the government was, in 1875, compelled to issue the second Imperial Promulgation. As it is important and memorable in our constitutional history, it ought not to be passed over without notice. Its general meaning is as follows :

"At the time of our accession to the Imperial Throne, we issued a Promulgation in which we showed how we shall act hereafter in promoting the prosperity of this Empire and the well being of our subjects. Fortunately, we have to-day brought about great peace and prosperity with the assistance of our Imperial Forefathers and our subjects. However, there still remain many things to improve and reform and this should all be done gradually. We shall now, in accordance with the principle of the first Imperial Promulgation, establish a Senate for legislative purposes, and a Supreme Court of Justice for judicial administration. We shall also summon each year the chief officers of each local government in order to consult the general welfare of the provinces. Thus, as we shall gradually proceed towards establishing a constitutional government, all of our subjects are cautioned not to cling stubbornly to the old things, nor be too radical and hasty in progress and reform."

Soon after this Imperial Promulgation was issued the Senate and the Supreme Court were established. The year 1878 is especially memorable in our history as the year of the establishment of the Local Assembly in each province ; as the year in which the people first entered upon the actual exercise of political liberty.

The third Imperial Promulgation, issued on October 12th, 1881,

is also important and memorable as the proclamation preparatory to the opening of the National Assembly. I shall, therefore, take a little time to present its general contents. It runs as follows:

"From the time of our accession to the throne, it was our object to restore our institutions, and finally to establish a constitutional form of government which shall be maintained to the future eternal. We have already established the Senate and the Local Assembly, this being all done upon the principle of gradual and orderly progress. We think that every nation has its own peculiar social conditions, so that no one constitutional government can be taken as a model for another, without proper modifications. As we have, in accomplishing this great and difficult task, the sole responsibility to our Imperial Forefathers and our subjects, we shall take more time for the achievement of it. In this view, we shall now fix the year twenty-third of Meiji—1890—as the time of establishing the National Assembly. From this day until that time, our governmental officers shall devote themselves to the necessary preparations for its opening; and the system as well as functions of the National Assembly shall be published in due time."

From 1881 our politics became more and more eventful and exciting. Shortly after the third Imperial Promulgation, which I have just spoken of, was issued, a minister accompanied by several important personages was sent over to Europe for the especial purpose of investigating the real working of the different constitutions in the various European states. Also, in our colleges and universities, the study of political science, especially the principles of constitutions, representative systems, and political parties, has received great favor and attention.

In 1881 a political party for the first time came into existence in Japan. It was called "Jiyūtō" which literally means the Party of Liberty, and its principles are very radical. The next year, two other parties were established. One is called "Kaishintō" which means the Party of Order and Progress, whose principles much resemble those of the Liberal party in England. Another is the "Conservative Party" whose object is to act as a check and balance to the others, and thus to defend the existing government. It is hardly necessary to say that these three parties have, being mere nominal associations of men of similar principles and inter-

ests, no power whatever in real politics, although they have exercised some influence on public opinion. Meanwhile, both the Radical and Conservative Parties have been nominally dissolved. I say nominally, because they have never dissolved in reality. At present, therefore, only the Kaishintō or Liberal Party, if we may call it so, has survived ; and its future is very hopeful—its leader, Count Shigĕnobŭ Okuma, having great influence in the present government as the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and also great popularity with the majority of the people. At the beginning of this year, there appeared another party, whose claim is most singular and whose principles are most ridiculous. It boldly pretends that it is the most legitimate and loyal party of all ; it declares as its principle that as the Japanese Emperor and Buddhism which came from India through Corea, are co-essential and indispensable to the existence of the Empire, they shall support both with their utmost power against all disloyal and impious factions. In my opinion, this party—it can hardly be called a party—is nothing but a representative phenomenon of our old and obstinate conservative spirit which is rapidly going into its final extinction.

Under such conditions, the new Constitution of the Empire of Japan was born the 11th of last February. The day was full of magnificent popular demonstrations and universal congratulations. The air was shivered by the roaring cannons, by the jingling bells, and by the tremendous hurrahs of forty millions of people. Indeed, no such grand spectacle had ever before been witnessed in Japan—and probably never will be in the future.

Although the importance of the event is not appreciated by many Americans and Europeans, simply because their interests, political and social, are not so closely related to ours, yet it was, we believe, the greatest and happiest event in our history of two thousand five hundred and fifty years. We also believe that the event should be remembered and cherished by all those who love the rights and liberty of mankind. We sincerely and gratefully thank God that our constitution has been brought about by the happy and harmonious work of the ruler and the people, instead of by the bloody wars and inexpressible misery which have marked similar revolutions in almost all other countries. Still more thankful are we when we reflect that such a majestic and beautiful temple of

liberty has been so smoothly and unlaboriously built in the midst of the "Sun-rising Land" where the spirit of freedom, as if interrupted by the natural barrier of the Ural mountains and the river Volga, had never before found its way.

Compare this event with the confirmation of the Magna Charta in England. At what cost was that great charter of English liberty won from the hands of a tyrannical king! Compare this event with the adoption of the Federal Constitution in this country in 1787. Although the brave and patriotic forefathers of this country had nobly fought for their liberty and finally established the Constitution of a mighty nation, yet the conditions of that time were far from joyful and propitious! Compare once more this event with the adoption of the new Constitution in the united kingdom of Italy in 1861. The general affairs of that country at that time were certainly not happy. Without the enthusiastic and heroic liberator, Garibaldi; without the fearless and eloquent Mazzini; without the sagacious and able Count Cavour, the petty king of Piedmont could never have become the sole ruler of Italy, and the liberty of the Italian people might not have so soon been established!

When we recall all the suffering of many other nations in obtaining their freedom, we—Japanese subjects—should be thankful to Almighty God who has given us a special blessing in establishing our precious liberty. To add to our thanks and happiness, our people have come to enjoy the right of local self-government. And as, by the force of public opinion, we may fairly hope to improve our new Constitution, as it is still imperfect, it will not be long before we shall have a true parliamentary and responsible government like that of Great Britain. From this day, therefore, no one will blame us when we say that Japan is neither an absolute monarchy, nor a patriarchal theocracy, but an Empire with a constitutional government and a representative system.

Muněyuki Ibaraki.

A MONETARY QUESTION.

THE financial history of the United States is replete with instructive lessons for the student of monetary science. It presents an abridgement of the financial history of the world. As society has developed, the methods of exchange have progressed from a condition of simple barter to a system by which commodities pass from hand to hand through the instrumentality of mere representatives of value.

To become anything more than a theorist, the student of money is compelled to study the history of this development; but this history extends over so long a period—indeed we may regard it as beginning with the origin of the human race—that its earliest phenomena and their workings can be only conjectured. Even since authentic history began to be written, the monetary part has been almost totally neglected. Incidental mention now and again is all that tells us of the practical methods of exchange among primitive peoples. Our own history exhibits all the phenomena of a complete and unbroken development from a condition of barter, through all the stages of wampum, commodity-money, precious metals, bank-notes, and national paper-money. We have here an epitome of the monetary history of the world, and it covers a period of which we have the most full and complete record, easily accessible to the ordinary student.

The period of the civil war is especially instructive in financial legislation. It was a time of experiment, and the circumstances necessitated innovations upon old financial systems. The need for money was pressing, and Secretary Chase, refusing to market the nation's bonds at a disgraceful discount for the depreciated paper of non-specie paying banks, as the bankers advised, resolved to cut the credit of the people up into little bits and to make them serve the purposes of money; the result was the United States legal-tender paper.

Of all legislative acts of the government perhaps none has been more severely criticized than the legal-tender act of Feb. 25, 1862. Many whose opinions have weight profess to see nothing except unmitigated evil in this and subsequent issues of government paper.

They assert that the depreciation of the greenbacks inflicted untold wrong upon the people who were compelled to receive and to use them as money; and that this depreciation was nothing more than what has always befallen such government issues; and in the nature of things, must always befall non-convertible paper-money, particularly in times when the existence of the government is threatened as it was in the late war. Most people will agree that, in consequence of the legal-tender act, creditors suffered great wrong, but all must admit that it was a powerful aid to the government. Whatever evils followed were due to the depreciation of the legal-tenders. Was this depreciation unavoidable? That it was not; that it was due to a lack of confidence in the government's stability consequent on the war, are regarded as axioms by the vast majority of our people. So college professors; so politicians; but with greatest effect, so the public press have taught. This explanation of the greenback's depreciation is now received almost without question; although there is generally associated with it the notion of a redundant currency. But paper-money which is merely redundant, instead of depreciating independently as the greenback did, would cause a depreciation in the whole money in circulation, of whatever material it might be made. Inflation alone, independent of other causes, would cause gold as well as paper, to lose in purchasing power. This proud metal would probably leave for other parts, before it would submit to such a loss of its dignity, but if it remained to circulate as money, it could never be at more than a nominal premium above paper. Redundancy therefore does not account for the depreciation of the greenback, since it alone depreciated. But the theory that its depreciation was owing to a lack of confidence in the government, if sound, satisfactorily accounts for the depreciation of government paper; because a lack of confidence in the government's stability would cause a depreciation in that money alone which is based on the credit of the government; and metal money would not be affected, except indirectly. It would probably be enhanced in value through the paper's depreciation: the paper might fall in value to any conceivable extent.

For those who believe that, when gold was quoted at $2.85, the greenback was only suffering from inevitable and unalterable econ-

omic law, it will be difficult to explain why this law did not operate in the case of the first $60,000,000 of paper money which were issued by the government and remained nearly at par with gold all through the war. The first issue of these notes was authorized by act of Congress, July 17, 1861, by which the Secretary of the Treasury was empowered to issue in exchange for coin, or might pay for salaries or other dues from the United States Treasury, notes of a less denomination than $50, not bearing interest and payable on demand by the assistant treasurers of the United States at Philadelphia, New York or Boston. Provided, "that no Treasury notes shall be issued of a less denomination than $10, and that the whole amount of treasury notes not bearing interest shall not exceed $50,000,000." By the act of August 5, 1861, the $10 limit was changed to $5; by act of February 12, 1862, $10,000,000 more were authorized to be issued; and by act of March 17, 1862, they were made legal tenders like United States notes, besides being receivable for customs dues. These notes were designated by various titles. At first, being the only government paper in circulation as money, they were commonly referred to as United States notes; and becoming receivable for customs, they afterwards came to be called United States notes for customs, probably to distinguish them from the greenbacks; but finally they were known by the distinctive name of demand notes.

The first demand notes were issued in August, 1862, and were paid for salaries at Washington. The banks were displeased to see this government money, although as yet it was not a legal tender. They had so long enjoyed the fruitful privilege of supplying the people with a currency, that they had come to look upon that privilege as exclusively their own. For the government to supply gratis that which they had been accustomed to furnish at a high rate of interest, would be to seriously curtail their lucrative business. Their opposition to the demand notes was, therefore, pronounced, and they endeavored in every possible way to discredit them with the people. This opposition did have a depreciating effect upon the notes. The merchants and shop-keepers received them reluctantly. Since the banks with which they had their deposits refused to receive them, no wonder that they too received them unwillingly. Banks have always been regarded as infallible

authority on the value of commercial paper. The leading banks of New York refused to receive them except on special deposit. At a meeting of the associated banks, January, 1862, it was resolved that, before they received them, "Congress must make such legal provision as shall ensure their speedy redemption, and that a committee of the association be appointed to consider the subject and report at an adjourned meeting." The New York *Times* of January 6, 1862, in commenting on this action of the banks says: "If it were seriously intended by the malcontents with the government among these bank gentlemen, to seize the occasion [of the suspension of specie payments] to discredit United States notes altogether and to create partial anarchy in the national finances, they seem to have altogether failed in their object, through the better judgment of their colleagues and the plainly indicated purpose of our business community to stand by the credit of the government at any cost. . . . . But [notwithstanding this effort of the banks to discredit them] the currency of the United States notes having already regulated itself, no attention was given to the report, even at the banks, and as the subject is now to be taken up in Congress, *and the stamp of the national authority given to the United States notes as a legal tender*, it may probably be a relief to the party in question, as it will be to the people, to have done with the discussion in the discontented bank circles of Wall street." Thus we see that without even the legal tender quality; with no gold in the treasury to redeem them, even admitting that they were payable in gold, for the notes themselves do not call for it; and with the money power exerting its influence to discredit them, they still found credit with the people.

In 1862, March 17, these notes were made a legal tender receivable for all debts public and private without exception. Soon after, the greenbacks came into general circulation and gold, already at a slight premium, advanced in price. It came to be a mere article of traffic just like wheat or oil, and its price fluctuated hourly. The people were wholly absorbed in watching the progress of the war and had neither time nor inclination to investigate the causes of gold's advance, but accepted without question the vulgar explanation that the greenback depreciated because of lack of confidence in the government. Even statesmen, from the presi-

dent down, accepted it, and it has since stood almost unquestioned by the highest authorities on financial questions. It is not the purpose of this paper to refute the theory, but merely to call attention to certain phenomena which, never satisfactorily explained, demand explanation before the theory can stand.

Horace Greeley, in his American Conflict, says that the last days of June, 1863, "were the very darkest the nation ever saw." In the latter half of June there was sold in New York City $5,000 of government paper money tor $7,150, while $5,000 in gold would bring on the same day only $25 more. If lack of confidence in the government was the cause of the depreciation of government paper, why was it that all its paper did not equally depreciate, since all must have been subject to the same discrediting influences? It cannot be explained by the difference between the notes themselves. True one kind promised the bearer a certain number of dollars on demand while the other merely promised the dollars with no fixed time of payment; but the demand notes were not payable in gold by the terms of the contract, and even if they were, the government had no gold for anybody's demand after the suspension of specie payments, Dec. 28, 1861. Had congress specifically decreed that the demand notes might be paid in lawful money, they would be suffering no more than millions upon millions of other debts suffered. It was understood however that the notes were considered as payable in gold by the Secretary of the Treasury; but this simple assurance of a single official of the government could not have kept the notes so far above the greenbacks which were also considered as promises to pay gold, though at an indefinite time in the future. But the payment of the demand notes was also indefinitely postponed, simply because the government could hardly obtain gold enough to pay the interest on the public debt. Financiers of high repute have accounted for the premium on the demand notes over the greenbacks, whenever they have deigned to notice this phenomenon at all, as due to their convertibility into gold. Careful study of the financial conditions of this period cannot fail to convince the impartial that this view is erroneous. That the notes were not convertible is demonstrated by the very fact that 5000 gold dollars were worth $25 more than the 5000 paper dollars. No one would willingly sacrifice even

$25 on $5000 if by taking his notes to the sub-treasury in Wall street that sum could be saved ; or, in other words, if the notes were convertible. The reason why this explanation is offered is because no other will fit the assumption that the depreciation of government paper was due to a lack of confidence in it on the part of the people. The necessary corallary of this assumption is that perfect convertibility alone can prevent depreciation, and it must follow that the degree of uncertainty or difficulty of convertibility is the measure of depreciation. But, as has been shown, the demand notes were not convertible by the terms of the contract. They might have been paid in greenbacks with as much justice as the thousands of other debts which were contracted before the suspension of specie payment, but were declared payable in depreciated non-specie paying paper ; there was every probability that the government, which was hard pressed for specie, would declare them so payable ; there had been no authority for supposing that they would be paid in gold except a circular issued by the Secretary of the Treasury ; they were never convertible, strictly speaking ; and last as a matter of fact they were not paid in gold except perhaps in rare instances.

The question that is presented to us is this : why did not these notes depreciate like other United States notes since they were dependent on the credit of the government as truly and in as great a degree as were the greenbacks which did depreciate? If it be answered that they were convertible, then the question arises : why did they depreciate from one half to ten per cent below gold? Is any one prepared to believe that a man who had, say $100,000 in these notes would sell them for $90,000 or $95,000 if they were convertible into gold on demand? Yet such transactions were daily occurring all through the first two or three years of the war. The newspapers record sales of this paper-money at a discount which amounted to thousands of dollars daily. Why then were they at a premium over the greenbacks? If the answer contain the admission that other causes had to do with the depreciation or appreciation of United States notes than the mere fact that they were made of paper, then the answer differs from the commonly accepted opinion, and all that was desired has been accomplished by this paper.

John Ford.

A KANAKA SPOILSMAN.

KAWAIHAI, the valley of the ancient chiefs, is a panorama of green hillsides and wooded bottom-land. A few cultivated acres are seen among the trees. Squares of taro plants spread over the artificial ponds that are separated from each other by narrow embankments. The brown grass houses peep out from the tangle of banana trees and morning-glory vines, and the dark green lehua and guava trees make dense jungle. Winding through it all flow the dark waters of the Kamanu, a stream celebrated in former times for the evil spirits who inhabited it. Farther down the valley, outlined against the sky, the tall, slender cocoanut trees are ever swaying back and forth in the fresh trade-wind, and the bamboos, leaning to the river, flourish over the ragged screw-palms.

Some years ago in this valley of Kawaihai, on the bank of the muddy Kamanu, lived a black-whiskered, fat old native, known by his dark-skinned neighbors as Kaneleumeke (the empty calabash), but to the rest of the world he was the Honorable Jim Kolohi, a former member of the legislature, but now retired to obscurity by reason of his inability to resist accepting presents for his vote.

In the year 18—, the Missionary Party, or the party of respectable whites, was retired from politics for the time being and corrupt officials infested the royal court. Now, thought Kolohi, now is the time for me to present myself to His Royal Majesty and remind him of the many services I have in past years performed for him. I will stand boldly before him and ask for a place in the Cabinet of the King, and he will at least make me postmaster of Kawaihai, which position bringeth in the sum of fifty dollars a year, and on that I and my friends will live and drink the sleepy ava.

The next morning his horse was saddled and waiting before the low grass hut, in which Kolohi and friends to the number of fifteen had their abode. On behind his big Spanish saddle was tied a blanket, out of which a suspicious black bottle protruded. On one side of the saddle he hung a goat's hide bag filled with house-

hold furniture, and on the other, a bag of that all necessary article, *poi*, the native staff of life. After giving the girth an extra hitch, Kolohi deposited his ponderous frame in the saddle and started on his journey of one hundred and forty-eight miles, forty-eight of which were to be on horseback, and the remainder by steamer.

It was in the second gulch to the southward that the ambitious office-seeker met his first discouragement. The day was warm, and as he was slowly fording the rocky stream in the bottom of the valley, it suddenly struck his horseship that it would be a good plan to lie down in the cool water and rest. The intelligent horse immediately put the idea into execution, and in spite of savage digs from his owner's Mexican spurs, he gently deposited Kolohi in the already discolored waters of the stream. With the water running from his clothes Kolohi stood up and in an emphatic manner which ill accorded with the easy going native character, he gave his opinion of the matter in all the English at his command. This consisted of a choice assortment of oaths and inelegant phrases, picked up from white outcasts who had taken up their abode with the natives. But suddenly the horse jumped up and started for home at a brisk trot. Up the side of the gulch as fast as his fat legs would carry him, Kolohi followed the horse, and disappeared over the edge of the bluff; but still faintly could he be heard, airing his limited stock of English.

The next morning Kolohi again set out on his quest for a government office ; but this time he did not go alone. Closely following behind was the youthful son and heir of the family clothed in his Sunday best and riding a vicious gray mustang.

It was clear that Kolohi had no intention of taking another involuntary bath if he could help it, for at every stream Kolohi the junior followed close behind with a heavy whip and encouraged his father's horse to move on whenever it paused for a moment in its slippery course over the rocks and stones in the ford. All went well until about noon, when after having scrambled down a rocky bluff, Kolohi came into a deep, narrow valley which opened on the sea. Here a great dance, the native *hula*, was going on to the wild music of the shark-skin drums, and the noise of bamboo rattles that echoed from the cliffs around the valley. The dancers with savage gestures, the dogs' teeth bracelets and

anklets clattering with every motion, were performing the *hula kui*, a dance prohibited by law, but secretly encouraged by the King. Here a group were preparing the ava, the favorite drink of the native race. In this case the ava root was not, as has been described by some writers, "masticated by the pearly teeth of flower-clad maidens," but the root was chewed by a group of withered hags and decrepit men, who spat the juice into small calabashes where it was mixed with water and allowed to stand a few hours.

Kolohi immediately joined in the festivities, and as a result, was not able to go on with his journey that day, nor the next; and the steamer left the day after. So what did Mr. Punilealea (the light-minded one) do but bundle the Honorable Kolohi and his bag of *poi* into a whale boat and start him off by sea along the coast, in order that he might catch the steamer. The wind was fresh and the water rough, but in spite of the fact that the day before, all of these natives had been on an ava drunk, every thing went on well until they came to the rocky point of Kolualua, the home of the shark-god, where it is rough even in breezeless weather. Here the waves dashed over the boat and wet the entire crew. Now, by taking a cold bath, an ava drunk may be reproduced after the first effects have entirely passed away, and consequently all on board were overcome by an overpowering desire to sleep and again dream those wonderful dreams which only come to the ava drinker.

The boat left to itself, sailed out to sea, and the island behind them sank out of sight.

Twelve days after, a whale boat slowly rowed in through the breakers at Oolili, a fishing village fifteen miles from the capital. On board were Kolohi and his crew. The mast of the boat had been lost the second night, and the crew had pulled one hundred and fifty miles against head winds and a stormy sea. One man was dead, but the rest slowly crawled up the sandy beach, and rubbed noses with each other, and praised the god of the deep ocean who had brought them to land. Kolohi could no longer with any truth be called fat, but in spite of all his misfortunes he was still bent on having a government office, and that same afternoon he started for the capital.

Four days after, this notice appeared in the "By Authority" column of the *Royal Weekly Nuhoa:* "It has pleased his Majesty, O people, to appoint the Honorable J. B. Kolohi, Marshal of the Kingdom, this third day of September, 18—. Pupulino Rex."

For nine months Kolohi remained marshal, and during that time never hesitated to stoop to any act, which might please the King or enrich his own pocket. Then came the revolution, in which the descendants of the missionaries showed that their ability to use the rifle was even greater than that of their fathers to expound the Bible. Kolohi again appeared in the valley of the muddy Kamanu; this time he walked,—though lamely, for he carried a bullet in his leg.

Walter S. Dole.

HERE AND THERE IN THE LIBRARY.

I am apt to wonder occasionally whether the existence of such series as the American Statesmen, English Men of Letters, Great Writers and so on is a real gain either to literature or history. It produces handy books of reference and books that can, and doubtless are, readily bought and read by persons who would not otherwise become acquainted with the lives of the subjects treated. It sometimes produces a careful study of some life which has hitherto been neglected or presented in an inadequate or false light. The advantages are certainly of some account. But it has also its disadvantages. And one of these disadvantages lies in such books as Mr. Morse's "Franklin" which have, as Mr. Morse has noted himself, no reason for existence except that the series calls for them. Perhaps considering the multiplicity of books nowadays this can hardly be held anything very deplorable. But I incline to believe that there are many who think that the enormous issue of books nowadays is rather to be regretted than rejoiced at.

* * *

Mr. Morse might have given his reason for writing his life of Franklin in the American Statesman Series* in much the words

**American Statesmen: Benjamin Franklin*, by John T. Morse, Jr. Houghton Mifflin & Company. Boston and New York.

that he applied to Franklin's election to the Constitutional Convention of 1787. In regard to that matter he remarks "It was fortunate that even an unnecessary reason led to his being chosen, for all future generations would have felt an unpardonable void had been left in that famous assemblage had the sage of America not been there." So of this life of Franklin, he says in his Preface "The fact is simply this: without a life of Franklin this series would have appeared as absurdly imperfect as a library of English fiction with Scott or Thackeray absent from the shelves. The volume was a necessity, and since Mr. Parton's work, even if it could be borrowed or stolen, would not fit the space, this little book has been written." The fact is, as far as a life of Franklin is concerned, no more are at present necessary nor will they become so unless future historical investigation should reveal much which should throw a new light on matters long looked upon as actual facts.

Mr. Parton's Life of Franklin is a most excellent biography and singularly interesting. For those who like autobiography, Mr. John Bigelow's "Life" made up from Franklin's own letters is sufficient. And those who like to read and form opinions for themselves will be able to do so adequately by means of the recent edition of Franklin's Works. Therefore a work like Mr. Morse's is necessary only for the reason noted by him and perhaps also for that purpose remarked by Mark Pattison in his Preface to the Life of Milton in the English Men of Letters Series, in the following words: "My excuse for attempting to write of Milton after Mr. Masson, is that his life is in six volumes octavo, with a total of some four to five thousand pages. The present outline is written for a different class of readers, those namely, who cannot afford to know more of Milton than can be told in some two hundred and fifty pages."

* * *

For writing a work like this, peculiar gifts are needed. The more fundamental qualities of the historian,—research, accuracy, judgment,—are not of absolute necessity, for the facts are as a rule easily obtainable in well-known works. What are wanted are those rarer qualities which are not so easily named but which the readers of Parkman and Motley will readily call to mind. The

writer of a work like this should be entertaining as well as accurate, inspiring as well as unprejudiced.

Mr. Parton possessed in a high degree certain of the qualities in question. Mr. Morse is by no means lacking in all of them. He enlivens his pages with epigrammatic remarks which are only too few. I shall take the liberty of quoting some of them.

Of Beaumarchais:

"Bred a watchmaker, he had the skill, when a mere youth, to invent a clever escapement balance for regulating watches; had he been able to insert it in his own brain he might have held more securely his elusive good fortunes."

Of John Adams:

"With that happy self-confidence characteristic of our people, which leads every American to believe that he can at once, and without training, do anything whatsoever better than it can be done by any other living man no matter how well trained, Adams began immediately to act and criticise."

Of the same:

"If nature had maliciously sought to create a man for the express purpose of aggravating Vergennes, she could not have made one better adapted to the purpose than Adams."

Of Franklin as a boy:

"But dipping wicks and pouring grease pleased him hardly better than reconciling infant damnation and a red hot hell with the loveliness of Christianity."

Of a remark of Franklin's:

"The picture of Dr. Franklin, the philosopher, at the age of sixty-one, 'cheerfully' sustaining his family in the wilderness by the winnings of his rod and his rifle stirs one's sense of humor."

* * *

But unfortunately the whole book is by no means as entertaining as are these few specimens. The attractive powers of Parton even would have been severely taxed had he proposed to compress a life of Franklin into the compass of Mr. Morse's book. There are so many facts to state that a concise statement of them becomes tiresome. Franklin becomes involved and covered up in that mass of details which ever surrounded him in life and which now weary the reader as much as they once wearied the subject

of his reading. It is true that Mr. Morse has to some extent confined his narration to a detail of the life of Franklin, the American Statesman, in accordance with the aim of the series for which his book is written, but this very fact has rather a bad effect on the interest with which the book will be read, for Franklin the man of letters and the scientist, though perhaps not so useful a member of society as the one we have here, was a much more entertaining one.

But even though the reader is not led with interest from step to step in Franklin's life, yet where he does go he goes on the whole surely. The book, as far as I can myself judge, is accurate. One would not venture to think disrespectfully of a statement to which such well-known and respected authorities as Bancroft and Parton are so frequently called as witnesses. And, though Mr. Morse by no means lacks admiration for his subject, the book is fair minded and impartial, and if it sometimes fails to give us the true idea of Franklin, it rarely gives us a false one. I incline to think that the book will serve admirably the purpose for which it was written.

Edward Everett Hale, Jr.

NEW BOOKS.

Gilman on Profit Sharing.*

Mr. Gilman has made accessible to English readers a large amount of valuable material concerning profit sharing on the continent, and has furnished in a form convenient for American students of the subject much information which, before he republished it, was hopelessly scattered. The material collected is well arranged and accompanied by introductory and concluding chapters which discuss the general theory and immediate prospects of profit sharing, with moderation and good sense. Those who wish to learn what has been done in the way of sharing the profits, are commended to the interesting pages of the book itself. Those who wish to learn to how satisfactory a state Mr. Gilman expects this evolutionary process eventually to bring the very unsatisfactory wage system of to-day, will not be content to take his opinions at second hand from this page. Suffice

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**Profit Sharing between Employer and Employee; a Study in the Evolution of the Wages System.* By Nicholas Paine Gilman. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York.

it, therefore, to say here that, while he does not regard profit sharing as an industrial cure-all, he does expect it, and for economic rather than for philanthropic reasons, to become a highly significant factor in the solution of the wages problem. Justly distrusting the permanence of the present vogue for "profit sharing, slumming, and Toynbee-ism generally," Mr. Gilman argues for profit sharing as a good investment.

He tells us that only "a comparatively small number of the more prosperous employers of labor" have hitherto embarked in profit sharing. When, in the light of this admission, we come to analyze the demand which profit sharing makes upon the employer, we shall discover one of the causes which circumscribe the growth of "industrial partnerships," within the circle of the "more prosperous employers." The demand of profit sharing is that the employer, in order to secure the desirable conditions of industry which have been enumerated, shall invest a certain portion of his realized profits in a scheme of profit sharing. This investment "a small number of the more prosperous employers" can indeed make, but for a large number of the less prosperous employers such an investment is impossible. They have no realized profits to invest. Their profits barely cover their necessarily frugal expenditure; hence, though they may recognize never so clearly the advantages which would ensue from the investment, the investment must remain, in their case, forever unmade. How this class of less prosperous employers comes into existence and why it is a persistent class, there is not space here to explain.

Finally it may prove not an unfruitful line of reflection for those interested in the subject to consider whether, unless present methods of competition shall be largely modified, profit sharing, even if universally adopted, will have any other effect than to take from the laborer in the form of lower direct wages as much as it adds to his income in the form of profits shared.

C. H. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London.

Great Words from Great Americans.

The Hansa Towns. By Helen Zimmern. (Story of the Nations.)

Monopolies and the People. By Charles Whiting Baker, C. E. (Questions of the Day.)

Seven Thousand Words Often Mispronounced. By William Henry P. Phyfe.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York.

The Reconstruction of Europe; a Sketch of the Diplomatic and Military History of Continental Europe, from the Rise to the Fall of the Second French Empire. By Harold Murdock; with an Introduction by John Fiske.

From Little, Brown & Co. Boston.

The Swedish Revolution under Gustavus Vasa. By Paul Barron Watson.

THE

CORNELL MAGAZINE.

VOL. II. NOVEMBER, 1889. NO. 2.

EDWIN H. WOODRUFF, *Editor-in-Chief.*

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The Magazine is to be published monthly throughout the college year. Subscription price, $2.00 a year. Single numbers, 25 cents.

SAVONAROLA AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS:

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL QUEST.

LAST year, at an old-book shop in Soho Square, as I strolled one morning through the London fog, I picked up a little manuscript. It was a modest booklet: no miniatures, no illuminations, no huge intertwisted capitals, glorious with scroll and leaf-work, not so much as a scarlet rubric here and there, to break the monotony of the sober black. The manuscript was not even on parchment. Only a few quires of yellowed paper, closely written in fading ink. You might have taken it for a student's note-book of a hundred years ago. But, to the practiced eye, the quaint monkish Italian hand which filled its ninety quarto pages betrayed in every angle and abbreviation the touch of the early sixteenth century. Title-page the book had none; but the headlines of its first leaf told me, in tripping Tuscan, that here began the life of Brother Jerome of Ferrara, of the order of Friars Preachers. So, to his fellow-monks, was known Savonarola of San Marco, the prophet-dictator of Florence.

You know the story of that strange soul, which, just at the dawning of the modern world, flashed athwart the gay, matter-of-

fact existence of fifteenth-century Italy, changing as by magic—the simple magic of self-devotion—the keenest-witted, lightest-hearted city known to history into a Puritan commonwealth; threatening for a moment, through the sheer force of one pure enthusiasm, to turn Renaissance Europe herself back to the ascetic ideals of an age gone by; teaching men forever how mightier far than policy is purpose. In the vivid pages of George Eliot's *Romola*, the dreamy chapters of Mrs. Oliphant's *Makers of Florence*, perhaps in the soberer narrative of Perrens or of Villari, you have followed him through all the stages of his troubled life. You have mused with him, a moody boy, along the banks of Po, as his soul saddened and poured itself out in precocious verse over the sin that lurked beneath the pleasures of his native Ferrara like the slimy dungeons that glared out at him from beneath the gay loggias of her moated castle. You have sighed with him over the eager love, baffled and disdained, which seared his proud young heart to ashes. You have stolen forth with him, out from the evil shadow of courtly Ferrara, across the lonely rice-fields, to cloistered Bologna of the leaning towers, there to seek in convent vigils peace for his world-weary soul. You have toiled with him, prayed with him, wandered with him, a Dominican friar, from abbey to abbey, still seeking in vain that unfound peace, across the plains of Lombardy, back to forgotten Ferrara, over the mountains to Florence—Florence the wise, the fair, the free,—Florence the mother, nay, the glowing bride, of the Renaissance. You have seen his gray eye kindle and flash beneath the craggy mountain of his brow at the sight of that vision of grace and wit; have watched the brow darken and the great lip grow tense as there jarred upon his quivering ear the ribald songs of Lorenzo—Lorenzo, the Renaissance incarnate, in all its power and weakness. You have seen that wrath deepen into the overmastering purpose of a life: nursed into a consuming flame amid the mountain stillnesses of San Geminiano,—bursting forth in lightning-flashes above the heads of hushed multitudes at Brescia and at Reggio,—pushing back across the Apennines the man in whose soul it burned, to take up again at Florence the lifework awaiting him. You have followed the steps by which that dauntless young Prior of San Marco overawed, won, inspired, swayed at will, the wondering

city. You have stood with him at the bedside of Lorenzo—that Lorenzo whom he had slighted, baffled, defied—called thither to give absolution to his desperate soul (the Middle Age shriving the Renaissance!), and have seen that terrible monk turn relentless from the lordly sinner who would not buy heaven itself by the restitution ~~restoration~~ of the liberties of Florence. You have seen the trembling city, its self-reliance lost through a century of servility to a despot, turn in its political strait to the iron will that has wrought its moral restoration. You have seen the strange patriot-priest, with unsuspected statesmanship, create a government for Florence; and then have sadly followed, step by step, the career of blunders by which he wrought the ruin of his own creation, forgetting, as prophets are wont to do, that a state cannot long be ruled from a pulpit. You have seen him struggling against fate, borne down by the combined hatred of the world and of the church, thundering still his denunciations at the one and answering the other with anathemas as terrible as its own. You have stood by at that last strange tableau of the ordeal by fire and seen the mob of Florence turn on the idol that cheats it of its sensation. You have fought for him with his monks in the beleaguered convent. You have quivered with him under the awful torture beneath which, for a moment, even his strong soul quailed in weakness. You have taken heart of despair and marched with him in triumph to the stake—to sainthood or to shame.

But review the story for yourself, if you will, in the judicial essay of Dean Milman or in the vigorous sketch into which Signora Linda Villari has condensed for the Encyclopedia Britannica her husband's classic work. Then come and take up again our manuscript. What can that tell us new of Frà Girolamo Savonarola? Who wrote it?—where?—and when?

It has no signature—no preface—no author's name anywhere. Even its vellum fly-leaves, once its covers—a rubricated page of some fourteenth-century commentary on the Civil Law—tell no tales. "*Fu fra Hyeronimo Savonarola per patria padovano*"—"Brother Jerome was by birth a Paduan"—it abruptly begins; "*per el fuoco et per l'aqua sono passati al Regno de beati: dove vivar con Christo per infinita secula*"—"through the fire and the water

he and his fellow-martyrs have passed to the realm of the blessed, where they live with Christ forever"—it as abruptly ends. Yet no: over the leaf there begins, in the same hand, but in Latin, a list of the "Miracles of the man of God, Jerome"—"*Miracula viri Dei Hyeronimi.*" Sixty-eight of them there are, these miracles, duly numbered and narrated; but these, too, end without a signature—no date, no place, no comment of the scribe.

To guess its author, then, we must read the manuscript through. Or, can we, perhaps, identify it at once with some work already known and printed? That is well worth the trying. What lives of Savonarola have his contemporaries left us?

There are only two of them, it seems; but about those two there is a long story. It was in 1498 that the friar was burned. Not till 1530, two and thirty years after his death, did the first biography of him see the light of print. It was written in Latin, and its author was Giovanni Francesco Pico, prince of Mirandola. Pico, a nephew of that greater namesake so admired and beloved by the scholars of the Renaissance, had been himself in boyhood and youth the disciple and friend of Savonarola. At his secluded little Mirandolan court many of the Reformer's monkish followers had found refuge after their master's death and their own dispersion. Partly, therefore, from memory, partly from the best of oral testimony, Pico could write. His book was eagerly welcomed as an authority; and for more than a century it remained the only published biography of Savonarola.

But, in 1674, Pico's work having long been scarce, the great Dominican scholar Quétif took in hand its republication, and, burning with zeal to redeem the fame of the fellow-monk whom he counted martyr and saint, he swelled the book to thrice its original bulk by the addition of such other biographic materials as he could lay hands on. Foremost among these latter additions were certain generous extracts from what purported to be an Italian life of Savonarola by one Brother Timotheus of Perugia. Who this Brother Timotheus might have been, Quétif clearly did not know. What he did know was—and this he tells us in his other great work, on the writers of the Dominican order—that the manuscript of Brother Timotheus's book, written "in a contemporary hand," was to be found in the Royal Library at Paris.

But the zeal of Quétif found few to share it. Even the skeptic Bayle, usually so keen a sympathizer with the victims of persecution, could only sneer at the Florentine enthusiast whose folly had earned his fate; and the career of such a visionary was little congenial to the spirit of the eighteenth century. And so a hundred years had passed before it occurred to any searcher to find out more about Brother Timotheus and his book. Then, in 1761, the eminent church historian, Mansi, who was just getting out the first volume of his edition of the *Miscellanea*, or historical scrap-bag, of Stephen Baluze, and, after the fashion of his day, enriching it with all the fresh tatters he could find, learned that a fellow-Lucchese, Brother Federigo Vincenzo di Poggia, of the neighboring convent of San Romano, had found and was about to publish a hitherto unprinted Italian life of Savonarola by Father Pacifico Burlamacchi. Now, Father Pacifico, as was well known to Signor Mansi, had been a colleague and follower of the Reformer, and had become, after his master's martyrdom, prior of that very convent of San Romano, at Lucca, to which Brother Federigo now belonged. Here, then, was a scrap worth having. Mansi heard with interest of this new found work, did its finder the honor to borrow the manuscript forthwith, and showed his appreciation of the loan by publishing it in full, by anticipation, in his own book. He made no question as to Father Pacifico's authorship of it; though he did detect and point out, what Brother Federigo had failed to note, that this was precisely the same life of Savonarola from which Quétif had taken the passages ascribed to Brother Timotheus of Perugia. Now that the whole book was printed, it was clear, indeed, that the ascription to Brother Timothy rested only on a statement in one of the appended miracle-stories, to the effect that "I, Brother Timotheus of Perugia, who have with my own hand transcribed the above miracle, together with the other memoirs of Brother Jerome, did, on the 29th April of this year 1566, visit the scene of the said miracle." And, as the mere transcriber of a work has no claim to be its author, Brother Federigo, whose separate impression appeared later in the same year (1761), borrowed Mansi's note about the Quétif extracts without abating in the least his ascription of the work to Father Pacifico Burlamacchi. Burlamacchi's name, however, does not

occur in the book at all; and the only authority which, in his prefatory letter, Brother Federigo could adduce for the ascription was, that an earlier Dominican not unknown to literature, Frà Serafino Razzi, drawing up in 1590 a life of Savonarola still in manuscript but accessible to Brother Federigo, had used, along with Pico's, this work as his chief source, and had attributed it to "Frà Pacifico Burlamacchi," declaring that "Frà Burlamacchi was the first who wrote the life of our prophet, from which all the others have taken their narratives."

Whether or not the worthy Frà Federigo resented the sharp dealing of his brother historian as to the prior publication of his book, it evidently irritated him that he had not himself discovered the identity of the Quétif extracts; and, three years later, in a fresh "letter apologetic" prefaced to a second edition of his "Burlamacchi," he denies this identity outright. Having investigated the matter, he finds, as he tells us, that although Brother Timotheus—whose surname, it now appears, was Bottoni, or Bottonio—did, indeed, transcribe and edit that draft of Burlamacchi's life of Savonarola which Mansi and Frà Federigo had printed, yet he had only slightly changed, by condensation and by the addition of the miracles happening after Burlamacchi's death, the "true production" of Father Burlamacchi, which Frà Federigo had since discovered; and that, on the basis of his edition of Burlamacchi, Frà Bottonio had later written a more copious biography of his own, whence were Quétif's extracts.

Be that all as it may, the good Frà Federigo never printed either the "*vero scritto*" of Burlamacchi or the independent work of Bottonio; nor has any later scholar re-discovered his copies. And, though it was clear that Brother Timothy's revision could have no historical value save that given by its original, it became thenceforward, under the name of Burlamacchi and in the editions of Mansi and Frà Federigo, the rival of Pico as a main source for the life of Savonarola.

Not even the revived interest in the career of the Reformer and the new zest in historical research to which the nineteenth century gave birth revealed any other contemporary narrative of his life. Rudelbach and Meier and Perrens, while using eagerly the fresh

Documentary materials for his political and religious activity which their researches brought ever more richly to light, were fain to rest their story of his personal life on the two old biographers; and even the brilliant young Florentine, Pasquale Villari, who, after years of keen and exhaustive gleaning in the Tuscan archives and libraries, produced in 1859–61 the classic which seemed to close the field forever, still cited, for the most picturesque details of his hero's story, Pico and Burlamacchi. And, of these two, Burlamacchi was ever the favorite, seeming to all, as to Mrs. Oliphant, "his earliest biographer, his contemporary and disciple, whose simple and touching narrative has all the charm of nearness and personal affection."

But, in the year 1877, a great iconoclast laid hands on the question. The veteran German historian Ranke gave to the world, thus late in his historical march through the modern centuries, his brief but admirable sketch of "Savonarola and the Florentine Republic toward the End of the Fifteenth Century." Neglecting wholly the old biographers, and with that predilection for manuscript sources of his own discovery which I dare to count a weakness of the great master, he confined his essay closely to the public activity of the friar. But, in an appendix, he took up without gloves the two biographies, and, with that searching criticism which had shaken the foundations of so many a stately historical legend, laid bare what he deemed their true relation to each other and to the facts.

Pico, Ranke admits, was undoubtedly the author of the life of Savonarola credited to him; but, adds the critic, a certain chance allusion shows that the work must have been written during the siege of Florence and the revived supremacy of the old party of the Frateschi, in 1530—a period too remote from the scenes it records and too ripe in fanatical enthusiasm to bring forth aught of serious weight as a sober narrative of events. As for the biography which had hitherto borne the name of Burlamacchi, it cannot possibly in its existing form, said Ranke, have been written by that monk; for he is known to have died in 1519, while the book has mention of many events later than that date. Moreover, its resemblance to Pico's life is quite too close to be accidental: the two cannot be of independent origin. And, incident by incident, the

unrelenting critic points how the so-called Burlamacchi follows Pico, not only in the choice and order of its matter, but often in the minutest details of episode and of style, differing mainly in the more monkish standpoint and the greater fondness for miraculous features. Not only, then, he concludes, was it not written by Burlamacchi, the companion of Savonarola, but it was compiled almost bodily from the book of Pico, and has, therefore, no value as an original source. Pico alone is of worth, and Pico of very little.

Thus did the great master of modern historical investigation seem to wipe away from the canvas of history the chief tints of one of the fairest pictures of human life and effort. And, resting on his authority, later historians acquiesced without a protest in his conclusions.

How fares it, then, with our own little manuscript? It is a life of Savonarola in Italian. Is it a translation of Pico's? Is it a copy of the so-called Burlamacchi? Or is it a new and hitherto unknown production? That it may be Pico's has long been guessed. Across the face of the old vellum cover a hand not younger than the end of the sixteenth century has boldly printed, as a title, "*Vita Patris Hieronymi Sauonarole | Scripta à Pico Mirandulano.*" And here, on the inside of the newer fore-lid, a note by some later owner, in modern Italian script and phrase (the book cannot have been long, then, in English keeping), repeats the conjecture. But a moment's comparison of the two is enough to show this a mistake. Coincidences there are, but in matter, not in form; and, of the episodes common to both, Pico has often the fuller statement. Moreover, a closer inspection shows that our manuscript more than once cites Pico's work by name. And, strange to say, whereas Pico goes on to tell what happened after the death of his hero, our manuscript stops short off at his martyrdom.

And how about the Burlamacchi? Ah, here there is indeed a resemblance: the same order of treatment, the same facts, often the same phrases. Yet the resemblance is not identity. Our manuscript is much briefer: the prologue is wanting,—sentences, anecdotes, sometimes whole chapters, are not here to be found,—

and the Burlamacchi, instead of breaking off with the death of the prophet, proceeds to enumerate and locate his relics. The chaptering, too, differs not a little. Can it be that our manuscript is an abridgment of the Burlamacchi? Hardly; for the passages it lacks are not such as an abridger would have left out. Moreover, there are in the Burlamacchi manifest corrections of statements found in our booklet. Is it possible, then, that ours is an earlier form of the Burlamacchi? Even Ranke admitted the possibility of such an earlier form, though he doubted its existence because—like Potthast, the great Berlin archivist, before him—he had sought for it in vain: all the manuscripts on which he could lay hands were but variations of the printed Bottonio version. Ours, however, might well be explained as this missing form—were it not for one thing: the incessant and puzzling differences in wording. No theory of an attempt to improve the style can quite account for these. One theory might account for it: what if both are *translations* from some common source?—or the one from a translation of the other?

In any case, our manuscript seems the older. If so, when was it made? Let us look up the passages on whose strength Ranke denies the Burlamacchi an early date. Ah, they are wanting—all save one: that famous prophecy of a Pope who should be named Clement, in whose days should come the tribulation of Florence. Now, prophecies, urges the unbelieving German, are not made till after they are fulfilled; and Clement was not Pope till 1523. As for the manuscript's voluntary testimony, the latest date it anywhere names is "the last day of April in 1520," when "the venerable Father Bartholomeo di Giovanni da Ragugia" gossiped to the monks of San Marco about Savonarola's prophetic sermons at Brescia; and there seems nowhere allusion to aught of later occurrence.

But wait! We have forgotten the Latin list of miracles at the end. There are lists of miracles at the end of Pico and of the Burlamacchi: are these the same? No, but that's odd! Not one of the whole sixty-eight tallies. Ours begin, unlike the other lists, with the year of Savonarola's death, and the latest one named took place in 1523—although it is clear from Pico and the Burlamacchi that there was no lack of subsequent marvels. The de-

scriptions, too, of the miracles are much briefer; their circumstances are less startling; their scene, almost without exception, Florence or its immediate neighborhood. Let us read one or two of them. The first narrates how, in 1498, on the day of the ordeal by fire, the man of God "liberated" by his prayers a certain Brother Giovanni Maria. The second runs as follows: "When the man of God was once visiting the sick, he found sick among the rest the venerable father, Brother . . ., copyist [*librarius*], and asked who it was; and, when he recognized him, he said, 'I didn't know you were ill,' and healed him, *as he himself related to me.*"

Indeed! Then our writer knew those who had known Savonarola, and was on intimate terms with the friars of San Marco! Nay, the restored copyist must have been still alive when he wrote: else why conceal his name? Do the later miracle-stories throw more light on our writer's identity? Only once; in the seventh he tells us that Savonarola "appeared also to a certain monk, eminent by his character, his position, and his learning, whose rank and office *I name not, till the task laid upon him be accomplished*: he had a revelation from the blessed Jerome, not once only, but several times: and to him he said many things, which in their own time shall be made known." Is our writer speaking of himself? Not a few of the miracles are narrated as reported to this or that "brother," sometimes to "the brothers" as a whole. Now, some, at least, of the friars thus named were clearly monks of San Marco itself. Notably is this true of one "Frater Jacobus Siculus"—James of Sicily—whose name occurs with especial frequency, and who is known to history as a friend of Savonarola and his sometime successor as Prior of San Marco.

So far, then, as its own internal evidence is concerned, we are tempted to guess our manuscript to be the product of some friar of San Marco, writing not earlier, yet not much later, than the year 1523. But does the age of the manuscript itself, as shown by its handwriting, confirm this? To be sure, its not doing so will prove little as to the date of the composition, for our manuscript may itself be but a copy; yet, if it be so old, it will mean much. Look, here are some dated Lucchese documents—deeds or what not—of the years 1515 to 1517. (I'll confess that I

wheedled a Lucca antiquary out of them for the purpose of this very comparison.) One might almost suppose our manuscript the work of the same notary: script, ligatures, figures, punctuation, ink, are the same—only the documents are on vellum and seem a little more carefully written. The external testimony of our manuscript, then, concurs with the internal in suggesting a date not far from 1523. If it only were not for those citations from Pico, who, Ranke says, cannot have written his book before 1530. Can it be that the good Homer himself has nodded for this once? May not Pico's book have been earlier in circulation?

Yes, the good Homer has surely nodded. But, alas for our pride of discovery, a great scholar has already convicted him, and, what is more, has taken nearly all the wind out of our own sails. In the year 1884, in the first number of the new Italian historical review—the *Rivistà Storica Italiana*—Professor Pasquale Villari, who was then preparing a fresh edition of his life of Savonarola, came to the rescue of his tottering authorities with facts which, had they been published by him in his book at first, would have made Ranke's suspicions impossible. For he cuts the ground from beneath his critic's feet by showing that neither for the so-called Burlamacchi nor for the Pico are we left to their printed versions; but that the passages in both which excited the great German's distrust are demonstrably no part of the biographies as written. Nay, Pico's life of Savonarola was, on his own testimony, in existence before 1520; for he tells us so in his published works of that year. And, as to that called Burlamacchi's, there exists, says Villari, in the National Library at Florence a certain Latin manuscript. It is a life of Savonarola. Its erasures, corrections, marginal comments, show it to be the autograph of its author. It is known to have once belonged to the library of the novice-house of San Marco. And this Latin biography, says Professor Villari, is unquestionably the source whence are derived, directly or indirectly, all the Italian versions attributed to Burlamacchi. Yet it differs from them in much—in its lesser bulk, its smaller proportion of the marvelous, its lack of prologue and of appended list of miracles. Its date cannot be later than 1524; for it speaks of the election of Clement VII as having just occurred. Its author was clearly a monk of San

Marco, and a contemporary of Savonarola; for he mentions as shared by him events which happened in the convent. But he was as certainly *not* Pacifico Burlamacchi; for, when that brother is incidentally alluded to, it is as "a certain prior of Lucca"—opposite which, in the margin, is added, in the same hand, the explanation, "Fr. Pacificus de Burlamacchis." It is very probably to this marginal gloss that the false ascription—first by Father Razzi, then by all the world—is due. That the author was not of the Florentines Villari infers from his explanations of terms in "their dialect," and from his frequent reckoning of dates after the Pisan fashion: his name, however, he cannot guess. But, if the author does not tell us his name, he tells us what is of far more importance—his sources. "All the things," he says, "which are written in this biography were either seen by the author or heard from trustworthy witnesses. Some are from the letters of Brother Placidus de Cinozis to Brother Jacobus Siculus regarding the acts of the divine Hieronymus; some, again, are from the Chronicles of Brother Sanctes of San Cassiano; yet others, from the admirable life by Joannes Franciscus Picus, Count of Mirandola, which he diligently composed about the man of God; others still, from Hieronymus Benivieni, a man learned and very dear to the sainted Hieronymus." And, better still, in another Florentine library—the Riccardian—Professor Villari has found another manuscript in the hand of the same writer: it is these priceless sources themselves, and others, copied out for his own use—the letters of Cinozzi and of Benivieni, the trial of Frà Domenico, briefs of Pope Alexander, letters of Savonarola himself, and among the rest—Pico's biography. Less complete is this last than as it was afterward printed; and the comparison shows that, if its author lent much to the anonymous biographer, he borrowed much in return.

And so, in his turn, the great German critic is set aside. Again the biographies of Girolamo Savonarola are two, not wholly independent, but of independent value; both composed as early as 1524, both by contemporaries and disciples of their hero: one by Pico, Count of Mirandola, the other by an unknown Dominican monk, whom, for want of a better name, we may still call the pseudo-Burlamacchi.

Is our quest at an end? Is our manuscript, then, a mere translation of Signor Villari's Latin one? Not so fast. Signor Villari's manuscript has not yet been published; but in the new edition of his *Storia di Savonarola*, which appeared last year, he has carefully cited this "*Vita latina*" wherever its testimony confirms that of the printed Burlamacchi. Now, not all the passages thus cited are to be found in our manuscript. Would a translator have left out such a scene as that at the death-bed of Lorenzo? Is it possible that ours is an earlier vernacular draft by the same author? Is it possible that it is the oldest existing manuscript in its field? Is it possible that its author, the monk who refers to himself so cautiously in our list of miracles, was Prior Jacobus Siculus himself?

The little book must be read through more carefully. It must be collated with the manuscripts in Florence. It must be edited and printed. What Cornell student will finish my task?

George Lincoln Burr, '81.

SOCIAL VIEWS OF HENRIK IBSEN.

THERE has recently appeared a little volume containing a translation of three of Henrik Ibsen's plays, known in the translation as "The Pillars of Society," "An Enemy of Society," and "Ghosts." Ibsen's name has been familiar in a general way to magazine readers for some years, but this is the first attempt to render into English any adequate specimens of his work. From these three plays it is now possible to form at least a tentative opinion as to the skill and power of the author who, after Björnson, stands first among Scandinavian writers. That an opinion based upon three specimens of a life's work, and those done into a foreign tongue, must be far from safely grounded, goes without saying; but as the reputation of Ibsen in the English reading world will in the main rest upon these plays, it may not be wholly unprofitable to venture a guess as to the verdict.

The first sensation produced by a reading of Ibsen is one of pleased surprise at the newness, the freshness, and the unconventionality of his treatment of contemporary life. For above everything else these plays are intensely modern. There is no hint of

the drama of yesterday, no imitation of the dead masters. To-day, beneath the ominous skies of the Norwegian night and winter, or the brief, fierce beauty of a northern summer, fills the whole horizon of our dramatist's vision. And it is with no darkened eye that he gazes upon the awful drama of individual and social life. He pierces the forms, conventionalities, shams, lies, of his countrymen, and places the kindly cruel finger of satire upon the multiform weaknesses and meannesses that stir and fester in men's souls. Yet there are no hysterics and little excitement in his treatment of these topics. His power lies rather in a subtlety of suggestiveness whereby vague impressions and half-formed ideas become living realities under his skillful touch. His characters are startlingly human, and, as has been said, distinctively modern. They are individuals, personalities, not merely types and shadows, and yet one feels that society, such as is depicted by Ibsen, makes possible innumerable Consul Bernicks, and Rector Rörlunds, and Pastor Manders, and Hovstads and Billings. For all these men are the legitimate fruit of the system which Ibsen has thus by a touch of genius made subservient to the demands of art.

Two of the three plays, "The Pillars of Society" and "An Enemy of Society", naturally call for treatment together, not so much from a principle of likeness, as of contrast. Consul Bernick, in the one, is a "pillar of society"; Dr. Stockmann, in the other, is "an enemy of society". An examination of these two characters will disclose the peculiarities of Ibsen's views of modern society and the nature of his indictment against it.

In the person of Consul Bernick we have the leading citizen of a conservative Norwegian village. He is the owner of the ship-yard, the projector of such improvements as the little town, thoroughly wedded to its traditions, will admit, and the liberal patron of all charities. Yet he has risen to all these heights of local importance upon the shattered reputation of a generous friend and the discarded affections of a youthful sweetheart. In the midst of his latest and greatest project for the public good, these two injured friends return and demand that so far as Johan's smirched reputation is concerned Bernick shall undo his mischief. Then comes the long and painful struggle between love of success and the imperious call of truth and duty. Lona, the discarded sweetheart,

asks nothing for herself, but is persistent in her efforts to persuade Bernick "to get firm ground under his feet," and to do justice to Johan. But Bernick, by a succession of subtleties and sophistries quiets his own clamoring conscience, and even, upon the specious plea that one life must not be allowed to block the welfare of thousands, determines that Johan shall be permitted to depart upon a vessel which Bernick has improvidently repaired in his own yard and knows will never outlive the voyage. It is only when his own son, his cherished Olaf for whom he is devoting his life, is carried away on the doomed vessel and is saved from it at the last moment, that the better nature of Bernick asserts itself. Then in the presence of his admiring neighbors who,—with music and lights, and adulatory addresses, and presents of coffee service, and goblet, and album, and family devotions on vellum and luxuriously bound,—have assembled to honor him for his latest achievement (the establishment of a railroad line into the village, along which, by the way, the disinterested consul has secretly purchased all the eligible property), Bernick lays bare his life-long hypocrisy and deceit. At the end he declares that "the old, with its tinsel, its hypocrisy, its hollowness, its lying propriety, and its pitiful cowardice, shall lie behind us like a museum, open for instruction; and to this museum we shall present—shall we not, gentlemen?—the coffee service, and the goblet, and the album, and the family devotions on vellum and luxuriously bound." And so Bernick, from being "a pillar of society," becomes again a man absolved, so far as repentance and confession may absolve, from his life of lies and self-seeking, and with an enlarged and bolder view of his duty to himself and to mankind. It is Lona who declares at the end that "the spirits of Truth and Freedom—these are the Pillars of Society."

Dr. Stockmann, the central figure in "An Enemy of Society," is the exact counterpart of Consul Bernick. He is as open as day and as wholesome as a breath from the pine forests. Through his efforts a town on the south coast of Norway has become famous for its baths and reaps annually a large harvest from the visitors to these healing springs. At last Stockmann discovers that the baths are poisoned at their sources and are bringing pestilence and death to the village and its visitors. This discovery he announces

to the proper authorities and calls upon them to remedy the evil. To his surprise he is ordered, on pain of instant dismissal from his position as medical director of the baths, not to mention the matter again. The baths, declares the worthy Burgomaster Stockmann, brother of our Doctor, are in excellent condition; and besides the proposed changes would be very expensive; and the other towns would take advantage of the opportunity to establish baths; and so the wise Burgomaster ventures to hope that after further investigation Dr. Stockmann will come to the conclusion that the affair is not nearly so dangerous and serious as he has imagined. To all this selfish toying with pestilence, Dr. Stockmann boldly and unequivocally opposes himself. In consequence he is dismissed from his position; the fearless and liberal press, on whose support he had counted, is won away from him; and the whole village which had theretofore looked upon him as an oracle now beholds in him an avowed "enemy of society." The play from this on is simply a realistic picture of his single-handed struggle against this suicidal ignorance and selfishness. He is moved by the same motive as Balzac's Country Doctor, but unlike him he is possessed of a savage energy and a lofty contempt for the pettiness of his opponents. He is a Horatius fighting single-handed the onslaught of ignorance and self-interest. He is an obscure and very modern Coriolanus too proud to win his honors by cringing at the feet of a fickle populace. The superb struggle ends in a wonderfully dramatic scene in the fourth act where in order to defend his course, Dr. Stockmann appears at a public meeting and, forgetting his particular grievance, gives utterance to some robust truths concerning society in general. He has made, he declares, a new discovery, of "infinitely more moment than the unimportant fact that our water-works are poisonous, and that our hygienic baths are built upon a soil teeming with pestilence," the discovery in short that "all our spiritual sources of life are poisoned, and that our bourgeois society rests upon a soil teeming with the pestilence of lies," and that "the most dangerous enemies of truth and freedom in our midst are the compact majority. Yes, the d—d, compact, liberal majority, they it is!" Then come the following remarkable passages:

"The majority is never right. Never I say. That is one of

those conventional lies against which a free, thoughtful man must rebel. Who are they that make up the majority of a country? Is it the wise men or the foolish? I think we must agree that the foolish folk are, at present, in a terribly overwhelming majority all around and about us the wide world over. But, devil take it, it can surely never be right that the foolish should rule over the wise. Yes, yes, you can shout me down, but you cannot gainsay me. The majority has might—unhappily—but right it has not. I and a few others are right. The minority is always right. . . . These men stand, as it were, at the out-posts, so far in advance that the compact majority has not reached them—and *there* they fight for truths that are too lately borne into the world's consciousness to have won over the majority. . . . What sort of truths are those that the majority are wont to take up? Truths so full of years that they are decrepit. When a truth is as old as that it is in a fair way to become a lie. Yes, yes, you may believe me or not; but truths are by no means wiry Methusalahs, as some people think. A normally-constituted truth lives—let us say—as a rule, seventeen or eighteen years, at the outside twenty years, seldom longer. But truths so stricken in years are always shockingly thin. And it is only then that a majority takes them up and recommends them to society as wholesome food. But I can assure you there is not much nutritious matter in this sort of fare; and as a doctor I know something about it. All these majority-truths are like last year's salt pork; they are like rancid, mouldy ham, producing all the moral scrofula that devastates society. . . . And you shall hear this also; that free-thought is almost precisely the same thing as morality. . . . It doesn't matter if a lying community is ruined! It must be levelled to the ground, I say! All men who live upon lies must be exterminated like vermin! You'll poison the whole country in time; you'll bring it to such a pass that the whole country will deserve to perish. And should it come to this, I say, from the bottom of my heart: Perish the country! Perish the people!''

While Consul Bernick and Dr. Stockmann are thus as antipodal as the long night and day of Ibsen's native land, while one immolates everything—honor, friendship, love—to achieve his own success, and the other yields all success and bears poverty,

contumely and hate in order to keep his honor unspotted and to perform his duty to mankind,—yet at one point these antagonistic characters touch and intersphere. Both see and condemn the hollowness and hypocrisy of the social system in which their lives are entangled. Bernick, before his regeneration, declares, "I must sink along with the whole of this bungled social system. But a new generation will grow up after us: it is my son I am working for, it is for him that I am preparing a life-task. There will come a time when truth shall spread through the life of our society and upon it he shall found a happier life than his father's." Stockmann, too, looks forward to a better social system and after his seeming defeat at the hands of the rabble does his share toward accomplishing it by starting a school for ragamuffins in the hope that "there may be some good heads amongst them." But it is notable that neither undertakes to point out the particular route by which society is to reach the coveted goal. Bernick ends by leaning on woman whom he declares to be the true pillar of society. Stockmann ends by leaning on himself, declaring as his last great discovery that "the strongest man upon earth is he who stands most alone." Therefore whether woman suffrage—in the broadest sense—or individualism, is the appointed means of regeneration remains undecided. It is clear, however, that socialism plays no part in Ibsen's forecast of the future. While neither the state nor any machinery of government can be of service in his social revolution, it is equally certain that Socialism, as a system, is not any more to his liking. The world is to be saved, if saved at all, through the conquest by the few over many. An aristocracy of character, a natural leadership of genuine manhood and womanhood, freed from tradition and cant, is his ideal order. The perfection of the individual is the goal of life. With this will come in the fullness of time the highest happiness of society in the aggregate. He believes with Browning that

> "A people is but the attempt of many
> To rise to the completer life of one;
> And those who live as models for the mass
> Are singly of more value than they all."

Of the play called "Ghosts" it is difficult to give any satisfactory account. It is so tragic, so horrible, and withal so true, that

the stoutest heart must sicken at it, and the most prejudiced readers admit its power. Its theme is the iron law of heredity. Helen Alving for many years denies herself the companionship and love of her son in order that he may be kept from the knowledge and influence of his father's dissolute life. Indeed, so proud is she that she has even kept the world ignorant of Captain Alving's excesses, and has succeeded in building up for him an artificial reputation for honor and success. In order to carry out this purpose she is at the opening of the play preparing to dedicate to his memory a charitable memorial and Oswald, the son, has returned to take a filial part in the dedicatory ceremonies. To the mother's horror, Oswald, whose life has really been a pure one, suddenly develops in a day the repulsive vices of his father, and Helen sees the dead Alving again incarnate in the son. As the sickening revelation bursts upon her, the poor mother utters only the single word "Ghosts." The dead walks again. Even the grave and the stately memorial cannot imprison that persistent spirit of evil. To this grief is added the agony of knowing that her son will expiate the sins of his father by ending his life in a mad-house. The play closes with a powerful scene in which the distraught mother hesitates between her absorbing love and the desire to put forever beyond human ken this gibbering ghost of her dead husband. The play is a bold protest against the conventionalities that bind a pure soul to such a worthless piece of clay as Captain Alving, against the cant of custom, against the tyranny of old beliefs. "I almost think we are all of us Ghosts," Mrs. Alving exclaims to Pastor Manders, who represents exterior morality. "It is not only what we have inherited from our fathers and mothers that 'walks' in us. It is all sorts of dead ideas, and lifeless old beliefs, and so forth. They have no vitality, but they cling to us all the same, and we can't get rid of them. Whenever I take up a newspaper I seem to see Ghosts gliding between the lines. There must be Ghosts all the country over, as thick as the sands of the sea. And then we are, one and all, so pitifully afraid of the light.

Manders. Ah! here we have the fruits of your reading! And pretty fruits they are, upon my word! Oh! those horrible, revolutionary, free-thinking books!

Mrs. Alving. You are mistaken, my dear Pastor. It was you yourself who set me thinking; and I thank you for it with all my heart.

Manders. I?

Mrs. Alving. Yes, when you forced me under the yoke you called Duty and Obligation; when you praised as right and proper what my whole soul rebelled against, as against something loathsome. It was then that I began to look into the seams of your doctrine. I only wished to pick at a single knot; but when I got that undone, the whole thing ravelled out. And then I understood that it was all machine-sewn."

These three plays are all satires upon the marked,—we might almost say the permanent,—characteristics of modern life. They will hardly meet the instant approval of those easy going optimists who are wont to envelop all disagreeable truths in the rose tints of their own airy philosophy. They will inevitably startle and shock the custom-made moralists who measure the universe with their inherited pocket rules. But to a large and growing body of thoughtful men and women they will prove stimulating and suggestive. Not that they will be accepted as the basis for a "movement"—the unhappy fate of some ephemeral literature of the day—but rather be taken like a tonic not for the good of one's neighbors but for the invigorating of one's self. Their naturalness, their want of bitterness or exaggeration, their quiet intensity, their suggestiveness, above all their perfect mirroring of modern life, must make them a place in a book-ridden age.

A genius who concerns himself with these questions that touch society at ten thousand points takes on an immediate importance that one who sings of love or discourses of earth worms cannot hope to rival. But will his importance outlive the system he assails? And is such an assault, however directed by genius and clothed in the garb of delight, to be classed as art? These questions each must answer in accordance with his own canons.

The first of dramatists was also the most tenacious of conservatives. The England of Elizabeth was to him the *Ultima Thule* of national grandeur; the forms, orders, ceremonies, customs, beliefs of that age were to him sacred. Personal meanness of whatever nature he certainly abhorred; but national or social mean-

ness he never saw. With the beginnings of revolt against established forms, with the social unrest of his day, with the eager longing for personal liberty, for freedom of speech and opinion, he nowhere shows the slightest sympathy. His was a spirit in tuneful accord with its environment.

With Ibsen it is otherwise. The painful acquisitions of all the centuries are to him but masks, behind which grin the hideous faces of liars, and drunkards, and adulterers, and self-seekers. Marriage hides phantoms too fearful to contemplate. Official station is a breastwork behind which lurk the Father of Lies and all his imps. Village respectability merely covers the deformities of bigotry and selfishness. And so with cruel kindness he tears away these disguises and reveals the real man behind them. It may be that such work will outlive the system that inspires it, but the history of literature would with difficulty furnish an example to support the prophecy. The great masters have dealt with the universal in humanity, not with the temporary forms, or even with the permanent acquisitions—as such—that have marked its progress. Generosity and selfishness live immortal in the world of art; but alms-giving and stinginess figure for the most part in the narrow confines of the Sunday school library. Yet it cannot be said that these plays of Ibsen have not in them this saving principle of the universal. But it is bent to fit a particular environment and to strengthen a particular destructive or propagandist purpose. Whether when this environment shall have passed away or been transformed and this purpose shall have been accomplished or defeated the plays will still survive, it would be presumptuous to predict. One can only say that such power, such robust idealism, such delicious irony, such startling originality, ought to command the continued attention and admiration of cultivated readers. In any event Henrik Ibsen must rank among the first of contemporary dramatists, and as one who has nobly elevated his art in an age when the drama has almost ceased to be the vehicle of genius and the dramatist has become of less importance to the stage than the costumer and the scene-painter.

Ernest W. Huffcut, '84.

TRANSEUNT OMNIA.

Turn back with me: a space of frost,
Three months of snow, then wind and rain,
Blossoms and roses, ripening grain,
Brown leaves upon the crisp air tossed,—
The year has run its round again!

How we were happy! Blue sky-gleams,
Paling to rose, flushing to red
With blood of sunset, dyed the dead
Day slain, ere we roused from our dreams
To find the night risen lord instead.

That was one year ago . . . . so long!
So much that has been is no more.
We sit upon this river's shore,
And listen vainly for the song
That voiced our hopes that night of yore.

So all things change. This very grass
Is like but is not yet the old;
The woodland wears not last year's gold,
And on the river's breast, alas!
Strange voices float, new hopes unfold.

And what of us? Oh, joy's eclipse!
The starlight trembles but not you;
The grass-blades quiver with the dew
That kisses them, but on your lips
No kiss of mine may thrill anew.

What care? And yet, albeit I know
That hours must fade and passion range,
New loves grow old and cold and strange,—
I would some things kept always so,
I would that all things did not change!

Gerald Newcomer, '88.

IMPRESSIONISM IN PAINTING.

STRONG opposition has ever been the attitude of the general public toward innovations, either entirely new or deviating but slightly from the well worn rut of usage. This is true even of our own times, and traces of the tendency are everywhere found. Although opposition has in a measure been bereft of its strong influence, the antagonism is nevertheless quite apparent, and, among the more cultivated, finds expression in aversion or cold neglect.

This antagonistic stand is taken not so much against the representative artists of the school of impressionism as against their manner of execution. In this endeavor to discourage what is thought an unwarranted invasion into the time-worn rules of a conventional school, the public fails to perceive that which is really good in the extraordinary productions of the impressionist, and is generally misled by the characteristic and original treatment given to the subject by the artist.

Is impressionism merely a new outburst of art, making its way through the restrictive barriers of a more conventional and correct, not to say stiff age? Is it the shining mark traced by genius opening a path for new individualism in art? Or is it rather that chance given to mediocrity to make itself seen (not felt)? It is probably due to the many instances of these forced attempts by a beginner, an unskilled pupil, that so much of the ill-feeling arises.

Realism in painting was an improvement of taste, a healthy movement, a radical change. From those *baroque* draperies, those tangled groupings of Rubens, from the grand, too correct style of the late Kaulbach it was ever pleasing to come down to those pictures of daily life, which we all know and enjoy for the very sentiment and feeling they bring with them. Refined culture and purer taste, aided by comparatively recent learning, make the absurd anachronisms of the *cinque centists* or the early German school impossible. What artist of to-day will in his pictures of the Nativity paint crucifixes on the walls, or attempt to coerce nature into conformity to rules, into a system in fact that varies only with the names of schools or perhaps also of artists. The maxim of the realist is to paint things as he sees them, nature as she is.

How different the aim of the impressionist. He may be idealist or realist,—aside from his personal preference it matters but little. His peculiar style is determined not by his subject, but by its execution; his ambition is to paint not only what he sees, but also to indicate, by his technic, the manner in which it was seen—the exact impression it gave him. The mission of art is not to copy nature but express nature.

This creed of the impressionist has the strongest influence over the artist himself. Having once ventured into the new style, he will rarely return again to that clearly defined, carefully executed work of his earlier studies. He more and more drifts decidedly into radicalism in his methods. Explaining his work to friends, who are already biased in his favor, they will see the picture gradually growing with his explanations, until finally they perceive what is in fact only indicated, but which his words called into more definite existence. Man's fancy is indeed powerful,—capable of imagining that which does not exist; how much more easily then, will it suffer itself to be led by a few directions of a masterly hand. Balzac very well says: "What is form after all in art, but the interpreter to communicate ideas and sensations." Perhaps at last the artist has climbed to that pinnacle of success he has labored to attain, only to find himself so extreme that no one save himself can grasp his ideas. Unappreciated by the public at large, he will remain unknown, and find sympathy among those few whose conceptions and imagination are entirely the same as his own. Most impressionists are not so radical by any means. It is a fault, perhaps a necessary one, incidental to all new schools that the first advocates are too often extremists, and already being conspicuous by virtue of a marked contrast with others, it makes them stand out all the more strikingly.

While the artist has changed his views, the manner of painting has certainly undergone a strange alteration. If he be a landscape painter, the carefully prepared studies brought to his canvas are laid aside; he prefers to work on his painting in the open air,*

*I do not wish to allude here to the entirely modern *plein air* school, of which Uhde is at present the leading master. His school stands in opposition to the chiaroscuro doctrine, and has inaugurated a sweeping change in the treatment of lights and shadows.

where he can catch the passing effects of light and shade, or the change of colors in a brilliant sunset. He has almost entirely discarded the brush, uses the spatula and, when this proves insufficient, his fingers. Where the landscape is green, he daubs his green ; his rocks from near by are apparently a complete transformation of canvas into palette. Paint is used like modelling clay and many times it enhances the effect. The rolling waves of Renouf's "Pilot" are half an inch thick, and another painter remarked about one of his own pictures : "It took it three years to dry." Watching the painter at work you might well believe him a beginner, a would-be genius, with neither taste nor talent. Glancing around his studio you find carefully made sketches in an earlier and different style which he hastens to tell you are of little merit now. Under his present method the new picture has gradually been completed. As the picture has developed you have received a dim idea of his intentions. His work is not to be minutely scrutinized ; it is absolutely necessary to get the correct distance from the painting ; from this neglect alone many people have passed just that which would otherwise have fastened their attention. In nature it is impossible for us to see the individual leaves in a cluster of trees, the many single stones of the hillside, and for the same reason the artist wishes us to receive an impression from the general aspect, the coloring, and not by his brush-marks which are not intended to be seen at all. From the proper distance a marvellous change comes over the painting. It becomes clear, distinct in outline and coloring, and stands out with a brilliancy entirely lacking before. Among the finest examples of impressionism applied to landscape painting are the works of the Norwegian masters, Oesterly and Normann, both of them reproducing with unexcelled truth and beauty those magnificent views peculiar to the Northern fjord.

The spectator seeing such a work of art for the first time will be at a loss what opinion to form. His first thought is, that the picture is not finished ; then, that something he knows not what, is lacking. Like a man hearing Wagner's music for the first time, he will slowly perceive, that all his attention and energy is exerted apparently in vain, to grasp something far beyond him. Seeing is largely a matter of education and training. It took cen-

turies to evolve the principle of perspective, and we find to-day even highly developed art among other nations lacking this principle, which we all now deem a fundamental essential. It must be difficult for anyone without education and training to understand or appreciate works of art that demand an unaccustomed application of the visual organs.

However great the success of the impressionist, it does not eclipse that of the other artists. He has not given the world anything that is strikingly new. His manner to be sure is a novelty, but the effects gained, the results reached are after all not very different from those of his more painstaking rival. The illustrious artists of to-day are found divided among both schools. Studying the pictures of two celebrated Frenchmen, Meissonier and Alphonse de Neuville, both of them perfect masters of their subject, namely scenes taken from military life, one comes to the peaceful conclusion, that the dainty and minute details of Meissonier, the audacious dash of Neuville are but the peculiar expression of genius following one ideal.

George H. Emerson.

BURIAL ON ALL-SAINTS' EVE.

Air sweet and heavy with unending blooms!
The fragrant breath of garlands rich and fair,
And wild flowers such as fields of death may bear
Despite the cypress and the damp of tombs;

Low night, a low black night no star illumes,
Wherein long lines of white-stemmed tapers flare
And on gray headstones cast a lurid glare
That wilder makes the weird surrounding glooms.

Slow through the gates (there village maidens hold
Green wreaths of moss, star-set with buds of white)
Comes one to rest. Soon round an open grave

Men stand and struggle with their sobs. Black night
Of love and anguish not to be controlled,
Who bears thy seal all future loss may brave.

George Arlin Ruyter, '88.

A NEW MARKING SYSTEM.

HISTORICAL SECTION, SHAWMUT COLLEGE,
BOSTON, October 29, 2057.

NOTE.—While looking over some papers of my illustrious predecessor, Edward Bellamy, I found, inserted in the manuscript of his famous historical novel, "Looking Backward," an unpublished chapter of that book. It treats of the system of education in use in the nineteenth century, a system that was pernicious in its results, productive of bad methods of work, and unscrupulous devices on the part of the students to avoid work. This chapter, and particularly that portion of it which relates to the marking system, will be of special interest to the students in our institutions of learning. We present this chapter to the public, knowing that it will explain some things hitherto not thoroughly understood concerning the educational system of the nineteenth century.

As Dr. Leete sat at his desk one morning opening the mail that had just arrived, he turned to me and said, "Mr. West, you are a graduate of one of the large universities of the nineteenth century, perhaps this annual report of the National Bureau of Education would be of interest to you."

"Indeed it would," I replied. "You have spoken of this century as 'an era of unparalleled intellectual splendor, as an era of mechanical invention, scientific discovery, and musical and literary productiveness, to which no previous age of the world offers anything comparable.' I should like to know something of a system of education that has wrought such a remarkable change in the intellectual life of the nation. Is your educational system, like your industrial system, controlled by the national government?"

"Yes, and I consider that one of the most beneficial changes. In ancient days, there were but few schools or even higher institutions of learning that were thoroughly equipped, and the difference in the requirements of the various schools and colleges was amazing. One school would thoroughly fit a man to enter the best university in the country, while another would not much more than half fit him to enter the same university. A degree taken in some colleges meant that four years of hard, earnest, accurate work had been done; in others it represented not much more than mere child's play. To-day every school and institution of learning in the country is thoroughly equipped with all needed appara-

tus and every mechanical aid for teaching, and each one is supplied with most competent instructors. Then, too, of course the standards and requirements of all schools and colleges are the same, so that if a person says he is doing a certain year's work in school or college in a certain course, you know at once how much of an education he has. But I must attend to my mail."

While the Doctor read his letters, I examined the report which he had handed to me. When he had finished his work at the desk, he turned to me and asked what I thought of the educational system of the twenty first century.

"In many respects," I replied, "it is far superior to any system used in former ages. I see in the report no mention of industrial training in the schools. In the latter part of the nineteenth century, one of the educational problems that was receiving much thought and attention, was the advisability of introducing such training in the schools. In some of them I think it had been tried and was thought by many to be a success. How does the present generation look at that question?"

"It is no longer a question," replied the Doctor. "When the irrational industrial system of that century was overthrown, and the struggle for existence ceased, there was no longer any need for industrial schools. Our system of education aims to give a man a broad foundation in history, literature, philosophy, and science, and a theoretical knowledge of the various industries, so that when he has completed his education and served three years in the class of unskilled laborers, he is ready to choose his life work and make no mistake. By the way, there has been much speculation in regard to the system of marking and promotion in use when you were in school. Why was it that in some of the universities, especially during the first year, many of the students were denied the privilege of completing their education and were sent home, 'dropped from the university' was, I think, the expression used concerning such a man? Students are never dropped from our universities."

"Our system was simple and just," I replied. "A student was marked on his recitations during the term, and at the end of it he was examined on all the work gone over during that time. His term standing and examination mark were then averaged,

and if he stood above a certain required per cent. he had completed that work. If, however, he fell a little below the required standard, he had to take another examination upon that work at the first opportunity. If his mark was very low, he was said to be 'busted' and was obliged to take the work over again in class. If he was 'busted' in most of his studies he was dropped from the university."

"Did they make no allowance for the difference in the natural ability of the students?" asked the Doctor, in a tone of greatest surprise.

"No, why should they?" I replied. "Each man was marked on his actual knowledge of the subject."

"Because it is manifestly so unfair to mark a man by such a standard. 'A man's achievements should be measured by his endowments.' A man of brilliant intellect should not be considered praiseworthy because he stands at the head of his class; on the other hand, he should be severely censured if he fails to do so. The basis of marking to-day is not how much a man actually knows about the subject, but faithfulness in doing work. A man of medium ability who has made an earnest effort and has done the best he could, is deserving of a better mark than a man of exceptional ability who makes a better recitation, but who might have made a much more perfect one by hard application."

Edith, who had entered the room while we were talking, now joined the conversation. "When I was at college," said she, "there was a young man by the name of Prince in my class, who was a very talented man, but who was so indolent and fond of pleasure that he persistently neglected his work, that is, he never did as well as he could. One day the professor of Greek called on Mr. Dig, a man of medium ability but a diligent, hard-working student, for a difficult translation. He got up and stumbled through a poor translation. When he had finished, the professor said, 'Well done, Mr. Dig. Will you read the same passage, Mr. Prince?' Mr. Prince arose and gave a much smoother translation than Mr. Dig, but made several mistakes. When he had finished the translation, the professor said to him, 'Mr. Prince, I am ashamed of you and of your work. With a little study you might have given a perfect translation of that passage. You have been

endowed with great natural ability, which you are wasting. You are disgracing yourself and your class by such poor work. I hope you will turn over a new leaf and be a man.' "

"Such a plan as that may be very fine theoretically but it seems almost incredible to me that a man who has a fair knowledge of a subject should be considered unworthy of as good a mark as one who knows little or nothing about it."

"Our method of marking students in all institutions of learning," said the Doctor, "has the same basis as the giving of credit in the industrial system."

"What!" I exclaimed incredulously, "you do not mean to say that each student receives the same mark; that there is no difference between the standing of the good and the poor student?"

"Yes, that is just what I mean to say," replied Doctor Leete, with a smile. "The marks of the entire class are summed up and this sum, divided by the number of men taking that subject, is the standing of the class *and of each member of the class.*"

For once I was silent with amazement. The picture of the storm of indignation that would have swept through a university of my day at such a system, passed before me, and naturally I asked. "Are the best students content to be ranked no higher than the poorest?"

"I will answer your question by asking you another," said Dr. Leete. "If you had a brother in the same class with you, but intellectually inferior to you, would you not be willing to have your mark decreased if your brother's would be thereby proportionately increased, thus giving you both an honorable standing?"

"Of course I would," I replied; "but the cases are not parallel. I would not do for every man what I would do for my brother."

"Ah, Mr. West," said the Doctor, "there speaks the nineteenth century. The universal brotherhood of man, which was to your generation but a dim ideal, is to-day a reality, a tie that knits men's souls together like those of David and Jonathan, and causes them to 'live in honor preferring one another.' It is, in fact, a key to what may seem to be the mysteries of our civilization as compared with that of your age."

Robert O. Moody.

HERE AND THERE IN THE LIBRARY.

I HAVE of late, while in the Library, been reading the poems of Robert Herrick. The "Hesperides" offers ample opportunity for study and for enjoyment. It seems a shocking thing to study seriously Herrick's charming lyrics,—as bad as dissecting a butterfly or analyzing a rainbow. I believe that it is the feeling that I am doing something wrong that lends an additional pleasure to the work. However this may be, I have put Herrick to most incongruous uses. I find excellent examples in his poems of some out-of-the-way laws of sound. He supplies some rather knotty questions for literary conjecture. One may note many interesting illustrations of 17th century life and manners. But I don't mean to speak of these things, for no one would be interested save myself. It is merely that people may enjoy his poems that I am writing. For a time we may send Philology, Criticism and History out of the window.

* * *

Of course everybody knows the best poems of Herrick's "Hesperides." They are in every anthology. And especially of late have they been brought to public notice by the charming pencil of Mr. Abbey. Perhaps some of those who like the "Night piece to Julia," or "Gather ye Rosebuds," will like to read a few words as to how the poet felt about this little book of his. We needn't be at a loss to know. Herrick was a sympathetic and confiding old gentleman. He was even (it may seem to some) just a trifle garrulous. He takes us all into his confidence. As we read through his volume we may readily trace the various feelings which accompanied the ushering forth of his book to the world.

He wrote his poems all along during twenty years or more, as far as we can guess. But finally they were all ready and in condition for the press. It appears he had feared that he might not live to publish his book.

It made him sad to think that he might die before he could give his verses the due honor of print. Hence, doubtless, was written the following :

HIS REQUEST TO JULIA.

Julia, if I chance to die
Ere I print my poetry,
I most humbly thee desire
To commit it to the fire;
Better 'twere my book were dead,
Than to live not perfected.

But such thoughts were happily without foundation. His book was published, and he sent it out into the world. He had often thought of the moment, long before it arrived, and had written:

TO HIS BOOK.

Go thou forth, my book, though late
Yet be timely fortunate.
It may chance good luck may send
Thee a kinsman or a friend,
That may harbour thee, when I
With my fates neglected lie;
If thou knowst not where to dwell,
See, the fire's by. Farewell.

He had even added (for fear the book might not take his hint) an invocation to the God of Fire, who might be more trustworthy:

TO VULCAN.

Thy sooty godhead I desire
Still to be ready with thy fire;
That should my book despised be,
Acceptance it might find with thee.

* * *

As he was particular as to his time for writing,* so Herrick thought it by no means unimportant that his book should come to its reading at a sympathetic moment. He knew well the chords that it would touch, and knew, too, that even the best and most worthy things may at times be singularly inopportune in their appearance. I fear me greatly that he would have been much displeased at the idea of his verses being carried into White Hall No.

* See "Not Every Day Fit for Verse."

9, and there doled out in "takes" one hour long. It was a very different Whitehall to which his thoughts turned, and the fit hour for reading those poems of his was more likely to have been ten o'clock at night than ten in the morning.

WHEN HE WOULD HAVE HIS VERSES READ.

In sober mornings do thou not rehearse
The holy incantation of a verse;
But when that men have both well drunk and fed,
Let my enchantments then be sung or read.
When laurel spirts i'th' fire, and when the hearth
Smiles to itself and gilds the roof with mirth;
When up the thyrse is raised, and when the sound
Of sacred orgies flies around, around;
When the rose reigns, and locks with ointment shine,
Let rigid Cato read these lines of mine.

* * *

When he actually thought of his book of verses printed and bound and put forth into the cold world, it seems that certain qualms came over the poet,—not wholly, I should say, without reason. If that famous cook of Warburton's could use the leaves of Shakespeare's plays to do the duty of common wrapping paper, what may not any of us expect. Even these pages of this very MAGAZINE may, by the malice of Fortune, be put to some doleful use instead of being nicely bound in tree calf, to repose for good on the shelves of some comfortable library. So I myself sympathize most heartily with the somewhat gloomy forebodings of our dear Herrick, when he writes:

TO HIS BOOK.

Make haste away, and let one be
A friendly patron unto thee,
Lest wrapped from hence I see thee lie
Torn for the use of pastery;
Or see thy injured leaves serve well
To make loose gowns for mackerel;
Or see the grocers in a trice
Make hoods of thee to serve out spice.

A plague on such cooks, fishmongers, and grocers, say I. I am tempted never to publish any of my poems when I think of the dismal fate they may come to.

* * *

As Herrick looked out into the world he doubtless saw many Philistines,—wretched, miserable mortals, who knew nothing of poetry and cared less. Or, still worse, self-created critics who thought it needful to sustain their dignity by damning everything in print that came before them. With such persons Herrick had no sympathy. He never read his poems to them. He had nothing more to do with them than he could help. He amused himself by writing epigrams on them, which he read to Mr. John Wickes between the pauses, as they talked together in the vicarage. They say that one of his amusements was the teaching of a pig to drink out of a silver tankard. Perhaps he thought, while its worthy snout was thrust into the wine, of some gross thickhead trying to read the "Hesperides." But, although he despised these wretched things, Herrick was painfully conscious that when his book came out they would read it, and say that it was miserable stuff. So he made ready against them. He didn't care whether they liked his poems or not, and he meant that they should know it. Thus he wrote

TO HIS BOOK.

Take my advice, and go not near
Those faces sour as vinegar,
For there the nobler numbers can
Ne'er please the supercilious man.

But fearing that this advice might not be sufficient, he addressed such of the miserable tribe as might presume to turn sneeringly over his verses:

TO MOMUS.

Who readst this book that I have writ,
And canst not mend but carp at it;
By all the muses thou shalt be
Anathema to it and me.

He became even more explicit.

TO THE DETRACTOR.

Where others love and praise my verses, still
Thy long black thumb-nail marks them out for ill.
A felon take it, or some whit-flaw come
For to unslate or to untile thy thumb!

* * *

But on the whole Herrick felt quite safe. He knew a good thing when he saw it. The men of Herrick's day were not mock modest. It was at no great time before or after that, Milton wrote of his own earlier work that the style thereof "by certain vital signs it had was likely to live," and spoke of that prompting that daily grew upon him that he "might perhaps leave something so written to after times as they should not willingly let it die." And as Milton had that noble confidence in the true excellence of his own work, so Herrick knew well that his verses would not fail him but would carry his name down to those who came long afterward. So he wrote

ON HIMSELF.

Some parts may perish, die thou canst not all;
The most of thee shall 'scape the funeral.

And again

ON HIS BOOK.

The bound, almost, now of my book I see,
But yet no end of those therein or me;
Here we begin new life, while thousands quite
Are lost, and theirs, in everlasting night.

Nor was Herrick stingy. Not only was he himself to be remembered. His friends were to go down to posterity hand in hand with him. To Thomas Shapcot, he writes,

I've paid thee what I promised; that's not all;
Besides, I give thee here a verse that shall,
When hence thy circummortal part is gone,
Archlike hold up thy name's inscription.
Brave men can't die, whose candid actions are
Writ in the poet's endless calendar;
Whose vellum and whose volume is the sky,
And the pure stars the praising poetry.

The thought may provoke a smile to-day. But there was nothing of foolish vanity in Robert Herrick's fine self-assurance. As a very different man, John Keats, said with the same feeling, "I think I shall be among the English poets after my death," so was Herrick sure that even after his body was beneath the earth he would still live while there were any knowing the English tongue, who loved to think and hear

> . . . . of books, of blossoms, birds and flowers,
> Of April, May, of June, and July flowers,
> . . . . of Maypoles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
> Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal cakes,

and of all the other charming delights of that old and always young and beautiful garden of the "Hesperides."

Edward Everett Hale, Jr.

NEW BOOKS.

Murdock's "Reconstruction of Europe." *

After the twenty-five years of wars following the French Revolution of 1789, and centering about Napoleon the First, Europe maintained the Reconstruction of 1815 with little change, until another French Revolution had brought into power another member of the Bonaparte family. Although the thirty-five years succeeding the Treaty of Vienna are not devoid of interest to one studying the development of political liberty, there were during that period only two or three changes in the political division of Europe that are of importance. Greece won her independence and the Netherlands were divided; but otherwise the history of the period was one of revolt and revolution and their harsh suppression. After the Revolution of 1848 and the accession of Napoleon the Third to the French throne, came twenty years of great wars, far-reaching in their political consequences. In the Crimean war Russia lost the commanding position she had won in the struggle against the first Bonaparte; the Ottoman Empire was given a new lease of life; Russia was practically expelled from the Black Sea; and Italy made a great advance toward recognition by the Powers. Almost immediately followed the war which united Italy, humbled another of the allies that had in

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* *The Reconstruction of Europe; a Sketch of the Diplomatic and Military History of Continental Europe from the Rise to the Fall of the Second French Empire.* By Harold Murdock; with an Introduction by John Fiske. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York.

1815 divided Europe, and advanced the prestige and apparent commanding strength of France. The Danish War and the Seven Weeks' War put Prussia at the head of Germany, gave Venice to Italy, and baffled the diplomacy of Napoleon, compelling him eventually to choose between revolution at home and almost certain defeat abroad. At the same time Austria was expelled from the German Confederation, but by settling the Hungarian troubles she now became stronger than before. The union of North and South Germany in the Empire, the deposition of the Napoleonic, or, perhaps we might say, the Eugénie-Papal dynasty, and the freedom of Rome were the most important results of the war of 1870–71. This period will certainly be looked back upon as a most important one in Continental history. Through its complexities several movements toward definite ends were going on : the federation of Germany ; the unification of Italy ; the compacting of the strangely mixed Austro-Hungarian Empire. In all these wars and negotiations the hand of the French Emperor was found ; they mark his rise and fall. Mr. Murdock's book is a readable account of these years. It is designedly a book for popular perusal, and contains nothing new, being confessedly based mainly on secondary authorities. But such books certainly have their place, especially when as well done as the one under consideration. At a time so soon after the period discussed, this kind of a history is, perhaps, the only one that may well be written. The policy of Cavour and its execution in the face of the hostility of the Church are clearly set forth, as are that statesman's relations to Garibaldi. The deep game that Bismarck and Napoleon were playing is made as plain as our present knowledge will permit. The author's apology for his somewhat lengthy and numerous descriptions of battles hardly excuses their insertion in a book of this nature. Certainly one "is justified in saying that military operations have been the decisive factors in Europe since 1850," but this simply requires that their results be made plain,—not that a military history be written. To the average person the military evolutions, although clearly described and illustrated by useful plans, will be tiresome and unprofitable. It is rather strange that although twelve maps of battlefields are given, there are none which show the results of the wars and treaties in change of political boundaries. The reconstruction of Europe might well have been represented by at least one map. On the whole, the book can be recommended to those desiring a general knowledge of this period, and to those wishing an introductory sketch preparatory to extended reading.

Herbert Elmer Mills.

Watson's "Swedish Revolution."*

In this volume the story of the liberation of Sweden from Denmark and the establishment of a strong Protestant dynasty is told for the first time in English. To the native-born American reader the subject may seem one of remote interest; but the story of Swedish patriotism combating Danish tyranny will not fail to enlist the sympathy of readers whose ancestors have gone through the memorable struggle against England. In his authorities the author has shown care, and at least as far as Swedish authorities are concerned, has spared no pains to gain access to the best contemporary evidence. He has made free use of the Swedish archives and libraries.

Anyone who is familiar with Geijer will notice that the author of the present volume follows him very closely, perhaps a little too closely at times. However, it can also be said that Watson on certain points gives fuller and clearer evidence than Geijer. This is shown in the discussion in the first chapter, as to the probable date of the birth of Gustavus Vasa. While fully agreeing with Geijer, Watson presents better and fuller authorities, and consequently gives the clearer presentation of the question. It must, however, be remembered that there are documents accessible to the historian now which were unknown in 1832, the date of Geijer's work, and the present volume, then may in some respects supplant the standard work of the great Swedish historian, as authority for the period of which it treats.

Again, Watson's treatment is at times deficient and open to considerable criticism. Being an American, the author ought to be in a position to judge fairly and impartially of characters and events, and to draw his conclusions without being influenced by the bitterness with which the Swedes regard the part played by the Danes in the affairs of Sweden before the Reformation. This prejudice which detracts so much from the merit of most Swedish authors, when writing on this period, is clearly noticeable even in our day. Even the best of them, Fryxell and Geijer, find it difficult to concede so much as the slightest merit to Christiern the Second. Watson seems to have been influenced by the Swedish authorities in this matter. At least, he denounces the unfortunate monarch in about as strong terms as any of them, and overlooks entirely the fact that Christiern had shown, in his administration at home, that he took the keenest interest in the welfare of his subjects, and had great and noble plans and ambitions; but unfortunately, he was suffering, at times, under what might be called a mild form of insanity, and when in this state he was easily led by the advice of his unscrupulous counselors. The most careful of the impartial historians who have written on this subject, P. A. Munck, of Christiania, claims that Chris-

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* *The Swedish Revolution under Gustavus Vasa.* By Paul Barron Watson. Little, Brown & Co. Boston.

tiern could not be held responsible for his acts under these circumstances, and that his counselors, Gustavus Trolle and Slaghoeck, are the ones to whom the blame ought to be attached, especially in the case of the Stockholm massacre. A similar error is made in regard to the influence of Sigbrit, the mother of Dyveke, Christiern's mistress. Mr. Watson would find it difficult to prove his assertion, that the king was her complete slave, and that it was at her instance he decided to attack Sweden ; nor is this conceded by such authorities as Fabricius and Dahlmann.

Another mistake is his over-estimation of the influence of Gustavus Vasa, in attributing the success of the revolution to the character of this one man. Let it be conceded that he was an extraordinary man, showing remarkable perseverance and ability throughout his career, still the true cause of the success attending the uprising must be sought elsewhere. It was a bursting forth of patriotism, of national consciousness, which through centuries of oppression and misery had been kept alive by such men as the noble Engelbrecht, and the three Stures. The slaughter of the best men of Sweden at Stockholm, and subsequent cruelties and misrule by the Danes, roused the people to a sense of their nationality. With enthusiasm they hailed the first man who had the courage to raise the revolutionary banner ; and crowding to his ranks by the thousand, they soon succeeded in beating back the hired mercenaries who were to uphold the Danish cause. This was the secret of the immediate and decided success attending the revolution.

The author's view of the nature and causes of the Reformation in Germany, as presented at the opening of the fifth chapter, is narrow and superficial. Not so, however, his treatment of the movement in Sweden. Here he shows great care, and his use of the authorities available must be commended. In one point, however, he lays himself open to criticism in this chapter. It is the decided stand taken in favor of Bishop Brask in his controversy with Gustavus. The author seems to consider Brask a martyr in the cause of Catholicism, and the king an intolerant despot, actuated by selfishness and greed. He does not consider and make clear to the reader the circumstances which necessitated the course of Gustavus, nor does he mention anything which might tend to show that the king was sincerely devoted to Luther's teaching. It is not strictly a fair treatment of Gustavus to omit mentioning that, already, while a refugee at Lubeck in 1519, he was brought under the influence of the new ideas, or to pass over the fact that he carried on a correspondence with Luther throughout his reign, and was under the immediate influence of men so persuasive and enthusiastic in their zeal for the new doctrines as were the brothers Petri. In the light of these facts, even beyond a doubt, we have no more cause to doubt the sincere faith of Gustavus in the Lutheran religion than that of his opponents in the Catholic.

In other respects the narrative of Watson is fair. His style is picturesque and easy ; and, as a result, the story is one which can be read with unabated

interest and enjoyment. While it presents to us only a mere incident in the history of the world, this incident may be regarded as a most important one in the history of liberty. Especial credit the author deserves for the admirable bibliography and index which he has prepared. The bibliography gives us a comprehensive view of what may be found in Swedish archives and libraries, of manuscripts and other documentary evidence relating to the period of the Reformation.

James C. Hanson.

Zimmern's "Hansa Towns."*

"The Hansa Towns" by Helen Zimmern is the latest volume in "The Story of the Nations" series. The origin of the Hanseatic League is rather obscure, but it certainly may be referred in point of time to the middle of the Thirteenth century, and is accounted for by the necessity for mutual defense which piracy by sea and pillage by land had taught the merchants of Germany. Lubeck and Hamburg seem to have been prominent in the formation of this alliance but its power was gradually extended until "the flag of the Hansa floated over counting houses of the league in all the principal European towns on the highways of commerce north of Italy." It played a most important part not only in the commercial progress but more or less in the political progress of Europe in that transition period. It organized armies, equipped navies and exercised all the powers of sovereignty, even engaging in successful wars with Denmark and Sweden. Yet each city which joined the league did not change its relations to the German Emperor. The league became a vast monopoly, but owing to its conservatism, and the changed conditions of society caused by advancing civilization, discoveries, and centralized power, it gradually declined, and finally received its death blow in the Thirty Years War.

This interesting story of a "period, when the middle class sprang into full being and took its due and proper place as a link between the nobility and common people," is told in a fascinating way and is supplemented by a number of architectural views, and illustrations of German life and manners, which make it one of the best illustrated volumes of this excellent series. The fact that the story is told not from the usual standpoint of wars and battles, but from a commercial standpoint makes it doubly interesting, and is in keeping with that vast system of international exchange and traffic which forms the characteristic feature of modern European civilization, the foundation of which commercial intercourse the Hansa did so much to lay.

Albert A. Bird.

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* *The Hansa Towns.* By Helen Zimmern. (Story of the Nations.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London.

THE

CORNELL MAGAZINE.

VOL. II. DECEMBER, 1889. No. 3.

EDWIN H. WOODRUFF, *Editor-in-Chief.*

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JOHN W. BATTIN, WILLARD C. JACKSON,
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JOHN FORD, *Business Manager.*

The Magazine is to be published monthly throughout the college year. Subscription price, $2.00 a year. Single numbers, 25 cents.

A PLEA FOR BIBLICAL SCHOLARSHIP AT CORNELL.

THE impressive ceremony of laying the corner stone of the new library building doubtless gave rise to various reflections, most of them transitory, some of them permanent. In my own mind it has left behind a vision of the unborn centuries, in which our present modes of printing and making books shall have been superseded by the more facile inventions of growing arts and sciences, and in which our best designed and appointed library buildings will be as obsolete and useless as the storehouses of ancient manuscripts would be to-day. Even our own rising edifice, the latest birth of time, and certainly not its least noble, will seem clumsy and monstrous to a generation that prints by sunlight or electricity or some swifter worker yet undiscovered, and carries its national literature in a coat-pocket to be read by microscopic magnifiers and lights which cunning artificers are yet to devise. For surely, there is a great disparity between the nimbleness, the impalpableness, (not to mention the lightness) of our thoughts and the instruments and processes hitherto discovered for their expression and preservation; between the thought of Hamlet or the love of Juliet and the ponderous tomes in which directly and in-

directly it is reflected, and the massive structures of wood and stone in which these are all gathered up for our use.

When our own growing pile becomes thus obsolete, or when it succumbs to the ravages of time, and the corner stone can be removed, what a find the University *Register* will be as indicator to those later ages of the American civilization of 1889! For will not the discoverer notice first of all that it is the record of "an institution where any person can find instruction in any study"? And will he not naturally infer that he has in that small volume a mirror of the culture of our day? But a more careful scrutiny will enable even that distant reader to see that the record is incomplete. For knowing, what then no one will doubt, that religion—man's relation to the Eternal—is the essence of human life, individual and national, he will have to confess with painful regret that his promising find contains next to no account of the very soul of that vanished civilization of which he had at first supposed it the complete description. The omission will be a source of endless amazement to him. Nor is this likely to be relieved by the discovery that Cornell University, "established by a government which recognizes no distinction of religious belief, seeks neither to promote any creed nor to exclude any." "Why then," he will impatiently exclaim, "Why then, in Heaven's name, did these primitive people, who thus boast of their freedom from fanaticism, not attempt, by multifarious investigation and instruction, to *understand all creeds*, instead of giving each and all the go-by? For in their courses of instruction, to say nothing of Aryan and Turanian religions, I find not even a single course devoted to Semitic religions, one of which must certainly have been their own, as their charter is interpreted by the author of the *Register* to mean that the University "must always be on the side of Christianity."

Let us leave the latter day archaeologist to resolve his perplexities by theory, which even the historians of his time may not have learned to slough off as survivals. The facts surely are astonishing enough to merit independent consideration. That a university in occidental Christendom should profess in its motto an ideal of all-embracing culture, and yet shut its eyes to the central inter-

est of life as though unworthy of study,—how shall *we* explain such a startling phenomenon?

The answer is not far to seek. Christianity is too sacred a thing to have its literature and history made subjects of study in a secular institution. They must be reserved for the delicate handling of clergymen in theological seminaries.

This *has been* the prevalent view, though perhaps not always so frankly expressed. Yet whoever reads the signs of the times may discern clear evidence of a change of attitude in the rising generation. Their fathers, 'tis more than hinted by them, so idolized the Bible that they made it an unapproachable mystery; and as the majority of young people are not theological students, many are growing up in lamentable ignorance of the sacred scriptures, if not indeed in indifference and patronizing contempt. So long as history and literature go their way without account of Judaism or Christianity, it would be little less than miraculous if a man of university education should think these had much to do with his thought or culture. He is too elegant and refined to be antagonistic; but he waves them aside with gracious unconcern.

What is the remedy? If the Christian religion were in the popular consciousness separated from the literature of Christianity, the evil could easily be cured. For, in that case, no one would object to a university professor subjecting the Gospels or the Epistles to the same literary and historical treatment as is given to the dramas and lyrics, the orations and histories of the ancient Greeks. But, at the present time, so many people find their religion associated with a particular interpretation of New Testament texts, that a truer exegesis would entail a shock of severance for which they are not prepared, and an indignant remonstrance which no university in a democracy seems willing to confront.

On the other hand, the modern Christian consciousness has left the Old Testament so far behind that the most tender heart is little moved at the prospect of a scientific and objective study of its various books. Within the last three years such literary and historical study has been more than once recommended by eminent theologians themselves as an essential elective in every university curriculum. And at Yale University, whose theological school already had a chair of Hebrew, there has recently been established

a professorship of biblical literature of which the object is to impart an intelligent apprehension of the English Bible to the students of the academic department.

This endowment has given a symmetry to the Yale curriculum, which is flagrantly set at nought by our other large universities. And it constitutes an important move in the obliteration of that distinction between religious and secular subjects which, though real enough for pre-scientific ages, is meaningless to a generation whose science has shown that the universe is divine, and to whom history has revealed that the true Shekinah is man. Nothing is merely secular. All things have a religious significance—biology and astronomy equally with Genesis or the Epistle to the Romans. It is the honor of Yale University first to have recognized this modern truth in the constitution of an academic curriculum.

At Cornell, which "seeks neither to promote any creed nor to exclude any," there is no theological department, and no chair of Hebrew in any other department. And yet, whether you consider the language, or the literature, or the history of the Hebrews, you can find in each alone abundant justification for such a professorship. The President White School of History and Political Science is soon to have additions to its faculty. Might it not be worth while to consider before filling any chair what chairs are most needed? President White is known to be deeply interested in Orientalia and Egyptiaca, for which he has made the University library his great debtor. And it would no doubt have his approval if the School made at least a beginning with the culture of the Hebrews. Does our civilization owe more to any other people than it owes to the Jews, great and manifold as is its indebtedness to the Greeks? Let me recommend and reinforce my own views by the authority of the distinguished author of the "Life and Times of Stein." Speaking of the Bible, he says:—

"In Israel national consciousness was intense. What we find, if we read without prepossession is precisely what we should expect. We find a history of the nation much more intense and ideal than other histories, *in which, therefore, the fundamental lesson of history is more successfully brought out.*"*

* Seeley: Natural Religion, p. 168 (Robert's ed.)

To the same effect is the testimony of one of our foremost biblical scholars. "The history of Israel," says Robertson Smith, "when rightly understood, is the most real and vivid of all histories."*

This microcosm, this quintessence of all human history, finds no place in the curriculum of Cornell University.

Consider, again, the literature of the Hebrews, simply as we have it in the Old Testament. Poetry and prose, history and prophecy, psalm and proverb are the varied forms in which the deep spirit of this people clothes its immortal utterances on all the serious topics of human interest. These topics embrace morality and religion, the government of the world and the political fortunes of the kingdoms of men, the fall of tyrants and the redemption of the oppressed, the invincible belief in the triumph of goodness even though the nationality collapse in which alone they deemed it could be realised. Now as all literature needs interpretation, especially is this true of an ancient and profound literature like the Old Testament. This unique lyric of the human heart and epic of human action will be, in great part, a sealed book to him who does not understand the Jewish "hunger for righteousness," as no one can understand it without the aid of elaborate studies such as have illuminated for us the spirit of ancient Rome and Athens. And it is because university students have no such help that lovers of Milton have lost communion with Isaiah, and only an occasional Carlyle sees in the Book of Job a philosophical drama which after two thousand five hundred years is fresh with immortal youth, a worthy companion for our kindred world-poem the inexhaustible "Faust" of Goethe. Our treatment of this noble literature is a shameful waste and desecration of the choicest spirits of mankind. If the object of literature is to kindle emotion, to exalt the imagination, to enlarge and purify the soul, is it maintained that Homer or Plato or Virgil is a more potent instrument of such culture than the enthusiastic poets and prophets of the Old Testament? I yield to no man in my love of Shakespeare, and my sense of his inestimable value for a liberal educa-

* The Old Testament in the Jewish Church, Pref. VIII.

tion; but I do think, if we had a Hebrew scholar who would interpret to us the literature of the Old Testament as Professor Corson reveals to us the subtle dramatic movement of Shakespeare's plays, we should feel that both are great because they make deep soundings in the human soul, but that, on its religious side at least, the work of the individual is fragmentary in comparison with the work at which so many generations labored with a unity of spirit that makes the Bible a whole and a single book. If its treasures have hitherto been shut up from the laity (save as a means of edification) under the impression that it was a kind of Koran or Sibylline Book to be deciphered only in theological schools, that plea can no longer be urged, after the recent action of Yale University. And in any case, it should not be called heretical or dangerous in a protestant country to demand, like Luther of old, that the people should have the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible. Modern scholarship has flooded its obscurities with new light. Turn on the illuminations at Cornell.

But there is still another consideration to be mentioned. The hard practical man is moved by practical arguments. Now here is one. The Hebrew language is to the clergyman what Latin is to the lawyer, surveying to the engineer, or journalism to the editor. Should we discriminate against the clerical profession? Shall every profession but the noblest find the curriculum of Cornell University adapted to its needs? So the case stands at present. Of his technical subjects even the medical student takes many here; the theological student, with scarcely an exception, can take none.

With his usual sound judgment of affairs, President Adams has, accordingly, observed that New Testament Greek, Hebrew, and Church History "ought to be given in every well equipped college or university."* And though he does not suggest introducing them at Cornell till we have affiliated theological schools, the mere declaration of such a need from the President of the University is a most encouraging omen. So far as Greek is concerned, Professor Wheeler has already insti-

**Annual Report*, 1888–9, p. 33.

tuted a course in the New Testament (Greek courses, No. 8); and the Library Council has voted a considerable sum of money for the purchase of appropriate books (commentaries, etc.) And the historical department, as already suggested, might very properly consider the question of Church History, if indeed Professor Burr's courses have not already solved it. But for the Hebrew there is no existing department to plead. It may not, therefore, be out of place to add to the weighty evidence of President Adams, testimony from the theological world. In the October number of the *Andover Review**, Professor Moore says:—

"It is certainly a great defect in our system of education that the study of Hebrew is begun in the [theological] seminary. If students preparing for the University took Hebrew in the last two years of their college course, say two hours a week, the seminary being relieved of the drudgery of the elements would do its proper work far more satisfactorily, and perhaps the greatest cause of complaint would be removed."

And, in still stronger language, Professor Briggs, in a book which is equally judicial and scholarly and has won recognition in two continents, says:

"It is no credit to a Christian people that the Hebrew language has no place at all in most of our colleges and universities; that its study has been confined, for the most part, to theological seminaries and the students for the ministry. It is not strange that the Old Testament has been neglected in the pulpit, the Sabbath school, and the family, so that many minds even of the ministry have doubted whether it was any longer to be regarded as the Word of God."†

As an act of justice to students, and especially to theological students; as an answer to the demand of the theological seminaries for better work, Hebrew is surely required in the Cornell curriculum. But we need not only linguistic training in Hebrew. We need also the culture of Hebrew literature and history for those who never study the Hebrew language. A chair of Hebrew Language and Literature, occupied by a man in whom a reverential

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*p. 342.

† *Biblical Study*, p. 58.

spirit, a large soul, a strong, acute, and sober intellect nourished by the products of the latest and soundest scholarship combined to insure a faithful interpreter of the wonderful books of the Old Testament, would satisfy both demands, covering, as it would, the scope of the two Yale chairs in Hebrew Language and Biblical Literature.

How is such a chair to be procured? Its character is such as would justify an outlay of University funds for its establishment. Hebrew has the same right to recognition as any other language or literature, our own alone excepted. Nay, it has stronger claims than most, as being so large a factor in our civilization. But it is understood the University is too poor to found any or many new chairs. Its expenditure is now at the heels of its income, and when there are wants without means of satisfying them, you have poverty, however large the underlying stratum of well-being. In the second place, then, this object so unique, so self-contained, would be a hopeful one to put before the alumni. I believe they have never been asked to undertake anything *all* of themselves. Here is an opportunity. Here is a point on which they might unite. I have hopes of good results, if the matter were persistently kept before them for some time, and they were convinced—as they have never yet been—that their *Alma Mater* really needs their help or must fall behind in the race. Thirdly, New York State is full of wealth and many of its owners after providing for their families, are looking for investments whose returns shall defy the shocks of time and circumstance.* Would not the endowment of such a chair, if fairly put before them, commend itself to their experienced judgments? Such assistance to established institutions would not bring fame, or notoriety, like the founding of a new university. But in the present condition of our institutions, it is a saner and more useful benefaction. What is needed is the "amplification of the resources of existing institutions whose location, constituency, present means, and accomplished

* See the very sensible article of Mr. Carnegie in the December number of the *North American Review*. Mr. Carnegie, however, fails to do justice to Ezra Cornell, who, as a matter of fact, was one of the first Americans to make great benefactions in their life-time, and that, it is believed, at a sacrifice which none of his successors have been required to undergo.

work make them conspicuous candidates for larger usefulness. In almost every American state there is some existing educational foundation which could be made the nucleus of a true university, and which is financially fit to receive and conserve large sums of money." * This is the conclusion of President Hill of Rochester University, a conclusion as true in itself as it is felicitous in expression. And I quote it with the greater pleasure because it is all so pre-eminently applicable to Cornell University that one might suppose it had been written to prove that it was the duty of the wealth of the State of New York to come to our assistance in a great tidal amplification of our existing resources. On the crest of this advancing wave I already seem to see an endowed professorship of Hebrew Language and Literature.

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* *Forum.* Nov. 1889, p. 304.

J. G. Schurman.

POLITICAL EDUCATION IN COLLEGES.

THE kind and the amount of political education given in the American college curriculum has undergone a rapid modification. Not so long ago it was the habit with some instructors to look askance at all questions of a political nature, as being questions that could not be taught to students with good results, and which, being more or less mixed up with partisan systems, never amounted to much. But quite of late years there is good evidence that a large number of prominent American educators are fully alive to the fact that there is a science of politics, and that political training is now a necessary part and parcel of practical and liberal education.

From the beginning, Cornell University had a Course in History and Political Science which was announced without change in the successive issues of the *Register* as follows: "The department of Political Science is intended to embrace all the important topics connected with political and social science. At present courses of lectures are delivered on political economy and constitutional law." Now, the older alumni, who think of what was done in this department and of what might have been done, are

tempted to recall Falstaff's bill and "the half-penny worth of bread." In 1881–2 the department was strengthened by the appointment of a new professor, and, in the *Register* of that college year the announcement was changed to read thus: "The aim of instruction in Political Science proper is to present both the philosophical and the practical side of the subject in a logical order of treatment. It comprises the two general topics of theoretical and systematic politics," etc. Finally, in January, 1887, the various courses of history, political economy, social science, and international law were consolidated into one department under the name of "The President White School of History and Political Science." According to the official announcement, instruction in political science now has three distinct purposes in view: First, to furnish such general information as is necessary for intelligent citizenship; secondly, to give such training as will be valuable to students intending to go into the profession of law, or into active political life; and thirdly, to provide for such special and higher training as will qualify students for teaching.

Thus, it may fairly be said that no one department of instruction in Cornell has undergone a more rapid and more complete modification than has the Course in History and Political Science. The changes above noted show that the University authorities have not been inattentive to the popular demand for "practical" education in colleges. Of course it has never been seriously argued that politics is not "practical." On the contrary, "practical politics," so-called, is generally repudiated as low, sordid, and unworthy. Even if we give to the term "practical" as applied to politics its narrowest meaning—that of a bare and special training for office-seeking or for the civil service—the practical value of political education in colleges is indubitable. Consequently, it is admitted on all sides that the study of political science is of the greatest practical utility—understanding by "practical" what we now understand by it, namely, that which fits for practice and action.

Considered both from this and other points of view, the kind and amount of political education in American colleges is, I take it, a matter of first importance. And, in what follows, I wish to touch with finger tips, so to speak, the subject in hand.

Let us consider, in the first place, the problem of giving instruction in political science to college students. Frankly speaking, I am of the opinion that some of us are very much "at sea" as to what ought to be the meaning and the purpose of political education. An examination of a large number of our college curriculums and some conversation with college instructors have perhaps served to strengthen this opinion. It seems plain to me that our college authorities are not yet agreed as to the methods for reaching practical results. The study of political science is too often regarded as valuable merely for the information it brings. Lectures are given usually in the Junior and Senior year, so that the student may not go out into the world ignorant of the leading principles and facts of political economy and constitutional law. No fault can be found with this, but it is poor and unsatisfactory. For, I cannot but think that in college the student should obtain a firm grasp and a general idea both of political science and of "practical" politics; so that, when thrust into the world to bear the duties and to exercise the rights of American citizenship, he is readily able to use the well-known methods of scientific inquiry in detecting truth and in eliminating error. That is to say, after an intimate acquaintance with the practice of politics, he shall be able to apply his powers of observation, of conception, of comparison, and of deductive or inductive reasoning, for a successful solution of the practical problems of political life here in America to-day.

Such is, in a general way, what I understand by political education. A course of instruction leading to this education would begin in the primary school. It should be the aim of the common school, then, to develop the political sense. Primary political instruction must be a leading part of every education. It is unlikely that our young people can form correct ideas of the government, but they can be taught the veriest rudiments of political knowledge—for example, public morals, patriotism, and civic virtues.

Therefore, I hold that a fair amount of political knowledge is an indispensable pre-requisite for admission to our colleges. All candidates for admission should pass an entrance examination in

political science.* At this juncture, strange to say, political studies are abandoned, and are not usually taken up again till the third, or Junior year of the college curriculum. I venture to think that advanced political instruction should be given in the first or Freshman year.

In discussing the value of political education certain points are commonly assumed. Among these first principles are the following: that the success of free institutions depends upon intelligent citizenship; that the citizen must have some correct and practical knowledge of public questions; and that, therefore, as Herbert Spencer points out, there can be no liberty, no vote in democracies without a good political education. Here is the argument: to turn loose young people into political life without political training is as dangerous as to send soldiers into battle without proper military drill. Lord Macaulay was right in his warning that barbarians would come here in the United States, not from without but from within. The student is not educated, if he be not trained to meet successfully the political Huns and Vandals that will have been engendered within our own country by our own institutions.

This, then, ought to be a *motif* of advanced political instruction. In a pure democracy like ours where everybody is eligible to office, where the stimulus to office-seeking is in the very air, where politics has become such a natural thing that thousands make it a "business," the college-bred man must be able to meet politicians on their own ground. Only the uninitiated expects a politician to be upright, candid and truthful. The political *faiseur* has mostly spent a lifetime in wire-pulling and in the practice of various black arts. The machinery of partisan politics has at last turned out that remarkable product which Sir Henry Maine calls the Party Hero—a personage as interesting and important in his day as the Tyrant or Prince portrayed by Machiavelli. We are coming to feel that party politics is necessary to the perpetuity of republican institutions. We see every four years a great nation stirred to its very depths over petty schemes of partisan rivalry. We observe the American people regarding politics as war, and

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* In and after 1889, Cornell University requires as much political science as is contained in Macy's "Our Government."

dividing into two great hostile camps. We find the party hero depending not upon reason and argument, but upon what he calls "demonstrations"—brass bands, banners, torches, sky-rockets and Roman candles. We are tempted to applaud the party heroes who allow themselves to be tricked out in finery and trumpery,—to applaud the courage of men who dare to march night after night in uniformed companies, carrying kerosene torches. We glory in the artful eloquence of the "campaign liar," and soberly listen to the hollow discussions which the rivalry of contending pettifoggers and mountebanks inspires. What wonder, then, that we see

> "Needy nothing trimmed in jollity,
> And captive Good attending Captain Ill."

The plain truth is, that our party systems and our political methods have evolved social and political problems with which our political science has not been in shape to cope. Plainly, politics can not be run on the war theory, that everything is fair that leads to success. Nor can popular government be managed by men trained to fire sky-rockets and to lead torch-light processions,—in fine, by party heroes. When the party heroes are made to understand that they have an intelligent constituency to deal with—a constituency that refuses to enlist in a political war, a constituency that "takes no stock" in ignorant or dishonest statements of half-truths and will not go to a school for scandal, a constituency that refuses to bear with special pleading and the flippant treatment of grave questions of public policy—when, we say, the party heroes have such a constituency to deal with, they will change their methods to suit the times. Now, it is by no means clear that the courses of political study in colleges do exactly what is needed to be done. Unfortunately, many that have been educated in colleges do not lead the kind of political life that one would expect. Many, instead of being educated into sounder political principles, have only learned to become more astute pettifoggers. Instead of being educated into good citizenship, many of them are willing to be as blind partisans as are the ignorant and unthinking; their heads are filled with petty schemes of party rivalry; they spend much of their time in small plotting and the practice of unworthy arts. Too many college-bred men have given

no sign that they knew how to discriminate between the authority and the quack, between the right and the wrong in politics.

Therefore, if political education in colleges is to yield its best results, it must develop not only political sense, but political ethics. "The end of all political struggle," says Emerson," is to establish morality as the basis of all legislation." If this be true—and it is—manifestly our politics have become, in the main, immoral. In the heat of party strife well-defined principles of justice and morality are cast aside as being of little use; in the scramble for pelf and place, the material interests are placed above the moral. For these reasons I agree with those who call for a deeper study of the neglected subject of political ethics. It is imperatively demanded that the college student be trained to take the moral aspect of every political question. For, as a matter of fact, lectures on constitutional law and political economy will hardly exert a moral influence upon the student, unless he is trained to put his knowledge to good purposes. Much of this, I know, will sound impracticable and quixotic; but I think that our political educators are in danger of neglecting this view of their work.

Again, political education in colleges is still in the bookish stage. Never was there a time when so many important questions needed sober thinking and right-minded action, when so many important political problems pressed for solution. It is here in America that the political problems of the future are likely to await solution.

The student, as an active citizen, finds *living* questions all before him and all around him, open to his observation, to be studied in their actual relations. He finds, too, that the political problems of Germany, for example, are not the political problems of the United States, that the politics of yesterday are not the politics of to-day. No amount of knowledge about the Athenian Ecclesia and the old Witenagemot will lead him to form a correct idea of the actual workings of the House of Representatives. Neither will a study of the ancient city, or of the feudal municipalities, explain the peculiar art of municipal government as exemplified in New York and Chicago. There is no good reason why the college student should be ignorant of the A, B, C, of politics. Yet, I have known college graduates who had to go to caucuses

and conventions, the same as the boy goes to the grammar school. They could not have told you how to "run" a primary, or caucus, or convention, to save their lives.

Indeed, it is difficult to estimate the influence which bookish political theories exert over the popular mind. The speculations of learned professors on political problems can often be put into popular language, while the crude generalizations of closet philosophers often give encouragement to popular notions and delusions. Thus, many of the current thoughts about "the State," "Natural Rights," etc., come from a scholastic source. What is the ground of authority of government? Is it omnipresent and omnipotent, or is it subject to restriction? In fine, what may government do and what may it not do? Are there any ethical rules to which the right and wrong of governmental action is bound to conform? Finally, the question is asked, What ought the State to do for labor, for trade, for manufactures, for the poor, etc? Or, as Professor Sumner well puts it "What ought All-of-us to do for Some-of-us?" To meet and cope with these questions must be the chief concern of any scheme for advanced political instruction. Already the meddling policy of Government (with a large G) is taught from the chairs of the colleges. Every fresh extension of industrial protection and of the State's care-taking is regarded as a legitimate function of a free Government. Carried to its logical conclusion, the socialist doctrine is that the world *owes* everybody a living.

Such an attractive political philosophy has found, of course, immense favor among the Many. In a singularly lucid and clear-cut exposition of "Academic Socialism," Professor Herbert Tuttle has noted the great influence of Continental political science in this country, and the tendency to give greater importance to government and to limit the action of the individual citizen. He refers, for example, to a recent act of the State of New York making the canals free, since the argument of its supporters was distinctly and grossly socialistic—the argument being that free canals would make low freights, and low freights would give the poor man cheaper bread. He adds: "It is significant that such projects [a government telegraph, government railways, etc.] can be even proposed; but that they can be seriously discussed,

and some of them actually adopted, shows that the stern jealousy of governmental interference, the disposition to circumscribe the state's sphere of action, which once characterized the people of the republic, has lost, though unconsciously, a large part of its force. No alarm or even surprise is now excited by propositions which the founders of the Union would have pronounced fatal to free government." *

What Sir Henry Maine regards as the coming conflict between Democracy and Science, I would regard as the coming conflict between the sentimental and the scientific theories of government. The student of politics will be called upon to take sides. The sentimental party now relies upon short and easy methods of ameliorating the working-classes. We once had occasion to say: "The innumerable Reform Clubs, Leagues, and Associations of various kinds are all evidences of the unscientific nature of the remedy administered for deep-seated evils." † The scientific party now urges the use of logical methods in dealing with all questions, and refers effects to their causes. To suggest that Science ought to assert itself in American politics is, strange as it may appear, to make one's self a laughing-stock. Yet, I look forward to the time when every member of the Legislature will know as much political science as the scholar in the public schools, when the man who discusses questions of a social and political interest will not be voted a bore by his fellow-members.

Now, if there be a science of politics it is because there are social and political laws, and because political phenomena are part of the general order of social evolution. And what is Science? Professor Huxley is fond of defining science as nothing but organized common sense, and of saying that the man of science simply uses the methods of observation, of comparison, and of reasoning which we use in our daily pursuits and in all our enterprises. Therefore, the introduction of science in politics simply means the introduction of organized common sense. The gist of the whole matter was stated by ex-President White some years ago in a public address. "A very moderate application," said

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* *Atlantic Monthly.* Aug. 1883.

† *Popular Science Monthly.* Aug. 1884.

he, "of scientific principles would save us from what is constantly going on in municipal, state, or national legislation,—the basing of important statutes to-day, on the supposition that 2 and 2 make 4, and to-morrow on the theory that 2 and 2 make 40." *

My last proposition can be best stated negatively: We have not made the progress in our political organization, or in the art of government, that the founders of the Union hoped would be made. We are sure that our political methods do not afford us any guarantees that fit persons alone will obtain power. It has been said that society is like a pyramid, broadest at the base. If, therefore, men at the base be capable of choosing, it is all the stronger reason for having men at the top fit to be chosen. Popular government cannot long afford political machinery or to adopt methods which muzzle its best and brainiest men.

> "Degree being vizarded,
> The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
> * * * When degree is shaked,
> Which is the ladder to all high designs,
> The enterprise is sick."

Let us make good, then, this saying of Edmund Burke's: "A politician is a philosopher in action."

Lee J. Vance, '80.

ARISTOTLE'S POETICA AND LESSING'S HAMBURGISCHE DRAMATURGIE.

AFTER the Greek tragedy had risen from the Dithyrambic ode to the dignity with which Aeschylus endowed it, reached its perfection at the hands of Sophocles, and entered upon a decline marked by the beauties of Euripides; after comedy had risen and changed from Old to Middle, and from Middle to New, the *Poetica* of Aristotle were written. Awed by the grandeur of Aeschylus, touched by the grace of Sophocles, thrilled by the tragic action of Euripides, he sought to analyze the principles upon which the Tragic trio wrought their masterpieces and to formulate them for

* Address at the Tyndall Banquet, 1873.

men of later days. But the principles that he established, though based on works of genius, free and unfettered, obeying no laws but the subtle directions of feeling, were destined to bind in adamantine chains the dramatic spirit of a nation of to-day.

A drama, feeble and pedantic, deteriorated and foreign, inspired that patriotic work of Lessing, which from mere nothingness, caused a national movement to arise, the progress of which, though at first slow, bursting finally the bonds that held German thought and the German drama which were fast bound to French canons, customs, and prejudices, gave to the world the classics of Goethe and of Schiller.

Wide reader, philosopher, keenest of ancient analyzers as Aristotle was, he saw at a glance the principles underlying the work of the Greek tragedians. Wide reader, philosopher, keenest of modern analyzers, Lessing with his subtle mind, correctly divined the thoughts of the philosopher and tearing away the veil cast about them by Corneille's ignorance, and Voltaire's pedantry, interpreted them aright.

The German stage was French in scene, French in thought, word, and deed. A meritorious, distinctively German play did not exist until Lessing wrote. Regretting as a student the unpatriotic servility of the German stage to the French, Lessing as a man left the *Dramaturgie*, for a monument of the campaign he fought amid the cares of a life which had been tossed hither and and thither on a sea of troubles. Disappointed in his hope of obtaining preferment from the great, but unappreciative Frederick, tired of Berlin, knowing not whither to turn, it was with pleasure that Lessing accepted the position of dramatic critic for the Hamburg national theatre. Warm hearted, patriotic, devoted to letters, looking forward to that great day of literary awakening which he was sure would come, and of which he was the precursor, he saw placed before him the opportunity of realizing the ideas that as a student he had conceived,—the establishment of a German theatre truly national.

He was unable to contain himself at the prospect of his new engagement and the letters he wrote were full of enthusiasm and a light-heartedness unusual to him. Lessing did not know that in a few months the *Hamburgische Dramaturgie* would alone remain of this most important undertaking.

To realize fully the extent of the *Dramaturgie*, the greatness of the purpose and the audacity of the author, a brief consideration of the condition of the French drama is involved. Influenced by an Italian drama already fettered by the unities, it passed beneath the yoke to be for years the most servile of followers, to obey laws that clogged the workings of French dramatists and caused them to judge all plays as barbarous, that did not observe their injunctions, a slavery the emancipation from which was not witnessed until that stormy night in French dramatic history, when Hugo with his *Hernani*, overturning the walls and upheaving the foundations of their ancient theatre, levelled for good and all the despotic tyranny of the "Unities."

These restrictive laws were favored and followed by Corneille but the poet, man of genius as he was, chafed at the fetters. He observed the Unities and prepared lengthy prefaces full of arguments for the probability of so much action occurring in twenty-four hours; then, in despair, he favored the extension of the time from twenty-four to thirty hours. Schlegel in his lectures on the drama takes up this point and pictures the critic, stop-watch in hand, counting up the hours, minutes and seconds of the action. Upheld by Racine, the final support and temporary vindication of the Unities remained for Voltaire, until attacked by the author of the *Dramaturgie*. The position of Voltaire has been graphically painted:

"In the eighteenth century it was truly said that letters reigned over Europe and Voltaire reigned over letters. After that of Frederick the Great, who became his humble pupil and disciple, Voltaire's was the greatest name in Europe. He bore down all rivals and played the despot in every branch of literature. He was the first poet of the epoch, the first critic, the first historian, and the first pamphleteer."

As Voltaire was acknowledged preëminent so also the French drama held its sway; and this was the drama that Lessing assailed; this was the doughty champion that the author of the *Dramaturgie* attacked with sure logic, withered by his sarcasm, and overthrew with his well-directed impetuosity.

Deep seated and long existing misconceptions of the spirit and interpretation of the *Poetica* had thus led the French astray both

in the observation of the Unity of Action, and in the actual meaning of tragedy as Aristotle defined it, as well as in other important respects. Aristotle assumed that the aim of tragedy was to awaken our pity and fear, but "pity and terror" was the rendering of the definition before Lessing, who taking as his text the play of "Richard III." by Weisse, illustrates his argument.

"Most certainly he awakens our terror, if we understand by terror, amazement at such inconceivable crimes, horror of such wickedness as surpasses our comprehension; if we are to understand by it the shudder that seizes us at the sight of terrible deeds, executed with glee. Of this terror I experienced my fair share at the performance of "Richard III."

But this form of terror is so little one of the aims of tragedy that the ancients sought by all means to diminish it whenever their heroes were compelled to commit some great crime. They preferred rather to blame Fate, to make the crime the inevitable curse of an avenging deity; they preferred to change man from a creature of free will to a machine, rather than to suffer the horrible idea to linger among us that man could by nature be capable of such corruption. . . . This ought not to have been named terror at all. The word which Aristotle uses means fear; fear and pity, he says should be called forth by tragedy, not pity and terror. It is true that terror is a species of fear, but it is a sudden and overwhelming fear. But this very suddenness, this surprise that is included in the idea of terror, plainly proves that those who used the word terror here for fear, did not understand at all what sort of fear Aristotle meant."

As in his Laocoon by a process of analysis and discussion, Lessing having found a worthy opponent, overturned the ideas of Winckleman and materially changed the conception of the domains of sculpture and of poetic picturing, so in the *Dramaturgie* having singled out Corneille and Voltaire as worthiest antagonists, he proceeded to point out the fallacies in Corneille's interpretation of Aristotle; to probe mercilessly the weaknesses of Voltaire, giving the vain old Frenchman many a wicked prod that wounded his vanity sorely. In criticising Voltaire's ghost in "Semiramis" he says:

"Voltaire's ghost is nothing more than a poetical invention

employed to help the unravelling of the plot. It does not interest us the least on its own account. Shakespeare's ghost on the contrary, is a real, active personage in whose fate we take an interest, who excites not only our fear but our pity."

Again he displays an egregious historical blunder of Voltaire's: "when for example Voltaire desires to name the old lovers of Queen Elizabeth he names Robert Dudley and the Earl of Leicester. He did not know that both are one and the same person and that we might as fitly make the poet Arouet and the Chamberlain de Voltaire into two distinct men."

Lessing reasons against the adoption of French stage-settings and customs in the following terms: "The Greeks never based either their comedies or their tragedies on any customs but their own. They preferred to lend to foreigners their Greek customs, when they obtained the matter for their tragedies from abroad, rather than to endanger stage effect by incomprehensible barbaric costumes."

It is not possible to rehearse here the line of argument that Lessing follows, starting from a single point and reaching out about him in every direction. Vigorously and acutely he cuts to pieces the drama of the French, and shows that every departure from Aristotle is a departure for the worse. At last when by the pirating of the *Dramaturgie* by the publishing house of his opponents it was no longer possible to defray expenses; when the plan of establishing a German national theatre at Hamburg, had utterly failed, Lessing brought to a close his matchless series of criticisms by a closing number in which his virile style, nerved by the feeling of the injustice that he had suffered, was tinged with bitterness. "If the public asks what has been done and answers itself with a sarcastic 'nothing,'" he says, "then I ask on my part, what has the public done that something might be achieved. Nothing; yes, more than nothing." Such was the summary way in which he dismissed the indebtedness of public to theatre and theatre to public. Finally he sums up in few words his estimation of Aristotle's importance, characterizing this *Poetica* "as infallible as the elements of Euclid."

Lessing was disappointed and disheartened but he had set on foot a movement that culminated in the *Stürm und Drang*

period of German literature. Adolph Staler in his life of Lessing estimates rightly the mission of Lessing. "It was the principal task of Lessing to subvert the authority of the French classical tragedy, because while it had obscured the simple greatness and sublimity of the old Hellenic tragedy, it at the same time barred the way to the genius of Shakespeare. If in removing these obstructions, whereby he became the emancipator of the German drama, he, in the conflict did injustice to French literature, it was as the wise proverb says, because "Moderation comes only after victory."

Kennedy F. Rubert.

AN OLD-VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN.

ONE day towards the end of last June I alighted from the train at Cedarhurst, in the Old Dominion, and found my esteemed friend and host, J. Howard Farnham, and his two sons there to meet me. In true gentlemanly fashion, I had been invited to come and stay, not as we put it, for a week or a month, but as long as I cared to remain, with the privilege of going and coming at pleasure, and my reception at the station made me long to visit there until Registration Day at old Cornell should call me away. Orlando, the coachman, sat behind in the drag and my host and I enjoyed the high front seat on the drive from Cedarhurst Station to the Farnham residence, Oakdale. We enter the "place" through a stone arch whose way is closed by a massive chain and are on one of the amplest estates in Virginia. It has been handed down directly for one hundred and fifty years, but during the last quarter century has been reduced in extent to about one thousand acres. The drive from the public road to the mansion is about a mile through woods and cultivated fields, for no artificial lawns and terraces are here. The present owner would spurn such arts, yet he maintains hundreds of acres of wild woodland for the sake of the trees, the drives and above all for the sake of his ancestors. It was delightful to see how proudly he drove us up the hills, through meadows, along the "run" and brought us up sharply at the verge of the woods that enclose

the mansion. There the road winds down to the creek, making the approach quite perilous at night and winning for the site the name Castle Dangerous. We must cross this creek for the mansion and stables are on a veritable island at the summit of which stands the old brown home. It is a low, plain, rambling structure with the most comfortable veranda running round three sides. Clustered by are the wash-house, the smoke-house, the bake-oven, and in the meadow behind are the dozen or more plaster cottages of the negroes. The mansion is of plaster, boarded over, but the stable is a handsome stone structure, and, as a matter of domestic economy, is more expensive to maintain than the family.

Amid the barkings of a kennel of fox-hounds we drive up to the mansion and my host's wife and daughter come down from the veranda to greet us. How different such a greeting from the formal salutations in our northern cities! Here you are met with a warmth that dispels all the coolness of new acquaintanceship.

During the many rides and drives which I took with my host, I learned many facts concerning his ancestors and especially of that J. Howard Farnham, Esq., who is the glory of the family. He was born in 1733 at the other side of the estate in the old stone house which is now occupied by one of the mill-hands. The youth was educated at Oxford, but remained there only two years, after which he travelled for one year on the continent and then returned to Oakdale to live the life of a wealthy Virginia gentleman. From his twentieth to his thirty-fifth birthday he did little but hunt, attend the races, dress elegantly, and marry into a good family. "Blood is thicker than water," however, and the gay, young coxcomb developed into a sober and sturdy man at middle life. When a boy, his father told him that education consisted of the trinity: riding, shooting and telling the truth. Throughout his varied experiences he was essentially practical. If he was profuse in his classical vocabulary and was intimate with Addison and Congreve, he appreciated the worth of good roads, was familiar with the rotation of crops and was an expert judge of negro-flesh.

An old diary of the year 1758 belonging to him contains notes on a trip to his iron mines in King George county and gives us a glimpse into the manner of travel in those days. The account

shows him to be a man of business mind, for the expenditures of the journey are most carefully noted and his remarks on the condition of the mines, the quality of the sow-iron, the medicinal qualities of ginseng, and the breed of negroes in that neighborhood, indicate his observing versatility.

Squire Farnham was not a large man, but his proud carriage and elegant clothes made him imposing. In his broad-flapped waistcoats; long-tailed top-coats, with the sleeves turned back and laced; the huge ruffles, rich black velvet breeches, silken stockings and buckled shoes; in all these were duplicated the best fashions from London. He was proud. He received many callers but honored only a select few with his visits. He called often on his sisters, seldom on his brothers and always presided at the family reunions. Outside of his blood relatives he had two dear friends who had been his boon companions all his life, who had played with him when he was a boy, written to him while he was away in merry old England and had helped him serenade, at Squire Baskerville's, the young lady who afterward became "my lady Margaret." These two friends lived on adjoining estates and when Cæsar was ordered to saddle Beauty everyone knew that Mr. Farnham was going to see either Col. Lewis or Mr. Mumford.

He was "horse-proud." Not only was he the most daring and skillful rider in the steeple-chase but for three consecutive seasons the chestnut four-in-hand from Oakdale had won the prize at the Williamsburg Races. To-day the long halls and library are hung with trophies captured by the Farnhams on all the famous tracks in the South.

In none of the colonies was entertaining so general and lavish as in Virginia. There was the genial host *par excellence* and nothing was a greater pleasure than to receive friends and give large parties. One was always sure to meet the aristocratic and loyal families of the county, to enjoy a comprehensive dinner and to dance the minuet with fair ladies to the tinkling harpsichord and cooing flute. To be sure, the men had a tendency, not unknown to-day, to congregate in the smoking room and talk horse, but the host was too fond of the ladies and dancing to indulge this humor very long. The squire was extremely fond of ladies' so-

ciety and would forego his morning ride over the plantation or his business with the attorney to drive a load of jolly girls to a fair. Those were jolly girls too. Strong, fresh, good horsewomen,—a dash after the hounds was fun for them.

Of course the Farnhams were Episcopalians, and we attended the same church in Cedarhurst which had been built by the Squire with stone from his own quarries. If he was not a strict churchman himself, the rest of the family were, and he always received the parson at dinner and encouraged Mistress Farnham and daughter in their parish duties and in collecting clothes for the Indians. Yet, since his trip to England he never went to church. While the remainder of the household attended services on Sunday, tradition has it that J. Howard and his brothers J. William and Montgomery would meet in the "office" at the stables and discuss their mills, plantations and horses. But it was his unfailing habit to come out in front of the stables as the drag passed on to church and with head uncovered, more out of a feeling of chivalry than of religion, to salute his family. Then he would wander back to his brothers and his talk.

It is a mistake to think of the old Southern gentlemen as being profane and coarse. As a class, they were not profane. To be sure, they would "confound" everything from their dearest boy to the slave who lamed the best mare. But beyond "confound" and "darn" they stopped; it was not vulgar, it might be forcible. It was a quaint custom whenever relations visited, to exchange kisses all around and no doubt this gave a zest to sociability. The young men often carried with them their guns and bows, for no visit was complete without a trial of shooting, wrestling and running, and it was a matter of the greatest pride to the parents and girls whether the honors went to Uncle Mont's boys or remained at Oakdale.

J. Howard Farnham was a royalist. He cared little for the new ideas which a young and obscure lad named Henry was spreading through the colony. He probably despised him as a commoner and hated him as a republican. Whatever savored of royalty had his profound respect; he was one of the last to throw off His Most Gracious Majesty's government but when the colony had renounced that, he was true to the best interests of Virginia. This

was a time when the leaders in wealth and social position were also leaders in political life. The Virginia gentleman was carefully trained for public life ; and to sit in the House of Burgesses or, even more, to be one of the Council was a cherished duty. In the great surveys, the running of boundary-lines, the schemes for the development of trade and manufactures, and in the military service, the gentleman worked side by side and experienced the same hardships as the common laborers and soldier.

The city club is a direct descendant of the country tavern. The Rose Tree Tavern in Cedarhurst filled in its day as important and honorable a role as the Union League now does. In the private parlor of this inn, political battles were planned and fought ; aye, planned so shrewdly by Squire Baskerville that they were won as soon as planned. And here Squire Farnham, Col. Lewis, Mr. Mayo and a host of forgotten magnates discussed over their sherry the Two-Penny Act and later, the Stamp Act and planned marriages and dowries : for in those days men were anxious, not only to breed fine horses and hounds but also to wed in good families.

Early introduced and nourished in Virginia was the love for a large estate. A hunger for land was a necessary qualification for a gentleman. This ambition often led to financial embarrassments ; but pantry and person were pinched to save the plantation.

Mr. Farnham was a devoted lover of wild nature. He knew each tree on his lands and a few grand old oaks spoke to him of days when another race lived there, and to these silent witnesses he confided his wishes for posterity. These wishes are sacredly respected. To-day as you drive through the woods and meadows of Oakdale you will see the same trees, the same clumps of woods and fringes of meadows that were there one hundred and twenty-five years ago. No trees are felled, no birds are shot, even squirrels are safe within the the stone-wall marking the Farnham estate.

To one accustomed to our swift ways, the Old-Virginia Gentleman is oddly picturesque. In conversation his voice was singularly rich and mellow and his imagination heightened the vividness of his tales. Seated on the veranda in his huge arm-chair,

he could see two miles of meadow, wood and plain; at times he would turn from side to side and then sink back quietly. He was happy at these times: far as the eye could reach in all directions he was sole owner and master. Then he would relate the good times of his youth, his first parting from Oakdale, his stormy voyage to England, the lazy life at Oxford and the gay winter in London. These hills and meadows were far dearer, more beautiful to him than the Alps and the Campagna; and the darkies singing in the cottages in the bottom was the sweetest music he could hear.

John Wilson Battin.

A LOST DREAM OF DE QUINCEY'S.

[It is probable that few readers lay down De Quincey's "Confessions" without a slight feeling of disappointment. The average reader, upon taking up the book, expects admission into the Opium-eater's paradise; what he gets is the Opium-eater's autobiography, with a brief descent, toward the end, into the Opium-eater's hell. As to those rapturous reveries which in popular thought are most prominently associated with the opium habit, De Quincey is exasperatingly reticent. He informs us, to be sure, that opium has "the keys of paradise"; but nowhere does he unlock the gates and let us in.

Did moral scruples forbid De Quincey fully to reveal the allurements of opium? Or were those early reveries too elusive for transcription, too ethereal for translation into the gross realm of thought, too intricate for expression by the clumsy mechanism of language? The "Dream" which is printed below, if authentic, throws some light upon this interesting question besides being valuable for its own sake. A few preliminary remarks concerning its discovery and history will make it more intelligible.

Last September I received a box of books from a friend in Glasgow, a student in the university there. Mixed up with the newspapers used in packing the box were a few loose sheets of manu-

script much crumpled and soiled. Glancing carelessly at the sheets I was astonished to see this heading upon one of them :

"DE QUINCEY'S DREAM.

(Heard from De Quincey himself at Prof. Nichol's, Dec. 10th, 1842.)"

I lost no time in making a careful examination of all the sheets. They were five in number, nearly the size of foolscap, of a faded blue color, written on both sides, and jagged on one edge as if torn from a note-book. Sheets 5 to 7 inclusive were missing; sheet 8 began in the middle of a sentence and ended in the middle of a word.

My friend in Glasgow, at my request, set to work to trace the history of the mysterious sheets. From the servant who packed the box he learned that all the paper used came out of a barrel in the closet of his new lodgings at 79 Renfield St. By dint of much questioning he also wormed out of his suspicious landlady the fact that the paper in the barrel had recently been taken from under the carpet in his room.

Here he stuck for several weeks, until by mere luck he one day happened to learn from a withered old gossip in the neighborhood that the carpet in question had not been taken up before in *forty years*—a fact which his landlady had very naturally suppressed. Further inquiry confirmed the old gossip's report. My friend's predecessor in the lodgings, it seems, was an eccentric old bachelor, with a mortal antipathy to house-cleaning—a very natural and laudable feeling, though perhaps in this case pushed a little too far.

My friend knew already that De Quincey himself had held the apartments as late as 1847, so the chain of circumstances was now complete. The sheets, accidentally or intentionally left behind by De Quincey, had happened to be laid under the carpet along with the newspapers in which they were, perhaps, loosely wrapped up.

But how came they into De Quincey's hands at all? Here the external evidence fails us. Let us turn to the "Dream" itself.

Who wrote these pages? The hand, crazy, sprawling, hardly legible, suggests a student as the penman, accustomed to ride across

country helter skelter, with the galloping tongue of a dictating professor for a running mate. The jagged edges, suggestive of a note-book, agree thereto. The reference to Professor Nichol (J. P. Nichol, professor of astronomy in the University and one of De Quincey's few intimate friends) is yet another index finger pointing to the conclusion that the writer of the pages was a student, a favorite of the professor perhaps, through whose kindness he was admitted to a night of wonder in the Opium-eater's presence.

But how came the student's notes into De Quincey's hands? Why may not the student himself have placed them there for revision? This guess is confirmed almost to the point of certainty by one little fact, the most interesting feature of the manuscript. On several pages words have been scratched out and others written in above in a delicate, sensitive hand which, if it be not De Quincey's, is surprisingly like it.

The reader is now in possession of all the known facts. The question, What is the worth of this "Dream"? each must answer for himself. It may be objected that the style shows no very close likeness to the style of De Quincey, and perhaps this is true; but nothing else could be expected in notes written out from memory (unless the memory were phenomenal), so that, in fact, if the "Dream" were more manifestly in the style of the "Confessions" I should suspect it of being a mere imitation and therefore worthless.

As for the substance of the dream, that too reaches us through the medium of a second and inferior mind, and it would not be strange if the Opium-eater's visions had lost something of their original splendor. Yet a somewhat careful study has not revealed to me any considerable inconsistences with De Quincey's known mental workings.

In view of all the evidence, external and internal, there remains small doubt in my own mind that we have in this "Dream" a fairly accurate transcript from memory of a hitherto unreported conversation of De Quincey's. At all events, anything which *may* have come, even indirectly, from the Opium-eater's lips is so precious that I have thought the dream worth printing, and I hope the reader will find it worth reading.

—ALEXANDER MACLAREN GREGOR.]

[SHEETS 1–4.]

DE QUINCEY'S DREAM.

(Heard from De Quincey himself at Prof. Nichol's Dec. 10th, 1842.)

Mr. De Quincey, being led on by Prof. Nichol to tell us about the reveries referred to under the "Pleasures of Opium" in the "Confessions," finally spoke in substance as follows:

I lay upon the bosom of a snowy cloud that floated through space with velocity inconceivable; yet so fluent was the motion that I experienced simultaneously the luxury of perfect repose and the rapture of speeding like the shafts of light, on, on, far on into the depths of a boundless universe. [Infinite activities! Infinite repose!]* A deep, abiding sense that all was well, for ever and ever well, flooded my whole soul and bathed it in perfect peace.

The cloud whereon I lay was radiant with suffused light. It seemed to be flying over a measureless sea of light—calm, silvery, stretching away in mild splendor on either hand, until at distances inconceivably remote it faded into shores of shadow deepening into blackest night. Far off on that dim horizon—infinitely far—gigantic gray Faces lowered—Faces scowling, contorted, terrible with hate. Yet I feared them not, for Defeat, Everlasting Defeat, was written on every Titan brow; and even as I gazed they were fading, fading, fading away and soon were swallowed up forever in eternal night.

Eternal Night! Yes, for Woe and Sin, Injustice, Disease, and Death this was their everlasting portion. But for me (and for all humanity) Night itself should be swallowed up of the Light Ineffable whither I was gliding with the speed of lightning and the soft grace of a dove. The life I was living was my own yet not my own; it was the life that would have been mine were there no such thing as *arrested psychical*† *momentum.*

A short digression is necessary to explain this phrase. Every

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*The words in brackets have been written in by De Quincey, or at least in a hand very like his. See the "Confessions."

†Substituted in the De Quinceyan hand for "mental," and so throughout.

man, whether he lay claim to the proud title of philosopher or not, has observed that the motions of his soul, intellectual, emotional, volitional, are often arrested, or, more exactly, are often deflected from their courses, never to return. Again and again, when by the momentum acquired through hours of speculation I have been about to pierce to the very heart of the mystery, all has been suddenly lost by the barking of a dog in my neighbor's yard (poor little cur! his own momentum towards a peculiarly tempting cat had perhaps been arrested by a relentless iron chain). Thou, too, O Sleep! dreamful Sleep! that interweavest the tapestries of Night with visions of glory unspeakable and of terrors that burn themselves into the trembling soul of man! Many and magnificent have been thy gifts to me, yet thou hast robbed me too! How many golden threads of consciousness have been snapped by thee, never to be joined again! The finer fancy, the more delicate emotion, the subtler thought have vanished at thy leaden touch to visit my soul no more. The notes of the nightingale have thrilled in my ears as I entered thy deep and silent waters, O Lethean* Sleep, but it was only the lark, at best, that greeted me on the farther shore, and the unfinished song of night's solemn bird remained for me unfinished forevermore.

I confess to a feeling of indignation over these arrestings of my psychical momentum. Compared with these robberies the pilfering of my purse or even of my good name is but stealing trash indeed. This is more than robbery. It is a sort of psychical murder, a strangling of soul-life. And these portions of my existence which are mine by right, and which yet I have never lived, are often the rarest, the most subtle, the fullest of divine soul-harmony, the very flower of my being to which all else has been but root and stalk and leaf.

The cloud which had charioted me thus far gently melted away, and I stood upon the floor of the sea of light. Down from the infinite heights of glory was falling, falling a shower of golden rain. It was like thy vision, Lucretius, sublimest of the Latins! The golden drops, slightly deflecting (*exiguum clinamen*), clashed together and builded themselves into the structures innumerable

*Inserted in the DeQuinceyan hand.

of a mighty and glorious city—palaces and temples, majestic domes and glittering pinnacles, cathedral spires that pierced the clouds, and massive walls encircling all in dazzling splendor. I passed through the shining gates. Within were throngs of Happy Ones whose earthly life had been strong agony and tears. The millions who had writhed beneath the heel of unjust power wandered in glorious liberty. The poor Parials of earth, first made and then cast out by the world's lust and cruelty, here boldly faced the light. Then I bethought me of the children whose faces, pinched by hunger and fear and degraded by pre-natal sin, had haunted my walks about London, and lo! they came laughing by, the sweet peace of God upon every brow.

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[SHEET 8].

law of the city was Sympathy. It was universal, applying even to things material. Each might pass into other. The scent of the violet, as it floated upward, was transformed into music as dainty and delicate as breathes in Titania's banquet hall. The song of the nightingale died away, not into silence, but into a vision of lustrous* beauty that glowed against the dark night until it in turn passed into the higher loveliness of a poet's thought.

These were the coarser workings of the law. For the philosopher other joys were reserved. Who has never longed for power of sympathy *essential* (as the schoolmen would say) as well as moral? Who has never panted to burst the bounds of his own narrow, perchance distasteful, personality; to throw down the walls that imprison him eternally within himself and to merge his own life in the larger life of nature, of humanity, of the Infinite? Here, in the City of Light, I found the bonds of my soul gradually dis—— * * * * *

Walter C. Bronson.

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* Substituted in the De Quinceyan hand for a scratched word hardly legible but apparently "radiant."

HERE AND THERE IN THE LIBRARY.

I HAVE frequently regretted that the palmy days of Reviewing had gone by. Those days of the early *Edinburgh Review* and of the *Quarterly*. The days in which Jeffrey and Gifford and and Macaulay decided the fate of a book by one review, must have been days of joy to the critic as well as days of terror to the author. As a rule the critics had it pretty much their own way. It was not every day that a Byron appeared with an "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." On the whole the critics said their say and there was no one to talk back. So Wordsworth was quietly dismissed by a "This will never do" and Keats was upbraided with attempting to write poetry when he knew he was nothing but a surgeon's assistant. And later on Macaulay tumbled down whomsoever he would that in their ruins he might build for himself a splendid reputation. It was worth while to be a reviewer in those days. Mr. Arthur Pendennis enjoyed the delivering his opinions on the long-studied work of some earnest grubber far better than he did seeing his own poem in the Spring Annual cut up by the truculent Bludger. Nowadays reviews do not amount to much. They may be commendatory, in which case all is well enough. If they are unfavorable no one minds very much.

Particularly has there been a discontinuance of the so-called slashing review. What delight is now to be obtained by reading Macaulay's destruction of Mr. Robert Montgomery or his cutting up of Croker's Boswell. I do not know whether I enjoy most the portentous calm at the beginning, the rapid and overwhelming storm of criticism, or the gradual calming down afterwards. I have always felt that I should like to write such reviews myself. I have a fair portion of that common human failing,—the delight in one's superiority over a fool,—that furnishes the animus for writing and the zest for reading such reviews. I have written notices of books, but for various reasons they had to be moderately polite as though "De libris nil nisi bonum" were the motto to be kept in mind. But all the same I have often longed for the opportunity to write a vigorous, slashing, unkind review of some book utterly worthless.

* * *

That opportunity has at length arrived. I have at hand a volume of poems which answers the above description. There is no excellence in the book which calls for leniency in dealing with its defects. I do not care whether the publishers never send me any more of their books to review, because I do not know who the publishers are. I do not care whether I win the author's lasting hatred because, although I do know him I am not afraid of him. There is no reason why I should not hold this book up to ridicule and I shall proceed to do so.

The said book is a volume of verse * written by Mr. Edward E. Hale, Jr., at one time an Instructor in English here at Cornell. He no longer holds that position for reasons that will, I believe, become evident to anyone who reads his poems. A spirit which can soar upon his Pegasus in the manner which I shall illustrate later, would surely be seriously cramped and confined, to say nothing more, in attempting to teach even the elements of good English. The poetry in Cornell publications ceases to cause wonder in my mind when I consider the effusions of one who should have been able to offer at least advice if not necessarily example.

* * *

As a specimen of Mr. Hale's poetic powers I will just quote a "Class Ode." In the effete University from which our author was graduated it appears to have been customary for various members of the class to vie with each other in the production of some Ode suitable to be sung when the class is gathered together for the last time upon Class Day. If many of the specimens submitted resemble the following I should for one rejoice that I was not upon the examining board.

A CLASS ODE.

Setting sail, my dear classmates, from learning's steep hill
For that bourne whence no pilgrim returns,
Let us aim that our work in the world may fulfil
The hopes that within us now burn.

**College Lyrics: Fugitive Poems.* By Edward E. Hale, Jr. Alison, Burnett & Co. Boston.

In life's furious battle and turbulent strife
May we strike on no treacherous shoal,
May the tempest-tossed waves in our pathway through life
Only waft us the nearer our goal.

Girded on with the armor of Learning and Truth
We are entering Life's weary race,
Ere we're parted forever by Time's gnawing tooth
For the last time we meet in this place.
May the pearls from the chaplets of friendship to-day
Be cemented through aeons to come
By the fun-loving trust that we all now display
In leaving our dear College Home.

There are many beauties in this poem,—too many for me to point out. One is surely the Protean character of its figures. Life is first presented as a balloon-voyage from the top of a hill, next as a sea-fight, next as a yacht race and finally by a race in armor, and all in ten lines. We have friendship represented by chaplets made of pearls cemented together. We have college life exhibited under the figure of a lead pipe gnawed through by the rat Time. It is a just criticism upon the University that graduated him that Class Day should have aroused in the mind of our author such a seething chaos of misplaced epithets, broken-legged metaphors and grotesque figures generally.

* * *

But not alone to the remembrance of college life does Mr. Hale's genius turn with responsive joy. The contemplation of life in general appears to awake in him emotions as commonplace, which he expresses in language quite as ridiculous. But whereas the Ode just quoted is nothing more than a rifacimento of Sophomoric timidity, Mr. Hale appears in the following poem to have chosen another model. The obscure prophet of recent English poetry seems to have had a decided influence upon him. The meaning, at any rate, is not wholly clear until some study has been given it.

LIFE'S REWARDS.

So eating oatmeal porridge one cold day
Scalded your mouth? And thence would say
No more for you? Perhaps. But for myself

Thought of more porridge always on the shelf
Might have effect. Some subtle link of souls
Fixed strong to others i' the dark (as moles
In earth) should tempt make effort so to live
As best, is Life to me. And when the end,—
What's that? The porridge still remains? My friend
I once myself saw Shakespeare at the Mermaid
And he like you or I asked of the barmaid
Wanting his beer. Throw porridge to the dogs
And never mind it. Sure we are not hogs
Root round for golden truffles. Why yes, I'll
Since you insist on't condescend to smile.

If there is one passage about which I am more in the dark than as to the rest, it is that strange sentence enclosing the parenthetic moles. What is the main subject, what the main verb, whether any or all clauses are principal or subordinate, are hard questions. I make no guess as to the meaning, in that respect myself resembling the moles alluded to. Obvious meaning it has none. Mystical meaning it may have, as easy to find as that of "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came,"—and doubtless as well worth the trouble when found. As for other thought there appears to be little. The diction is rendered appropriate, according to the manner of our author's model, by the omission of almost all pronouns, personal and relative, auxiliaries and particles. This method is a good one to pursue where abbreviation is desired and surely no one will quarrel with Mr. Hale for desiring to make his poems as short as possible. "Madam," said Dr. Johnson, on hearing that a certain musical performance had been very difficult, "I wish it had been impossible." I, for my part, could wish that Mr. Hale had carried on the process of abbreviation to the vanishing point.

* * *

As over College Life and Life's Rewards, so has Mr. Hale's muse fluttered with her bedraggled wing through the fair gardens of Love and with an equally painful result. We could hardly have expected that this poetling could have abstained from casting covetous eyes upon the many specimens of vers de société in old French forms that now infest the magazines. Ballads, Rondeaus, Triolets are, it appears, all the same to him as any other poems. To the reader also they are much the same. For example:

DAPHNE.

We met at a ball
And that's all I remember.
I think 'twas last fall
We met at a ball,—
She asked me to call,—
'Twas some time in November.
We met at a ball
That's all I remember.

I was about to use this poem as a text for a short digression on the inanity of such persons (Mr. Hale for example) as endeavor to wrap the flimsy garment of an involved form around nothing at all and then present us with the result as being worth anything to speak of. But on considering the poem I found out that its nothingness was not its only charm. It is the shadow of a mighty name. Mr. Hale has added the impudence of the plagiarist to the imbecility of the poetaster, and has translated the 41st triolet of Villon and given it to us as his own, having lost on the way all the idea and the graceful lightness of his original.

* * *

"The time for further toleration of such outrages has long since past," as somebody (it may well have been Mr. Hale himself) has said, with more feeling than sense. I have felt it my duty to call attention to the emptiness of one at least of the many of those intellectual dandies who ride their Pegasuses round about the parlor and think themselves poets. I am sorry if I have hurt Mr. Hale's feelings. My motives have not been personal. I have written only in the interest of a suffering reading public too long overburdened with trash of this sort. I respect Mr. Hale's personal character (in so far as I am acquainted with it) and consider him fit, in some respects, to become a useful member of society. But it would be more to the benefit of mankind in general if he would give up writing poetry and take to keeping clear the crossing at the head of Buffalo St. We should then be grateful to him. At present we are not.

Edward E. Hale, Jr.

NEW BOOKS.

Wells on Recent Economic Changes.*

Few books have as great value to the members of the constructive professions as this last book of one of our greatest and most experienced of statisticians. In it Mr. Wells traces the progress of recent developments in the arts of construction and production, especially during the last ten or twenty years, and shows its enormous influence in altering all our methods of living, all our systems of exchange and transportation, and every detail of modern civilization.

Instead of progress and poverty being synonymous and synchronous, the gain of the poor has been enormous, and is continually being accelerated at a rapid rate; while the rich, instead of, as a rule, growing richer, are continually handing over the gains of one generation of rich men to the descendants, in the next generation, of their poverty-stricken neighbors; and the difficulties of getting rich are increasing more rapidly, even, than the dangers of growing really poor. It is getting constantly easier to obtain the necessaries and the comforts of life; while it is as steadily getting more difficult to secure more than three per cent. on one's capital. The rich men of this generation were the poor men of the last, and the poor man of to-day will supply the crop of rich men of the next.

Profits have become less, continually, to the vender; and the difficulties of making a paying business have increased all the time that a rapidly increasing production has been cheapening every product of the soil, of the factory, of the mine, to the consumer; in other words to the people, and not to a few wealthy families. The showing is statistical and not sentimental; there is no rhetoric of the Henry George type, but solid facts; no theories of social economy, but simple statements of economic phenomena and law. Nothing in the book so illustrates the wonderful part which the engineer has thus played in the building of the modern world as the fact stated by Mr. Wells, that "half a sheet of note-paper will develop sufficient power, when burned in connection with a triple-expansion engine, to carry a ton a mile in an Atlantic steamer." It is in such ways that the engineers of the generation now going into the work will do their part in still further disproving the absurd theories of dreamers about "progress and poverty."

Every honest and earnest man seeks facts; and no man of honesty and courage will ever meet with a fact that can awaken apprehension. This will be admitted, even by those who, as advocates of existing policies relating to the industries, as do most engineers, can see far enough to hope

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* *Recent Economic Changes and their Effect on the Production and Distribution of Wealth and the Well-Being of Society.* By David A. Wells, LL.D., D.C.L. D. Appleton & Co. New York.

for just such a "free trade" era as Mr. Wells has all his life been working for, and can see a way, and the only safe way, to it through a properly graded and carefully adjusted system of tariff, kept continually "reformed" by wise legislators. The problem is, not whether one party or another shall reform a tariff; but how to secure, in the halls of legislation, patriots rather than politicians; men who will honestly and earnestly seek the best ways of promoting the best interests of the country and of the world. Both sides, if sides there must be, will heartily thank Mr. Wells for his admirable work.

R. H. Thurston.

President Andrews' New Books.*

There was need of a text-book on economics which, containing no pet theory to vitiate reasoning and to wrest facts and principles to its own support, would happily combine the theorizing of the best thinkers with the practical experience of past and present.

No movement looking to the betterment of the race ever started that did not owe its life to the existence of some evil or to the perception of some new or obscured truth. Realizing this, President Andrews approaches the doctrines of the conflicting schools of economic thinkers, and, without wasting a single one of his terse paragraphs in senseless ridicule, he searches amid the chaff for the grains of truth. Henry George has evidently left his impress on the book. As in "Progress and Poverty," land without improvements is excluded from the category of wealth, and, although far from surrendering to the single tax theory, the author asserts that land, aside from improvements, is an "eminently fit bearer of heavy taxation."

The question, how money shall be issued and its volume controlled, comes closer to the daily life of every man, woman, and child than any other that is at present—to quote Mr. Gladstone—"within the pale of practical politics." The single paragraph which contains the author's views on what money should and must be, is sufficient of itself to give President Andrews' book the stamp of excellence. The pamphlet, "An Honest Dollar," is an amplification of this paragraph. His vigorous language betrays how keenly he realizes the iniquities of our present "rickety price system," and the stupidity of allowing "daily, hourly equity between man and man to be forever a foot-ball, to be kicked hither and thither in the unreasoning play of geology on the one hand and of credit on the other." He feels that the Almighty never established an

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* *Institutes of Economics:* By Elisha Benjamin Andrews, President of Brown University. Silver, Burdette & Co. Boston.

An Honest Dollar: By E. B. Andrews. (American Economic Association Publications. No. 6.)

unalterable law by which an industrious, hard-working citizen, after years of toil, must stand helpless and see the savings of a life-time, through no fault of his own, swept by the "accursed up and down in the purchasing power of money," into the pockets of his opulent creditors. "Is this plague necessary? Must it be perpetual?" As the author truly notes, the life of the greenback movement lies in trying to work out a negative answer to these questions. President Andrews plans to remedy all the evils of which greenbackers complain, with this advantage in his favor, that the powerful prejudice growing out of a natural distrust of paper money does not stand in the way of the proposed reform.

He suggests that a non-partisan commission, like the Inter-State Commerce Commission, should ascertain and watch general prices in the principal markets. A large number of staple commodities should be selected, with careful reference to the law of diminishing returns so as to include, in the proportion which each class bears to the total consumption, both those which do and those which do not come under this law. Regard must be had for artificial and accidental fluctuations, and the commodities must be taken in quantities proportionate to the consumption of each. The aggregate money value of this compound standard is to be kept always the same by inflating or contracting the circulation, as from time to time its price has fallen or risen. To inflate he would have the government buy silver, coin it into tokens, and issue silver certificates on them for ordinary government expenditures. Contraction might be accomplished by selling call bonds, redeemable in silver certificates.

This system, founded on the firmist hard money basis, would, by curing all the ills of our present system, disarm the fiatists and remove the danger that the country may be launched on what very many believe to be the uncertain sea of paper money.

It may be urged against the scheme, however, that an injection or a withdrawal of currency might not operate with satisfactory promptness in raising or lowering prices, although, as the author truly observes, "the very knowledge of an existing purpose thus to regulate would do much to regulate." It is a question which can be settled only by trial. But even the apprehensions arising from this source might be removed by a provision that, until the system has been tested, debts shall be scaled up or down proportionate to the rise or fall in the price of the compound standard, so that in every case the ratio between the face value of the obligation and the money value of the standard shall be the same at the maturity as it was at the contraction of the debt. Such a provision for deferred payments was recommended by Professor Collin in a recent paper which has attracted wide attention, and its incorporation into President Andrews proposed system would ensure a perfectly sound and just system of currency.

John Ford.

THE

CORNELL MAGAZINE.

VOL. II. JANUARY, 1890. NO. 4.

EDWIN H. WOODRUFF, *Editor-in-Chief.*

EDITORS FROM THE CLASS OF 1890:

JOHN W. BATTIN, WILLARD C. JACKSON,
FRANK H. CALLAN, WILLIAM S. MONROE,
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The Magazine is published monthly throughout the college year. Subscription price, $2.00 a year. Single numbers, 25 cents.

LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

THE romance of army life on the frontier is most happily told by Captain King in "The Colonel's Daughter," and by Mrs. Custer in "Boots and Saddles," and it is only the purpose of this brief sketch to give a few plain facts concerning our regular army, and the daily life of its officers and men, such information as answers the natural inquiries of those who have never seen an army post or, rarely, a regular soldier in uniform.

The strength of the army is now limited to 2,167 officers, 25,000 enlisted men (exclusive of the Signal and Hospital corps), and 7 professors and 344 cadets at West Point. This small force is scattered over the territory of the United States, a territory which is nearly equal in extent to that of the continent of Europe; while the Republic of Switzerland, with only one-third the area of New York State, and half as many people, has an army of 117,000 men, Turkey has 160,000, Spain 152,000, Austria 284,000, Germany 445,000, Italy 150,000, and Russia 780,000. Yet no country of Europe, except Russia, has an area equal to that of our State of Texas.

Our military system is based upon *volunteer* armies, hastily raised, to meet the exigencies of war, and then disbanded; except, in times of general peace, a sufficient *regular army* to guard the Indian frontier, garrison sea-coast fortifications, and keep alive the profession of arms. When wars break out, the officers of the regular army naturally become the drill-masters of the country, and eventually succeed to the higher commands, while the regular regiments are mixed with volunteers to serve as models in teaching new troops the practical work of soldiering.

The history of the United States army can, of course, go back only to the Revolution, a little more than one hundred years, as prior to that time the armies of the colonies formed a part of the British army, as do those of Canada and India at the present time. During the Revolution, 232,000 men were mustered under the Continental flag, but they were all militia or volunteer troops, and disbanded at the close of the war, so that in 1784 the army was reduced to 80 officers and men. When Washington was inaugurated as first President, five years later, the army contained only 600 men, and when the war of 1812 came upon the country, the total strength was but 6,700. During that war the army was increased to 65,000, but at its close in 1815 it was reduced to 10,000. It continued at about that strength for nearly thirty years, until the breaking out of the Mexican war in 1846. During that war the army numbered at one time 50,000, half regulars and half volunteers; but at its close the number was again reduced to 10,000, and was but slightly increased till the breaking out of the Civil War in 1861.

There were by that year 12,000 regular troops, and these were increased during that war by volunteers and drafted men until in May, 1865, when peace was declared, there were nearly 1,500,000 troops in the field. Volunteer regiments were then mustered out and the regular army gradually reduced to its present strength.

These have been the four principal wars of the country, in which volunteers have formed the bulk of our armies in the field; but there have been numberless Indian encounters, sustained alone by the regular army. The Seminole Indian war lasted nearly twenty-five years,—from 1818 to 1843,—during which period about 2,000 United States troops were killed. General Canby and near-

ly two batteries of artillery were massacred in the Modoc war of 1872–73; General Custer and his entire command, *five troops of cavalry*, were massacred by the Sioux in 1876; and many other long Indian campaigns have left scattered graves over the Western states and territories, evidences which forcibly remind the traveler and citizen how much actual warfare has been carried on by our regular army in the so-called times of peace.

The President is the Constitutional commander-in-chief of the army as well as of the navy, and the Secretary of War the executive head of the army; yet the senior general officer is the immediate military commander. Since the adoption of the Constitution in 1789, the army has had fifteen commanders, including the present incumbent, Major-General John M. Schofield. Three of these commanders have held the grade of "General": Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. The grade was also created by Congress in 1799, with a view to conferring it upon Lieutenant-General Washington, who was then in command of the army; but the actual appointment had not been made at the time of his death.

Washington, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan have been the only commanders holding the full grade of Lieutenant-General, though Major-General Winfield Scott was honored by the grade of *Brevet* Lieutenant-General, in recognition of his distinguished services in the Mexican War. The death of General Sheridan in August, 1838, left the command of the army to fall, by the operation of law, upon the senior Major-General, as it had a quarter of a century ago. But from a tactical point of view the grade should be that of Lieutenant-General, as the army is at least a tactical "corps," while the grade of Major-General is but appropriate for the commander of a "division" of from 10,000 to 12,000 men.

The army is technically divided into the *line* and the *staff*. The line, or fighting force, consists of ten regiments of cavalry, five regiments of artillery, twenty-five regiments of infantry, and one battalion (four companies) of engineer troops. The cadets at West Point are also organized into an infantry battalion of four companies. The staff, or non-combatant force, consists of the Adjutant General's department, Inspector-General's department, Quartermaster's department, Medical department, Judge-Advocate's department, Ordnance department, Engineer corps and

Signal corps, each having its chief, with the military rank of Brigadier-General, and most of them, the subordinate grades of rank, though officers of the staff departments do not command troops of the line except by especial assignment.

The Major-General in command of the army has his headquarters in Washington. For administrative purposes, the United States is divided into three military divisions : the division of the Atlantic, the division of the Missouri and the division of the Pacific, commanded respectively by Major-General O. O. Howard, with headquarters at Governor's Island, N. Y., Major-General George Crook, with headquarters at Chicago, and Brigadier-General Nelson A. Miles, with headquarters at San Francisco. These divisions are subdivided into seven military departments, commanded by the Brigadier-Generals and the senior Colonel, with headquarters at St. Paul, Minn.; Omaha, Neb.; Leavenworth, Kansas ; San Antonio, Texas ; Vancouver, Washington ; San Francisco, and Los Angeles, Cal.

The engineer companies are stationed at the Torpedo School at Willet's Point, and the Military Academy at West Point, N. Y. The artillery are at the fortifications along the Atlantic and Gulf coast from Maine to Texas, and on the Pacific coast in California, Oregon and Washington, with light batteries at a few interior posts which form schools of instruction. The companies of two infantry regiments and part of another are distributed along the northern lakes and Canada frontier, and two troops of cavalry are stationed at the national capital, but most of the cavalry and infantry form mixed garrisons over the states and territories west of the Mississippi river. There are altogether one hundred and twenty garrisoned military posts, which are officially designated forts, though few besides those along the sea-coast, have any defensive characteristics, except that they are compactly and systematically arranged, so that small guards suffice to protect the property and, by increasing the number of sentinels, a closed line may be quickly thrown around, in case of alarm and danger. Good buildings are usually erected by the Government at these posts or forts, and troops live very comfortably and pleasantly when not required in the field.

As a rule, the winter months will find most of the troops in

posts, except for short trips of detached service. Battalions, companies and detachments are detailed in turn for field service, by roster kept by the Adjutant of the post. In winter the Indian ponies get poor and the Indians stay pretty close to their "wickey-ups," consequently the cavalry horses have time to recuperate from one summer's campaign and put on flesh for the next; officers have a season for rest and study and take leave of absence in turn; and the troops are perfected in drill and discipline, which always becomes lax during a summer of field service. There are reading-rooms and libraries at all posts, well supplied with newspapers and magazines and containing the works of Dickens, Scott, Reade, Thackeray, and other novelists, and military histories and handbooks bearing upon the life and duties of soldiers. All the men have the privilege of attending the post school, where, if they have not done so before, they learn to read, write and reckon, so that it is a rare thing in later years to see a soldier make his mark instead of signing his name on the roster rolls. There is usually a room fitted up for hops and theatricals, and as there is a band at nearly all posts, the officers, their families and visitors may enjoy their weekly or bi-weekly hops, and have frequent amateur theatrical entertainments. The Adjutant is a sort of ex-officio manager of hops, as he is of all social matters. He orders the band to the hop room, has the room heated and lighted, and officers and their families and visitors go in about eight o'clock in the evening, dance till eleven and then go to some house for refreshments.

Officers are required in winter months to have semi-weekly schools at which papers are read by each officer in turn, and then discussed by the rest. The subject for the evening will be previously assigned, and the officer who is to lecture will prepare as good an article as he is able to, while the rest will in friendly discussion criticise and pick it to pieces. These sessions are for the officers only, but the hop room is the usual place of assembly, so that quite frequently the women will assemble in masquerade costumes and at the close of the session walk in with the band and transform the school into a hop.

Non-commissioned officers are also required to attend schools conducted by their company officers, and recite upon tactics and

regulations. Men of the companies frequently trim up their barrack rooms, move out the furniture and give balls that are largely attended by the people about the post. Of late years, canteens have been started, where, at moderate cost, soldiers can procure fruit, pies, cakes, lemonade and light drinks. There is always a post trader who deals in general merchandise, though the United States mail has come to be the principal avenue of trade between Western garrisons and dealers in Eastern cities. Most of the shopping is done by catalogue, and boots, shoes and hardware, dresses and finery are distributed by the orderly who brings the mail.

Men are enlisted for the ranks at any military post by the Adjutant, who is usually recruiting-officer, though most recruits enlist in large cities in the Eastern states where offices are kept open for that purpose. From these cities recruits are sent to the three central rendezvous, at David's Island, N. Y., Columbus, O., and Jefferson Barracks, Mo., to be drilled for a few months and then forwarded to the regiments where they are assigned to vacancies in the companies, troops and batteries. Corporals are promoted from the privates and sergeants from the corporals. Commissioned officers are appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, the generals being selected from the colonels and the other grades up to that of Colonel filled by seniority from the lower grades, while vacancies in the lowest grade, that of Second Lieutenant, are filled each year from the class graduating at West Point. When there are more vacancies than enough for the graduating class, meritorious sergeants and corporals from the army are promoted to fill them, upon passing the prescribed examination, and if there are still vacancies, appointments are made from civil life.

When soldiers commit offenses, they are confined in the guard-house till tried by a court-martial, which sentences them according to the nature and degree of their offenses to periods of hard labor under guard, stoppages of portions of their pay, dishonorable discharge, service for a term of years in military prisons or state penitentiaries. The arbitrary punishments, tying up by the thumbs, bucking and gagging, are not resorted to now as formerly. Men are strictly dealt with and must undergo hardships, and

even imperil their lives if necessary ; but when hardship and danger are not necessary, there is probably no class of men whose comforts are more carefully studied by their officers than are those of the soldiers of the regular army. Comrades who have stood hardships and dangers together become the warmest of friends, and devotion to worthy officers is stamped on the faces of men, as is hatred and revenge for those who have spitefully and unjustly used them. A good soldier loves the officer in whom he has confidence, and intuitively obeys his wishes rather than the law he is enforcing ; and many an indifferent man is led to noble deeds through the enthusiasm inspired by one of those natural leaders of men, while the arbitrary commander could never force him to even his ordinary duty.

From two to ten companies usually constitute a garrison, though there are a few one company posts. The general arrangement of all posts is about the same, though they may be larger or smaller, and a description of Fort Custer in Montana will perhaps give a very fair idea of the average Western post, though it is now one of the largest. This post was built just after the Custer Massacre in 1876 for a garrison of ten companies, five of cavalry and five of infantry. It is on a high bluff between the Big Horn and the Little Big Horn rivers, at their junction, thirty-two miles south of where the Big Horn joins the Yellowstone river. The Custer battlefield is twelve miles south of the post on the Little Big Horn, where the Crow Indian agency is now located. To reach the post we ride west from St. Paul, about a day and a half over the Northern Pacific Railroad, through the bonanza wheat fields of Dakota, the Bad Lands and stock ranges of eastern Montana, and leave the train at Custer Station, which is at the mouth of the Big Horn river. We then take a seat in a spring wagon, familiarly called the "Post Ambulance," drawn by four government mules that will take us along up the Big Horn, over the thirty-two miles in about five hours. As we are travelling over the Crow Indian reservation, which is larger than some of our Eastern states, we pass no settlements or buildings, except those belonging to the government or the Indians. It is a sage-brush country, though the river is lined, as are all Western rivers, with large cottonwoods, among which the Indian "wickey-ups"

are seen as we near the post; and the hills back from the river are covered with scattered pines. We cross the Big Horn on a wire rope ferry just before entering the post, and ride in from the north past the hospital and then the officers' houses.

The parade ground of Fort Custer is about one quarter of a mile long and one eighth of a mile wide and is smooth and level for military manœuvres. On the west side of the parade are twenty-two houses of officers, and on the east side ten sets of barracks for soldiers; at the north end, the hospital and chapel, and at the south end the band quarters, guard-house, officers mess-house and club-house and Adjutant's office. All these buildings face the parade, while the cavalry stables, store-houses, traders' store, civil employees building, Quarter-master's corral, riding-schools and rifle-ranges extend to the south for about half a mile farther. Most of the buildings are of wood, though some of the later ones are of brick. The men's barracks are one story, and have a porch in front from which opens a long squad-room, a hundred and fifty feet or so in length, furnished with woven-wire bunks, wool mattresses and pillows, tables and chairs, lockers and lamps. Next back is a lavatory with bath-rooms; then, the mess-hall and kitchen. Each company has its garden, many of them keep cows and chickens, and all the men live well when in garrison.

The officers' houses are built by the government, but officers supply their own furnishings. The houses built with broad verandas facing the parade ground, from which military manœuvres can be witnessed, contain, besides a hall and kitchen, three large rooms downstairs, and four chambers above. Officers choose their houses according to rank, and a new officer coming to a post can take the house occupied by any one junior to him, and that junior when moved may take a house occupied by any of his juniors, so it often happens that there is a general move caused by the arrival of a new officer, particularly if he be of high rank. This makes war among the women for a while. The Captain's wife gets very indignant at the Major's wife who has caused her to move when she has just got nicely settled with flowers growing in the yard, and the Lieutenant's wife declares she will never speak to the Captain's wife, who has moved her from the house she has just painted and papered at her own expense; but they all get

over it and settle down as obedient as the soldiers, and are out playing tennis together within a few days after their moving episodes. Officers' houses are near together and convenient for social intercourse, which forms the first duty among military men as soon as ranks are broken and the dust is shaken from their clothes. They first get acquainted, and then proceed to work with a pleasanter understanding of each other's manners, so that official relations are seldom jarred by marked personal dissensions. The new officer, upon arriving at a post, must at once call upon the commanding officer, and the rest pay their respects to the new man within a day or two, so that there are no strangers long within the same garrison.

In front of the guard-house at all posts, stands a field-piece, and near that the flag-staff, which is kept under the eye of a sentinel. At sunrise the soldier's day is commenced by the firing of the "Reveille gun," and the raising of the flag by the corporal of the guard under escort of two armed men. The trumpeters then play a march about the post to arouse the garrison from sleep, rolls of the companies are called, and officers report to the Adjutant. Breakfast follows; quarters and grounds are policed; and cavalry troops marched to stables to groom their horses. At seven the sick are marched to the hospital, where the post surgeon attends to those who are actually sick, and sends back the malingerers to duty. The morning drills then take place on the parade or companies go out on the rifle-range for practice, which has come to be the most important part of the soldier's drill. At nine o'clock guard mounting is conducted by the Adjutant on the parade ground, where the band and details from the various companies assemble, are inspected, marched in review and off to the guard-house to relieve the old guard. Through the forenoon office work is attended to, boards and courts meet. There are also drills in the afternoon. At four o'clock the cavalry troops again attend stables, and at sunset there is usually a dress parade, after which the evening gun is fired, the flag lowered in the same ceremonious manner as it was raised in the morning, and the work of the day is ended. At nine o'clock in the evening, taps are sounded by the trumpeters of the guards, when lights are extinguished in all of the men's quarters, and the still night is only broken by the chal-

lenges of the guard and the sentinel's half-hourly cry "All is well!"

Horseback rides, hunting and fishing parties, are frequently gotten up in summer, and at many posts fish and small game are captured in quantities large enough to distribute to all. A government wagon-load of venison, or a buckboard filled with ducks and fish is frequently seen coming in to a Western post. In regular field service the women do not go along, but in changing stations many very pleasant camping trips come within the lives of officers' families. To ride in summer weather over the Western states and territories, in a comfortable spring wagon, about twenty-five miles per day, with plenty of transportation facilities for tentage, cooks and supplies, affords experiences, exciting at times, and always interesting to the lover of scenery and adventure. On the Pacific coast these trips are especially delightful; one day marching through large forests of pine, fir and cedar, the next following a stream lined with cottonwoods, crossing and re-crossing it by ferries, flying-bridges, or frequently by swimming the command; the next day over mountain passes, where, in the clear atmosphere several days' journey may be seen ahead. Another day will be spent in some frontier town, repairing transportation and replenishing supplies, and the next through fields of grain and stock-ranches; then a few days among the cattle round-ups, where the dare-devil cries of the cow-boy, and the yell of the coyote and the mountain lion make the night hideous. If some morning about three o'clock an early start is taken, the elk, deer and antelope will start up along the road and take to the mountains, and frequently lakes are passed black with ducks, geese and pelicans. Prairie chickens are so tame that they sit upon the well-curbs of the ranches, and the camp table is always supplied with game and fish. For the lover of grand scenery, each day's ride will be taken through cañons and gorges, of grander proportions than can be seen on the Atlantic slope.

The infantry usually do the garrison work, and the cavalry troops are always held ready to saddle up and be off at short notice. This is a hard and wearing life at times, yet there is a fascinating excitement in it all, and curious as it may seem, soldiers beg to go into the field whenever a detachment is being ordered. This

Western service has been the war-school for the army, during the past century, except while it was called back East to participate in the War of the Rebellion. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and the corps commanders of the Civil War had their first lessons guarding ox-trains across the plains, and the subalterns who are soon to come up to fill their places have had their lessons during the past twenty-five years in guarding railroad building over the Rocky Mountains. The men and officers of the regular army have been the pioneers of civilization in its rapid Western march. The first wagon roads and telegraph lines have been built by troops in opening communication between distant posts and in following Indian trails, and the first maps of the country have been compiled at military headquarters, from the itineraries sent in by officers with their official reports. Of tracts of country as large as the New England states, there are even now no other maps, and still sections where the routes of troops do not meet to cover these maps. A glance at the Land Office map of the United States will show Indian reservations as large as Eastern states, and between them sections yet unsurveyed. In these parts the rivers and mountains are either sketched in by guess or omitted altogether. A trip over the West will show the traveler that although the habits of Indians have been materially changed, there is still plenty of work for years to come for our little army in watching the 240,000 restless Indians who have lost their natural means of support—the buffalo and large game—and who had now rather steal the settler's cattle than clear away the sage-brush and raise their own stock. They still have their regular sun-dances and troops must patrol the frontier every summer, although it is hoped that the long Indian wars and daily ambuscades may soon become things of the past.

Lieut. Herbert E. Tutherly, U. S. A.

ODE ON A WINTER NIGHT.

O WHAT a restful, frozen calm! From high
The glittering moon sheds down her icy light;
The frosty-bearded trees have ceased to sigh,
And stand in ghostly torpor all the night.
Far in the distance, wrapt in deepest blue,
Long, wavering hills their shadowy outline show,
And vanish in the night. Where'er a beam
Of lifeless moonshine tints with livid hue
The ground between the trees, upon its snow,
In countless myriads, dazzling diamonds gleam.

No sound disturbs the stillness, save the boom
Of breaking ice upon the frozen race—
In vain the prisoned river-god his tomb
Attempts to burst and show his hoary face.
I step upon the bridge, behold the ice
Lying before me smooth and undefiled—
An endless distance lost in misty gray,
And shimmering in the moonlight to entice
My footsteps down. Where high the snow is piled
I fasten on my skates and glide away.

O happy moment, when the keen-edged steel
Again upon its mirrored image grates,
When speeding through the silent night I feel
The nigh forgotten cunning of my skates!
Before I heed it, vanished far behind
My curvéd tracks are both the bridge and mill,
And onward, onward, onward still I fly.
At last, where far the banks recede, I find
A space to halt and try my utmost skill,
Watched only by the moon and starry sky.

And, as a pensive wizard draws his lines
Or magic figures in the sand, I trace
A maze of circles where the moonlight shines
In icy brightness on the glistening race.
In rhythmic motion swift before me glides
My faithful shadow, and I hear no noise
Save under-sole my skate-blades ringing bright;
As to and fro I swerve with sweeping strides
My dazzled vision flash by flash enjoys
From glinting steel some sudden gleam of light.

Alas, the perfect night is fled too soon
Before the dawning day, whose amber rays
Have paled the stars, and in the west the moon
Goes dipping low and lower as I gaze.—
Farewell, dear spot, that gave me calm and rest
For one short night! I hasten back, to drown
Myself again in never ending strife . . . .
The little bridge is reached; I feel oppressed
Already by the nearness of the town,
And by the stir of fresh-awakening life.

Edwin Emerson.

READING IN COLLEGE.

FIFTEEN years give what may be called a fair historical perspective in reviewing one's college course, and looking back upon the four years spent at Cornell, it seems to me that my experience may yield some suggestions that will help the undergraduate of to-day.

Cornell then was poor and struggling; always cramped for ready money, ever in need of buildings, apparatus, equipment of all kinds. It seems strange to one like myself, who has not set eyes upon the University since the day he left it, to read of the imposing new buildings that now adorn its campus and of the crowds of students that throng its halls. It is difficult to realize the enormous growth of the last five years, the rapid strides which

have placed the institution so near the head in all that goes to make up a great American university. Yet Cornell in 1871, when I was a Freshman, was rich in able men, though its buildings left much to be desired and its campus bore a striking resemblance to to a Western sheep-range. Sometimes lectures were abandoned on mid-winter days when the east wind was keen and searching, because the heating apparatus was out of order, but often the eager interest with which small audiences hung on the words of favorite professors, in an atmosphere that would have been lovely for a Lapland night, was the highest tribute to the genius of the educator.

The experiment of elective studies was then in its infancy. Cornell had been the first to break down the old system of text-book recitations and to insist upon the German method of lectures. The emancipation from routine as well as from fixed courses acted like strong new wine on the more volatile students and every term saw them in a new department; but among the great body of students it is doubtful whether the latitude of choice allowed proved other than an advantage and a stimulus. It freed me from a great burden and gave opportunity for reading and special study in literature that proved of the greatest value.

Looking backward on those days it seems to me that my chief mistake—and it is probably the mistake of three-quarters of all American students—was in not devoting more time to systematic reading. Of desultory reading, especially during the first two years, I did more than enough, but the thorough mastery of certain periods of English literature and history, which would have been of great benefit, was left until after graduation and the demands of one of the most exacting professions have never allowed leisure for gathering up those loose ends and completing the original plan. It may seem a small matter to the undergraduate—the question of supplementary reading—but I am convinced it is vital to the real success of any college course. The field is so broad now that even the general student must decide upon some specialty by the end of his Freshman year. In that first year he usually develops taste in some particular direction and henceforth the bent of his mind carries him in the course that nature and opportunity have marked out.

There is certainly no more profitable mental exercise than reading in connection with the lectures of a professor who is in love with his specialty and who has the genuine teacher's instinct to draw out all the latent powers of the student. Two men of this type come back to me very vividly. One is still an honored member of the University faculty—a man of literary taste so exquisite that it impressed me in those days as sacrilege that he should spend his powers on routine work in the class-room; yet through his lectures, delivered in a way which brought out all the music of English speech and through his readings of the English poets, I am convinced that he did more to arouse the love of the best literature and the taste for a good English style than all other college influences combined. The other was young, eager, bubbling over with fresh ideas to which he often found difficulty in giving adequate expression in the language that still had the charm of novelty to him. With mind and training wholly alien to those of his students, he was able by force of his passionate sympathy, to make one a sharer in his enjoyment of the great works of German literature and to open up paths that were rich in rewards to those who followed them. Neither of these teachers had any patience with routine methods; both insisted strenuously upon the necessity of as much reading as possible in connection with their courses. Few, very few, heeded their wise counsel and the result was a failure to reap the full benefits of studies that had in them the best elements of culture.

The college undergraduate, it seems to me, seldom appreciates one feature of his life which he generally loses at graduation. This is his freedom from any responsibility. It is this which gives the golden opportunity for continuity in study and reading. The student is not disturbed by cares and anxieties that for months often make quiet study or reading well nigh impossible to those in an active professional or business career. The strain of American life is too tense for one to attempt to relax it after he has once become involved. To one who works easily and effectively, there is seldom increased leisure, for to him come more and heavier duties; he seems to act as a magnet for drawing unto himself labor and responsibilities, and it requires the rarest self-control to put aside the temptation to accept these new duties. It is no exag-

geration to say that the great majority of Americans do not limit this professional or business activity to the normal measure; they do not set aside even two hours every day for self-culture. In fact, the rush and drive of American life, especially in the large cities, keeps men from all reading except that of newspapers, magazines, and a few novels, while the number who maintain any regular study is absurdly small. Many who realize the folly of this spending of all their strength in business or professional life are unable to get out of the current. They look forward to a time when they may have an opportunity for the reading of some good literature every day, but that time never comes. Meanwhile the desire to read the best books becomes weaker, the craving for amusement to relieve the reaction from overwork and excitement increases. Between the two, self-culture goes to the wall.

What I would like to impress upon undergraduates is that the four years of college life is the best time they will ever have for good, solid reading, and that the formation of regular habits of close reading will be the surest safeguard against the undue encroachments of business. It is the best preparation also for the acquirement of ease in writing their own language. No accomplishment is more rare among American students than the ability to write clear, simple, idiomatic English. Seldom does the boy who comes from the college preparatory school express himself well in writing, while too often the college graduate is master of a turgid style that does not convey his ideas with precision, and that is destitute of any flavor of originality or character. It is a singular fact, which affords a curious commentary on American educational methods, that English lads of fair education are far better writers than American boys. Take, for instance, the men who apply to a large city newspaper for work, and you will find that the Englishman is generally a clever and interesting writer. As a rule he does not make a good reporter, because he sees everything through the colored glass of personal or national prejudice, but he is vastly the superior of the average American youth in the ability to write correct English and in the faculty of describing what he sees. There does not appear to be any good reason for this superiority, as the American is usually a better talker. The best explanation is to be found in the superior drill which the Eng-

lishman gains in the use of his own language, by translation, composition, and through the wider range of his reading.

It is natural, perhaps, that anyone in reviewing his college life should feel a desire to live over again that happy period, saved from the mistakes of his youth by the costly experience which the years have brought. In lieu of this miracle, about all one can do is to offer his suggestions to the undergraduates of to-day. Well will he be repaid if these random hints help any student to a better use of his time and opportunities.

George Hamlin Fitch, '75.

THE RENAISSANCE IN ARCHITECTURE.

I.

THERE is no subject more generally interesting to the student of Architecture than the history and development of the so-called styles. Their examples are living histories that breathe the spirit of their age and tell an almost unbroken story of the rise and progress and fall of nations, and of the customs, manners and habits of their people. The beginnings or transitions of the styles are always the most interesting, depending, as they do, on such a number and variety of causes and telling of contending principles striving for mastery under conditions as complex as they are varied, and exhibiting results often difficult to account for. In no style perhaps, is this more evident than in the earlier periods of the Renaissance which was but the architectural phase of that tremendous movement known by the same name in Literature and Art. Architecture followed Literature in this great development, and although it was a direct consequence of that function of the Renaissance known as the Revival of Letters, yet it was influenced by a multitude of minor, subtle conditions which can only be got at after taking a survey of the causes which led to the Renaissance in general.

Sculpture had been *the* art of antiquity. The fire of the Greek genius had burned down ; it smouldered through the Roman and died in the Byzantine. Christian sculpture was as widely different from that of the Greek as the religious notions of the peoples

themselves. The Greek was Pagan, willingly admitting this life as final. He clothed his gods in incarnate personalities. His ideal was the perfection of physical form and beauty, and he wrought it out in a magnificent way in those vigorous masterpieces of plastic art which excite the admiration of the modern world. The mediæval Christian lived in a realm of spiritual mysticism, in awe of God and in constant fear of the Devil. His mind was agitated by vivid and solemn thoughts and haunted by magic superstitions. Life was a day-dream in which he despised and neglected the wants of the body and yearned for the time when he could free himself from earthly form. Sculpture was a poor art to express such workings of the mind, but he could build to the glory of God and he did it well. Architecture was as essentially a mediæval art as was sculpture that of the Greeks. They were the natural artistic outlets of two peoples of antagonistic tastes and feelings.

But there still lingered in the later mediæval mind that desire for an art which could express clearer and better the workings of the soul, and here it was that the Italian with his passionate love for color took up painting as the means to the desired end ; but he soon learned that he was dealing with a medium as elastic as it was powerful, that aside from mediæval myths and symbolic mysteries, his new art was quite as capable of expressing the realities of nature and the beauties of the world about him. The study of anatomy increased technical skill, and the art of the painter responded, showing him the beauties of the human flesh and leading him away into those humanistic ideas which were the precursors of the Renaissance. In literature, Petrarch had set a school with tendencies in the same direction, that of humanism, and the vigorous efforts of its instigator combined with those of Dante, Boccaccio and Villani might alone have brought a new era in the civilization of the European countries. Just here the Revival of Letters burst forth and changing the swelling tide, poured its energies into the study of the classics, and extending its influence through a hundred channels, fertilized the thought of Europe.

Architecture was ready to follow literature in this revival. The Gothic was not an Italian style ; it had never been accli-

mated and it had never reached Rome. The Gothic of Northern Italy was a Teutonic invasion, antagonistic to Italian temperament, which demanded the quiet and repose of horizontal lines rather than the verticality of spires and pinnacles. A Corinthian capital was a thing too beautiful to be forgotten and the influence of classic models is easily traceable down into the rigorous Lombard, the strongest patron style for public favor at the beginning of the fifteenth century. But the revival of classics changed the course of things and architects looked for inspiration to the classic styles. The Roman temple became the model for the hall, and the triumphal arch for the public building of many stories.

II.

The beginnings of the style were without any well-marked transition. The course which it took in Italy was the result of the energetic efforts of individual architects and a common national feeling. There is a plain division into an early and a late period; the first was an age of invention, adaptation and development, of splendid palaces and wonderful domes; the second was an age of conventionalism and decline. In the earlier period there is a minor and sharper division into a series of local styles developed under peculiar local conditions. The earliest of these local styles is the Florentine. Florence was a prosperous city in the beginning of the fifteenth century and when her illustrious citizen Brunelleschi went to Rome in 1403, the date of the Renaissance in architecture was practically established. Returning from his studies in 1407, Brunelleschi obtained commission to build the dome of the then unfinished cathedral of his native city, and in the successful completion of this great undertaking he realized the dream of his life. In 1420, Brunelleschi designed the Basilica of St. Lorenzo. His St. Spirito in Florence was not finished until 1464. Both were after classic types and would have made their designer famous had he never built the dome. In the last years of his life he assisted Michelozzo in the designs for the Riccardi and Pitti palaces, the first of that noted series of fortified residences that ended with the Pandolfini by Raphael in 1525. The main characteristics of these palaces is their general air of prison-like gloominess caused by the heavy appearance of the rustic

work of their lower stories, the wide projecting cornice on heavy modillions, and the small size of their window openings. The Strozzi palace is considered the best type of this style.

The Venetian style began its development nearly a half century later when the orders had come into more general use. Like the Florentine it was mainly a palace architecture, but the warmth and richness in the treatment of its facades gives them a cheerfulness quite alien to the heavy walls of Florence. Traces of early Venetian, Gothic and Romanesque features are quite noticeable. Semi-circular gables are numerous and a peculiar semi-circular shell ornament is characteristic. The Vendramin Palace and the facade of the Scuola di S. Marco by Pietro and Martino Lombardo are noted early examples; the Grimani Palace by San Micheli was more influential; but the most noted of all is the library of St. Mark's by Sansovino, which depends for success more on sculptural effects and richness of detail than on mere beauty of outline and harmony of proportion.

The local style in Rome was a still later development due mainly to the works of Bramante, and the influence he had on his followers, Raphael, Giulio Romano and Peruzzi. Bramante was an artist of extraordinary powers. The imaginative vigor shown in his first works is the result of his early training in Urbino, Lombardy. The severity of his later examples shows how he lost this vigor in a too close study of antique models. His nephew, Raphael, was too great as a painter to have become an eminent architect. His Palazzo Pandolfini has been mentioned under the head of Florentine. Giulio Romano was far more successful with his Palazzo del Tè, the greatest of Italian pleasure houses. Peruzzi's principal work was the Farnese Palace, Rome, which owes its success to the absence of the orders. In general, the palaces of this style are noted for their dignity and size. The great feature is the facade. The principal entrance is on the ground-floor exactly in the center of the building. It is an arched opening leading into a central court generally surrounded by a colonnade. The ground floor contains the stables and coach-houses. A stairway at the side behind the gallery leads to the first floor which is occupied by the rooms of state, and a second floor used for the same purpose. The interiors are decorated with paintings and arabesque after the style of the Romans.

During the above period scores of palaces were built in all the principal cities of Italy, conforming in general to the above type but exhibiting other peculiarities due to local conditions. Verona, Pavia and Urbino contained many examples and Bologna had a brick architecture somewhat her own, which was characterized by a rather picturesque treatment.

The first marked signs of the decadence of the second period were in the works of the great Michael Angelo, whose genius knew no bounds. His dome of St. Peter's is too well known to need more than mere mention. His other works all show the traits of a man accustomed to do as he pleased. He played with architecture and set an extravagant example for his followers.

The work of Vitruvius on ancient architecture had been translated into Italian and widely circulated, in 1521. Scholarship was drifting into pedantry ; and architecture, following the spirit of the times, became but the application of a mere set of rigid rules. The two men most influential in setting these rules were Andrea Palladio of Vicenza and Giacomo Barozzi of Vignola better known as Vignola. Both were practicing architects and ambitious authors. Palladio set the rules of a style which was closely copied in England and elsewhere, and for more than three hundred years the canons of Vignola have been generally accepted as the standard of architectural style and even now he is still recognized as the great 'Law-giver of Architecture.'

III.

The revival in France began in a general way with the expedition of Charles VIII. to Naples in 1464. Louis XII. is said to have employed an Italian architect on his Chateau de Gaillon in 1502, but the Flamboyant Gothic was still in full sway when Francis I. invited in three more noted Italian architects and firmly established that beautiful transition style which bears his name. It was a happy blending of Gothic features with classic detail, combining the vigor and life of the northern style with the quiet refinement of the southern. Far different from the horizontal lines of the early Florentine palaces are the steep roofs, projecting turrets and broken sky-lines of these extremely picturesque chateaux on the banks of the Loire. Chenonceaux may be taken as the

type. St. Eustache in Paris is the only church of note in this period. It is a Gothic, five aisled church clothed in classic details, the most conspicuous of which are the ugly angle ornaments of the facade.

Italian influence was still gaining ground when Serlio and Pierre Lescot completed the Louvre and practically stamped out any further Gothic tendencies. Philibert de l'Orme made himself famous by that splendid work of the Tuileries, now destroyed. The palace of Versailles is still larger and is noted for the monotonous repetition of parts to make a whole. Its architect, Jules Mansard, was first to make use of mirrors as a means of interior decoration. His Church of the Invalides, Paris, with its remarkable dome is more to his credit. The mansard roof of to-day is the one so generally used by him. After Mansard's death much attention was given to extravagant interior decoration and led to the style called Rococo, otherwise known as Louis XIV. The so called Hôtels of the aristocracy encouraged imitation in other countries. Soufflot put a check to these wild, fantastic caperings by the simple, modest treatment of his Church of St. Genevieve, called the Pantheon, which was built 1715. Percier in his designs effected a compromise between the last two tendencies and reached the French style of to-day.

IV.

The principal reasons for the introduction of the Renaissance into England were the influences of continental work and the teaching of the classics. The earliest Italian work in England was a tomb in Henry the VII's chapel, Westminister, which was designed by Torrigiano in 1512. The next important development was made when Henry VIII. invited to his country two Italian architects, Giovanni de Padua and Theodore Havenius, the former being employed on Longleat and the latter on Caius College. The resultant style was a true transition one, known as the Elizabethan. It retained as many features of the Tudor Gothic which preceded it as did the French chateaux style that of the Flamboyant. The Elizabethan has a general picturesqueness got by the broken outline of the gables, the number and size of the mullioned and transomed windows and projecting bays, and the

profuse application of a rather grotesque semi-classic detail. The interiors are well-lighted and cheerful. The ceilings are richly decorated with a peculiar strap-work ornament. Fireplaces are important features and the large wooden staircases are simple and grand.

The first English Renaissance architect of any account was Inigo Jones. He early got appointed court architect but left his work to study in Italy. He soon returned and practiced his Palladian proclivities on the architecture of the day. Like a great many other architects his greatest design was never executed—and his great palace for Charles I. exists only on paper. Sir Christopher Wren, his successor, was a thorough scholar and a man of high abilities. The great fire of London in 1666 gave him his opportunity, and he was quite equal to the emergency. Wren turned architect at once and had a practical monopoly of public building for over fifty years. His Cathedral of St. Paul, London, was the great achievement of the age. Its dominant feature is the vast dome which towers four hundred and twenty-five feet above the ground. This most eminent of the English Renaissance architects died in 1723 after sixty years of unceasing professional activity. Sir John Vanbrugh, Gibbs and Chambers followed in turn with designs of more or less merit. Chambers is better noted for his treatise on revived classic than for his designs. The publication of Stuart's "Antiquities of Athens" in 1762 soon created another mania for anything in the Greek, and the Athenian temple was set up beside the Roman one for either a warehouse or a church. This in itself soon created a reaction and the English people went back to forms, which if not so classic, were prompted by some sense of fitness for use.

V.

At the time of the discovery of America, Spain was a rich and powerful nation and the Renaissance influence working on the exuberance of the Moorish and Gothic forms developed into something picturesque, peculiar and extravagant. Stimulated by their wealth and power, the Spaniards soon began to build on their newly acquired possessions on this side of the sea, and in a style essentially that of their native country. The great cathedral

of Mexico was built on the site of the temple of the Montezumas in 1573. But the Spaniards generally kept well to the South and their architecture stayed with them.

For the beginnings of a Renaissance style in the United States we must look to the old colonial work of Virginia. It was here that the English made the first permanent settlements, building naturally enough after the traditional sixteenth century style of the mother country. The Dutch, around about New York, still built in their own style with little variation, but the early examples have all disappeared. The colonial style of Virginia and Maryland satisfied the domestic requirements, with little modification for nearly three hundred years. They have an air of dignity and home-like comfort. The great chimneys and huge fire-place with its back-log and big andirons are familiar.

No public buildings of any importance were erected until after the war of 1812, when the country began to realize her importance as a nation, and state-houses and other public buildings went up in various parts of the country. All of these state-houses are in the Renaissance with a pretentious display of the orders and are generally bad. The greatest of all, and the greatest building in America to-day is the Capitol at Washington. This is considered by many to be the most beautiful structure in the world—and by many others, to be far from it. The Treasury Building is a vast pile of well regulated masonry surrounded by a half mile of columns. Girard College in Philadelphia, another of these earlier buildings is a Roman Temple filled with school-room furniture. If it was designed to meet the wants of students who had a desire to study under the shade of classic walls, it is a success, and might easily save the expense of a post-graduate course in Rome.

Within the past two years there has been a sort of revival of the Renaissance in this country. In one light, it is a reaction against the strong and increasing tendencies toward a hurried national development of a particular style of Romanesque; in another light it is a going back to old forms and features as being too good to be allowed to fall into disuse, and especially a return to those so characteristically American. The decaying examples of old colonial work showed beauties well worth preserving, not

alone for their intrinsic merit but as a matter of tradition and national pride. The old colonial porch with its refined mouldings and delicate bits of detail are too beautiful and too peculiarly American to be lost and now these features are being cleverly brought out again in the designs of the most prominent of Eastern architects. The leaders in this little movement seem to be Messrs. McKim, Mead and White, while as always their work is closely followed by the majority of New York and Boston architects. A glance at the latest work of this would-be school will show how general this tendency has become and how the Renaissance features are being combined with the Romanesque. How long this revival will last is a serious question. American architecture is far from being in a settled condition, presenting as it does so many tendencies in different directions. There is a Western school of architects in and about Chicago who are all unconsciously working toward a common end, the development of a new variety of the Romanesque. These so-called Eastern and Western schools are in a great measure antagonistic—the outcome can hardly be guessed at,—but the building operations of the West offer better opportunities for the solution of the problems of to-day, and here, if anywhere, we must look for the development of a national American style of architecture.

Floyd Lucien Robinson.

UNIVERSITY ANNEXES FOR WOMEN.

VERY few years have passed since the majority of thinking people conceded the need of higher intellectual training for women than was given by the public schools and young ladies' seminaries. Not, we hasten to say, had this concession been withheld because it was thought she had reached such a high state of development that advancement was impossible, but rather because much study was "unmeet for women's imbecilities." To-day the stand is upon the vantage ground which the immediate past has secured, and now, instead of discussions as to the benefit of increased mental discipline, the questions are, just what sort of mental training is best for her, and where or how she should

receive what is required. And even the former of these present problems is fast being solved by the women students in the colleges and universities of the land, for it is being made manifest that the masculine and feminine minds are not so different after all, and the general training found beneficial in the one case is proving as excellent in the other. President Angell, of Michigan University, in a report to the Board of Regents, declared that "The advantages derived from the university courses have proved as helpful to the women in their lives subsequent to their graduation as to men."

However, under what order of things the girl is to grow in knowledge and in wisdom is eminently a question with which to-day has to concern itself. Three methods of solution have been tried, viz.: co-educational institutions, exclusively women's colleges, and women's annexes established at men's universities. Oberlin has the honor of being the first of the higher institutions to graduate a woman A. B., and this happened about a quarter of a century before Vassar was ready for applicants, in 1865. Boston University, chartered in 1869, "was the first university in the world to be organized from the start, and throughout, without respect to sex." Michigan University enlarged its sphere of usefulness in 1870; and Cornell and Wesleyan followed suit two years later. Wellesley and Smith entered upon their prosperous careers in 1875. The Harvard Annex opened its doors, in an unpretentious back street, to a few venturesome ones in 1879; and Evelyn College, Barnard College, and Bryn Mawr have come into existence since then. This indicates briefly the work that has been done, its character, and its comparative recentness.

But the main purpose of this article is an examination of the merits of the Annex system, the study being especially of one as typifying them all. By Annexes are meant, of course, places where women are given instruction by the teachers of some one college or university which is exclusively for men; the courses and examinations being identical with those given in the college proper. The Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women, or the Harvard Annex, as it is always called, is doubtless the most prominent example of this method for giving to women the opportunity for advanced study. Evelyn College stands in the same relation to Princeton, and Barnard College to Columbia, that the Harvard

Annex holds toward Harvard. Columbia, after ungraciously opening its gates just far enough to allow the young ladies to get in to take examinations, summarily banged the inner gates and waved off the so-called weaker sex to Barnard College, named for the man who had labored so earnestly to secure equal privileges for the two sexes.

It was through the efforts of some persevering Cambridge people that the opportunity was offered to women to receive instruction from those teachers of Harvard who were willing to repeat the courses which they were giving in the College. A few women at once availed themselves of the privilege, most of them being from the vicinity of Boston, and the registration has steadily increased ; the third year there were thirty-eight students, and at the beginning of this, the tenth year, the Annex opened with an attendance of about one hundred and thirty-five. A number have received certificates testifying that they have completed work which would entitle men in Harvard College to diplomas ; these certificates are all the Society is authorized to give. In 1885 new quarters were taken possession of, a pleasant and commodious house convenient to the Harvard Library having been bought, for the hired house first occupied had been outgrown. For a while the "Annex girls" had access to the College Library, but this was changed for what was thought would be the better plan of having the Annex possess a small reference library of its own, and keep a messenger boy to bring whatever books might be desired from the large library. Some of the books so drawn could be kept one or two weeks ; others, which were in pretty constant demand, were taken to the homes of the students about six o'clock in the evening and called for early the next morning. But this second plan has been changed, and the first one readopted.

The house which was referred to as now belonging to the society of the long name, is pleasantly situated. It stands on a corner ; opposite is a large Congregational church, Dr. Alexander McKenzie's ; in front is the old common, not so very beautiful in itself, but having historic interest, and providing a free, open space to look out upon ; in the middle of the street, is the elm under which Washington took command of the Continental Army. Across the common and down the street, are the not very distant buildings

of the institution which has stood for over two hundred and fifty years. A little way along the street is Christ Church where Washington worshipped in stately fashion; and the pedestrian also passes a churchyard containing the thin, gray stones which commemorate the virtues of the old Cambridge worthies whose bones are below. Not far east of the Fay house, as the Annex building is called, is Craigie mansion, which was occupied by Washington for a few months, and which for many years has been the home of the Longfellows; and still east of this latter house is the home of James Russell Lowell. To be situated in such a spot is certainly to be favored.

Harvard was the first to introduce the Annex system into this country,—at least the first well-known instance,—though the scheme had been in operation in England for some little time. The promoters of the movement here did not consider it final; it was designed as a temporary expedient, an advance, short perhaps, to a point where added demonstration could be given that women were capable of the same collegiate work as men, both intellectually and physically. Such an institution would be better than nothing, it was thought, for it could work, and wait, and help public opinion to grow, all at the same time; it could prove by quiet persistence that the effort to give to women the advantages of the best instruction, wherever it might be found, was not the evanescent thing of an hour, but a reform which the age had grown to need; and most of all it would for the benefit of those in need of opportunities, make use of the opportunities already existing. Perhaps a danger has now arisen, that contentment will be gotten out of the fact that a half-loaf is better than none, and so all legitimate means of gaining the whole loaf will be neglected. The system has too many inherent defects to deserve to be a permanent one.

For one of two reasons, or for a mixture of the two, the professors and instructors in a college repeat to women the work given to young men. It is done either because the teacher believes that it is a detriment to women to be deprived of the privileges of the college, and he from philanthropic motives wishes to make it good to them, as far as in him lies; or the salary given by the college not being large enough to cover all the possible desires of an instructor, he is willing to enlarge his income at the expense of his time;

or his services are offered from a compound of these motives. In any case, but especially in the philanthropic, it must often be exasperating for him to spend so much time and energy upon what has been given already at some other hour. This absurd arrangement thus requires a double expenditure of two possessions which are limited in quantity. It must also be a source of vexation to the friends and students of an Annex to know that a large part of the tuition-fees, and whatever generous people may bestow upon the work, is used in securing instruction which, as far as its full capabilities for imparting knowledge are concerned, is partly expended in unnecessary repetition; or is drawn upon to provide recitation rooms, not far from where a great deal of capital has been invested in like rooms which, if rightly used, could do most of the work for which the second set of rooms is secured; or in duplicating apparatus for illustration, and for practical work on the students' part, especially for scientific work. Two sets of officers are also wasting time and money over work which fewer might often do better. Neither can the fact that his teacher is devoting time each day to effort which benefits neither teacher nor the regular college pupil, be a cause for congratulation to the thoughtful male student. And the world at large ought not to look with approbation upon such waste of its resources. As a prominent educator said: "When a college has been once established, and properly provided with resources sufficient to insure its permanence, and to enable it to do the work it proposes to itself as such work ought to be done, it will be competent to furnish instruction to several hundred students as easily as to sixty or eighty."

The hours at which the recitations must necessarily be held is a cause of annoyance and waste of time to the women students. The student's best time is not the professor's to bestow upon work which is to him of secondary importance; the hours which he can give to the extra instruction are seldom the best for such work. The Annex girls must wait upon the convenience of the regular university and its professors. This evil is by no means trivial as all who are or have been Annex students can testify when they recall the detriment that ill-arranged hours have sometimes been to their work. The Annexes are small and apparently must always be so, because of the defects here noted, and also because the work

of all the teachers at any institution of importance could hardly be doubled; therefore the students are not allowed that choice of different hours for recitations in the same course, which, by a large university, is offered in studies where the classes that are of a size desirable for recitation are secured by a division into smaller sections.

Doubtless some who have had experience in Annexes could testify to another grave fault. Human beings are so constituted, and will be until the Millennium, that the best work is only done where the best is demanded, and not only this, but a demand for excellent work often seems to create what it demands; this simply means, one takes it, that the demand acts as a spur to prick lazy mankind on to achieving the best that is in them; it furnishes a reason for great effort. But Annexes have no power to demand the best that is in the women, since they often get instruction that is inferior to the capabilities of the teacher. It is not strange that this should be so; there will always be such a tendency, for angels in character and sages in wisdom cannot offer themselves at the salaries which the world has heretofore paid its teachers. Again, the teacher's best effort must be for the main business of his life. Can the woman afford to take up with his second best effort? Can the teacher afford to accustom himself to giving inferior work?

There is also trouble in the use of the library. Indeed the only sure remedy for this would seem to be entirely separate libraries, if the man and woman are to be kept strictly apart in school matters. This means immense, uncalled-for expense. The arrangement at the Harvard Annex, as explained, would work well in cases where books are not wanted for slight references and in great numbers, but when they are so wanted, experience has shown that the plan is so cumbrous as to discourage all but the most persistent investigator.

The stability, healthy routine, dignity and permanence of a coequal college is and would ever be likely to be lacking to the institutions under discussion, and would be likely to give the worker in them a feeling of something unreal, abnormal, a sense of a lack of thoroughness, which would tell insensibly upon the mind and the work done. Women need rather to be taught wise self-reliance than self-distrust and self-depreciation, and to place them in such a subordinate position to their brothers, fosters the

already over-developed side; and it likewise wounds their sense of the justice of things.

Has not the time come for the full admission of women to all the best colleges of the land? Is this asking more than her greatest good and the best good of her brother? An article from Baltimore, if not from Johns Hopkins itself, contains these words, "Several cases have occurred where young women of ability and professional position have been refused admission to special courses at Johns Hopkins only because they were women." To this one replies in the words of the late President Barnard of Columbia, "The case is simply this. Here is a great fountain of learning—a powerful instrument for intellectual culture. Possessing the power to be equally useful to all, it restricts its benefits to a part. Is this restriction wise or just? Ought not inestimable benefits to be showered freely upon all alike who earnestly seek knowledge—upon all alike who have intellects to cultivate?" Few question the wisdom of co-education in the public schools, why stop the system at the entrance to the University?

The fear has been expressed that the sentimental side of human nature might be too prominent for the good of study, an objection to which it may be answered that the hard work given in a university would be an excellent antidote for any such possible manifestation. As a matter of fact, sentiment has never intruded itself into co-educational college work. The clear light of the class-room does not tend to dazzle its occupants, but rather to dispel unreal charms and to reveal solid virtues, which during youth appeal rather to the mind and good sense than to the heart and silly fancies.

The confined life of a woman inclines to narrow her mind, and if this tendency is reinforced by the influence of exclusive contact with others whose lives are the same, she is deprived of the opportunity to broaden at the time when the mind is most receptive. The secluded home life makes a woman care more for the amenities of life, for the courtesies of existence, qualities which the free-for-all race outside in the hurrying world tend to hinder the growth of in the young man. Contact in the class-room and the ordinary meetings of the sexes in a co-educational institution, therefore, enlarges the young woman's habit of mind and ways of look-

ing at things, and imbues the young man with a pleasing degree of quiet, good manners. Moreover, it is generally thought that the girls are apt to be more diligent in the preparation of lessons themselves; while the youth is inclined to draw more from outside thought, to go more widely and at the same time more exactly into the outlying regions of a favorite study. The mutual perception of these or any other praiseworthy qualities helps each to acquire the good trait of the other. In institutions already co-educational it has been shown that the presence of the two sexes in the same class-room does not lower the standard of scholarship, but raises it. President Angell of Michigan University bore witness to the capacity of the women to meet the severest tests of the common discipline.

In the case of the teachers, as has been pointed out, their time is not employed economically in repeating courses in Annexes, and since great teachers are as rare as great men in every other work, it seems a pity that gifts so uncommon should in any way be wasted. In some cases then, great teachers employed in exclusively men's colleges, realizing the importance of every hour of their own time and the legitimate place for their own effort, refuse to repeat their work for the benefit of outside classes. Let every one cry out against debarring any, even on account of sex, from the inspiring work of a master teacher, and let not the teacher himself,—aye, or herself,—be shut in from the inspiring presence of any student thirsting to drink of the fountain of knowledge!

But the trouble lies here, the thing to be overcome is a sentiment, a feeling. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia are old established institutions with all the associations that have gathered around them in their long development along one line. To admit women would be a great change and all the force of habit and conservatism rises against the innovation. To oppose this feeling stands justice. Truth always wins in the end. "The change may come slowly, but figures, reason, generosity, justice, all urge that women shall be permitted to train their minds under the same august supervision which polishes and moulds those of their fathers, husbands, brothers, sons."

Alice L. Priest.

NOTE ON "A MONETARY QUESTION."

THE author of "A Monetary Question," in the October number of the CORNELL MAGAZINE, appears to be much puzzled by two phenomena connected with the United States demand notes: First, that these notes did not depreciate as much as did the greenbacks. Second, that they depreciated at all.

Perhaps his bewilderment is due in part to a failure to take into account all the facts connected with the demand notes; and in part to his mistaken view of the standard explanation of the greenback's depreciation. He understands that college professors, politicians, and the public press have taught that the depreciation of legal-tenders "was due to a lack of confidence in the government's stability consequent on the war," "although there is generally associated with" this explanation "the notion of a redundant currency."

Whether this is an accurate statement of the teachings of the public press and of politicians will not be discussed here, but that college professors do not teach such doctrine will be apparent to any one who will consult the following references: Paper Money Inflation in France, by Ex-President White, pp. 63–69; Andrews' Institutes of Economics, § 86; Newcomb's Political Economy, 506–7; Perry's Political Economy, Ed. of 1878, p. 340; Bowen's Political Economy, Ed. of 1870, ch. 15; Walker's Political Economy, p. 162, 1st Ed. These authorities teach that the prime cause of the depreciation of irredeemable paper money is its redundancy. The depreciation of the greenbacks, so far as it was consequent on a lack of confidence, resulted from a lack of confidence in the wisdom and honesty of the government rather than in its stability. The writer of the article in question quotes Mr. Greeley to the effect that the last days of June, 1863, "were the very darkest the nation ever saw." Yet the highest point reached by gold during that month was below 150; while during the last six months of 1864—a period of almost unbroken Union victories—gold was wildly cavorting between 190 and 285; the result, for the most part, of excessive additions to the paper currency of the country.

But Mr. Ford's perplexity will be but little relieved by what has thus far been written, as is apparent from the following sentence: "For those who believe that, when gold was quoted at $2.85 the greenback was only suffering from inevitable and unalterable economic law, it will be difficult to explain why this law didn't operate in the case of the first $60,000,000 of paper money which were issued by the government and remained nearly at par with gold all through the war." He seems to understand that these demand notes remained in circulation as a part of our paper currency "all through the war." Had they so remained, we would have had a puzzle indeed; and Gresham's law would have been shattered beyond repair. But—a fact which Mr. Ford seems to have overlooked—they did not so remain. Although the first demand notes were authorized July, 1861, only about $33,000,000 were issued that year, and on June 7, 1862, Secretary Chase declared that nearly the whole issue of sixty millions was held by banks and by capitalists—withdrawn from circulation and hoarded precisely like gold. Such would of course be the result as soon as they were at a premium. Because of this, Congress authorized an additional issue of greenbacks, and the demand notes were retired by the government as rapidly as they were presented for redemption in gold or for payment of customs. On June 30, 1862, about seven millions had been retired. On Dec. 31, of the same year only $3,267,511 were outstanding, and in July, 1864, when gold touched 285, less than $800,000 of demand notes remained uncancelled.

There is nothing strange in the fact that these notes did not depreciate as did the greenbacks. They were receivable for custom's dues, and were thus as good as gold to the importer. They were payable on demand, and while not in terms payable in gold, were treated as though they were by the Treasury department. Secretary Chase in his report of Dec. 9, 1861, speaks of them as "notes payable on demand and receivable for all public dues to be used as coin in payment and exchanges."

If in terms they had been payable in gold, and if the government had always redeemed them promptly, these notes would always have remained at par with gold. But Knox tells us in his "United States Notes" p. 90, that "it became necessary to use

the available coin in payment of the interest upon the pub debt, and there was at times some difficulty in redeeming the notes promptly in gold." Their slight depreciation is thus accounted for.

F. M. Burdick.

HERE AND THERE IN THE LIBRARY.

I HAVE wondered now and then why somebody did not go to work and write a history of Bohemia. With all these historical monographs that are getting written nowadays, with all this historical study and historical publication, with our Historical Seminaries and Historical Associations, it has at times seemed curious that no one seized upon the history of Bohemia as a subject for their learned labors *. It would have one advantage over some subjects that I know, in that it would be interesting after it had been written. That is, I think it would, but historical scholars (as well as literary ones) are wonders at squeezing the juice out of anything. I have myself projected a work to be entitled "Collections to serve for a History of the Kingdom of Bohemia," but my very recent experience in publishing fictitious works has somewhat discouraged me and I have abandoned the scheme. But I have some of the materials at hand and propose to make note of them for fear that my learned labors should be absolutely and entirely forgotten.

* * *

It is not remarkable that no history has ever been written by a native. Bohemians as far as I have known them, are not in the habit of carrying through to the end any protracted labor. The true Bohemian is too apt to be but a superficial scholar, but a rambling student. And students they are as a rule in more senses than one, and rambling as well from the time of the Scholares Vaganti down to the present day.

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* Anybody who objects to the use of "their" after "one," may consult Lucian's *ΧΑΡΩΝ*, p 23, l. 29, in the edition used last year by the Sophomores.

But the nearest approach to a history may be found in the works of Henry Murger, which were come upon by me and read with joy at a time when I should have been studying calculus or something of the sort (in a very different manner), namely, when I was a sophomore.* I believe that the first of Murger's books that I read was "Le Pays Latin," not one of his best. But the next was "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème," which I think is the most charming thing that he ever wrote. Almost everything else has a strain of unreality running through it; this, although the most farcical of all, is really the truest to life. Rodolphe, Marcel, Schaunard and Colline were all young, all poor, and all devoted to Art. Marcel was a painter. His greatest effort as far as I recollect was the "Passage of the Red Sea," which he sent year after year to the Louvre for exhibition. Every year it was returned to him. He would alter it a little and send it back at the next exhibition. Once it turned into the "Passage of the Rubicon," but "Pharaoh, ill-disguised under the mantle of Cæsar, was recognized and rejected." Next it became the "Passage of the Beresina," for Marcel put a pine-tree into the corner, and dressed one of the Egyptians up in the uniform of the Imperial Guard. But the jury recognized a great fellow on a calico horse and sent him away once more. Finally Marcel sold it to Father Medicis who, in turn, sold it to a restaurant keeper. Marcel and his companions saw it one day, gazed upon by an admiring crowd. A steamboat had been painted in and it was called "The Port of Marseilles." "The voice of the People," said Marcel "is the voice of God."

No other member of the Cénacle met with like success. Rodolphe was a poet, while Schaunard cultivated both the Arts, Music and Painting. What Colline was, I have forgotten. I think he was a philosopher. But whether he were a philosopher by profession, he and all the rest were philosophers in practice, as the word is not infrequently used. That is, they pursued the ends which they set out for themselves,

* A good chance is here let pass to note that in his College Life the average American gets his first, and generally his only glimpse of Bohemianism. As a rule his four years in College are almost the only time when an American can be young, unhurried, idle, irrepressible, unoppressed by the future, careless of anything but filling up the present in more or less valuable and diligent prosecution of Literature and Art.

without regard to poverty, neglect and other somewhat painful circumstances, and had a good time into the bargain.

The "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème" is full of the most ridiculous proceedings of these four enthusiasts. Once it is Marcel who is providentially asked to dinner but can find no black coat. M. Blancheron providentially appears to have his portrait painted. The keen eye of Schaunard notes the coveted article of dress on the back of the worthy man. M. Blancheron is persuaded to sit at once and also to wear Schaunard's painting jacket as a sort of robe de chambre, for the picture is for his family. Marcel at once goes to the dinner in the black coat. At another time Rodolphe was crazy for five francs with which to take Mlle. Laure to Versailles. He rushed up to see a brother critic for whom he wrote a review of a play that neither had seen, and at once borrowed two francs (obtained by pawning a volume of Bossuet and a bas-relief of M. Odélon Barrot), he called on his uncle who gave him twenty-nine sous to buy a pair of gloves, and was fortunate enough to meet someone else who supplied the remainder. "At last," he cried, "I am ready and Laura shall see that she has to do with a man who knows how to live. I will not bring back a single centime this evening!"

* * *

But it is not only with such ridiculous extravagance that Murger's volumes are filled. These are but the by-plays of Bohemian life. His whole work taken together is an effort to picture adequately the life of the young man of genius and of poverty. In Murger's mind every Bohemian is an artist,—the one may be a painter, the other a sculptor or whatnot,—but all have put behind them the pursuit of material riches and look before them to the goal of ideal beauty. Hence all are poor, for youthful genius is ill-paid in this world. Hence too they are all young. Just why is hardly clear. Probably as the Bohemian grows older he cannot remain poor; he becomes successful and therefore more settled, or he becomes converted perforce to Philistinism, or else he dies. To Murger the Bohemian is one who will endure poverty for the love of art.

The gamut is somewhat confined perhaps. In the "Vie de Bohème" and more particularly in the "Scènes de la Vie de

Jeunesse" and "Les Buveurs d'Eaux" there are two ever recurring strains, often running into the minor, the one of Aspiration, the other of Love. Perhaps the spirit is best summed up in the lines of two French poets. The one is Richepin :

> "Qui sait ? ces formes peu vetue
> Qui grelottent au vent d'hiver
> Seront peut-être de statues
> Immobile sous le ciel clair."

And the other is Béranger :

> "Je viens revoir l'asile où ma jeunesse
> De la misère a subi les leçons.
> J'avais vingt ans, une folle maîtresse,
> De francs amis et l'amour des chansons."

* * *

"La Bohème," says Murger, "n'existe et n'est possible qu'à Paris." This may be, but I like to remember that little poem of Thackeray's, beginning :

> "In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
> And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
> Away from the world and its trials and cares,
> I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs."

I don't know how many of us would say that "Pendennis" was Thackeray's best novel. I know for myself, however, that in my said Sophomoric year I used to like to read it a good deal better than either "Esmond" or "Vanity Fair." And especially the part wherein Pen and Warrington lived together in Lamb Court (I wonder whether there ever was a real Lamb Court), and wrote newspaper articles for a living.

"A long morning's readings, a walk in the park, a pull on the river, a stretch up the hill to Hampstead, and a modest tavern dinner; a bachelor night passed here or there in joviality, not vice; a quiet evening at home, alone with a friend and a pipe or two, and a humble potation of British spirits, whereof Mrs. Flanagan, the laundress, invariably tested the quality,—these were our young gentleman's pursuits, and it must be owned that his life was not unpleasant."

"Elated with the idea of seeing life, Pen went into a hundred queer London haunts. He liked to think he was consorting with

all sorts of men,—so he beheld coal-heavers in their tap-rooms; boxers in their inn parlors; honest citizens disporting in the suburbs or on the river; and he would have liked to hob and nob with celebrated pick-pockets, or drink a pot of ale with a company of burglars or cracksmen, had chance afforded him an opportunity of making the acquaintance of this class of society. In the meantime we may remember Mr. Pen became a member of the Fourth Estate, as most literary Bohemians do nowadays, and made his money by writing for the press."

* * *

To return for a moment to Murger. "To-day, as at other times, every man who pursues the arts with no other means of support than art itself, will be forced to pass through Bohemia. The larger number of these who are now in the highest positions in Art and Literature, have been Bohemians, and in their calm and prosperous glory they often remember, and often with regret the time when in climbing the hill they had no other aid, in the sunlight of their twenty years, than courage which is the virtue of youth, and hope which is the staff of the poor. . . . A life devoted to art; it comes before the Academy, or the Hôtel Dieu or the Morgue."

A somewhat different view may be found in Mr. Hamerton's book on "Human Intercourse." This book, which, by the way, does not seem so well known as "The Intellectual Life," contains a good many acute studies of a good many interesting phenomena of life. "Priests and Women" is probably the best chapter, but that on "The Noble Bohemians" is good. I will quote two passages from it, the first a definition, the second an example.

"Bohemianism and Philistinism are the terms by which for want of a better, we designate two opposite ways of estimating wealth and culture. There are two categories of advantages in wealth,—the intellectual and material. The intellectual advantages are leisure to think and read, travel, and intelligent conversation. The material advantages are large and comfortable houses, tables well served and abundant, good coats, clean linen, fine dresses and diamonds, horses, carriages, servants, hot-houses, wine-cellars, shootings. Evidently the most perfect condition of wealth would unite both classes of advantages; but this is not always, or often, possible, and it so happens that in most positions

a choice has to be made between them. The Bohemian is the man who with small means, desires and contrives to obtain the intellectual advantages of wealth, which he considers to be, leisure to read and think, travel and conversation. The Philistine is the man who, whether his means are small or large, devotes himself wholly to the attainment of the other set of advantages,—a large house, good food and wine, clothes, horses, and servants."

Such is Hamerton's idea of the noble Bohemian. It is different from Murger's, yet to my mind each is attractive in its way. The one is the more practical, the other the more poetical. For my part I enjoy both. And as I think it must have been fun to have known Rodolphe or Marcel, so would I also be glad to meet the Bohemian whom Hamerton describes.

"I remember his own room, a place to make a rich Englishman shudder. One climbed up to it by a stone corkscrew-stair, half ruinous, in an old, mediæval house. It was a large room, with a bed in one corner, and it was wholly destitute of anything resembling a carpet or a curtain. The remaining furniture consisted of two or three rush-bottomed chairs, one large, cheap, lounging chair, and two large, plain tables. There were plenty of shelves (common deal, unpainted), and on them an immense litter of books in different languages, most of them in paper covers, and bought second-hand, but in readable editions. In the way of material luxury there was a pot of tobacco; and if a friend dropped in for an evening a jug of ale would make its appearance. My Bohemian was shabby in his dress, and unfashionable; but he had seen more, read more, and passed more hours in intelligent conversation than many who considered themselves his superiors. The entire material side of life had been systematically neglected in order that the intellectual side might flourish."

* * *

There are more types of Bohemians than Murger's, Thackeray's, and Hamerton's. Probably everybody that has ever traveled through Bohemia recollects some particular inhabitant who was unlike anyone else. But they all have some points in common, or at least one. They think that the chief things enjoyable in this world cannot be bought with money.

Edward E. Hale, Jr.

NEW BOOKS.

Professor Corson's "Shakespeare."*

The reader of Prof. Corson's new book is constantly reminded of a sentence penned some years ago by a Jew, himself no mean literary artist: "The letter killeth but the spirit giveth life." The book is indeed *vital* in more senses than one. Evidently it is the product of a mind intensely alive to all the higher relations of life. It deals mainly with what may be called the soul-life in Shakespeare's plays. And, by virtue of the two foregoing facts, it cannot fail to awaken new life, intellectual and spiritual, in every sympathetic reader.

The scope of the work will be sufficiently indicated by a summary of the contents, which may be roughly divided into three parts. The subjects treated in the first part are Shakespeare's life, contemporary reputation, and dramatic art; the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy; the authenticity of the First Folio; the chronology of the plays; Shakespeare's verse; his distinctive use of verse and prose; and his vocabulary. The second part is a study of six plays. Jottings on the text of Hamlet, miscellaneous notes, and a set of examination papers form a sort of appendix.

The range of topics, it will be seen, is wide. The treatment of most of them, in a book of less than 400 pages, is necessarily brief—but not superficial; on the contrary, every chapter bears the impress of life-long and profound study. The book is, what it purports to be, only an introduction; but it is that rarity in the literary as well as the social world, an introduction that introduces and leaves the introduced with a desire to push his acquaintance further.

Nor does the book lack unity. The topics are all brought into harmonious relations with each other by being treated chiefly in their relations to one central idea. That idea is the harmony of Shakespeare's soul—and the consequent harmony of his art—with the "constitution of things." Prof. Corson's eye is fixed ever upon the inner, the spiritual; and if he studies the external (as in the chapter on Shakespeare's life, the First Folio, and chronology of the plays), it is with the ultimate purpose of illuminating that inner region of spirit. So, too, in the Shakespeare-Bacon chapter the argument is mostly psychological. Bacon could never have written these plays, because they are the creation of a nature deeply passionate and profoundly spiritual, while Bacon was "the coldest of mankind," and "his

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* *An Introduction to the Study of Shakespeare.* By Hiram Corson, LL.D., Professor of English Literature in the Cornell University. Boston. D. C. Heath & Co.

spirituality appears to have been in inverse proportion to his intellectual power."

This purpose to pierce the shell and get at the meat within is still more strikingly apparent in the remaining chapters of the first part. Instead of lumbering up his pages with technicalities of verse nomenclature and with a formidable array of figures about the Anglo-Saxon and Latin words in Shakespeare's vocabulary, Prof. Corson lays down a few broad facts and then strikes at the heart of the matter by asking, What is the significance of these facts, with regard to Shakespeare's dramatic art? As to the versification, he is confident that its characteristics are "organic," *i. e.*, in "essential relation to the thought." Thus he says of King John's speech to Hubert, "There 's a moral significance in the suspended construction of the language. The mind of the dastard king hovers over the subject of the ungodly act and dares not alight upon it; and the verse in its uncadenced movement admirably registers the speaker's state of mind." Again, he says that Shakespeare's use of extra end-syllables should not be regarded as a "mere habit that grew upon the poet," but the student should "seek rather to penetrate to the moulding spirit resident within the forms, and to discover why in one play that moulding spirit reached out oftener after end-syllables than it did in the other."

The part of Prof. Corson's book which will doubtless attract most attention is his study of the six plays. It is also the part which will provoke most dissent; for many of the views advanced are novel. In "Romeo and Juliet," Prof. Corson holds that the cause of the tragedy is objective to the lovers—that it lies in the feud between their houses, not in the excess of their own love. In "King John" his dissent from the views of Ulrici, Gervinus, and other critics turns mainly upon the character of Constance, whom he regards as actuated by maternal affection rather than by ambition. To Beatrice, in "Much Ado about Nothing," Prof. Corson ascribes a sweeter nature than do most critics, and he regards the love between her and Benedick as incipient from the start.

Hamlet's insanity, in Prof. Corson's opinion, is feigned beyond a doubt. The Goethe-Coleridge theory as to Hamlet's nature is rejected for a theory, adopted from Werder, that Hamlet's difficulty is objective—that he delays to kill the king because he has no evidence of his uncle's guilt sufficient to satisfy the Danish court and people. It may be doubted if even Prof. Corson's forcible presentation of this theory will make many converts. The argument for it is almost wholly *à priori*, there being next to nothing in the play itself which may be quoted in its support. On the contrary there are many passages which must be explained away. Hamlet's reiterated self-rebukes for inaction are one such set. Prof. Corson adopts Werder's explanation that they are the *unjust* rebukes of a nature with a keen moral sense. But is this good psychology? Sensitive natures *exaggerate* their faults; but according to this new theory Hamlet was not at fault at all: he

has "power of action, plenty of it," but his hands are tied by circumstances beyond his control. In such case would a man like Hamlet, whose intellect is both powerful and introspective, thus repeatedly lash himself unjustly, through a misreading of his own soul? Furthermore, the ghost speaks in the same strain—"This visitation is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose." It may be said that the poor, impatient ghost is mistaken too. But it should be remembered that the question is not, Which are the more reliable interpreters of Shakespeare's characters—ghosts or German critics? The real question is this: Why should *Shakespeare* represent the ghost as rebuking Hamlet for a blunted purpose when, according to Werder's theory, his purpose was not blunted, but was restrained by "his reason, his common sense"? Again, when Hamlet sees the king at prayer, he restrains his first impulse to kill him. Why? Because there is not enough producible proof of the king's guilt? Not at all. Because his soul, sanctified by the act of prayer, would go to heaven. Now, if Shakespeare meant this for a serious reason in Hamlet's mind—the reason but for which his purpose to strike, when he exclaims, "And now I'll do't," would have been executed—what becomes of Werder's theory that the uppermost and constant restraining motive in his mind was of quite another sort? If the reason be *not* taken as a real one, the question recurs, Why should Shakespeare here choose to lead the reader astray when he might so easily and naturally have given the right clue? On the Goethe-Coleridge theory, however, Hamlet's words are easily explained: he is clutching at a more or less specious reason for delay. Prof. Corson's main argument for his adopted theory is that Hamlet, when viewed in the light of it, gains in dramatic interest, and that therefore no inferior conception can be ascribed to the prince of dramatists. But genius is not infallibility; and, furthermore, *is* not the interest which Hamlet excites largely personal rather than dramatic? Besides, Werder's theory exposes Shakespeare's dramatic art to quite as serious a charge at another point. Was it not a sad blunder on Shakespeare's part to fill the play with passages which inevitably give the ordinary reader an impression that Hamlet himself is in some way to blame?

The discussion of "Macbeth" insists strongly upon two vital points: first, that the witches stimulate but do not create Macbeth's evil purposes; second, that Lady Macbeth is actuated by wifely sympathy, not by personal ambition. The commentary on "Antony and Cleopatra" is more discursive; but perhaps the most notable point made is the morality of Shakespeare's treatment of the theme. "We are nowhere brought into a sympathetic relationship with the moral obliquity of either Antony or Cleopatra." This result is secured mainly by narrating certain elements instead of bringing them forward dramatically. The discussion of this play is quite long, filling sixty-three pages, or nearly a third of the entire space in this second part. Fresh and interesting as the treatment is, the reader can hardly help wishing that it had been shortened enough to allow for a study of "Lear," "The Tempest," or "Othello."

More important than the particular results reached in this study of the plays are the principles in accordance with which they are reached. Prof. Corson's starting point is a profound confidence in the supreme excellence of Shakespeare as a dramatic artist. That excellence shows itself pre-eminently in the "moral proportion" of his creations, *i. e.*, their "harmony with the constitution of things." Thus his characters are always free moral agents at the start, but "the power of self-assertion declines as the passion develops; and you can put your finger on the place, in any tragedy, where a great passion passes into fate." It is another cardinal principle with Prof. Corson, which saves him from the slough in which (as he shows) so many German critics are floundering, that Shakespeare never starts with an abstract idea and lets that determine the movement of the play; his purpose is to create characters, not to exemplify this truth or that; he works in a moral as distinguished from a moralizing spirit.

Of the book as a whole it may be said that its supreme value lies in its spirit and its method. Especially in these days of profound philological study, minute textual criticism, and laborious biographical research, such a book as Prof. Corson's will be of immense service to the literary world. It will help powerfully to preserve the right proportion in literary study. There seems to be a natural tendency in most minds to stop with externals in literature, instead of penetrating to the soul of the matter. One reason doubtless is that counting syllables or nosing the cold scent of a genealogy is not so difficult as working in the elusive element of spirit. It is easier to pile logs with Caliban than to vie with Ariel in his airy ministrations. And just because this study of the spirit in literature is at once so difficult and so important, Prof. Corson's "Introduction to Shakespeare" will prove invaluable to teachers and students of literature to-day; for it is a powerful pull upward into those higher regions of thought and feeling where the author himself has evidently lived and studied so long.

Walter C. Bronson.

THE

CORNELL MAGAZINE.

VOL. II. FEBRUARY, 1890. NO. 5.

EDWIN H. WOODRUFF, *Editor-in-Chief.*

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The Magazine is published monthly throughout the college year. Subscription price, $2.00 a year. Single numbers, 25 cents.

HOW THE "PRINCESS ROYAL" WAS WON; AND HOW MY ATTACHMENT CAME AFTER THE WINNING OF HER.

I.

EVERY man whose beard is beginning to grey, and every woman who has passed beyond the peach-blow stage of life, into the still lovlier period of maturity and chaperonage, has some story of early attachment to tell which interests the younger generation; every man, or woman who saw anything of the excitement and the terrors of the Civil War, which, like a political Krakatoa, convulsed the continent thirty years ago and sent its mighty waves around the world, has tales to tell of those days of struggle, of death and disease, and of lingering in hospitals. I have a little story to tell of an early attachment, in those days, and though the narrative may not be very exciting, it may, nevertheless, assume some interest when told as an incident of the war.

When, on the 13th of April, 1861, that first shot was fired, in a second attempt by the State of South Carolina, to nullify the laws of our country, the echoes of the explosion had hardly died away, when the telegraph, in pulsations of electric force, carried the start-

ling and unexpected news to every part of the land. North and South sprang to arms, and the world looked on in wonder and alarm. Every young man, in either of the suddenly dissevered parts of the nation, thought only how he could best take his part in the desperate struggle. Two years had passed since I had, with feelings of mingled relief and regret, said good-bye to "Old Brown," and taken upon myself the duties of a man and a citizen. Now the question arose: In what manner could I best do my part in the coming war? I had supplemented my college education and technical studies by experience in the shops and draughting rooms of my father's establishment; but I had not been so situated as to be able to secure any considerable experience in the management of engines and machinery, at sea or on land. Ambitious to complete my professional training, by obtaining a real experience in engine-room and fire-room at sea as well as on shore, and surrendering, therefore, an opportunity that presented itself of entering with many of my college-mates and friends, the first Rhode Island Regiment of Artillery, in which I might probably have secured a First Lieutenancy and rapid promotion, good fortune favoring, I sought admission to the Engineer Corps of the Navy, as likely to give me just the experience that I needed, and at the same time, enable me to serve the cause quite as efficiently, and probably more so; for men who had had advantages of education and business experience and practical training were, in those days, rare in that department of the profession. I chose to enter the regular list, also, and in the lowest grade—Third Assistant Engineer—rather than accept a First Assistant's berth in the Volunteer Service; for I considered it quite uncertain whether the war would end, as was then very generally predicted, in three months, and it seemed to me better, in the long run, to have a commission in the regular service.

Thus it happened that the summer of that eventful year found me admitted into the naval service, enrolled well up in my "class," thanks to the fact that my examination happened to cover just the points that a recent experience had made familiar to me. Autumn found me senior watch-officer in the engineer department of the first of the "ninety-day gunboats," the "Unadilla," a graceful little craft of which you will see the picture on the

wall in the southwest corner of my study. A little later, we were assigned to Dupont's squadron.

Our floating home was a small, but very comfortable craft, despite a tendency to heavy rolling, which was very disquieting to the nerves of the "land-lubber." The vessel pitched a little, now and then, but never, in the whole two years that I served on board, in the heaviest of weather, the most tremendous of gales, did she take on deck enough water to disconcert even the cook in the galley. She was not fast, but was safe against anything—but an enemy's shot. She carried a big eleven-inch pivot gun amidships, which could be slewed to point over either side, and could range from well forward to as far abaft the beam ; it was a very powerful and effective weapon, carrying a shell weighing about 200 pounds, and taking a powder charge of about 20 pounds. She was also given a 20 or 30 pound Parrott rifle on the "top-gallant fo'castle," as a "chaser"; and a lot of howitzers were distributed along the waist and around the quarter. She was fore-and-aft rigged, with a big "square-sail" on the foremast, and good stay-sail areas.

I found a set of good fellows on board, and was well pleased with my shipmates, not excepting the commanding officer, the late Admiral Collins, who distinguished himself later by his self-sacrifice when capturing the "Florida" in the harbor of Rio Janeiro. The act was an infraction of international law and he risked his official, if not corporeal, existence, as the consequence of his determination to stop that dangerous craft in her errand of destruction. He was even then an old sea-dog, having, in '61, already served twenty years, though he had only attained the rank of a lieutenant. He had his peculiarities; but there was something that I greatly liked in the conscientious old officer, and we were always on the pleasantest of terms. I found an occasional opportunity of serving him at a critical moment, and he did me many a good turn, once probably saving me from an annoying court-martial and possible serious consequences, coming of an unintentional, but unquestionable, technical violation of regulations.

We went to sea in the Autumn of that year, in a gale of wind, and were in Hampton Roads for a short time on picket duty, looking out for the "Merrimac," or other possible enemy, on the

spot afterward hallowed by the splendid fight of the frigates "Congress" and "Cumberland," where the old ships went down with flags flying, fighting the Confederate iron-clad to the last. We started out to sea again, about the 1st of November, in the teeth of another gale, so nearly disabled as to one engine that we barely escaped being driven upon Lookout Shoals—in which case this story would never have been told—but we finally reached Port Royal harbor, leaving two or three of our fleet, including the ill-fated "Governor" in the depths of the ocean. We took part in that famous fight of the 7th of November, '61 ; but came out with wonderfully little injury to ship or crew, notwithstanding we were once aground right under the heaviest fire of the heaviest guns of Fort Walker; and we witnessed the surrender of both forts, Walker and Beauregard, and of that whole section of the coast. Then we spent a winter in Wright river, throwing an occasional shot over into the Savannah river to demoralize the rebel fleet under Commodore Tatnall, and to protect the rear of Gilmore's position, while he shelled, and finally took, Fort Pulaski. This done, we went down and had a bout with Fort McAllister, and finally took our place on the blockade line off Charleston. The two guns that you see decorating the entrance to my study in Sibley College come as souvenirs of that season's work ; the one from Fort Walker, a "Floyd musket," the other from the beautiful little town of Beaufort, S. C., which we occupied immediately after the fight at Hilton Head. This latter piece is a rifle made in 1833 for the State of South Carolina, and may have played its part in earlier nullification times. The two relics, on either side my library fire, come, the one from Fort Pulaski, a James solid shot fired by Gilmore's battery through the walls, and picked up by one of my own men, under my own eye, on the parade ground inside; the other a Blakely shell, with "blind fuse," fired by the Confederates from Secessionville, on James Island, into our camp when we commenced our approaches to Morris Island.

One morning, the next winter, off the North Channel, at Charleston, I was sleeping quietly and soundly as only a man can, just off watch, when a shout on the deck aroused me, and, an instant later, I was on the quarter-deck.

Lookout on Forward Bow :—Rocket from the "Blunt," Sir !

Officer of the Deck :—What do you make out ?

Lookout :—Steamer in shore, with lights out, Sir ! Large vessel, Sir ! Seems heading inshore of us, and along the beach, for the North Channel ! More lights from the "Blunt"; she has slipped her cable, and is getting underway, Sir !

Officer :—Knock the pin out of that shackle ! Quick, man ! Get out of the way of that cable ! Let her go, now ! One bell ! Hard a port ! Four bells ! Drive her now ! Steady as she goes ! Put her right in shore, Quartermaster ! Con her for your life ! D—n the shoals ! We'll make that prize, I tell you ! Run into the engine-room, boy, and tell them to make the old cranks jump for five minutes, and we'll have her, safe and sure ! Now's the time for the hundred and odd turns a minute, they were bragging about, down there yesterday ! Mind your helm, now, Quartermaster ! Ease off a little ! Steady, now ! That's right ! Do you get that glimpse of a light inshore there, now ? Do you see that dark shadow moving like a cloud along the beach ? That's her ! Cut in ahead of her ! She's making for a lee under Fort Moultrie, and going in too, if daring will do it ! Clear away that Parrott on the t'gallant fo'castle ! Quick, I tell you ! Let her have it, now ! Hit her if you can, and bang through the boiler-room ! We're playing for a prize, this time ! Stop her anyway, and quick too, or she will be under Moultrie in ten minutes, and we'll get no prize-money, and Johnny Reb will have shoes for his army and guns for his new iron-clads ! Give it to her again ! . . . Ah ! We're in ahead, at last ! I thought we had lost her, Captain ! There she goes round ; but its a narrow channel and she's a long craft, we can see ! She *can't* get around ! We'll have her now ! Hurrah ! There she goes, slam on the beach ! She's ours ! . . . . Look out there, or we'll be on shore too ! Stop her ! Back her ! Four bells ! Quick ! ! Shake up those old coffee mills, or we shall convoy that prize of ours into Charleston harbor to the tune of Sumter's guns, and stay there when we get there ! Back her ! ! Harder, d—n you ! Harder, I tell you ! !—She touches ! !—Ah ! She's off again ! Thank God ! ! *Now*, if we can get that ship off before daylight, and Johnny's guns don't find us and her, some of us will see "sweethearts and wives" and jingle our purses, at home, very soon ! Some of us will see the girls we left

behind us, before the moon fulls, my boys! Stop her! Two bells there, at the engine-room! Stand by the port anchor! Let go! Run out to ten fathoms, and hold her short till further orders!

Officer on the Forward Bow:—All right, Sir! She is already head to tide and lying steady!

First Lieutenant (to the Captain):—We've got her safe! What are your orders, Sir? The prize is fast aground, and our eleven-inch pivot trained on her, Sir! She is as good as a mortgage on the United States Treasury.

Captain:—Safe! Don't take too much for granted, young man! She may be on fire this moment! She lies within a mile and a half of Fort Moultrie, and the Rebs may have a battery right under our noses here! Safe indeed! !—Call away the first and second cutters! Quick! ! Do you hear there, forward! Jump, I tell you! Put ten men in each boat! Get a volunteer crew from the engine room! Never mind if it takes every man on duty! Plenty more to work us off into deep water, if we have to go! Don't wait for the word! Lower away the instant you are ready! Take command of the boats, Lieutenant, and bring that prize out, if you get your whiskers singed in doing it! (*Sotto voce*) He'll be lucky if he don't get his fingers very badly burned on that confounded beach!

Lieutenant (in the Boat):—Shove off! Let fall! Now! ! Give way, my men! Hump yourselves! ! Spring those oar-blades! Make the ash snap! She's ours, if we get there before they get that fire started! Then:—Hurrah for the "girls we left behind us"! A year's pay for every man of you, my hearties! There it is right before you! Pick it up, my boys! Give way! ! That's right! Handsomely, it is! Set the Cornell stroke! The stroke that wins, you know, my men*!—*Good boys*! ! Swing right in under her quarter, cox'n! Right there where the wave washes her deck as lies bows in the air! Great Jove! But she is well on the beach! We'll be lucky to get her this tide, and the Lord only knows what the Rebs will have to say to us, if we have to wait for the next! We won't telegraph home any songs of glory, yet! In bow! Way enough! Oars! ! Right aboard, now, every man of

*This may be an anachronism; but it was something like that formula; perhaps more emphatic and less suggestive.

you ! Lively there ! Jump, I tell you ! ! Ah ! She is ours, for a while, anyway ! She'll burn, too, before Johnny Reb gets these guns, if *we* have to lose her again ! Shut up every man of the ship's crew in the forward cabin ! Send aft all the officers to me ! Get into the engine-room, some of you, and look to her boilers ! In a hurry, too ! Look in the hold and cabins for fire, and for torpedoes and shells ! Keep your eyes open, now !—Lay aft here, a half dozen of you ! Get out a kedge to seaward ! Carry it well out, and get the line well tautened, and hold fast ! See if it is safe to start the engines on this sandy bottom, and try them with a pull backward. Now ! ! Tighten the line, my men ! Start the engines and back *hard*, down below there ! She doesn't start a peg ! It is almost day ! A boat's crew of officers, pilots, and men are missing ; they are on the way to Charleston or Moultrie, and well on their road, by this time, too ! They will have a park of artillery down upon us before the next flood ! Lock up her crew and set two sentries over them ! We'll parole the officers ; but let them keep their rooms for the present ! See everything ready for rousing big bonfires in the forward and after cabins ! We may have to bake our own dough, yet, men ! *Lively*, there ! ! Get out another kedge ! See if you can get one of those light anchors and cables laid aft ! Yes : if a few of the crew want to volunteer for the war, let them out and give them a chance to show what stuff they are made of. Now, try another pull with the engines, and tauten up the cables again, as soon as you can ! Time and tide are not waiting on us just now !

It was all of no use. We had captured a blockade-runner of great speed and of large size, evidently heavily laden, and certainly very valuable. But it was a serious question whether we were to profit by our good fortune, after all. With bows high and dry, on the beach, her stern was buried to the deck in the deep water of the channel through which she had been so gallantly driven by her brave commander. Every turn of her engines stirred up the fine sand of the bottom, and bringing it into her pumps and condensers, endangered her machinery most seriously, and made it impossible safely to drive it at full power in the effort to force the stranded vessel off the shore. The capturer, the

"Unadilla," worked in as near as was safe, ran us a hawser, and pulled to seaward, reinforcing the combined efforts of men at the kedge-lines and the tremendous power of the great engines below. But it was all of no use.

The tide was rapidly falling; day was breaking; the blockading fleet, aroused by our guns, was gathering impotently in the deep water outside. Moultrie came into sight, as the mists and darkness were dispersed by the first rays of a cold, bright, winter sun. Sumter could be seen, away beyond Moultrie; the smoke of camp fires on Morris Island, in the camp of our brave fellows under Gilmore, rose still beyond; and a dusty line on the roads lying between us and Charleston indicated that the escaped officers of the prize had already started out a party of reconnoissance, to learn the fate of the long looked-for, and earnestly hoped-for, cargo of all that a shoeless and famishing army wanted, and of all that was needed for a new iron-clad lying otherwise ready on the stocks. For this steamer now fast in the sands had been chartered with the most valuable cargo that had ever sought that famous harbor, and was precious beyond estimate to the Southern army and cause. Laden with clothing and shoes for the troops; with guns, armor and ammunition for the fleet; with medicines and stores of every kind for the camps and hospitals, the blockade-runner had come into sight of the haven which she sought, and had been stopped at the very point of successful culmination of this daring venture, and thus within sight of her destination, the precious cargo was in the hands of the foe.

Now it began to look as if all that valuable property, all those health-giving and invalid-comforting stores, all that invaluable material of war, would fall a prey to the fire and to the waves, and do no good to either party. But that was too common an outcome of these hazardous voyages to impress anyone very seriously, in those days. All day long, watching anxiously the movements of the enemy on the shore, we worked, lightening the ship; getting out hawsers and additional kedges and anchors; calling in the most powerful tugs of the fleet to "stand by," and take a hand when the tide should again rise. A stir in the camps of the "Johnnies"; a gun or two; flying signals from the flag-staffs of Sumter and of Fort Moultrie; the rising of a spiral, wavering dark

column from the smokestacks of the iron-clad "Palmetto State," up at Charleston; and unusual movements among the water batteries along the flanks of Moultrie and on the shores of Sullivan's Island, showed, soon after the break of day, that the enemy was on the alert, and perhaps meant to win the game, after all, if possible.

By the middle of the forenoon, it was easy to see that a party had established itself in front of us a mile back from the beach, and was busy, behind the dunes, throwing up an earthwork capable of mounting several guns. It was just too far for our guns to reach; for the enemy were, by sharp experiences and many of them, perfectly familiar with what we could do in the way of "putting" shot. We could not reach them; but we knew that one of their Blakely rifles could reach our prize from that point, and possibly make things warm for us, should we work close in. Our prize was gone, once they got that battery finished and their guns mounted. Their force was not large; but it was industrious and well handled. It was a race, on their part, between rising embankments and rising tide. We could only look on and await our chance—should it ever come.

At last! Behind and above the distant city the descending sun was beginning to tint the cold, gray clouds with red and gold and pearly shades; the rising tide had once more begun to wash the deck and swash through the hawse-pipes of the stranded steamer; and the cold mists were gathering out at sea, where they marshalled themselves, like "a ridge of formless shades," to invade the land. Far away, in the golden rays that began to blind us, as we watched through our glasses for the expected troops, we at last saw the dust rising along the roads; a little longer and we caught the glint of a gun; then we saw heads of mounted riders and the outstretched necks of galloping horses, and heard the faint, distant rumble of the heavy artillery behind them; then nearer, and from the direction of Fort Moultrie, appeared, more slowly, but to us vastly more threateningly, a line of men and horses, hauling across the sands of Sullivan's Island a siege-gun, perhaps two, toward the now substantially completed battery abreast our prize.

"All hands to quarters!" is the cry; signals bring in the tugs

and such of the smaller gunboats as can safely venture near the shore. The tide is up. Every cable is tautened all it will bear; every floating craft is attached to the grounded vessel by a heavy hawser; every engine is set in motion; every screw is turned. But the enemy is now at the battery! The lighter guns are unlimbered and trained on either hand; the larger siege-guns are being laboriously dragged inside the defences. A few minutes more and they will open fire on us and on our prize! They will drive us out of the ship, and our night and our day of excited strain and labor will be lost. Lucky if some of us do not "lose the number of our mess," as well!

Lookout at the Masthead of the "Unadilla":—On deck, there! The enemy are running their guns into battery, Sir! Their light artillery are opening fire! But their shot cannot reach us; they can barely reach the prize. Their siege-gun is in place, Sir! The gun is trained on us, Sir! Look out! There you get his shot, Sir! Look out!!!

Captain:—All right! Come down from aloft; you're safer and more useful on deck now! Hail the prize, and tell the prize-master to put every man of the crew on the windlass, and start the main engines and the crabs together! Back strong! Harder! Harder, I tell you! again! *All together! Once more!!* Never mind the shot, my boys! It is the *prize* that we want to catch, not the shell!—Back hard! steady and strong!—Ah! There she starts! Never mind the broken cable! Break all the others if you can; but back *hard! She starts!* This time, it's *sure!!* Get out of the way there, you tugs! Cast off every line! Give the prize room, there! Let her back off clear! Off, off, *off* into deep water, and out of range! Don't stop till you're clear, and right in the midst of the fleet! A shot, hitting right, may stop you yet! Back off, I say! Back! Back!! Back!!!. . . All right, my good fellows; you can anchor now; the prize is ours! Three cheers, and a *Tiger!* Give 'em with a will! That means a year's pay for you, my hearties! That means a sight of home, and wives, and sweethearts, for a prize-crew, my men! Never mind the shot or a bit of shell! *We* are off now! They came pretty near stopping us; but the joke is with us, *this* time! Blow

that whistle! Get up in the rigging there, and cheer the good fellows on the prize! They deserve most of all! Good-by, Johnny Reb, *our* turn now!

It was just in good time. The sun was sinking behind the spires of Charleston; the cold grays, the faint pink and pearl shades covering the upper strata of cirrus clouds; the broad stretches of that rare pale green smoothly painting the sky in the northwest and southwest; the brighter reds and yellows behind the town; the needles and sheaves of golden, dazzling light that streamed here and there, radiating into space through every chink and opening in the parti-colored masses of cloud, and contrasting strangely and sharply with the silhouettes of city spires and castellated forts, and blending softly with the hazy columns of rising powder-smoke from the improvised battery, where the disappointed forces were gathered: all this made a picture that was the lovlier to look upon, now that we had gained all that we had risked so much and worked so hard to secure. And the long, graceful prize, her sea-washed sides glistening in the dying sunlight, as she floated there broadside to the fleet, seemed a veritable argosy of gold to the officers and men of our ship and the fleet.*

She proved to be all that we had anticipated. In fact, we had, on the very morning before our fortunate encounter with her, received a mail from the North, in which letters to several of the officers, and dispatches to the fleet-captain from the Navy Department, warned us of the sailing of this most valuable prize from Halifax, bound, as we believed, for either Wilmington or Charleston, with a cargo that it was exceedingly important to intercept. The ship was large, of fine model, fast, having powerful geared engines and ample boilers,—just the craft to fit out as a blockade-runner, or to convert, captured, into a "blockader." Our army wanted those shoes; our navy wanted those guns and all that ammunition and armor-plate; and even the fine groceries, wines, canned soups, meats, numberless good things for tent and table, would find a place in the economies of our hospitals, full as they were, in many cases, of prisoners, who were to share all the good things with our own sick men.

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* The prize-money is shared with all ships in sight at the time of capture.

We had followed the good advice of the wife of one of our officers, and had "picked up" the finest prize of the year. We anchored her beside the flagship "Housatonic," off the middle channel; the vessels of the fleet returned to their stations, and all hands turned in that night, tired, fearfully tired with hard work and excitement, but happy and contented. The prize was ours! Yet, a prize captured, snugly anchored under the guns of the heaviest ship in the fleet, and with dozens of war-vessels around, to defend against recapture, may not be an absolutely sure prize, where the enemy are brave, enterprising, ingenious and determined.

My story has not yet begun; I have said not a word, I see, of the passengers, or even mentioned my "Princess Royal."

(To be continued.)

Robert H. Thurston.

THE BENEDICTION.

[From the French of François Coppée.]

'TWAS in eighteen hundred nine Saragossa was won.
I then was a sergeant, and then saw done
The deed I shall tell of. The town in our hands,
We parted our troops into sundry lands,
To besiege so the streets; for palace and cot
From roof and from window were raining down shot
Despite the surrender. "No doubt in the least
But the fault of the treason is due to a priest!"
So we said; and on seeing them flee away,
Altho' we'd been fighting from break of day,
Tho' our eyes were smarting with powder, our lips
Raw and bitter with kissing of cartridge tips,
Our aim was superb, as beseemed our renown,
And we tumbled the black cloaks and shovel-hats down.

My battalion went threading an alley ; my sight
Was fixt on the housetops left and right
Whence bursts of crimson flushed the sky
Like the breath of a forge when the bellows ply ;
And I heard the shrieks of women tear
Shrill thro' the din of the tortured air
And trod perforce on dead men there !
We burst the low doors with musket thud,
Came out with our bayonets dripping blood
And set crosses of red on the whitened walls—
None to miss ; for in such a pass naught appals
Like a beaten and treacherous foe in the rear.
We marched in disorder, no drum to cheer ;
Our leaders looked anxious, and veterans then
Elbowed close in the ranks—recruits again !

As we turn to enter a narrow street,
Loud cries of " Help !" on a sudden greet
Our startled ears : anon we fall in
With a band of brave fellows that struggle to win,
Yet are chased in disgrace from off a square
That fronts a cathedral old and fair.
For some monkish devils with shaven crowns
And crosses of white sewn on their gowns,
A score or more, bare-headed, bare-armed,
Sore wounded, but fighting as if unharmed,
With crozier and crucifix brained our men !
One glance was enough ! with a volley then
We swept the place and laid them low
With as little heart as headsmen show.

So this terrible group of heroes was slain ;
And when the thick smoke had lifted again
We could see, 'neath the corpses huddled there,
Long streams of blood on the marble stair ;
And beyond we saw thro' the open porch
Into the huge and sombre church.

Tall tapers were starring with gold the gloom,
Rich censers were shedding their faint perfume ;
And back by the altar beyond the choir,
As if he knew naught of the battle's ire,
A white-haired priest, tall-statured, stood
Ending the mass of the brotherhood .

That awful sight is so stamped on my brain
That in telling it over I see it again ;
See the ancient convent with Moorish facade,
The great brown bodies the dead monks had,
The fierce Spanish sun with its burning beam
Making the blood on the pavement steam,
And, framed by the church door, that vision divine
Of the priest and the altar that shone like a shrine!
And ourselves ! the wretches a true man loathes !

I forsooth in those days was a mouther of oaths ;
And many a soldier still can tell
What once at the sack of a church befell,
How, to do something pretty and show my wit,
At the altar candles my pipe I lit !
Yea, a ruffian I was inside and out,
As the twirl of my moustache told, no doubt.
But that old man, so tall and white—
Merely the sight of him awed me quite !

"Fire !" rang out the order. No finger stirred.
The priest paused not, tho' he certainly heard ;
But he turned and faced us with lifted host—
For the office was ended now almost,
Being there where the benison he sings—
And his lifted arms had the spread of wings.
We all shrank back, as with pyx on high
He signed the cross so solemnly ;
For we saw that he trembled before our guns
No more than if facing a bevy of nuns.

Yet just as his voice, calm and clear as a bird's,
Was borne down to us, intoning the words
"*Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus*,"
"Fire!" resounded again in a tone to dismay us
That order imperious. Then one of us lowered—
One that wore a man's clothes and the heart of a coward—
Lowered his musket and fired. The face
Of the old man grew paler, we thought, but no trace
Of terror appeared in his steadfast eye
That shone with a courage heroic and high.
"*Pater et Filius*," he went on. What throe
Of hatred or shame from our ranks let go
The next shot, I know not. He braced one hand
On the edge of the altar and strove to stand;
With the other he lifted the golden pyx
And again waved the sign of the crucifix;
Holding Death at bay with his iron will,
He gasped that blessing upon us still:
In a voice very low yet distinctly heard
In that ominous hush, for no man of us stirred,
"*Et spiritus sanctus*," with closed eyes he said;
And, so ending his prayer, fell straightway dead.

The pyx rebounded three times on the floor.
And as we stood silent beside the door,
With horror and shame in our hearts to see
Such an infamous murder done wilfully,
And with awe of the martyr heroic,—"Amen!"
With mocking laugh drawled a drummer then.

George Arlin Ruyter, '88.

PROFESSOR HARTT IN BRAZIL.

IN 1878, Mr. Richard Rathburn read before the Boston Society of Natural History a paper upon the life and scientific work of Professor Charles Fred. Hartt.* That paper gives the leading incidents of Professor Hartt's life, and dwells upon the amount and character of the scientific work accomplished by him. In the present brief article I shall not attempt more than to add a few impressions and incidents to what Mr. Rathburn has so well said of our friend and teacher.

I first became acquainted with Professor Hartt about 1873, when a student of geology under him at Cornell University. I became his special student, and besides the usual work required, I was employed under his direction in arranging the geological collections and afterwards in the photographic laboratory which was carried on in connection with the geological work. During the years 1872–3–4, Hartt was planning the trip to Brazil which he made in September, 1874, and he invited and urged me to accompany him. I finally consented and the last months of our stay at Ithaca were devoted entirely to preparation for the Brazilian trip. In September 1874, I think it was, we went to New York and completed our arrangements. A Brazilian gentleman, Dr. J. C. Rodrigues, the editor and proprietor of *O Novo Mundo*, an illustrated Portuguese journal then published in New York, contributed to the expense of the trip, and, as he had an account with some of the transatlantic steamer lines, this was probably the reason for our going by way of Europe, instead of taking the direct steamer to Rio de Janeiro.

We left New York for Liverpool in September, 1874. During our short stay in England it was our desire to see as much as possible of geology and of geologists. On the day of our arrival at Liverpool we visited the Museum, looked up the geologists and learned about the more interesting localities in North Wales. We went to see the town of Chester whose quaint buildings and monuments delighted Hartt. We then visited Denbigh, and from there

* Proceedings of the Boston Society of Nat. Hist., Vol. XIX., pp. 338–364. 1878.

went to Corwen where he had the good fortune to meet Professor Thomas McK. Hughes, of Cambridge, who kindly showed us some of the more interesting features of the geology of the region about Corwen and Bala Lake. From North Wales we went to London and visited the British Museum, the Ethnological Museum, and the Geographical Society's rooms. At the last named place we met Mr. Henry Walter Bates, the Brazilian traveler and the author of "A Naturalist on the Amazon." At the British Museum we met Professor Owen, who received us very kindly, and at parting said: "I hardly dare hope to live to welcome young workers back from Brazil."

We arrived at Rio de Janeiro in December, 1874, and Hartt at once devoted himself to interesting the leading men of Brazil in the organization of a geological survey of the Empire.* The delays incident to such an enterprise were very trying to Hartt, but the month of May, 1875, saw the Geological Survey of the Empire† in existence, though not upon the comprehensive scale he had anticipated. Among the old memoranda of the Survey given me by Major O. C. James, who from the beginning acted as its secretary, I find one giving an estimate of the appropriations that the Survey expected. This paper is dated February 10th, 1875, and the estimate is placed at $150,000 per annum. Of course no such sum as this was ever expended by the Survey, either directly or indirectly, and not more than half the number of assistants asked for in this estimate was eventually provided for. The Survey's work began in June, 1875, and in June, 1877, it was suspended. Hartt's disappointment at the suspension of the work was inexpressibly deep. He felt that the scientific world would blame him, and would think it was a failure due simply to poor administration on his part. Looking back at the circumstances and disadvantages under which the survey existed, its suspension seems to me the most natural thing in the world, and that it was to have been expected.

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* It has been stated that Hartt went to Brazil at the request of the Emperor. I know of no reason for such a statement. The trip was undertaken entirely upon his own responsibility.

† The official title of the survey was *A Commissao Geologica do Imperio do Brazil.*

The government being, at that time, a constitutional monarchy very like the English, and the affairs of state being in the hands of a ministry that was liable to resign or be removed at any time, the course followed by one premier in regard to any line of state policy was very apt to be a line which would not be followed by a successor, especially if there was a change of party. The Geological Survey was a part of the policy of the party under whose administration it was organized, and when that party went out of power it was not unnatural that the Survey should be suspended as it was. Of course, I do not mean to infer that this was right, but simply that under the circumstances it was to have been expected. Then, too, the Brazilians had hoped for great material benefits from the Survey's work, and when, at the end of two years, we had only a vast quantity of fossils and rocks and corals and bits of broken pottery, and not a single new gold or diamond mine to show for all the money expended, it is not to be wondered at that they felt deeply disappointed.

The hot season of 1878 was a serious one for foreigners living at Rio de Janeiro. Toward the end of the summer the yellow fever became worse than usual in that city, and in January and February, Major O. C. James, the American friend with whom I was living, Mrs. James, their daughter, and myself all had yellow fever. Hartt had called to see me when I was convalescing, and but a few days later he was taken ill, and died on the 18th of March. There is some doubt as to whether he died of yellow fever. The physician attending him told me that his death was caused by congestion of the brain. In any case, he was seriously ill but a short time, not more than three or four days. Mr. A. J. Lamoureux (Cornell '74), and Frank D. Y. Carpenter (Cornell '73), nursed him during his illness, and Mr. Carpenter was with him when he died. Hartt always had a nervous sort of dread of yellow fever, though from 1874 till the time of his death he lived in Rio de Janeiro almost constantly, where yellow fever is endemic, and usually causes little or no concern.

Hartt was a man of the broadest sympathies. One of his peculiarities that always impressed me was the various sides of his character as they appeared to different ones of his most intimate friends. Among his assistants on the Brazilian Survey were men

of the most diverse temperaments and tastes, and Hartt always and instinctively approached and dealt with these various characters in the most effective manner. He never acted so out of diplomacy, but out of sympathy; he put himself in accord with the person with whom he had to deal, and the result was that his assistants, and indeed everyone who came in contact with him, felt drawn towards him. With such a man only the most cordial and genial relations were possible. He had a keen appreciation of wit, humor, and of the ridiculous, and as there was much in common between us on this point, he invariably related to me whatever impressed himself as amusing. As a sort of excuse for this he announced one day to the other members of his corps, in a serio-comic manner, that I was to write the comic history of the Brazilian Survey.

Every artist or musician who met Hartt knows of his love for art and music. These tastes were always turned to good account in his scientific work. No one who had really studied those matters so little, could have seized more promptly or more intelligently the ethnologic meaning of the art and music of savages with whom he occasionally came in contact. His love for music gave him and those of us around him a great deal of pleasure. The Brazilians, being naturally very fond of music, had every year some of the best musical talent of Europe at the Imperial Opera House, and frequent attendance at the opera broke for him the strain and worry of official responsibility.

His liking for languages was equally marked, and he never missed an opportunity to learn something of them. During our short stay in North Wales, he amused himself, and often everyone else, by trying to speak Welsh to the people we met. In Brazil he became interested in the languages of the native Africans, and never lost a chance to learn a new word or idiom, or to make use of his knowledge. In such cases as these, the affair was of course but little more than a pastime, but when he came in contact with the native Brazilian races he applied himself to the study of their languages in all seriousness, with the result that he soon came to be one of a very few Tupi scholars, and accumulated much material upon the native Brazilian languages.

Ethnologic studies interested him deeply, and his work led him

more and more in that direction. Had he lived, I have no doubt he would eventually have devoted himself entirely to the study of South American ethnology. There used to be a great many native Africans among the negro slaves in Rio de Janeiro, and Hartt not infrequently induced these slaves to repeat to him the folk-lore of their native lands. These stories interested him profoundly at one time and, he believed, threw much light upon the Brazilian myths. I remember his delight on the occasion when he thought he had found the origin of some of our North American myths. Though I was well acquainted with the myths he had collected among South American Indians, it was not until 1875 that they suggested to me the stories I had so often heard from my father's slaves in the southern states during my childhood. One day during the time when he was collecting myths from the old African slaves in Brazil, I was reminded to tell him some of the stories of my own childhood, and began what, since the publication of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's book, has become so well known as the "tar-baby" story. When I was half through it Hartt stopped me, his face beaming with delight, and said: "I have heard just such a story to-day," and from what he had heard from the Africans that day, finished the "tar-baby" story; African animals of course being substituted for the bear and the rabbit.

He had great contempt for anything like affectation. I remember, as illustrating this, at incident at Ithaca: A friend of his who had been abroad was airing his experiences and impressions here and there in Europe, in a manner suggestive, at least, of affectation; Hartt could not resist the temptation to turn to another friend and to discourse in an affected way of the sweet fields of Kidder's Ferry, the soft sunshine of Mott's Corners and the far away skies of South Danby. And this suggests how heartily he enjoyed the mock solemnity with which each chapter of "The Gilded Age," by Chas. Dudley Warner and Mark Twain was headed by a quotation from some very foreign language such as Arabic, Chaldee, Hindustani, Persian, or something of the kind, unintelligible to all their readers alike.

Hartt's strong points were enthusiasm and versatility, but I think he was rather too nervous a man and too poor a financier

(for he evidently had but little training in, and no liking for, the details of business affairs) to make a well balanced administrator. It is not strange, then, that his administrative duties, in a country and among a people where it was not to be expected that open, frank and honest scientific work should be thoroughly appreciated, wore him out. He loved scientific work for its own sake and with all his heart, and he could scarcely entertain the idea of abandoning it for the administrative duties of chief of the Geological Survey. He tried hard to do both and found it impossible; he became very nervous and suffered greatly from insomnia. On several occasions I have stayed with him all night trying, with but poor success, to divert his mind from the affairs that annoyed him most. At such times he scarcely closed his eyes during the entire night.

It is not difficult to sum up Hartt's influence upon geological work in Brazil, for with very few exceptions all the work of this character which has been done in that country since 1874 is traceable, either directly or indirectly, to the impetus given it by Hartt. For the most part the work has been done by some of Hartt's students and assistants, and as he was not a narrow specialist, but a broad-minded naturalist, his students have also done other than purely geologic work. Hartt's own writings on Brazilian topics number twenty-eight titles, one of which—his "Geology and Physical Geography of Brazil"—is an illustrated book of 620 pages.

Mr. O. A. Derby, Hartt's first assistant on the Brazilian Survey, was, after some delay, appointed assistant director of the National Museum, where he has been able to carry on more or less geologic work ever since the suspension of the Survey in 1877. During the past few years he has been director of a geological survey of the Province of São Paulo, where he is successfully carrying out in detail for that province the very work that Hartt hoped to accomplish for the Empire. Mr. Derby's published papers upon Brazilian geology number at least fourteen titles, and he now has in press the results of the operations carried on under his direction in the province of São Paulo. His geologic work is the most thorough that has been done thus far in Brazil, almost all that has been done hitherto partaking more or less of the nature of reconnoissances.

Richard Rathburn, now of the Smithsonian Institution, was a member of the Brazilian Survey from 1875 until its work was suspended. He has published nine important papers upon the natural history of Brazil,—results of his work under Hartt. Frank D. Y. Carpenter published two works, one upon methods of geographic work and the other a popular book. Herbert H. Smith has published two books, one of which is the most important popular work that has appeared upon Brazil since that of Mrs. Agassiz. The writer has published twenty-one titles on Brazilian topics. But the publications of these five assistants do not represent the full extent of their work, for, with the exception of Mr. Carpenter, who died in 1883, these men are all active workers, and many of the results of their observations in Brazil still remain to be published.

Other papers, based upon collections made by Hartt and his assistants, have also been written by various authorities. The most important of these is Dr. C. A. White's "Contributions to the Paleontology of Brazil," published in 1887, and beautifully illustrated. This work describes 315 species of mesozoic fossils collected by the Brazilian Survey. Other contributors are Marsh, Hyatt, Cope, Verrill, S. I. Smith, and T. B. Comstock.

But Hartt's good influence has done even more for Brazil in keeping up the tone and character of scientific work than in the results thus far published. A country situated as Brazil is, far removed from the centres of scientific activity, is often the prey of the grossest forms of scientific charlatanism. Hartt and his assistants naturally came in contact with this class of men, but he so impressed the leading men of the Empire with his ability and integrity that charlatanism was never able, in his presence, to make much headway.

That Cornell University has had so large a number of Brazilians among her students is to be attributed either directly or indirectly to Hartt's influence; and whatever helpful, broadening, enlightening aspirations these young men may take with them from Cornell, they should bear in themselves some remembrance—some *saudade*—of Professor Hartt who laid down his life for science in Brazil.

John C. Branner, '74.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE LABOR QUESTION.

THE divine mission of the Catholic Church is primarily to save souls; but in all ages she has fulfilled the spirit of the scriptural injunction by commanding the shepherds of her fold to resist the tyrant and the oppressor, to provide for the fallen and the fatherless, and to minister to the poor and needy, as well in temporal things as in things spiritual. Her hierarchy has, in the the main come from the ranks of poverty and indeed not a few of her holy pontiffs and red-robed cardinals first saw light in peasants' huts. Democratic in origin and in spirit, the Catholic ministry is well prepared, in this era of social disorders and ethical heresies to act the peace-maker in the warfare of the classes.

In our exposition of the relations of the Catholic Church to Labor and Socialism, we shall not divide our subject. The parts are so united and intermixed logically that any rhetorical separation would be purely artificial.

From the advent of Christianity, the priests of the Church have been the tribunes of the people. The Church has ever encouraged guilds and protective societies. Nevertheless she has always strenuously opposed all socialistic schemes having for their object confiscation of private property. St. Thomas Aquinas, after Christ, Catholicity's great lawgiver, advocated private property for three reasons: First, because the individual is more solicitous to take care of what is his own than of what belongs to all or many; secondly, because human affairs are better regulated when each man has a special care of some particular thing; thirdly, because by private ownership, society is better secured, since every man must mind his own property. Saint Basil and Saint Ambrose had made substantially the same assertions, and all three reminded the rich man of his debt of charity to his poorer brother. The great theologian Suarez, in his "De Justitia," almost literally follows the principles laid down by the Angelic Doctor.

Religious Communism, in the Church, has always flourished side by side with private property. Poverty, the Church esteems an apostolic virtue, but to gainsay the righteousness of riches justly gotten, she considers a great sin. The "Apostolicals"

were a community of the second century, who denied the right of possessing goods. Saint Augustine branded their doctrines as heretical "because they held that those could not hope for salvation who made use of the riches, which their own sect did not possess." Saint Epiphanus condemned the same error. "The Church" says he, "cherishes absolute poverty, but she does not proudly inveigh against those who obtain property by just means or who have received it from their parents to meet their own wants or those of the poor."

Through the Middle Ages, the Church held the same consistent and conservative stand regarding the sanctity of private possessions. Sturdily she upheld the trades-guilds, the fraternities and similar bodies of workers, but never hesitated to denounce unsparingly the vices and excesses, which crept into these organizations. Several mediæval bulls amply prove these assertions.

The Protestant Revolution ushered in an era of wholesale spoliation and secularization of church property. It drove the religious orders from their monasteries and thus tens of thousands, to whom they stood in relations of benefactors or kindly landlords, were deprived of the means of existence. It was not long before the world became a prey to all sorts of social ills.

Thus far we have not defined socialism. It is hard to frame a definition at once comprehensive and exact, but Catholic writers call it "that political system which denies the right of private ownership in capital, in land, or in both." It follows as a corollary that "Socialism" comprises those who deny the ethical and religious right of private possessions or those who advocate or countenance any scheme whereby, in violation of moral law, individual material possessions are appropriated without fair compensation. But it is to be noted, that the advocates of a paternal government, of state interference with prevailing social evils, or of the right of holding property in common are not necessarily or even inferentially "Socialists."

Orthodox writers differ as to origin of titles to private ownership, some ascribing it to the laws of the state and others to the laws of nations or of nature, but they are unanimous, in agreement as to its moral right. Two cases may arise for annulling private ownership ; first, the necessities of the state ; second, the

Christian law of charity that makes all things common in case of extreme necessity. Moreover all Catholic theologians admit that state or corporate ownership of property of any kind is quite as just as individual ownership, and furthermore, they recognize the state's authority to limit private ownership, with a view to the prevention of monopolies or other evils.

The Catholic Church has never condemned, either directly or indirectly, any of the milder forms of socialism that fall short of our definition. She favors every effort for the betterment of the poor and so far forth, many of her great leaders, both before and since the reformation, have been socialists. Fénelon, Lamotte, Sir Thomas More, the gifted Lacordaire and the saintly Bishop Ketteler of Mayence, were socialists, in this limited sense, but economists denominate them "Christian Socialists," in distinction from "Socialists" in the more popular and broader meaning of the word.

In Germany, in 1847, Father Kölping, with the approbation of the Roman Curia organized a workingmen's union. It grew apace and branches multiplied. Dr. Döllinger, in the early sixties, took a prominent part in the movement started by Father Kölping, and he was earnestly seconded by the Bishop of Mayence, who in 1867, issued a remarkable pamphlet on "The Labor Question and Christianity." Bishop Ketteler was impelled to study the labor question for reasons truly Catholic: "As a Christian, because God, as the Savior of the World, seeks not only to redeem men's souls, but to heal their sorrows, and soften their condition; as a bishop, because the Church, according to her ancient custom, had imposed upon him, as one of his consecration vows, that he would, in the name of the Lord, be kind and merciful to the poor and the stranger, and to all that are in any kind of distress." He denounced as unchristian the holding of labor as a mere article of merchandise, and founded "Productive Associations," for the benefit of the poor, through voluntary subscriptions. Bishop Ketteler discountenanced all pecuniary aid from the state, but Canon Monfang, another leader of the German Catholic party favored state help. The Congress of Fulda, in 1867, sanctioned workingmen's organizations and every subsequent Congress of German Catholics has done likewise.

In 1852, François Huret, a French Catholic philosopher of rare talents, published a book entitled, "The Social Reign of Christianity," which did much to bring about organization among the toilers in France. M. Perrin, a professor at Louvain, labored effectively for the accomplishment of the same purpose. The great Congress of Catholic workingmen, held at Chartres in 1882, strengthened the bond of union between the affiliated local associations and aroused general interest by reason of its spirited demands in favor of the workers.

Similar Congresses of Catholics have been held elsewhere. In no case has their work been confined exclusively to mere passive encouragement of labor. Their appeals for better sanitary arrangements, for the regulation of the hours of labor, for the prohibition of child-labor, for industrial boards of arbitration, and for other wise measures have been productive of much benefit to the wage-earners. The American Catholic Congress, held last November, endorsed Cardinal Gibbons' views on labor organizations and disapproved of the employment of very young minors, whether male or female, as tending to dwarf and retard the true development of the wage-earners of the future."

Within the last few years, Cardinals Gibbons and Manning have distinguished themselves as the champions of organized labor. The Propaganda, acting on incomplete information, condemned the Knights of Labor, but the powerful interposition of our American "empurpled democrat" and England's "scarlet-robed tribune" induced it to reverse its first decision. These two princes of the Church boldly insist on the laborers' sacred right to combine. Cardinal Gibbons declares: "Paramount among the rights of the laboring classes is their privilege to organize. Our modern labor organizations are the legitimate successors of the ancient guilds of England." The Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster, in words no less striking, asserts that "it has ever been a sound and legitimate social law that all trades and professions should have their societies and fellowships for mutual protection and improvement," and, clearly, this distinguished prelate affirms the right of all men "to organize themselves together, so long as they are truly and honestly submissive" to the supreme reign of the law of the land.

The Fifth Synod of the archdiocese of New York reprobated Henry George's land theories. Archbishop Corrigan's pastoral letter of the twenty-first of November, 1886, correctly stated the doctrines of the Church on private ownership, and warned the faithful against being led astray by the "specious theories" then afloat concerning "the nationalization of land." Less than a year before, Cardinal Manning had, in an interview with Henry George, expressed his belief that the right of private ownership "lay at the foundation of society," and "that the law of property was founded on the law of nature, sanctioned in Revelations, declared in the Christian law, taught in the Catholic Church, and incorporated in the Christian law of nations." Mr. George signified his assent to this view, and explained his own peculiar theories. In a letter of November 8th, 1886, to the *Brooklyn Review*, Cardinal Manning averred that, so far as he understood it, he saw nothing un-Catholic in Mr. George's scheme. However, it must needs be added that Pope Leo, in a letter of May 4th, 1887, said: "We have examined the whole series of facts bearing on Dr. McGlynn's case, and condemn 'the false doctrines' concerning 'the rights of property disseminated' by him." Still it is noteworthy that the Roman authorities have never placed Henry George's books on the Index; nor have they, as yet, specifically condemned his theories. *If* it be true that the Pope's letter of May 4th, 1887, was based on information of questionable accuracy, *then* it follows that Catholic debate on Mr. George's theories is *not* closed, and that an appeal from the Sovereign Pontiff ill-informed to the Sovereign Pontiff better-informed is still in order. The Church's final decision will no doubt depend on the question of morality; and *if* it be established to her satisfaction that private proprietorship of land was due, in the first instance, to robbery, or that its continued existence *is* robbery, or that state ownership of land will advance the general good, there is no reason why Rome should not review what some term her "equivocal" decision regarding Mr. George's land doctrines.*

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*The hypotheses stated in this paragraph must not be understood as contravening the definition of "Socialism" already given, nor as impugning, in any way, the correctness of Archbishop Corrigan's views on private ownership.

Holy Scripture says that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men," and the Church of God has carried out this idea to its uttermost. In her Mission of Mercy she treats with equal tenderness the sheep of her own flock, and those that are without her fold. In the desolation wrought by fire, flood or pestilence, her servants are the first to volunteer their services. She opens her hospitals and asylums to all, irrespective of religious belief. Her Sisters ask not the creed of the sufferers on the battle-field or in the hospitals, but in Christian charity, they care alike for heretic and orthodox. Every good work receives her approval. She promotes organizations of laborers, and does not absolutely condemn justifiable strikes; but she warns the workers that the rights of property are sacred. She canonizes no set of economic doctrines and distinctly refusing to dissociate God's laws from economic laws, she censures the master, who for gain, would ill-treat his servant.

State socialism is not proscribed when necessary for the citizen's welfare. Leo XIII said to a deputation of French workingmen in October, 1887: "If justice, man's dignity, and the domestic life of the workingmen are menaced or jeopardized, the State by a *right measure of intervention* will be working for the commonweal, for it is its duty to protect and watch over the true interests of its subjects."

But for the "Socialism" of the sophist and the demagogue, the Church has no tolerance. Pius IX, September 5, 1851 in an allocution attributed the evils suffered by civil society "to the utterly unjust confiscation of church goods, which has in great measure prepared the soil for the growth of those pernicious and fatal errors: Socialism and Communism." In his Encyclical of December 28, 1878, Leo. XIII. spoke thus: "The Socialists denounce the right of property, as a human invention, repugnant to the natural equality of men. . . . But the Church . . . ordains that the right of property, and dominion which springs from nature itself, be kept sacred and inviolate to every one. . . . She urges the rich to distribute among the poor their superfluous wealth, and threatens them with the Divine judgment, which, if they fail to help the needy, shall visit their guilt with eternal punishment."

The spouse of Christ views with grief the conflict of Labor and Capital. She sees the laborer the prey of "walking" delegates and noisy demagogues, and the capitalist, forgetting the true God, prostrating himself before the Moloch of Mammon. She observes with no less grief, the growing spirit of irreligion among all classes. For these and all the other ills of humanity, the Church has a sovereign remedy;—the observation of God's statute: "Whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them."

Captious critics may claim that the Church usurps the State's functions in prescribing laws for the regulation of social and economic evils. But as the mouth-piece of the Almighty, it is her Divine Prerogative to enunciate laws in all cases where the interests of faith, morals, or religion are involved. She would be false to her high calling if in a world of turbulence, she remained quiescent. It is her proud privilege and mission to wage incessant war against the world and "to fill up those things that are wanting in the sufferings of Christ."

For twenty centuries, the Church of Rome has been the leader and teacher of humanity. To her is due the civilization and christianization of the nations, the elevation of woman, the abolition of private warfare, and the almost entire disappearance of duelling and human slavery. She is to-day the most potent factor of modern civilization. Her appeal through Cardinal Lavigérie has moved the great powers to take up his project for the extermination of the African slave trade. Only yesterday, a member of her Sacred College was the peace-maker in a London strike, and but the day before the Head of the Church himself was chosen arbitrator in an international dispute. The Age of Warfare has departed and the Age of Arbitration has come. Who so well equipped to preach a great Eirenicon for the pacification of national and class strife, as the Universal Church that knows neither class nor nation, but holds the whole human family members of one vast catholic brotherhood?

James M. Gorman.

THE EARLIEST AMERICAN NOVELIST.

VERY many, doubtless, would be at a loss to know to whom the appellation, The Earliest American Novelist, really belongs. Not that there is any controversy as to who was the pioneer romancer in this country, for critics are agreed that this distinction is justly accorded to Charles Brockden Brown; but because the works of this author have long since lost their popularity, and because the character of his writings and the position they occupy are now known only to the literary people and the few essayists who would keep alive his memory.

Brown opens an epoch in the history of the growth of American literature. There was, at the time when he began to write, a strong prejudice against the productions of American authors. Books written on this side of the Atlantic were almost certain to be generously ridiculed by the astute critics on the other side, and few Americans would venture to question the justice of their criticisms. Success in fiction writing, especially, was considered unattainable in the New World. Europeans believed that only the life and scenes of the Old World with their associations of myth and history could stimulate creative genius. But when, at the close of the last century, Brown gave to the public his remarkable novels, these old ideas were clearly proven to be erroneous; for the first of the series demonstrated the fact that the New World had at last produced an author who, though born and educated in America, yet possessed marked literary abilities, and was endowed with a genius that could clothe American life and American localities in the attractive garb of romance. His works at once became popular and were extensively read, not only in this country, but also in England; and some of them received favorable comment from the English reviewers of the day.

Less than a century has passed since the appearance of these novels caused a flutter of surprise in the Old World and gave a new stimulus to certain lines of literary activity in the New; and yet the works of Brown are now almost unknown, and his very name and the position he occupies in literature are passing into

oblivion. But every generation has seen a few ardent admirers of his writings. One has styled his romances "a phenomenon in literature"; another has declared him to be the "precursor of Cooper, Hawthorne and Poe." These eulogists attribute his lack of popularity to popular ignorance of the real merit of his works. To what extent this view is correct, however, a careful study of his novels will disclose.

A brief sketch of Brown's career may not be uninteresting, and is quite indispensable to a clear understanding of the remarkable intellectual character that is reflected in his works of fiction. He was born at Philadelphia, in 1771, of Quaker parents. In his early boyhood he displayed a remarkable love of study, being frequently found poring over some half-intelligible volume. At the age of thirteen he was placed under the tutorship of Robert Proud, an eminent scholar of the day, and under his influence the studious propensities of the precocious young pupil grew stronger and deeper. The boy's prospect of a bright future, however, was clouded by ill health. Nature had endowed him with a brilliant intellect, but, as is too often the case, this was accompanied by a feeble constitution. Thus indisposed to active and invigorating sports, he plunged deeper and deeper into study in his endeavor to escape the spirit of melancholy and dejection that was ever ready to seize upon all his leisure moments.

The studious boy became a still more studious youth. His habits of life, however, were clearly augmenting the natural weakness of his constitution; but it was not until serious consequences were already threatened that he could be persuaded to relinquish a part of his studies and seek renewed strength in mental relaxation and recreation. Though kind and genial in disposition, and winning in manners, young Brown had little taste for the pleasures of society or the usual pastimes of youth. His nature demanded a higher species of enjoyment: he chose to wander unattended through field and forest, stopping now and then in some sequestered nook, where he might revel unmolested in his own thoughts, analyze his own being, or study the phantasies created by his romantic imagination.

The account of Brown's early manhood shows that no great change had taken place in his mental character or his tastes. His

health had improved somewhat, but the peculiarities of his youth had become more marked and permanent. He experienced the same inquietude of mind, possessed the same passion for letters, and found as great delight in revery and speculation as in his earlier life. But the time had now come when he must choose a profession. At the urgent solicitation of friends and relatives rather than in accordance with his own inclinations, he determined upon the law, and entered upon the study of it with his usual zeal. Actual practice, however, called for qualities that Brown did not possess, and he was admitted to the bar only to abandon the profession with disgust and sink deeper than ever before into his old habits of aimless study, idle dreaming and metaphysical speculation.

From time to time various periodicals had contained bits of prose and verse from the pen of the future novelist; but these—especially the poems—had attracted but little attention. From this sort of work only slight pecuniary remuneration could be expected; indeed, authorship, as an exclusive means of livelihood, was as yet unknown in America. For some time after abandoning his profession Brown wandered aimlessly about in quest of some species of employment suited to his capabilities and his tastes. Finally, in 1797, he took up his permanent residence in New York, surrounded by a select circle of literary friends, and determined to yield himself up to the natural tendencies of his mind. The air of these new associations proved conducive to the exercise of his intellectual powers, and his slumbering genius soon burst forth in the first series of romances written in the New World.

The novelist continued in the pursuit of his literary labors at New York until 1801, when he returned to Philadelphia to take up his final residence in his native city. The last of his works of fiction appeared in 1804, after which date he seems to have devoted his attention wholly to periodical literature. During these years Brown pursued his literary labors with unremitting zeal. But his naturally weak constitution at last gave way beneath the undue strain. He was seized with consumption, which rapidly wasted his vitality, and on the 22d of March, 1810, he passed away at the age of thirty-nine.

We now turn to the study of Brown's works. The contribu-

tions to various periodicals constitute by far the larger portion of his writings; but only his novels display marked genius, and upon these must be based whatever claim he may have to the attention of the present generation. "Wieland," the earliest of these, was completed and given to the public in 1798; this was followed in rapid succession by "Ormond," "Arthur Mervyn," "Edgar Huntly," and "Clara Howard," the last named appearing in 1801. "Jane Talbot," the sixth and last was first published in England, three years later.

A glimpse of the novelist's intellectual character may be obtained from the biographical sketch above. A melancholy temperament, a morbid fondness for the gloomy and sad, and a strong predilection for wild dreaming and psychical speculation, were his leading characteristics; these it was that gave the prevailing sombre tone to the productions of his genius. Pathos, terror, wonder and pity are chords of the human heart upon which he never wearies of playing. Every picture is overcast with shadows, and every tale and incident is pervaded by an air of sadness or foreboding. But little of the sunshine of life is allowed to enter into the daily existence of the characters; and if ever a ray of happiness is permitted to break through the gloom and light up for a moment an unfortunate soul, it is only to be again extinguished in some overwhelming calamity, leaving the gloom deeper, and the feeling of awe and dread more oppressive.

Yet, profuse as this sombre coloring is, it does not repel the reader. Indeed, the best of the romances are those that possess this quality in the highest degree. In "Clara Howard" and "Jane Talbot" the two last written, the author endeavored to overcome his morbid tendency, but his genius thus lightened lost its hold, and these productions possess little interest for the reader and little merit as works of fiction.

Brown used dark colors indeed, but he used them with uncommon skill. Sadness and anxiety are mingled with intense curiosity. In "Edgar Huntly" we are kept in constant dread of some impending casualty. In "Wieland" a mysteriousness and reserve stimulate the imagination, and the calamitous trend of events directs its course. We are impelled by some subtle charm to hasten on to the crisis of which we already have a vague presentiment. In "Ormond" and "Arthur Mervyn" the blows of a

cruel fortune fall thick and fast, not only upon the evil, but also upon the innocent and worthy; yet here, too, the author has a distinct purpose in view; he seeks to awaken our nobler sentiments; and in the midst of all of these melancholy tales we behold the sublimity and beauty of moral heroism victorious over temptation, suffering and wrong.

No feature of Brown's romances affords more striking evidence of his genius than his analyses of the passions and motives of the human mind. Not content merely to give us the history of the objective life of the characters, and to depict the scenes and circumstances by which their existence is conditioned, the novelist unfolds the innermost operations of their minds, reveals the thoughts that enter into their intellectual life and discusses the motives that govern their actions. We become endowed, as it were, with superhuman powers, which enable us to perceive every phase of their innermost being. So great was Brown's love for this psychological analysis that he has given to his romances the character of the philosophical novel.

Brown's faults are numerous and grave. His tales were written rapidly and carelessly; they were but the crude effusions of his genius, and he did not have the patience to polish and perfect them. The lack of unity is very marked. The parts are often loosely connected, and frequently characters and incidents are introduced late in the story which very plainly should have been presented earlier. His manner is stilted and becomes exceedingly tedious.

It may be safely said that Brown is not entitled to the unlimited praise that some of his most ardent admirers have bestowed upon him. Doubtless his early fame and the original popularity of his novels were considerably heightened by the circumstance of his being both a literary reformer and the first American to write a successful novel. That his romances can not again become generally popular is certain. They are too philosophical for the ordinary reader of fiction, whose purpose is mere momentary gratification. Few care to pause in the midst of a momentous scene to study the operations of the human mind under the influence of strong passion, as must the reader of Brown. But that his novels reveal a strong intellect and a genius of no ordinary power, none can gainsay.

Ervin Louis Phillips.

HERE AND THERE IN THE LIBRARY.

I HAVE of late been reading a book well known to older Americans (as well as to contemporaries), namely, Fitzgerald's translations of Omar Khayyám's Rubáiyát. I say well known to older Americans, because the book had a great part of its early recognition and popularity in this country,—perhaps more than that at first accorded it in England. As to how this may be now, I cannot say, but the beautiful translations or paraphrases of the old Persian poet must still have many readers to-day in both England and America, and perhaps more than ever just at present, owing to the late publication of Fitzgerald's letters.

The Philosophy of Omar was nothing new even in his own day. I take it to be in a manner summed up in two quatrains:

> "Myself when young did eagerly frequent
> Doctor and Sage and heard great argument
> About it, and about: but ever more
> Came out by the same door wherein I went."
>
> * * * * *
>
> "A book of verses underneath the Bough,
> A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
> Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
> Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!"

Such with many variations, is Omar's simple philosophy. We cannot find out What, Whence, or Why we are,—but Poetry, Wine, and the Nightingale we know to be at hand and we know we can enjoy them. Better enjoy them then.

I was pleased the other day to come across a passage not unlike the last of these two quatrains, in reading the letters of Keats. (Keats, too, you remember, loved to listen to the singing of the nightingale). He is writing to his sister, and this is what he says:—"Oh, there is nothing like fine weather, and health, and books, and a fine country, and a contented mind, and diligent habit of reading and thinking, and an amulet against the ennui—and, please heaven, a little claret wine cool out of a cellar a mile deep—a rocky basin to bathe in. . . ." You see Keats wanted more than did Omar; but then he was much younger, so

that was but natural. They both of them seemed to wish to do away with greater questions, and enjoy the present after some simple manner. (Keats, by the way, does not do himself justice in this extract. Any reader of his Poems and Letters can readily see that he needed something more).

And I am reminded of a little poem by Robert Louis Stevenson. It is the first poem in his "Underwoods."

> "Go little book, and wish to all,
> Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall,
> A bin of wine, a spice of wit,
> A house with lawns enclosing it,
> A living river by the door,
> A nightingale in the sycamore."

It will be noticed that we increase our wants as we go on; in quantity, not in quality. Omar was content with "the strip of Herbage strown, that just divides the desert from the sown," but Keats wants "a fine country" and Stevenson "a house with lawns." Then Omar was content with a jug of wine, while Keats must have his claret out of a cellar a mile deep, and Stevenson wants a whole bin. They all want the nightingale, although Keats does not say so in this place.

I will add another example of the same thought. It is by that prolific man of letters, Andrew Lang. I quote only the first verse of a "Ballade of True Wisdom."

> "While others are asking for beauty or fame,
> Or praying to know that for which they should pray,
> Or courting Queen Venus, that affable dame,
> Or chasing the Muses, the weary and grey,
> The sage has found out a more excellent way—
> To Pan and to Pallas his incense he showers,
> And his humble petition puts up day by day,
> For a house full of books,* and a garden of flowers."

This is a simple Philosophy, a delightful and an easy one. I love to read over such little things and stop to dream a bit of how very nice it would be if one had leisure to read, enough to eat and

*As to books, Mr. Lang would probably put first into his house the works of Homer and those of Mr. Rider Haggard.

to drink (without working for it), and should so be able to while away the time without bothering about the worrying affairs of this world such as Religion, and Politics, and Questions of the Day, and opinions and the never-ending grind of making one's living, and lectures every morning, and newspapers and articles about why Yale and Harvard ought to row Cornell. So do a good many other people, I imagine. But it always occurs to me, how curious that I should read these utterances with pleasure, when I really have no sympathy with them. There are not many people, really, who hold any such philosophy. Matthew Arnold, somewhere, quotes Epictetus: "As if a man journeying home, and finding a nice inn on the road, and liking it, were to stay forever at the inn!" Surely it is stopping at the inn to fancy that books of verses, jugs of wine, and houses with lawns and gardens of flowers are the best things in life. There are, doubtless, some who think so, but not the majority. And the question of interest to me is, Why should one be so pleased with their false ideal? Why should we turn it over and over in our minds and almost hanker after it, when we really know we shouldn't be satisfied with it when we got it? I don't know, I'm sure. I wish someone would tell me. Perhaps it may be that one gets tired and discouraged with all the hard facts and necessities of life and life's objects, and so likes to stop a bit to look at a mirage (which he knows to be a mirage) while he takes a bit of a rest on the journey.

* * *

There is another kind of poetry that people like to read without having very much real sympathy for its real meaning and purport. If there is one strain predominant in the poetry of Edgar Allan Poe it is the strain of regret for Beauty now dead and gone and never to be loved again, save in recollection. The Raven, for instance, has for its dominant chord the idea of the lines:

> "'Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn,
> It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
> Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore?'
> Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'"

Such, too, I take to be the purport of "Ulalume," and such in a measure, of "Annabel Lee." So, too, in the poems, "To One

in Paradise" and "The Haunted Palace" and these are among the most read poems of Poe.

Again the chord that Shelley strikes with as great success as any, is the same,—that of regret for something in an unchangeable past. Not of inspiration, not of repentance, but merely regret. So

> "When the lamp is shattered,
> The light in the dust lies dead;
> When the cloud is scattered,
> The rainbow's glory is fled;
> When the lute is broken,
> Sweet notes are remembered not;
> When the lips have spoken,
> Soft accents are soon forgot.
>
> As music and splendour
> Survive not the lamp and the lute,
> The heart's echoes render
> No song when the spirit lies mute:—
> No song but sad dirges
> Like the wind in a ruined cell,
> Or the mournful surges
> That ring the dead seaman's knell."

I may be allowed to quote also as illustrations, two of Shelley's poems perhaps somewhat less familiar. I take only one stanza from each.

> "Forget the dead, the past? O yet
> There are ghosts that may take revenge for it,
> Memories that make the heart a tomb,
> Regrets which glide through the spirit's gloom
> And with ghastly whispers tell
> That joy once lost is pain."

> "The stream we gazed on then, rolled by;
> Its waves are unreturning;
> But we yet stand
> In a lone land,
> Like tombs to mark the memory
> Of hopes and fears, which fade and flee
> In the light of life's dim morning."

Now that these poems should be among the most widely read of Poe's and Shelley's is somewhat strange, for few sane people

would urge that mere regret for what is irretrievably gone, is in any way a healthy state. If there were any suggestion of a stronger, more vital idea, this would be explanation. But that people should delight to put themselves into a frame of mind which they know to be unprofitable and foolish is as curious as that they should love to dream of having what they really have no notion of desiring,—as curious and, to tell the truth, quite as natural.

* * *

After much reading of such poetry it is well to go out doors and see something that is real and manly. "Forget the Nightingale, and go out and enjoy the Flight of the Eagle." I would suggest Walt Whitman. As to this particular matter one might inspect his Democratic Vistas. *Edward E. Hale, Jr.*

NEW BOOKS.

Essays in American Constitutional History.*

Dr. Jameson has collected in this volume five essays upon constitutional questions of the period of the confederation. The first essay he contributes himself and the others are written by members of his former seminary in American history at Johns Hopkins University. They represent the work of the seminary, though the papers have evidently been completed since their authors left the University. The special purpose of their publication, the preface tells us, is to emphasize the fact that American institutions are the result rather of gradual development than of special creation. They are principally aimed at Mr. Gladstone's celebrated dictum, which is quoted as often as circumstances admit, and which, to tell the truth, we are rather tired of hearing. We entirely agree with the authors in regard to the importance of studying the origin and growth of American institutions, but cannot agree with them in thinking that there is a wide-spread belief in the theory of special creation. A great many estimable persons, who commonly pass as intelligent, have never given much attention to American history. No doubt some could be found among them, who would maintain, if the question were presented, that the members of the convention of 1787 evolved the constitution out of their inner consciousness, but this is because they have never studied the subject. All readers of American history know better. Others are not likely to see this book.

Dr. Jameson's own essay in somewhat briefer form was read before the

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**Essays in the Constitutional History of the United States in the Formative Period, 1775–1789.* By Graduates and Former Members of the Johns Hopkins University; edited by J. Franklin Jameson, Ph.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York. 1889.

American Historical Association a year ago and printed among its "Papers." It gives a very interesting account of the old Court of Appeals in Cases of Capture. During the first years of the Revolution prize cases were passed upon by a Committee of Congress, but in 1780, Congress created this court for their settlement. Dr. Jameson calls his paper "The Predecessor of the Supreme Court," and in support of his title, says: "It cannot be doubted that the Court of Appeals had an educative influence in bringing the people of the United States to consent to the establishment of a successor. It could hardly be that one hundred and eighteen cases, though all in one restricted branch of judicature, should be brought by appeal from state courts to a federal tribunal without familiarizing the public mind with the complete idea of a superior judicature, in federal matters, exercised by federal courts." In the first place it appears, from the account of Judge Bancroft Davis, that of the total number of prize cases, sixty-five were submitted to committees of Congress, of which twelve went over to the Court of Appeals, that forty-five new cases were decided in this court, and that the remaining eight went over to the Supreme Court, so that instead of one hundred and eighteen cases, the Court of Appeals really determined less than half that number. In the second place, the cases did not attract general attention at the time and were connected with a branch of law in which the people as a whole had little or no interest. There is no reason to suppose that people not concerned in the cases brought before the court knew much of anything about it. It does not appear in the debates of the federal convention on the judiciary that any reference at all was made to it.

The remaining essays may be noticed briefly. "The Movement toward a Second Constitutional Convention" is exhaustively treated by Dr. E. P. Smith, of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute. The paper necessarily gives at some length the proceedings of the state conventions which is familiar ground to the student of this period. Mr. J. C. Guggenheimer's discussion of "The Development of the Executive Departments" is in many respects the most interesting paper in the book. He shows how the business of the departments of war, finance and foreign affairs was delegated first to committees of Congress, then to boards composed of members not delegates in Congress, and finally to departments controlled by single executive officers. The object of Professor Wm. P. Trent's article on "Constitution-Making in the Churches" is to enquire into the effect of union within the several denominations upon the adoption of the federal constitution, and the effect of the federal constitution upon further union within the churches. Action of the two movements upon each other is inferred from their contemporaneousness but it does not appear that there was any very direct or important connection between them. The object of the last paper in the volume, contributed by Dr. Jeffrey R. Brackett, is to determine important changes in the status of the slave during the era of independence and constitution making. The author gives many interesting details but fails to bring out clearly the salient points in his discussion.

F. H. Hodder.

THE

CORNELL MAGAZINE.

VOL. II. MARCH, 1890. No. 6.

EDWIN H. WOODRUFF, *Editor-in-Chief.*

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JOHN W. BATTIN, WILLARD C. JACKSON,
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The Magazine is published monthly throughout the college year. Subscription price $2.00 a year. Single numbers, 25 cents.

HOW THE PRINCESS ROYAL WAS WON;

AND HOW MY ATTACHMENT CAME AFTER THE WINNING OF HER.

II.

MY diary for 1863 contains these entries: "Thursday, January 29th, 3:30 a. m., caught prize steamer; the craft was running into Charleston harbor; 800 tons burden; cargo of guns and ammunition, steam engines and machinery, and assorted supplies. P. M., went on board with my men, to take charge of her engineer department, with prize-master Vansice."

"Friday, January 30th.—On board prize. Engines: pair of 49-inch cylinders, 39-inch stroke, geared to screw 2½ to 1; speed of ship at 35 revolutions and draught at 13 feet, about 11 knots; steam pressure, 19 pounds; cut-off at 24 inches. Ship overloaded three feet, and down to her decks, nearly, by a cargo filling even her saloons. Ordered to go home in her, with my men!"

A New York paper of January 17th, had contained the following, and the slip had been sent us by a good woman at home, anxious for the success of the Cause, of her husband at sea, and for glory and prize-money:—

"AN ANGLO-REBEL STEAMER.

BOSTON, Jan. 16th, 1863.

A letter from Halifax gives the following description of the British steamer previously reported as having sailed from that port for Nassau with a valuable cargo of powder and munitions of war. The vessel is built of iron, and schooner-rigged. She is propelled by a screw and makes an average speed of about 12 knots. After coaling at Cunard wharf, she ran out into the stream, and for the last two days painters have been at work changing her hull and spars from black to lead color. Her captain professes to belong to New York, but it is certain that it is his real purpose to run the blockade if he can. Being short of one or two hands, he engaged some young men at Halifax, to whom he promised a handsome bounty if he should succeed in getting into Charleston. The ship has ten large guns in her hold; no guns on deck. The cargo is represented as being a most valuable one. She was built at Greenock, Scotland, in 1861, and is a beautiful model. She sailed from Halifax January 12th."

It was this ship which we had intercepted, and which now prevented my getting any substantial sleep for five days and five nights, continuously—the most terrible bit of nerve-strain that I ever experienced—but as she sold for a half million dollars, later, she paid me several hundred dollars a day for it; and that was taken as pretty fair compensation.

So it happened that, on the night of January 30–31st, '63, I was on duty on board the prize, anchored off Charleston, beside the flagship "Housatonic," with orders home in my pocket, and wide awake with the excitement of the capture and the glorious good fortune which seemed a certain consequence. But I was awake from necessity and duty, quite as much as from the operation of this cause.

It was a smooth, still night; the sea heaving gently with the swell that indicates a blow, past or to come; the atmosphere opaque with mist; just the kind of a night for the enemy's fleet, which we knew to be in Charleston harbor, to come safely out. They were all craft for smooth water, not for a heavy sea. We had, below decks, a valuable cargo; one that was worth more

than money to the enemy. The ship had a crew of sixteen men, besides a good roll of officers, while we had five men on deck and three in the engine-room. We could not afford to take risks of surprise, from outside or in. We had no expectation of anything so rash ; but every good soldier camps in the enemy's country as if he were sure of an attack before morning. We lay close alongside the big flagship, had a heavy anchor and cable down, and no shackle exposed to a chance blow outside the locker ; steam was down and the boilers pumped full of cold water, so that it would take a long time to get up steam, even were we once overpowered ; our own men, as well as we ourselves, were well armed, the ship's crew locked up, and under a guard, and the officers confined to their rooms on deck.

There were passengers, too ; a Mr. Oxley, who had come over representing the owner of the venture, and a very pleasing young Ward—full of life, and interest in everything that occurred in those stirring times—who had insisted, to the guardian, that "just one visit to Charleston" would be better than a life-time in London ; that life would not be worth living, in fact, if this romantic impulse could not be granted. Passengers of all ages and degrees, and of both sexes, often came over. So the Ward came, had a very happy voyage, and enjoyed every novel minute of it until stopped so exasperatingly near the long-dreamed-of goal. To be stopped actually in sight of Charleston ! "It was too awfully awful, you know!" But we had some good times together, later, nevertheless ; and many a pleasant evening was spent in the endeavor to give and take consolation for that disappointment, by historical conversations and descriptive lectures, based on actual experiences to date—and on other no less interesting matters.

The night wore slowly on, dark, still, depressing ; not a sound except the swash of the water alongside, the distant rolling boom of the surf on the beach under Sumter ; the occasional faint scream of a solitary sea-bird drifting in the darkness under our lee. Ah ! But it *was* hard to keep awake, toward three o'clock in the morning, after that day of excitement, with its previous exciting and sleepless night ; tired, dull, every resource of conversation of self or prize-master exhausted ; and to suggest the sweetness of "balmy sleep," sounds of heavy breathing came

up from below, and from the rooms on deck. We talked; we walked; we disputed over the Emancipation Proclamation; we discussed love, war, and politics, and every subject that our tired brains could find; but it was of no use. As the captive Ward, now sleeping sweetly, would have said: "It was too awfully awful." Better a shot or two than this!

But, hark! A sudden and familiar sound, and we are at the ship's rail in an instant, straining eye and ear, every sense awake, every nerve tense with indescribable excitement. *What is it?*

From away down the beach, miles to the southward, comes a flash that lights up the sea and shore, revealing the crests of foam raised at sea by the awakening breeze; the long line of combing, spraying, snowy surf in shore; clouds overhead coming into view in a delicate ruddy glow, for an instant only; small dark objects scattered here and there along the line of the bar, hardly observable from our distance, but really great ships of war; beside us the "Housatonic," down upon whose decks we look from the greater altitude of the bridge of the merchant steamer, the prize, showing a panorama of officers, and of startled men, showing guns loaded and run out, dangling ropes and lines, rigid black threads of standing rigging—all for an instant only; gone again while our first word is rushing to the lips!

As we stare, another flash! And now, belated by the sluggish air, we get, tardily, the dull, low, smothered boom of that first gun; seconds and seconds later the other follows. *What is it?* "Only another ship trying to run into the South channel. The fleet will get her, too! Fools! to try to run in there, and in a still night like this!"

But "all hands" are called on the flagship. No one knows what may be our fortune, or what our fate. It is as well to be ready; and every gun's crew goes to its station, every gun is run out, every man is at his post. The fires in the boilers of the "Housatonic" are spread down; the boatswain's mate stands by the shackle in the main cable, to drive out the pin with his maul, if the word should be passed to slip cable and run down to the scene of action.

Yet, gun follows gun! The whole of that part of the fleet is evidently at work on the ill fated blockade-runner. She will sink,

rather than be captured. Brave fellows! . . . . Heavens! Was there ever such a fuss over a single unarmed vessel! It sounds like a battle, and the sounds are coming nearer and nearer! Day is breaking, and, in the faint dawn, we begin to see the forms of a half-dozen vessels, and everyone continuously firing, as if in conflict with some formidable foe. Our prisoners listen in wondering curiosity; the Ward comes with wide-open, anxious eyes to my side. We who are responsible for the ship begin to feel some apprehensions.

But, what does that mean? Through the now dim morning light we can see a column of black smoke rising from the craft on the shoreward side. We use no soft coal. That must be the prize, chased by the fleet. But there are flashes of guns under that column of smoke; it must be a confederate cruiser,—or, can it be—? It is; it is an iron-clad, and we can now see the low, ugly, black, hull, the inclined sides, the flashing from it of the fire of a half-dozen guns, as the battle rages between the armored steamers—we can now see two of them—and the little group of unprotected gunboats, bravely attacking at short range. Yes, there are the "stars and bars!" It is an iron-clad from the Gulf, or else—ah! That's what it is. . . . . The flagship has slipped her cable, and is underway before the sound of the outrunning chain and the splash of the dissevered cable are heard. The whole fleet are going into action. Look again! The enemy is heading toward *us*, as fast as her clumsy lines and water-logged hull will permit.

"*Engine Room, there!* Wake up, men! Stop that feed-pump! Haul down and spread those fires! Spread them quick, now; or you will get your breakfast in Charleston, this morning! The 'Palmetto State' and the 'Chicora' are out, and after us! They are fighting up through the fleet from the South Channel, and will take us in through the Swash, if we are not alive! Yes, pour the oil over the coal, and pitch it into the furnaces! Find that tallow-tank and use the the grease! There's a lot of tarred rope down there; use that, too! Wake up those fires, my boys! Blow the water out of that port boiler, down to within an inch of the tubes, and get what you can out of the starboard side. She has an awful list to port. Spread the fires thin and even! Keep cool; but make things move, now! . . . . Do you hear those guns?

Try some more oil! How that flame roars through the back connection, and into the stack! Why doesn't that steam gauge-hand move? Will steam never start? Hear those guns! They are getting our range, my boys! That shell just cleared our rail! That was a close call! Somebody will get hurt if we don't move out of this! Yes, that's right! Smash up the berths and light woodwork in the forward cabin, and give us the kindlings! Ah! see that gauge-hand quiver and move at last! Did you ever see such a mass of flame in a boiler? Did you ever see steam come up like that?"

"The steam is coming! *Forward, there*! Stand by that cable! All ready to let go? Now! let go! Doesn't the rattle of that chain sound like music, though! Now we are off, if we don't get one of those shot in the boilers! Send those ship's engineers into the engine-room! Our force can't handle those great, clumsy machines. Tell them to lend a hand, if they don't want to stop one of these shot, and if they would like a good berth in the fleet when they get North! On the starting bar, are they? That's right! Good fellows! Now they turn! Hear the old mills grind! This is something like! Hurrah, my boys, we are off; we are safe; *the prize is ours*, after all! Good-by, Johnny Reb! You may go home again now. You can't have her this time! . . . . Here we are, two miles off shore. The iron-clad is working back through the middle channel. Wonder if anybody is hurt!"

Indeed somebody *was* hurt! The enemy's carapace had apparently resisted every shot from our side; but his guns had played the mischief with some of our vessels. Horace Greeley, in his account of the affair,* is very accurate, and Draper thus describes the action †:—

"An English blockade-runner was captured on the 29th of January, 1863, while attempting to run into Charleston Harbor. Her cargo was very valuable. . . . An expedition was therefore fitted out for her recapture. It consisted of the Confederate iron-clads 'Palmetto State' and 'Chicora.' On the 31st of January, they made an attack in the obscurity of a haze that enveloped

* *The American Conflict:* Vol. II; page 465. See, also, Boynton: *History of the Navy:* Vol. II.; p. 432.

† *The Civil War in America:* Vol. III; page 193.

the fleet. The 'Palmetto State' ran into the blockader 'Mercedita,' and, at the same time fired into her a 7-inch shell, which blew a hole four or five feet square in her side; her steam-drum was also penetrated, and, several of her men being scalded, her captain was compelled to strike his flag. Another of the blockading vessels, the 'Keystone State,' was set on fire by a shell; but the flames being extinguished, her captain attempted to run his antagonist down; his ship was, however, disabled, the steam-chest being shot through, and many of the men scalded. Daylight now breaking, and the other blockading vessels coming up, the assailants escaped back to Charleston, their main object unaccomplished."

It was this incident which led to the famous dispute in which it was asserted by General Beauregard and Commodore Ingraham, on the one side, that the blockade had been broken, and that, under the accepted interpretation of international law, it could not be reëstablished until after three months notice, that time at least being thus permitted for free trade, by foreign nations, with the Southern Confederacy; while, on the other hand, it was unanimously certified, by the officers of the National fleet, that, on the contrary, the blockade had not been broken, the fleet had not been driven off, and that it had only been the more closely drawn in around the harbor of Charleston by the action with the ironclads. This, which was the finally accepted version of the affair, was certainly correct, as those of us who were in the action well know. The whole affair was over before breakfast, and at 9:30 a. m., our prize was on her way to report to Admiral Dupont, at Port Royal, convoyed by the injured vessels, which were sent there for repair.

We arrived at 4 p. m., reported for orders, and went to work preparing for the voyage to Philadelphia, where we were ordered to take the prize. This was on Saturday, and until the following Tuesday our small force worked night and day, being unable to obtain any adequate aid from the flagship or the fleet. On Tuesday afternoon at 4:40, we started from our anchorage, reinforced at the last moment by three additional officers and a few men. An hour later, we had made ten miles, against the tide, and were off the outer bar-buoy, and fairly at sea—Homeward Bound!

Dropping into our regular watches, I had, at last, a chance to get my sleep, and improved it well.

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!"

* * * *

"Man's rich restorative; his balmy bath,
That supplies, lubricates, and keeps in play
The various movements of this nice machine,
Which asks such frequent periods of repair."

Who can appreciate it, that has not passed five days without disrobing, and without a single hour of perfect rest,—five days of excitement, toil, discomfort, anxiety, and responsibility? And how we *did* sleep! We were in four watches; four hours on and twelve hours off; for, at last, we were more than full-handed; officers going home with us, on leave, volunteering to help us by taking watches. I am sure I slept nearly forty hours in the first forty-eight. "Feeding" was a minor matter, and could be attended to incidentally.

During these five exciting and busy days, I had nearly forgotten our prisoners. I now found that many of the men had been allowed to ship on board vessels of the fleet; others and some of the officers were sent North in other vessels; but the two engineers, who had done such royal service in assisting us to get out of the range of the "Palmetto State," were on board and taking their regular watches. The supercargo and his young Ward, *the* Captive, were going North with us, and were to return to England. We were five days at sea, meeting a heavy gale off Hatteras, which produced the usual delay and the customary variety of life on board; but we reached our destination safely on the following Sunday, at 3 p. m., and brought the first authentic news of the fight and its results. Meantime, the country had been treated to the usual series of canards from across the lines, and we were all the more welcome because able to bring assurances that, except for the twenty poor fellows scalded and now lying Martyrs to the Right, under the sod at Port Royal, all had escaped, and, instead of losing vessels and crews, and leaving the blockade open, we had gained a handsome prize, sustained a fight with the

two heaviest of the rebel iron-clads, and had held the blockade line closer than before.

The Government, in those days, was able generously to reward all its defenders for their little successes, and the prize-master was given a command; the two engineers who aided us so nobly were given good appointments in the volunteer navy; our men were cared for, after they had been given a run home to see "sweethearts and wives;" and I was ordered immediately before the examining board with a view to prompt promotion. It promptly came, and, with it, later, thoroughly satisfactory duty, in the old fleet, as Chief Engineer of the gunboat 'Chippewa,' then just returned from her chase of the Confederate 'Sumter,' over at Gibraltar. There is a good picture of the old craft, above my study door, yonder.

The Captive went home to Old England. We had had some very interesting talks, during that gale of wind, behind the deck-houses, on that comfortable teak hawser-grating, and "blow high, blow low," it was a matter of no moment to us. We talked of science, politics, the chances of the Cause, Tennyson's "Princess" and Longfellow's "Evangeline"—of everything under the sun, or above the earth, that could interest young enthusiasts. We were almost sorry to see the Delaware breakwater, and quite sorry to part at Philadelphia. A day or two at the hotel; a little confession that it would be ungallant to repeat here; and we parted, vowing to write often and never to forget each other—but I have never but once heard from the Captive since. Other thoughts, other attachments and detachments, distance, diverse interests—it is easy to imagine reasons—annulled that vow.

My attachment to the 'Princess Royal' ended with our receipt of orders of detachment at Philadelphia. She was condemned by the Government, sent to hard duty in the Gulf, and I never heard of her again. She is probably at the bottom of the sea, now. But she *did* make a good gunboat for blockading duty—curious "irony of fate"! The prize-master, poor fellow, went to the bottom in another gale off Hatteras. I served through the war, and came out with a reputation for good luck that I hope may never be lost. The Captive, in that last letter from London,

told of a happy arrival home, of hearty welcome, of perfect satisfaction with that distant view of Charleston; and my friend wound up by jubilantly remarking that a position at a "cool two hundred" a year was open to him in his father's office, and—most regretfully was it said, and more regretfully read—Good-by! He said not a word about his adventure with the young lady in Philadelphia, at the Continental—and I have never seen the girl.

Robert H. Thurston.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

A FEW years ago, there would have been more truth than we cared to admit in the assertion that others did not see us. Acknowledgment of Cornell's influence in giving higher education a new direction, belongs to the history of yesterday. The day before, that part of the public which had heard of Cornell seemed to prefer knowing this university as the German savant studied the camel, through a luxuriant fancy. The amount of accepted misinformation concerning Cornell already is sufficient to form a mythology of considerable interest and importance if some future Cornellian takes the trouble to compile it. The undergraduate of 1890, who is still engaged in living down the imaginative literature of 1880, feels that he can afford to smile at the opinions regarding his university which he occasionally hears from schoolmates now at Union or Rutgers; but Cornell has been making history at the rate of a thousand years in a century, and in the remote past of ten years ago, its students were inclined to resent the ignorance of acquaintances at little collegiate institutions whose only boast perhaps is the mouldy prestige of age.

Ten years ago, Cornell was unfavorably known to colleges and universities in the Atlantic States as a half-baked institution where any person could find instruction in blacksmithing and market-gardening, and which, through the visitation of an inscrutable providence had killed an annual contest in scholarship by carrying away most of the prizes, and had broken up a rowing association, with a membership of a dozen colleges, by winning all the races. Institutions like Princeton and Williams found ex-

planations awkward when they were asked to exhibit their intercollegiate prize students ; Yale retired on her classic dignity from a splashing contest on Saratoga Lake in which her crew regularly exhibited their backs to other oarsmen ; and Harvard, in the language of *Cocagne*, a wicked Cornell publication of those days, vowed that her athletes could not afford to associate with Cornell oarsmen who were so horribly fast.

The purpose and facilities of Cornell seem to have been misunderstood from the beginning in chaos, back in the 'Sixties. Other states squandered the contribution of the general government to higher education, by selling at a nominal price the lands appropriated for that purpose and distributing the proceeds among various institutions. Fortunately Mr. Cornell, the only man in the United States who seems to have recognized the potential value of the Morrill endowment, was willing to be called swindler and land-grabber and to add to his gift of half a million dollars another large sum to pay the running expenses of the young university, in order to place the State lands advantageously and to await their rise in value. Cornell is indebted for its large endowment to the fact that one man of little learning and much common sense did not flinch when he was assailed in the same manner as the press now denounces a bank-wrecker ; but stolidly postponed the vindication of his integrity until his death. More recently, the University has owed the wise financial management which has distinguished the greater part of its course, to other men ; but their work could not have been done without the foundation laid by Mr. Cornell, who saw the end from the beginning.

The University is said to have been besieged on its opening day by a rabble from which the museums of the country could have been stocked without difficulty. Mr. Cornell's purpose to afford instruction to any earnest young man who wished it, had attracted a mob, like any other gift enterprise, and the character of some of the persons turned away by the first entrance examinations seems to have fixed in the public mind an impression of the young institution which several generations of students, and lecturers like George William Curtis, James Russell Lowell, Goldwin Smith and Andrew D. White, were not able to remove. The public mind has resembled the instantaneous plate of a camera on

several other important occasions when the picture has been very clear and interesting, and has obtained a wide circulation, but has represented Cornell about as accurately as a photograph of a negro would represent a map of Africa.

A portion of the pulpit and of the religious press has favored Cornell with periodic denunciation. It is a familiar story that the founder of Sibley College made his first gift to the University as a protest against an article which appeared in a denominational paper and which he knew to be untruthful.

For fifteen years at least after the establishment of the University, many good people believed the railways running into Ithaca to be toboggan slides to a metropolis whose name rhymes with Cornell. A costly chapel with a platform on which the most distinguished divines of the country have spoken, and a Christian Association with a larger membership than any other similar college organization in the country, have done something toward correcting the impression that Paine's "Age of Reason" is the favorite text book of the professor of ethics.

The fact that Cornell early had claims to a high rank in scholarship is indicated by the number of prizes won at the intercollegiate examinations held in the 'Seventies, and which were discontinued when the larger salt water colleges withdrew from a competition in which they were uniformly worsted. It is only fair to say in this connection that Harvard and Yale did not take part in these contests and that defeat has never been set forth by the retiring colleges as a reason for withdrawing. It may, therefore, be one of the many coincidences which the Cornellian observes in the intercourse between his own and other institutions of learning. It is a coincidence that other colleges on several occasions have declined to compete longer with Cornell at the very time when Cornell was trouncing them most soundly. Yet, in discussing Cornell, reason has never been a strong point with the partisans of other colleges. For example, it may not be entirely clear why Yale, to use her favorite incantation, has "everything to lose and nothing to gain" in declining to row Cornell at New London, and on the Schuylkill last summer, since Yale was beaten in her latest race with a Cornell crew. It is possible, also, that there is a flaw in the "excellent reason" given recently by a Yale

authority for not accepting Cornell's challenge to a four-mile race at New London, next summer. This excellent reason was that, as Cornell had not rowed in four-mile races, its crew necessarily would be badly beaten, but as soon as Cornell had shown that it was able to compete with Yale, an opportunity to do so would be considered. Yale was willing to defeat Cornell at football twice last fall, but a magnanimity which insists on sparing us a worse disaster on the water, cannot be too highly praised.

The Cornellian of to-day has little cause to complain that his University is not understood and approved by persons for whose opinion he cares most. It would be easy to fill this number of the CORNELL MAGAZINE with favorable comment on the University by prominent Americans and Europeans, from Edward A. Freeman to D. L. Moody. The great English historian while lecturing in Ithaca a few years ago did not impress persons who met him as likely to surfeit his hearers with flattery. Bolstered in a big chair on the platform at Library Hall, with a gray flannel shirt encasing his robust British frame, and a gouty foot wrapped in a shawl and elevated like a screen between himself and his audience, Mr. Freeman rumbled out a series of lectures on the philosophical side of European History. He was followed attentively by audiences which filled the hall throughout the course, and after the last lecture, Cornell heard an appreciative talk which immensely helped the University's self-respect. It was gratifying to be told that a great Englishman in his first lecture had talked above the comprehension of the average listener here or abroad, and finding that he was understood, had paid his audience the compliment of giving his best for the first time in his experience as a popular lecturer. The educational force of Cornell had, at least in Ithaca, never been stated so broadly or warmly by an outsider ; Mr. Freeman, throughout a fifteen-minutes' address, roaring as gently as any sucking dove, instead of like the British lion that he is.

Since Mr. Freeman's day, there have been many additions to the material equipment of Cornell, to the strength of the faculty, and to the number of students. Then, the affairs of the University were at their most discouraging point. Only one-third the present number of students were in attendance and entering classes were decreasing in size. Members of the faculty were leaving to

accept chairs in other colleges, and many friends of the institution feared that it would never justify the plans of its founder, nor regain the prominence of its early years. Yet even in those days, Cornell was recognized by a leading European thinker as one of the world's great educational forces. Friends have become numerous as the University has prospered, until now, when the chief problem is to reduce the number of those who come for instruction, there is no prominent educator who does not speak with respect of Cornell, no important gathering of learned societies where Cornell is not conspicuously represented, and no great newspaper which is not glad to chronicle the important events in the University's intellectual life as well as the childish squabbles of underclassmen, which are about the only remaining reason for distrusting the University's greatness, and which once constituted the major part of the news printed regarding Cornell.

The change of front has not been accomplished without amusing manœuvres. The usual course has been, first to ignore, next to ridicule, and, finally to imitate. When Cornell was established, a sentiment prevailed that knowledge of past events and dead languages was, somehow, more distinguished than an acquaintance with what is going on in the present; and a knack of writing bad Latin verses was supposed to indicate a higher order of intellect than ability to construct an electric motor, or to make an important discovery in industrial chemistry, or to design a modern dwelling. Now the most hide-bound college in the country offers elective courses of study and is extending its facilities for scientific training. A few years ago, schools of mechanical engineering were suspected of harboring a variety of students radically inferior to the young men at classical colleges and only slightly superior to the inmates of well-ventilated reformatories. Now, the Sheffield School is the most flourishing department of Yale, although its students are never allowed to feel that they are quite the equals of the young men in the academic classes; and conservative Princeton purposes the establishment of a seminary in blacksmithing as a supplement to the Greene Scientific School.

The world has turned over several times since the autumn day in 1868, when a heterogeneous body of young men clambered down and up the banks of Cascadilla Gorge, and crossed a rough

field to listen to the first lectures in Morrill Hall; but the University has done something more than to sit on the periphery of a whirling sphere. It has been one of the chief influences for spreading modern thought and upholding the dignity of the new learning in this country. Its engineers have pierced mountains, bridged chasms, and dragged the iron rail across wastes which blossomed at the touch of this modern divining rod. Its chemists have forced the secrets of the soil and mines; its electricians are directing important industrial projects; and its architects are rearing buildings which are both artistic and honest. All this has deen done without neglecting the Ancient Greeks, and at no expense to modern languages or history. But Cornell no longer occupies the unique place which it once held among American universities. It has not modified its policy to conform to the spirit of older institutions, but many of them have imitated what is best in Cornell. How they see us can be learned by comparing the curriculum of a typical American college twenty years ago, with the course of study in that institution to-day. If Cornell has not been responsible for all the changes, it, at least, has been the leader in them, and no human institution controls a trust of all the virtues.

John D. Adams, '82.

A SINGER.

HERE where the tides of faces ebb and flow,
And currents of the New and Old World meet;
A strange, dark face beside the crowded street,
With eyes that mirror Italy's deep glow
She stands, above her instrument bent low;
The notes of throbbing song rise clear and sweet
O'er all the tangled din of sounds that greet
The ear from ceaseless traffic to and fro.

'Neath other skies the earth is fair to-night,
The olive groves, the Arno's winding stream,
And near, a tomb,—are bathed in softened light.
Now vanish all the eager life and gleam,
To that far land her soul has taken flight,
Where long ago was buried love's brief dream.

Herbert Eugene Millholen, '89.

OWEN LOVEJOY.*

ON March 28, 1864, Charles Sumner rose in the Senate and said: "It is proposed to adjourn in honor of Owen Lovejoy, whose recent death we mourn. From his new-made grave he speaks now to the whole vast Republic, animating all to labor as he labored, to live as he lived. But the vigilance of many will be needed to supply the place that he filled. Flags are at half-mast and funeral guns are beating in our hearts. And there is another company who cannot yet pronounce his name, but who as they hear how truly he was their friend, will rise to call him blessed. Already, unseen of men, in vast uncounted procession, the slaves of the Union help to swell his funeral."

Twenty-six years have passed since these words were spoken, and the name of Owen Lovejoy is not now as familiar to the people of America as it was a quarter of a century ago. Another generation has grown up since the last hostile gun was fired. We of this later generation must learn of the Civil War from books and legends and not, as our fathers did, from battle-field and camp life. Many names that were dear to them must be lost to us; many a man gave his life and all, and is forgotten. But it is hoped that the few incidents, that here find their way into print for the first time, may aid in keeping fresh the memory of a man who in his time, filled so large a place in the hearts of American citizens.

Owen Lovejoy was born in Maine, Jan. 6, 1811—also the birthday of Charles Sumner. Brought up among the severities of the Puritan religion and New England farming, he yet had the courage to work his way through Bowdoin College, where Longfellow was his teacher and friend.

Immured for a time in a theological seminary, he escaped without the loss of broad-mindedness or individuality, and in 1835, followed his brother, Elijah Parish, to Illinois. At this time Elijah Parish Lovejoy was standing forth almost alone in a single handed contest with the slave power in the West, that struggle so

* Read before the Historical and Political Science Association of Cornell University, January 15, 1890, by a grandson of the subject of the paper.—THE EDITORS.

soon to terminate in the tragedy of his death, which stirred the the nation as did the shedding of the blood at Lexington and Concord. As the news spread abroad through the North that Lovejoy was a sacrifice to the liberty of the press, a martyr to free thought, and free speech, the newspapers, the pulpit, and the people, blazed forth as they had done before in 1775.

It was the murder of that man which awoke a thousand voices, where one was heard before, to cry out against slavery. Sumner says: "It drew Channing forth from his retirement to speak at Faneuil Hall, and touched with a living coal the lips of Wendell Phillips, whose voice then and there flamed forth for the first time against slavery." This murder that so wrought the country into fury and action, came with a crushing force upon a brother. Owen Lovejoy stood close behind the martyr at the time of the massacre, and it was a brother's blood that stained his clothes and hands as he raised the murdered man. If any of the sayings of Owen Lovejoy seem to you fanatical or his words inspired by a feeling akin to hate, I beg you to remember what had been his baptism. And yet, years after, during his congressional career, while he was making a speech at Alton, when the memory of his brother could have been but uppermost in his mind, only this single reference occurs: "'Twenty years ago the blood of my brother, slain in these streets ran down and mingled with the waters of the mighty river that sweeps past your city to the sea.

> 'The Avon to the Severn runs,
> The Severn to the sea,
> And wide-spread as Wickliffe's name
> Shall Wickliffe's ashes be.'"

Yet he was not moved to action through motives of revenge. Owen Lovejoy strove as his brother had striven before him, against the principle of slavery. And even before the first shock had passed, his spirit was strong enough and his patriotism great enough to be moved more by indignation against that national principle, which had been the cause of his brother's death, than by anger against those who had been its instrument.

In after years he told of the night after the murder: "I went into the room where the body was lying, and there alone with the

dead and with God, I vowed on my knees never to forsake the cause that had been sprinkled with my brother's blood." How he kept that vow it is my purpose, as best I can, to tell.

Having been engaged in theological studies, he believed that from the pulpit he could best speak his message, and he therefore applied for orders to enter the Episcopal ministry. But the bishop to whom he applied made it a condition of receiving him that he should not agitate the cause of slavery. To which request he replied, "Rather than degrade my manhood by such a condition as that, I would suffer that my right arm should be severed from my body." Any church was sadly in need of such a man as that.

Leaving Alton in 1837, he made his way to Princeton, Ill., where he became pastor of the first Congregational Church in the State. This church had been organized in Northampton, Mass., and brought west by a colony of New Englanders, who had been in the habit of reading Garrison's "Liberator" as well as the Bible, and consequently the young pastor found a comparatively safe pulpit from which to proclaim the gospel of "Liberty for each, for all and forever."

He remained pastor of this church seventeen years. During this time he was a St. Bernard, rousing Christendom to go and fight against the great iniquity; sermons on Sunday, anti-slavery speeches in barns, groves or school-houses, or wherever he could find an audience, on week days. He made constant pilgrmages through the West, calling out everywhere, the old war cry, "God wills it." Almost every town in northern Illinois has a story to tell of Mr. Lovejoy's power over a hostile audience. I will give two of them.

In 1856, at Ottawa, he was first nominated for congress, by the anti-Nebraska party. His nomination was exceedingly distasteful to the more conservative of the old Whig party, for "Abolitionist" was the most opprobrious of terms then known in the West, and the Whigs had received too many hard blows from Lovejoy to accept him as a standard bearer. Consequently a "bolting" convention was called to meet at Bloomington on July 16th. It was held and Judge Dickey nominated amid great enthusiasm. In the evening a monster ratification meeting was held in the pub-

lic square, which was addressed by Judge Dickey and others. All denounced Lovejoy, and abolitionists generally. Gen. Gridley, the last speaker, raised the feelings of the crowd against Lovejoy to the highest pitch by denouncing him as a "black abolitionist," an enemy to his country, and a man unworthy of the vote or recognition of the new party. Mr. Lovejoy knew well that the effect of the convention would be fatal to his cause. Hence he went to Bloomington and remained through the day at the house of a friend and attended the evening meeting, his presence being wholly unsuspected in the city. There he sat listening to the roars of applause that followed each violent denunciation. At the close of Gen. Gridley's speech, while the crowd was cheering and the leaders on the stand were congratulating each other, there suddenly appeared among them an unexpected presence. His daring stilled the tumult and secured him breathless attention. He began to speak, leaders and crowd listened. He told them what an abolitionist really was. He described the Fugitive Slave Law, and the horror of its action. He so entranced the audience with his logic, wit and eloquence, and the pathos of his plea so moved the men of Bloomington that they were then quite as ready to mob his enemies as they had been anxious to defeat him a few minutes before. He had killed that "bolting" convention, leaders and candidate, and they were never heard of again. The citizens of Bloomington are wont to say that they have heard Lincoln and Douglas, Corwin and Blaine, Ingersoll and Beecher, but that none of these ever approached the speech of Owen Lovejoy on the 16th of July, 1856.

Again, in the campaign of 1860, John M. Palmer, afterwards General and Governor, refused to take the stump for the Republican ticket unless the central committee should send into southern Illinois some prominent Abolitionist—Sumner, Phillips, Hale or Lovejoy. After much hesitation an appointment was made for Mr. Lovejoy at Tegard's Mill, the most unhealthy spot on earth for an abolitionist. Mr. Lovejoy was accompanied by John H. Bryant, brother of the poet, who vouches for the story.

When they reached Caslinville, where they were to remain over night, no one was willing to entertain them, and it was only after a long search and much trouble that they found shelter. Next

day when they arrived they found full five thousand people had assembled for the express purpose of "having some fun with the black abolitionist," as they termed it. Trouble was expected and the speakers stand was boarded up leaving only a doorway. But Gen. Palmer took an ax and remarked: "Gentlemen, we have with us to-day the wonderful abolitionist, Owen Lovejoy; you have seen that he has neither horns nor a tail, and I will allow you to see that he has no hoof," and proceeded to knock away the boards, exposing the person of Mr. Lovejoy to full view. Catching the humor of the incident, he came forward and began to talk in a manner more genial and captivating than was usual even with him. His manner pleased, his logic shook, his fair and honest statements won the heart, his wonderful power of rousing the passions of men fired the audience, and when he began to warm to his discourse he started tears down thousands of faces. Men wept, while they were so ashamed of their emotion that they left and stole away to hide their tears. The sturdy old southern Illinois democrats sought to conceal their feelings behind trees and bushes, and it is humorously stated that every tree and bush for a quarter of a mile around had behind it a sobbing Democrat. Those who came to egg, remained to weep. And at this time Mr. Lovejoy dispersed the most admiring audience he ever had.

What was it that gave this man such a power over his fellowmen? It is a tradition among hunters that a bullet dipped in the blood of the hunter never misses its mark. The words of Owen Lovejoy dripped with his brother's blood, and they never missed their mark. It was his terrible earnestness that gave him power over an audience; his willingness to give his life for that cause for which he spoke. When he stood before an audience his manner was dignified and calm, his face began to speak before he uttered a word. There seemed no limit to his musical, resonant voice, a voice now low like the first warning of a tempest and then bursting forth into peal on peal of thundering denunciation, and from the storm-clouds would come flashes of wit and scathing sarcasm, calming at last to a plea so gentle that few hearts could resist. He was quick and severe at repartee and seldom allowed anyone interrupting him to get away alive. He quoted largely from the

Bible, particularly from the Psalms, which he made seem to be written for his special benefit.

Not learned and logical like Webster, not so incisive as Calhoun, nor as polished as Everett, his oratory was more in the style of Patrick Henry or Henry Clay, and it can be fairly doubted whether any of these orators had a greater power over a popular audience than did Owen Lovejoy. He wrote but few of his sermons and only one speech, that delivered at Cooper Institute in 1862.

He was of a massive frame and stood upon the ground with a firmness calculated to resist all the pressure that could be brought to bear on one man. He was of medium height, with a broad chest and shoulders that gave him the appearance of an athlete; his head fit to crown this frame,—broad forehead, brown hair, blue eyes that could smile or flash, straight nose, large mouth and a jaw that had the decision of a court of last appeal. This was the man who, from 1840–64, in congress and in the West, lived and worked for the abolition cause. Yet he had the gentle, winning manners of a woman and was cordial alike to friend and foe, to young and old. He had learned well the lesson of self-control, for he says: "When I was a boy I used to strike back at every dog that barked at me as I rode along the highway, but I have ceased doing so long since, and let them bite the iron that encircles the wheel." It was in his family he was best and greatest; there he gave all the love of a warm and generous heart, and no member ever heard from him even a reproving word; a look was all that was ever inflicted.

During his long stay at Princeton his house was the station where all trains on the "Underground Railway," stopped for dinner, and that road did a large passenger business. His house and barn were full of fugitive negroes from year to year. Late one Saturday night twelve stalwart blacks came crouching into the house fleeing from pursuit. He gave them shelter, took the round dozen to church the next morning, and used them in his sermon as an illustration of the iniquities of slavery. He was frequently arrested for violation of the Fugitive Slave Law, paid his fines and always announced to the court where the next anti-slavery meeting was to be held.

A fugitive slave was once captured in the harvest field and taken to the court-house for preliminary trial before being returned South. The affair created great excitement in the neighborhood. The anti-slavery members of the district were soon summoned and leaving their plows in the furrows climbed on their harnessed horses and came galloping to town. Lovejoy lived about three quarters of a mile from the village. He was at once notified, and his fleet Kentucky mare was soon in front of the court-house, where he presented himself, in his slippers. He entered the court-room, walked straight up to the negro and cut the rope, put the knife in his hand, and with the assistance of a few friends rushed him out of the room, and then pointing out the mare told him to ride for his life. The frantic negro slashed wildly at the halter, severed it, and gashed the shoulder of the mare, but managed to mount and was off like the wind. What a race was that! The crazy frightened fugitive far ahead, digging with his heels the sides, and beating with his black fists the shoulders of the flying race horse. The "embattled abolition farmers," galloping madly after, the jangling chains of the harness striking the legs of their clumsy horses, rushed to what they knew would be the asylum of the fugitive.

The negro trembling with fright rushed into the house and was concealed by Mrs. Lovejoy. Her husband was among the first to arrive, having lost both slippers on the way, followed by officers, slave catchers and a howling mob. He planted himself just inside the gate, and in a quiet voice but with intensest fury warned any man against putting a foot inside the gate. There stood Lovejoy, and there stood the crowd, both wrought to the highest pitch of anger. The aspect of the crowd was frightening, but the face of Lovejoy was so terrible that not a man dared approach him. While this was happening in front of the house, a man with a black face was seen to emerge from a window, and go scurrying off across the fields. He was followed by the entire pack of blood-hounds, and when caught proved to be a deacon in Mr. Lovejoy's church. While the mob were chasing the deacon, a man under a broad-brimmed straw hat walked quietly to the barn. This was the fugitive and he was soon in the bottom of a wagon filled with wool, and on his way to Canada and to freedom.

They were no meaningless words that were spoken by Lovejoy in congress, when he was taunted with being a "nigger thief" and replied: "It is desired then to call attention to the fact of my assisting fugitive slaves. Proclaim it then upon the housetops. Write it on every leaf of the forest, make it blaze from the sun at noon, and shine forth in the milder radiance of every star that bedecks the firmament of God. Let it echo through the arches of heaven and reverberate through the deepest gorges of hell, where many of the slave catchers will be likely to hear it: 'Owen Lovejoy lives at Princeton, Illinois, three quarters of a mile east of the village and he aids every fugitive slave that comes to his door and asks it.' Thou invisible demon of slavery dost thou think to cross my humble threshold, and forbid me to give bread to the hungry and shelter to the homeless! I bid you defiance in the name of my God!"

Again and again were such scenes enacted, but no slave owner or slave catcher ever crossed the threshold of Owen Lovejoy's home. The story of his setting the slave in the court-room free is as well known to the children of Princeton as is the ride of Paul Revere or Putnam. It is not believed by those who knew him that he could have been dragged *alive* through the streets of Boston with a rope round his neck.

These were hard days, for, in addition to the menace and danger that he constantly underwent, his family suffered as well. His children were hooted and stoned as "black Republicans" and his carriage was everywhere the signal for jeers and the mark for stones. But patiently he worked on seeing that gradually his labors were beginning to tell, in neighborhood, county and state.

His preaching was, in these days, powerful in the extreme. He would often sit in his pulpit and read his paper while the congregation sang the first hymn; then he would read from the paper some account of the return of a fugitive slave or similar incident and break out into a passionate appeal for justice and humanity. Once when he had been assailed by some danger that threatened to place his name among that of the dead, he spoke of the danger and then leaning over his pulpit said to his aged mother, "Mother are you willing to give another son?" and she replied, "Yes my son, you cannot die in a better cause."

During his earlier ministry he was exceedingly orthodox but in the latter part of his life his religious views underwent a complete change. One of the last letters he ever wrote was to Gov. Andrew of Massachusetts, in which he says that he believes in the dawning of a new religion.

Thinking that he could do more for his cause elsewhere he abandoned the pulpit and entered politics. He was sent to the State legislature, where he made himself generally execrated by introducing resolutions denunciatory of slavery in season and out of season. At the State capital he first met Abraham Lincoln, who, although believing in the injustice of slavery, was strongly opposed to agitation. At this time Lincoln carefully avoided association with Mr. Lovejoy, regarding him as an enthusiast and dangerous agitator. However, at a later period a very great change came over the relations of the two men. When Lincoln was in the presidential chair and Lovejoy in Congress, the former had no more careful or valued adviser than the man whom he had been wont to shun. On Sundays Mr. Lovejoy would take his Bible to the White House and read passages to the President, and by his cheerful, hopeful manner he lightened the fearful burden that weighed down the Chief Executive. He did not join Chase, Sumner and others in urging the President, particularly in regard to Emancipation, to where he would be in doubt as to the support of the people. Shortly after Mr. Lovejoy's death President Lincoln wrote to a friend : "Throughout my heavy and perplexing responsibilities here, to the day of his death, it would scarcely be wronging any other to say, he was my most generous friend. My acquaintance with him began about ten years ago, since which time it has been quite intimate, and every step in it has been one of increasing respect and esteem, ending in life in no less than affection on my part."

Upon his advent in the House in 1857, he came face to face with the slave masters who then ruled the country and his struggle with them was most bitter and unrelenting. Sumner called him "the champion of the cause," and champion he certainly was in the House of Representatives. From the date of his entering the House until almost the day of his death the journals show how well he labored for that cause and how well he kept his vow.

Time and again his oratory electrified the House. In a speech in 1859 he cried: "I shall never become a slave catcher. Any one may transform himself into a blood-hound, snuff and scent along the tracks of the fugitive; loll out his tongue and lop the dirty water that stands in pools by the wayside; overtake the rifle-scarred and whip-wounded slave (a mother it may be, with her infant, the love of whom has nerved her for the flight); thrust his canine teeth into the quivering flesh and brace his fore-feet and hold the victim till the kidnapper comes with shackles and hand-cuffs to hold down hands and wrist. I would not have the guilt of causing that wail of man's despair or wild shriek of woman's agony for the diadems of all the stars in heaven." And again when told that the sentiment of the country was for slavery and the cry *Vox populi, vox Dei* was raised: "Sir, I claim that the voice of truth and justice and liberty is the voice of God. When I hear the voice of thousands and thousands and ten times ten thousand swelling upward like the voice of mighty thunders and the voice of the Almighty, it is that other and better sentiment, 'Let justice prevail, though the universe crumble.' Aye, sir, I, too, heard the voice of the people and it went surging through Judea's proud Capital. It swept through Pilate's Judgment Hall and echoed along the arches crying, 'Crucify him! Crucify him!' Was *Vox populi, vox Dei* then?"

Whenever we hear the story of Roman patriotism told, we always hear of the mother Cornelia and her two sons, and how she reared them in a belief in justice and equality, and they gave their lives in defence of those beliefs. America, too, can tell of a mother, who, in an obscure town of Maine, taught her sons the principles of justice and liberty and the rights of humanity, and that mother, too, gave her sons in defence of those principles. Both at Alton and at Princeton there is a grave bearing the name of Lovejoy. One lived for that cause for which the other died. Both died ere that wrong was righted. But both shall live again whenever men tell of that good fight which made men free.

John Lovejoy Elliott.

BALZAC'S DOCTOR BENASSIS AND IBSEN'S DOCTOR STOCKMANN.

CRITICS have regretted that Balzac has no great moral aim. The criticism is true enough, so long as it is not taken to imply an entire lack of moral tendency in his writings. He does not teach any one system of moral and social ideas; to look for that in his writings is to misunderstand his aims and to undervalue his achievements. In composing his "Comédie Humaine," he sought merely to depict life as it was being lived about him. In his own words, "Society itself shall be the historian and I will be its secretary. The 'Comédie Humaine' shall be . . . . a history of morals and of manners." He teaches by the characters and events which he describes rather than by any direct expression of personal belief. His "Country Doctor" is an excellent illustration of this point. The picture of the good Doctor Benassis, laboring single-handed among the wretched peasants of the Mauriennes, lifting them out of their poverty and misery and metamorphosing them into a happy and prosperous people is a more effective lesson in morals than could be taught by dozens of didactic treatises. Balzac possessed in the highest degree the rare faculty of losing himself in the character he created; everything he has written has the vividness and realism of a personal experience.

Ibsen, like Balzac, is a Realist; but unlike the French novelist, he makes his writings the medium for the expression of certain well-defined and very peculiar ideas of his own concerning morals, religion and society. He is a destructive reformer; he would do away entirely with existing institutions which do not please him, but he has no new scheme to propose. Ibsen is what Georg Brandes calls an "indignation-pessimist." He has not the philosophic resignation which regards human ills as inevitable and makes the best of them; he stands aside and looks on at the suffering and misery of human life, not with pity and sympathy, but with a stern impatience. He does not regard the ideal existence as unattainable; and so he is utterly disgusted

with the littleness, the selfishness and the stupidity of the average mortal. The reason for his lack of sympathy with misery and misfortune lies in his firm belief in the power of suffering to educate and lift men out of their narrowness and egotism into a larger, more generous life. And his uncompromising expression of ideas so bold and revolutionary arouses antagonism. This disapproval reached its climax when Ibsen published "Ghosts." In his next drama, "An Enemy of Society," the author gives an artistic version of his experience at this time. Like his own Doctor Stockmann, Ibsen has the satisfaction of knowing that he has gained a moral victory ; but his theories are too advanced to meet with anything but resistance from the supporters of modern conventional society, which these theories, if generally accepted, would undermine and destroy.

Dr. Benassis is a beautiful character. Not an ideal hero, it is true; his goodness is not the angelic virtue of a nature that has never known evil. On the contrary, his youth was wild and reckless. His boyhood had been passed in a quiet little village of southern France under the watchful tutelage of his father. When the youth was about eighteen years old he was sent to Paris to study medicine. Released from the restraint of his father's care, he plunged with the abandon of youth into the whirl of Parisian pleasures. The glamour which his inexperience had thrown about this life soon wore away under contact with the reality. His sensitive soul became the prey to a terrible remorse. But in his own words, "he who keenly feels the passionate joys of earth will sooner or later be attracted by the flavor of the fruits of heaven." Broken in spirit and almost ruined in fortune he fled from the scene of his crimes and misfortunes and sought forgetfulness in a lifelong labor of atonement. He had himself made mayor of a wretched little village in the heart of the Mauriennes; and here he spends the remainder of his life in never-ending devotion to the people he has adopted.

Doctor Stockmann is very human, with many faults and weaknesses; but he is genial and manly, generous to a fault, takes a wholesome pleasure in all the good things of life and is never so happy himself as when he is making others happy. His life for some time previous to the opening of the play has been passed in what he calls a "small hole in the north," in the midst of poverty

and hardships. He has now returned to his native town to become Medical Director of the baths which have just been established and promise to be a source of great prosperity to the whole community.

Both Doctor Benassis and Doctor Stockmann are intensely patriotic; both are keenly alive to the social evils that exist about them, and both are zealous in their efforts to remedy these evils. And just here it is that the great contrast lies between the characters of the two men. They are excellent types of the two extreme classes of reformers. Doctor Benassis is conservative, schooled in experience, practical, satisfied with "a little step forward each day;" Doctor Stockmann is radical, uncompromising, revolutionary, demanding instant extermination of all that is useless or hurtful and the immediate substitution of an entirely new scheme.

Doctor Stockmann discovers that the springs which supply the baths are infected, and are working positive injury to the patients. He immediately determines that this fact must be made public, and does not stop to consider how great a loss such a revelation would occasion to himself and all others interested in the baths, and even to the town itself. He meets with great opposition in carrying out his determination to effect the necessary sanitary improvements; the village newspaper refuses to publish his statements and he is finally forced to have recourse to a public meeting in order that he may make his discoveries known. It is at this meeting that the good Doctor, roused to the point of heroism, proclaims truths of wide and far-reaching significance. But in spite of the fact that Stockmann is in the right, he fails of his object. All prefer to believe the Burgomaster's plausible explanation of the difficulty with the baths; and Doctor Stockmann is unanimously voted "An Enemy of Society."

Doctor Benassis had as deep an appreciation of what was absolutely true and right as did Doctor Stockmann; but, unlike the latter, he was wise enough to perceive that most truths of a radical and subversive character, however great and solemn they are, can not prevail where material interests and the prestige of long established custom are involved. He knew the manifold dangers which lie in revolutions and avoided them; working slowly, sacrificing principle to expediency where a point was to be gained in no other way, and letting no smallest detail escape him.

Widely as the characters of these two men differ in most respects, there are several points of opinion in which they resemble one another strongly. Doctor Stockmann does not believe in government by the people, and would entrust the task to the few who are most fitted to rule. He startles his fellow-townsmen by this heresy: "The majority has might, unhappily, but right it has not. I and a few others are right. The minority is always right." Doctor Benassis is as strongly opposed to popular government as Doctor Stockmann. He believes in government by an aristocracy; an aristocracy not of birth or wealth, but of will, mind and character. "The social system," he says, "should be a light and open net-work, through which everyone who feels within himself the faculty for better things may rise above the crowd." He declares that "what the people want is happiness ready-made; this the government is to provide for them by a system of wise and strong laws."

Doctor Stockmann complains that the State checks the growth of individualism; that while men have settled down to the enjoyment of what liberty has brought them, liberty itself has fled; and that what is needed is a revolution in the human mind. Doctor Benassis certainly meant much the same thing when he said: "Nothing enlightens a government; and of all governments the one least susceptible of enlightenment is the one that thinks itself created to shed light." This theory that the greatest strength lies in loneliness and individualism is the central idea in "An Enemy of Society." The drama closes with this didactic and paradoxical declaration by Dr. Stockmann: "You see, the fact is that the strongest man upon earth is he who stands most alone."

It is interesting to observe how very differently the efforts of the two men result, though their energies are actuated by the same honesty of purpose and directed to the same end. Doctor Benassis proceeded slowly and carefully with his reforms. He conciliated the surly and suspicious peasantry, persuaded them into some concessions, bribed them into others, accomplished by strategem what he dared not do openly. He respected their prejudices and violated none of their superstitions. As a result, in ten years the wretched little village was transformed into a flourishing town whose thriving industries support a population of two thousand souls. There are churches and school-houses,

cultivated acres, and everything tells of comfort and prosperity. The silent love and blessings of the happy people follow the author of all this good as he rides through the valley on his errands of mercy; and when he dies they place above him a great cross, with these words: "Here lies the good Monsieur Benassis, the father of us all. Pray for him."

Doctor Stockmann, on the contrary, plunged into his undertaking with all the blindness and enthusiasm of inexperience. He congratulated himself that he was to be the fortunate means of making known and remedying a great evil in the community. He really expected that, in their gratitude to him, his fellow-townsmen would have a torch-light procession in his honor and tender him a vote of thanks. The bitter opposition he met with, though it disappointed and hurt him terribly, did not in the least shake his belief in the truth of his views. Though reduced to absolute want and deserted by all his friends, his courage seemed to rise but the higher with each fresh loss. He determined to remain in his native town: "Here is the field of battle," he says, "here it shall be fought, here I will conquer!" The last we see of him he is doctoring the poor people gratis, and teaching the little ragamuffins of the town to be "free and noble-minded men," in preparation for that time which shall surely come, when the truths he champions shall at last prevail. *Fred Olds Bissell.*

HERE AND THERE IN THE LIBRARY.

A VOLUME that, in the performance of my official duties, has been of late the subject of my consideration is Vol. XV. of Chalmer's British Poets. It would be rather a grievous thing to have to read this book through, for it contains the minor poets of that doleful period in the history of English poetry that immediately follows the age of Queen Anne. I will not name all the authors included, for I fear the effect. My hopes (in spite of my better knowledge), were for a moment excited by observing the name of Byron on the outside of the volume, but on considering the matter I saw that it was merely a binder's error for Byrom,—a very worthy man of a scholarly and somewhat theological cast of mind.

The thirty years between 1740 and 1770 are made interesting to the student of English Literature by a round dozen of the most amusing and best of old English novels, including all of Fielding's Richardson's, Sternes's and Smollett's (except Humphrey Clinker). The same period is rendered terrible by the works in the volume I have mentioned. I may note Blair's "Grave," Thompson's "Sickness," Dodsley's "Agriculture," and Byrom's "Remarks [in verse] on Dr. Middleton's Examination of the Lord Bishop of London's discourses concerning the use and intent of Prophecy." Concerning these poems and poets it may be enough to remark that Byrom sometimes chose more interesting subjects, that Thompson's mournful title is fully borne out by his manner of treatment, and that when I began the reading of Blair's "Grave," I was speedily delivered over to the Brother of Death.

* * *

More interesting in some respects is Mr. Dodsley's poem on "Agriculture." The subject is one which interested poets long before the eighteenth century. Even in England, a couple of hundred years before Dodsley, was worthy Thomas Tusser who put "Five Hundred Points of Husbandry" into verse. But agriculture somehow became more interesting to poets along in the eighteenth century and we have Phillips's poem on "Cyder" or the Art of Apple-raising, Dyer's "Fleece" or the Art of Sheep-raising, and I don't know what others, before Dodsley came along with his poem in three cantos on "Agriculture."

Now I am by no means surprised that agricultural operations should have been so interesting to the poets of the eighteenth century. The subject of agriculture is a very poetical one. "That art on which a thousand millions of men are dependent for their sustenance, and two hundred millions of men expend their daily toil, must be" nearly connected with that other art which is defined as "a criticism of life." So I have myself wondered at times that the Agricultural Experiment Station has never published its Bulletins in verse. Interesting as they now are, (they seem to me by far the most entertaining publications issued by the University and I read them regularly), it appears to me that they would gain in interest if they were in a poetical form.

* * *

It may be that the reason why the publishers of the Agricultural Bulletins have never ventured upon verse as a medium for communicating the facts at their disposal is that they imagine that the said facts are not poetic in character. If this be so I can readily show them that they are in error.

Let me first compare a passage from a very interesting article in No. XIV. of the Bulletin, with a passage from Dodsley. One is about strawberries and the other about sheep, but I believe one is as poetical as the other. "The Strawberry Leaf-blight . . . has long been recognized as due to the attack of a parasitic fungus, believed by some to appear in several different but genetically connected forms on the host-plant, by others to be limited to one form only. . . Apply [a solution of sulphide of potassium] by spraying once a week."

Now for Dodsley :

"The foul mange
Infectious, their impatient foot, by oft
Repeated scratchings, will betray. This calls
For his immediate aid, the spreading taint
To stop. Tobacco, in the briny wave
Infused, affords a wash of sovereign use
To heal the dire disease."

It will be seen that with both the authors the subject under consideration is infection and a cure by some sort of solution. It appears to me that the conceptions are equally poetical. But I shall not rest my case here, for I think it will be useful to produce other examples. The first (with some revision) is from a recently published and very interesting Bulletin on "Tomatoes"; the second is again from Dodsley.

"It is a common notion that soils containing little or no animal fertilizer are preferable to well-enriched soils for tomato-growing. . . . A careful test upon these points has been made. . . Three plats were treated as follows :

I. Good rich garden soil to which 5,460 lbs. of fine old stable fertilizer was added.

II. Considerably poorer in character . . . upon which 8 lbs. of nitrate of soda was sown soon after the plants were set."

"Join then with culture the prolific strength
Of fertilizers which will tend to aid
Thy failing glebe. Let only marle appoint
Its unctuous moisture, or the crumbling tan
Its glowing heat. . . From sprinkled soot,
From ashes strewed around let the damp soil
Their nitrous salts imbibe.*"

Now I believe the most critical reader would not assert that the subject matter of one of these epithets was more poetic than the other. Both passages are about fertilizers. It is only in expression that they differ. If the reader desires further evidence, I would call his attention to two statements as to the making of butter. The application of the steam engine has introduced a new element into agriculture. That it has rendered it less poetical is not evidenced by these quotations. The first is from No. 1 of the Bulletin describing an Experimental Dairy House.

"During the coldest weather less than one scuttle of coal serves to generate steam sufficient for churning. . . . In warm weather the belt which drives the churn is lengthened and passed through an opening in the partition; and the churning is then done in the cold room."

Dodsley is more particular, but not more poetical:

"There from the surface of expanded bowls
She skims the floating cream, and to her churn
Commits the rich consistence . . .
Continued agitation separates soon
The unctuous particles; with gentler strokes
And artful, soon they coalesce: at length
Cool water pouring from the limpid spring
Into a smooth-glazed vessel, deep and wide,
She gathers the loose fragments to a heap;
Which in the cleansing wave well-wrought, and pressed
To one consistent golden mass, receives
The sprinkled seasoning, and of pats, or pounds,
The fair impression, the neat shape assumes."

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*Dodsley appears to be somewhat in error here. I learn from the Bulletin (p. 188) that "The value of soot as a top dressing depends not so much upon its value as a fertilizer, as on the fact that it helps the soil to absorb heat."

It will hardly be necessary to multiply examples. I am sure that readers of the MAGAZINE will agree with me in sincerely hoping that the Directors of the Agricultural Experiment Station will see their way to having their future Bulletins all in verse.

I may add that I have pointed out to my friend the Dean of the School of Pharmacy, the close affinity between Poetry and Pharmacy and have loaned him copies of Garth's "Dispensary," and Armstrong's "Art of Preserying Health," both of them very approved specimens of versification of the Augustan days of Queen Anne. I understand that the next catalogue of the school will appear in blank verse.

* * *

To tell the truth, however, (just for a few minutes) it is rather a relief to skip the somewhat dreary pages of Dodsley, Blair, etc., and reach the sprightly lines of Robert Lloyd. Lloyd is a moderately obscure poet whose works I find in this same volume XV. of Chalmers. He seems to have been a sad dog and wouldn't at all do what his father wanted him to. But he could write easy, natural, graceful, rather slipshod verse, and he had enough sense of humor not to employ his gift upon unsuitable subjects. Following Prior he treats of such light and trifling matters as occur naturally in the life of a gay young man of letters. I shall extract a few of his verses. Here are some (a little altered as to pronouns) which seem to describe somebody that I am acquainted with, though I'm sure I can't say just which one of the lot.

"To make him look supremely wise,
(At least like wisdom in disguise)
The weed which first by Raleigh brought
Gives thinking look instead of thought.
He smokes, and smokes; without all feeling
Save as the eddies climb the ceiling,
And waft about their mild perfume,
He marks their passage round the room.
When pipe forsakes the vacant mouth,
A pot of beer prevents his drouth,
Which with potations pottle deep
Lulls the poor maudlin wretch to sleep.
His books, of which he's wondrous need
But neither power nor will to read,
In scattered tomes lie all around
Upon the lowest shelf,—the ground."

Poor Lloyd! I fancy that that picture was not drawn wholly from imagination. He was a good scholar, and his father found a good position for him in the great School at Westminster, but he must needs go and be a literary man, although it's pretty nearly true as Chalmers remarks too, "no man ever entered upon that life with fewer qualifications." He didn't find poetry very profitable and died in a debtor's prison. He says somewhere that most poets are poor, and don't leave much in their wills.

"However narrowly I look
In Phoepus's valorem book,
I cannot from inquiry find
Poet's had much to leave behind.
They had a copyhold estate
In lands which they themselves create,
A foolish title to a fountain,
A right of common on a mountain."

Lloyd's poetry is almost all of this slight nature. His effusions are, as he says

"Familiar emanations
Which are but writing conversations,
Where Thought appears in dishabille
And fancy does just what she will."

But even such is more interesting to me than poems on Agriculture and Cider and Sickness and the Art of Preserving Health. I had rather read the cheerful folly of Robert Lloyd than the grave wisdom of Dodsley, Garth, Phillips, Armstrong, and all the rest of 'em.

Edward E. Hale, Jr.

NEW BOOKS.

Caird's Critical Philosophy.*

There is, perhaps, no philosophical system which presents so many difficulties as that of Kant. The technical language in which it is couched, the obscurity of the style, and the seeming absurdities and inconsistencies, all seem to perplex the reader. Expounders of this philosophy have not been

* *The Critical Philosophy of Immanuel Kant.* By Edward Caird, LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. In two volumes. MacMillan & Co. New York.

wanting, but those works which, up to this time, have been available to the English reader, are incomplete and fragmentary. The authors have devoted themselves to particular portions of Kant's work, and so have often been led to take his first word upon any subject for his last.

The work of Prof. Caird, which is the subject of this review, presents, for the first time, the Critical Philosophy as a connected whole. In his "Philosophy of Kant," published in 1877, he treated only of the "Critique of Pure Reason," promising, however, at a future date to deal with the ethical treatises. In the present work he has more than fulfilled that promise. Not only has the part dealing with the first Critique been almost entirely rewritten, but he has also carefully summarized and explained the "Critique of Practical Reason," the "Critique of Judgment," and the treatise on "Religion within the Bounds of Reason." Still another important feature is the treatment, in chronological order, of the earlier and minor writings of Kant. If we would fully appreciate the revolution which Kant wrought in philosophy, we have to see his system, as it were, in the making; and to note how, influenced largely by English Empiricism, he gradually freed himself from the tenets of the Rationalistic school in which he had been reared. We shall have further to see how, by a deeper analysis of the conditions of knowledge, he reached a higher and truer conception than English thought had attained. Now Caird has set before us, carefully and fully, this evolution of Kant's thought as portrayed in these earlier treatises.

The chief merit of the work as an exposition, consists in the fact that the author insists upon viewing Kant's writings as an organic whole. He points out that, although the concentration of attention upon particular points, and viewing them out of relation to the system as a unity, may lead to contradiction between the different parts, yet "there is an unbroken continuity in the movement of Kant's thought, and the lesson of his philosophy, as a whole, is definite and self-consistent."

But these two volumes are more than an exposition; they are in themselves a philosophy. Although writing in full sympathy with Kant, the author does not hesitate to criticise his master, and to point out where the latter failed to carry out his own principles. He sets before us a point of view which is more consistent than Kant's, although, as is carefully pointed out, one which could only be reached in the light of that philosophy which it transcends. It is these original discussions, not less than the fullness and clearness of the exposition, that make the work one of the most important contributions to philosophy that has appeared for many years, and entitles its author to rank as the greatest living exponent of Idealism.

It is Kant's undertaking to show that knowledge is itself a compound; the matter being the contribution of Sense, the form that of Understanding. Now as Prof. Caird points out, it is his fatal and fundamental error, that by an abstraction he regards each of these elements as standing apart from the

other. Pure thought is to Kant in itself analytic, it is only "a function of unity," and cannot apply to the manifold of sense. To bring together these opposed, and seemingly contradictory factors, became for Kant the great problem which he never satisfactorily solved. Now this difficulty is entirely a self-made one. It is only in relation to *things* that thought has any meaning, and it is only by an abstraction that they can be separated. The knowledge of the self can only be given *in* and *through* the knowledge of objects. One is the correlate of the other, and it is only when we regard them as so existing that they have any meaning for us. In Kant's own words, "Perceptions without Conceptions are blind, as Conceptions without Perceptions are empty."

It will be interesting to note what our author understands as the final outcome of the Critical Philosophy, when looked upon as a unit. It is common to suppose that Kant's "Critique" furnishes the philosophical basis for Agnosticism. We hear it asserted that there it has been once for all proven, that, while our knowledge is valid *for* experience, yet we can never go *beyond* experience, without falling into Antinomies and Contradictions. It is encouraging to have an entirely different verdict from so profound a thinker as Professor Caird who speaks as the leader of that school which best represents the Kantian spirit. I cannot refrain from quoting a paragraph in which he sums up the general results of the system :—

"*The Critique of Pure Reason* will represent the first movement of regressive thought, by which the principles of experience are carried back to the unity of the self, and the consciousness of objects is shown to reach its culmination in the consciousness of self. *The Critique of Practical Reason* will represent the reflexion by which the consciousness of the self as a law and end to itself is shown to involve the consciousness of a unity of all selves in the realization of a 'Kingdom of Ends.' And *The Critique of Judgment*, beginning, in the first part, by making it evident that the unity of the object with the subject is what is presented to us in the feeling of beauty, proceeds to show how the same idea, enriched by the consciousness of the moral end which is involved in self-consciousness develops into a teleological view of Nature and History as the manifestation of a Divine Reason. . . . Lastly, in the treatise on *Religion within the Bounds of Reason*, this view is connected with the Christian idea that it is the Divine Spirit in man and without him, which through all the process of consciousness and self-consciousness, is realizing the highest Good of all his creatures."

J. E. Creighton.

"Standish of Standish."*

"A deal of sweet and tender romance," the author of "Standish of Standish," Jane G. Austin, tells us, lingers in the annals of the Pilgrim Fathers' settlement, and we have to thank her for bringing it to our notice in such an attractive shape as she does in this story. While she promises that "we shall not be led astray as to facts," and so quiets the student conscience, still they become, in virtue of the commonplace emotions of love and friendship and duty which the novelist unites into them, not so much the facts of history, as those of simple daily lives, nobler, yet not altogether different from our own. The women have their washing-day, and Priscilla cooks oftener than she turns the historic wheel. The men are wood-choppers, and house-builders, with occasional encounters with Indians, and grave constitutional debates that might find their parallel in our struggles with the anarchists and monopolies.

The romance is very evidently a woman's work. The Old-World title, which fails to suggest the hero of the New World, exhibits the strain of strongly feminine romance which we find still more evident in the character of Miles himself, and of John Alden. A comparison of these two as Miss Austin conceives of them, and as they appear in the "Courtship of Miles Standish," will illustrate this. The rough choleric captain of the poem becomes the chivalrous kindly warrior of the novel, quick to take offence, but equally ready with the frank and generous avowal of regret that is so winning to the much-snubbed feminine mind. Alden is no longer the pale clerkly stripling, drawn to his captain by the attraction which the strong always exert over the weak. Now he is a youthful giant, ready in all the manly work of the settlement, loving the captain as one whom he sought to imitate, and, in his wooing, under no necessity of suffering the maiden to speak first. Indeed, the chase which the Huguenot Priscilla leads him, is still more distant from the somewhat strong-minded encouragement of the Puritan maiden, and is too long and discouraging to come from any but a woman's hand, for men recognize better the rarity of the affection that can survive such careless treatment.

Miss Austin's book, however, is rather a narrative than a novel, and the love-making is subordinate to the history until Barbara appears. The descriptions of the different expeditions into the unknown regions around, of the various encounters with the untutored savage, of the people of the new colony themselves, not saints nor altogether heroes, although of heroic proportions, have all a very real and vivid interest of their own, not at all dependent on the accompanying romance. Yet there is no attempt at the philosophy of history, as there is none at the analysis of character. If we

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* *Standish of Standish.* By Jane G. Austin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York.

feel a little more deeply the beauty of love and confidence, if we realize better our own descent from the Pilgrim Fathers, while longing for more of their undaunted zeal and grave content, it is not because the author herself has pointed out the application, but because we have read our own experience into it.

Sarah E. Hawley.

Gilman's "Story of Boston."*

The history of Boston is especially interesting, for it is in miniature the history of the Republic. As the nation has increased in size and strength so has Boston expanded. Indeed, Boston has not only kept pace with the Republic, she has done more ; she has kept in advance. From the beginning she assumed a place in the van of the New World's thought, and it is perhaps no more than just to say that she has kept that place to the present time. Massachusetts Bay, of all the colonies seems to have been first to cherish hopes of liberty, and the first to contend for a realization of those hopes. In their whole history, from the day they took up their abode on the rocky and swampy promontory that has been transformed into the modern Boston, one purpose was dominant ; they were determined to be free The long struggle to retain their charter despite the orders and threats of the King ; its reluctant surrender after a bloody Indian war had left them practically helpless ; the bitter opposition to the royal governors ; all were manifestations of the spirit that never slumbered. From Boston first came the idea of union between the colonies ; for protection against the savages ; and again for protection against the oppression of England. To Samuel Adams, a citizen of Boston, must be attributed the first published denial of the right of Parliament to tax America, and it was in Boston that the first blood was shed for the cause.

The present volume in its compass of about 500 octavo pages covers not only the first or "heroic" period of the history of Boston, but also the succeeding period reaching down to our own time. The period since the Revolution, while made less prominent than that preceding, is given due consideration. The book gives the reader a connected and interesting account of the growth, through successive generations, of a little group of ill-clad, ill-housed, and ill-fed emigrants into that great center of art, literature, and commerce, the Boston of to-day.

F. H. Callan.

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* *The Story of Boston ; a Study of Independency.* By Arthur Gilman. (Great cities of the Republic). G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London.

Notes.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York, have republished for American readers James Platt's popular work on "Money," for those who want to know about England's monetary system. The author's reasoning is at times a little behind the best thought of the time, but his clear and attractive style in elucidating the complexities and obscurities of that great currency system from which our own was copied, more than compensates for an occasional flight of fancy.

Mr. Henry Clews the author of "Twenty-Eight Years in Wall Street" a work issued by the Irving Publishing Co., of New York, has been for years a familiar figure in that great financial centre. He sympathizes with Wall Street men and defends both them and their methods from calumny. But though often betraying the fondness with which the exciting scenes of his life on the street are recalled the author gives us facts. The book is valuable both to the enemies and to the friends of Wall Street, to the former because the inner workings are presented by a sympathizer; to the latter in virtue of the very fact that the presentation is made. The book is a valuable addition to the history of the great era of speculation and abnormal commercial activity which followed the Civil War.

The Dewitt Publishing House, New York, has recently published "Love by Induction and Other Plays" a little volume from the clever pen of Mr. Forbes Hermans, who graduated from Cornell in the class of '78. Mr. Hermans is familiar to many as the author of "Thirteen Stories of the Far West," a collection of tales, which has met with decided success. These five little plays are intended to be acted in the drawing-room with slight stage setting. In most of them several persons seem to have merely happened together and the charm of the plays lies in the badinage, the skilful repartee of witty people, who make no effort in any way to be unnaturally brilliant. One is reminded of Howells or James by these sallies which Mr. Hermans has given so well. Perhaps the characters themselves cause the similarity; they are of the same caste certainly. "Between Two Thorns" and "In the Firelight" are the titles of two of these bright little plays. The plots of these two consist merely in the meeting of two or three people; upon the stairs in one, before an open fire in the other. The other three are equally attractive, but more elaborate. The book should be commended to all perplexed amateurs for whom it is written especially.

THE

CORNELL MAGAZINE.

VOL. II. APRIL, 1890. No. 7.

EDWIN H. WOODRUFF, *Editor-in-Chief.*

EDITORS FROM THE CLASS OF 1890:

JOHN W. BATTIN, WILLARD C. JACKSON,
FRANK H. CALLAN, WILLIAM S. MONROE,
HENRY W. WILKINSON.
JOHN FORD, *Business Manager.*

The Magazine is published monthly throughout the college year. Subscription price $2.00 a year. Single numbers, 25 cents.

THE JOURNALIST ABROAD.

THE contributions of the members of the Faculty to the current volume of the MAGAZINE have been made so largely autobiographical in character that the practice may almost be taken as a rule. And a good deal may undoubtedly be said for such a rule. It is not unlikely that the alumni and students of Cornell have some interest in the early careers of those who make up her teaching force, that they may even find some instruction in the recital of them; but since college professors have not as a rule led lives of great excitement or prominence, their achievements will usually remain untold unless they adopt the motto of Dr. Holmes' Autocrat, and become Every Man his own Boswell. This will bring me more particularly into contact with those Cornellians who have entered, or are to enter, the profession of journalism. It happens to be in my power to furnish some account of the trials, methods, and rewards of that profession abroad, as learned in part during a year at Paris, but mainly by the experience of seven years at Berlin, as resident correspondent of the *Daily News* of London. These years—1872–1879—were the most

fruitful, and not the least eventful in the history of the German Empire after its formation in 1871. For during that period the new institutions proved their working strength; several great codes of law were completed; the courts of justice were remodelled; the war with the Papacy was fought; free trade was overthrown by protection; and on this issue occurred the momentous rupture between Bismarck and the Liberal parties. During this period, too, nearly all the monarchs of Europe visited the German capital; one attempt was made on Bismarck's life and two on the old Emperor William's; and once, in 1874, the country was on the verge of a war with France. The great congress of Berlin in 1876 brought together the leading statesmen of Europe, of whom Bismarck himself, in his seventy-sixth year, is now the most prominent survivor. Beaconsfield, Gortschakof, Schouvalof, Andrassy, have all passed away.

These men with their colleagues were familiar figures on the streets of Berlin for many days. The most curiosity centered about Lord Beaconsfield, partly because of his romantic, not to say mysterious, career, and partly because he was the chief opponent of Russian designs. He was already old and feeble. He avoided all festivities, and when he appeared on the streets leaned heavily on the arm of his faithful secretary. But in the congress he showed much of his old fire in debate; and, notwithstanding that he was ignorant of French, the official language, and used English only, he spoke with a force of diction and a propriety of emphasis which made a great impression on the members. His masterful tone or attitude was even more surprising to those who only knew the "Dizzy" of Vivian Grey, the shallow and unscrupulous politician of earlier days. Prince Gortschakof was better known in Berlin, which he had often visited in the company of his master, Alexander II. He was a stout little old man, with a round, ruddy face, and small twinkling eyes; and he seemed fond of sitting at a window of the Russian Embassy, wearing a skull-cap, and gazing benignantly on the crowds which gathered to watch him. The result of the congress was a great disappointment for this veteran diplomatist, and he never recovered from it. But it was a kind of victory for his younger and wiser colleague, Count Schouvalof. I had first seen the count at

St. Petersburg in 1873, on the occasion of a grand military review held in honor of the German Emperor, who was visiting the Tsar. Prince Bismarck was also present, and during the review sat on a horse side by side with a distinguished looking Russian general, elegantly mounted. To my inquiry a friend replied that Bismarck's companion was the one man who might come to divide with him the dominion of European politics. At the congress of Berlin I came to know Count Peter Schouvalof somewhat well, and a more charming acquaintance I never expect to make. He was a perfect specimen of physical beauty and grace; his bearing was thoroughly patrician; and he had an indefinable mixture of distinction and facility, of wit, taste, and tact, which drew everybody toward him by an irresistible charm. But he was also a statesman of very real abilities, and like most Russians had a hearty contempt for the fuss and feathers of diplomacy. Schouvalof died last year, to be followed only recently by his great antagonist, Andrassy, who was also a prominent figure at the Berlin congress. In everything except looks and manner Count Andrassy was a good type of the Hungarian noble. He was small and rather insignificant in personal appearance, and was wholly free from a certain swagger which is often found in that haughty race; he was lithe, nimble, nervous, active; but his fiery eye betrayed the spirit that ruled within the man. It ought not to be forgotten by us, who boast of our clemency toward the conquered South, that this Hungarian rebel of 1848, who lived for many years in exile with a price set on his head, came to be the chief minister of the dual monarchy, and the welcome support of the throne which he had once tried to overthrow.

The position of correspondent of a great London daily in a continental capital is one of considerable honor and power. The pay is usually liberal; the work, dignified; the opportunities of acquaintance and experience second only to those of diplomacy. For such a post American journalism provides a good part of the training. Facility in writing, an eye for news, quickness of judgment, energy, enterprise,—these all come in play, and form one key to success. But they are not the whole. An American who carries with him such notions about the "rights of the press" as often appear here in practice, who rings up a gentleman

at midnight to interrogate him about a family scandal, who intrudes unannounced on the privacy of statesmen, who taps familiarly at the doors of rulers, who in short lets his professional zeal lead him into any breach of the decorum of civilized life, will find his career abruptly closed, and may count himself lucky if he does not fall into the hands of the police. Yet the real importance of the press is as well understood in Europe as in America, only it sometimes seems to be understood in a different way. The journalist who gets the political secrets in Europe is not the one who rushes about with pencil and note-book in hand, buttonholing strangers, peering in at windows and listening at keyholes, but the one who preserves his self-respect, gains a reputation for discretion and honor, and takes a sober view of statesmanship. Such a journalist can establish relations of confidence with public men, who, though they may try to use him for their own ends, against which he must be on his guard, will never insult his manhood. He soon learns to know by instinct, as it were, how much of what is revealed to him he may publish, and the minister or deputy knows that his frankness will not be abused.

Usually in Germany the correspondent of a London journal, who has unlimited use of the telegraph, is treated with far greater consideration than the native reporters. He asks for favors which they never think of soliciting; he enjoys a confidence which is beyond their dreams. An American, too, is often privileged even above Englishmen; for he is naturally less prejudiced, and is treated as a neutral. It is true that in order to obtain access to important men, or cards to great ceremonies, the correspondent must often consult forms and pursue channels, which are vexatious; but these are a part of the routine to which everybody submits, which need involve no humiliation, and which when once mastered are simple. And even in Germany my experience usually was that the difficulties of the correspondent were in inverse ratio to the importance of the court or the official. At Berlin no request which I ever made of any of the officials of the court, of the parliaments, of the departments, was denied. This is true also of the lesser capitals of Germany; but in these there were more likely to be delays, or troublesome formalities. Once I had to go to Darmstadt to describe the funeral of the grand-duchess

Alice, an English princess. Knowing the rules, I waited, as soon as I arrived, on the marshal of the court to obtain the necessary cards of invitation. The official in question was full of importance ; the chapel was small, he said ; there were many illustrious guests, etc. But I had met such gentry before. "You have my card," I said, "and know my errand. As you say you are about to see the Grand Duke, be good enough to lay my request before him. In two hours I shall return to hear the answer of his Royal Highness." When I returned, the great official had undergone a complete change. He greeted me with something like servility ; his Royal Highness, he said, had been graciously pleased to order that I should have every facility for the discharge of my duties ; and in a favored seat in the chapel I witnessed the funeral of a most gifted and noble woman.

For the *Daily News*, Berlin was a sort of strategic centre, and I was liable to be sent on telegraphic order to any point of interest in the empire itself or the adjoining countries. In this way I "escorted" the Shah of Persia and the Tsar of all the Russias on their journeys ; visited Wiesbaden, Stuttgart, Warsaw, Baden-Baden, Brussels, Amsterdam, Dresden, Vienna, Pesth ; and even made a campaign with an Austro-Hungarian army in Bosnia. But my closest relations were with St. Petersburg. Our paper had no correspondent at the Russian capital. We had indeed agents who sent me news by post, which I forwarded from Berlin by telegraph ; but when any important event occurred on the Neva, I was despatched in person. Thus it happened that I came to know men and methods nearly as well at St. Petersburg as at Berlin.

In 1874, occurred an affair which keenly interested the people of England—the marriage of the Duke of Edinburg, second son of the Queen, to the grand duchess Marie, daughter of the late Tsar. To describe that event a whole army of journalists, most of them blissfully ignorant of any tongue except their own, came on from London. Edward Dicey represented the *Daily Telegraph.* A big, burly, pompous man, whose name I have forgotten, was sent by the *Times.* Sidney Hall sketched for the *Graphic.* Edmund Yates, the novelist, carried the commission of the *N. Y. Herald*, and in his "Recollections," he gives an account of the occasion.

There were others, among whom I must not omit to mention my colleague of the *Daily News*, William Senior, the "Red Spinner" of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, whose delightful papers on angling every lover of the "gentle sport" ought to read. The irruption of such a party, with their Anglo-Saxon notions of journalism, caused among the bureaucrats and the court officials of St. Petersburg, a sensation which I shall not attempt to describe.

One incident of that period which Edmund Yates does not mention, and which so far as I know has not appeared in print, ought to find a place in the comic annals of journalism. As the bride and groom were of different faiths, two marriage ceremonies had been arranged, one according to the Greek, the other according to the Anglican rite. The first was to be in the permanent chapel of the Winter Palace; the second, in a room temporarily fitted up for the purpose. It had been arranged that we should witness both. The official who had been told off to take charge of us explained that after the first, or Russian ceremony, an attendant, who was duly described, would escort us to the room where the English ceremony was to be performed; and we were enjoined to be prompt as time was short. We came, then, at the appointed hour, left our fur coats in our sleighs, and climbed the great staircase, where from a convenient gallery we saw the first half of the ceremony. Then there was a general rush toward the English chapel, and we saw what we supposed was our guide. He dashed down the long staircase and we followed; as he saw us in pursuit he increased his gait; the chase became hotter; officers and attendants looked on with amazement; the bottom of the stairs reached, our guide turned into dark and unknown corridors, where with streaming coat-tails we followed; soon he opened a door through which we also plunged, and found ourselves in our thin evening dress in an open court where the air was icy cold; but on we kept in mad pursuit until our guide suddenly disappeared through another door which closed behind him. Yates and his big colleague of the *Times* put their shoulders to it, when it soon yielded, swung back on its hinges, and showed us our guide flat on a couch in a servant's room, shaking with excitement and alarm. We had followed the wrong person, and he had taken us for a set of madmen. After some difficulty we found our way

back to our point of departure, whence the true guide conveyed us to our destination.

Of the two ceremonies, the Russian was far the more gorgeous and imposing, but the other was made more touching by the presence of the bride's mother, which the Greek usage, I believe, forbids. At the close of the proceedings this poor Empress Maria, the broken-hearted wife of an unfaithful husband, embraced her daughter with a sad and plaintive look of despair, as if to show the spectators that maternal affection was all that her cruel wrongs and the hard etiquette of courts had left her. How many of the participants in that scene also have since joined the dead! The Empress was the first, and one year later Dean Stanley, the officiating clergyman, followed. There was a special fitness in the choice of that accomplished divine to conduct the English service, for he had long been an ardent advocate of the union of the Russian and Anglican churches, so that in a sense he represented a cause as he stood before the altar in this great hall of the Winter Palace. But the chief obstacle to union, the question of the Filioque, was not easy to brush aside, and Stanley's wish remains unfulfilled. And now the Tsar himself has lain several years in his grave. When I was last in St. Petersburg, in 1879, people were still visiting the spot where, a few months before, the bullet of an assassin, missing its imperial mark, had imbedded itself in the wall of a house. Such is royalty in Russia! Frequent attempts of the kind had shattered the nerves of the Tsar, and the most extraordinary precautions were put in use. When he made a journey by rail the peasants were called out to guard the line, which they picketed at close intervals from one end to the other, presenting a sad object-lesson as they paced their appointed beats; the hour of his majesty's departure was concealed or announced falsely; and often decoy trains were sent out in advance. At the time of which I speak the occasion of my journey was the annual manœuvres, which took place this year at St. Petersburg, Wilna, and Warsaw, and I was present at all these places. It was my second visit to Warsaw, the saddest city of Europe; and here I saw Alexander II. more closely than ever before, last of all at a very crowded reception given by the viceroy of Poland. He was nervous and uneasy, and showed a profound mental depression in

every look and movement. But his tall and stately form was still erect, and an almost unearthly light shone out of his deep, brilliant, marvellously beautiful eyes. Two years later a murderous bomb thrown into his carriage, ended the life of the Emancipator of the Serfs.

The reader will now be glad to pass from such tragical matters to an incident which throws light of a different kind upon the work of a correspondent, and shows that the humors of journalism in Russia were not exhausted by the mad race in the Winter Palace. Wilna, where the second set of manœuvres was held, is a large, dirty, disagreeable city in the Russian part of Poland, or the Polish part of Russia. At the telegraph office a hitch arose over my report which was written, of course, in English. There was no objection to the language. In Europe one may send a dispatch in any tongue, provided it be written so plainly that the operators can make out the letters ; I was once on a mission with a young English colleague, who from nearly every station at which we paused sent an affectionate message to his fiancée in Latin ! But in Russia there is a rigid censorship of telegrams. At St. Petersburg it had never given me any trouble, and I had hardly seen it in operation. At Wilna, however, the clerk refused even to receive my long telegram until the censor had first passed it. Who was the censor? The manager of the office. When would he return? In about an hour. In an hour, then, I promised to come again, and get his gracious permission to send an innocent report to the *Daily News*. I knew that I was in a hotbed of Polish disaffection, that on account of the military movements and the presence of the Tsar the city was full of police spies ; I had not a single acquaintance there ; and the mistaken zeal of Russian censors might get me into trouble. The only precaution I had taken was to leave a statement of my movements, as planned, with the British Ambassador, Lord Dufferin, at St. Petersburg. But fortunately even this proved unnecessary. When at the appointed time I repaired again to the telegraph office I was ushered into the manager's sitting-room, for his residence was connected with the office. He was tending an infant child in a cradle. On comparing notes we found that I was not more ignorant of Russian than he of English, but German was a com-

mon possession ; and a happy thought soon struck this acute censor. We sat down, and at his suggestion I read my dispatch, translating it sentence by sentence into German, while he passed approval as I proceeded, and rocked the cradle in rhythmical accord. He found nothing objectionable ; and if the thought ever dawned upon him how easily I might have defeated all his vigilance by a false translation, it was not until the report was far beyond his jurisdiction. My political news had been simply and safely forwarded by post to Königsberg, the first German town, and put on the wires there !

Prince Bismarck's own views of the press are, or were, of a mixed description. It is undoubted that he admires the great English journals, just as he admires excellence in any kind of product, just as he admires the English government. But his opinion can hardly be clearer about the impossibility of fitting English institutions to the wants and conditions of Germany, than it is about the impossibility of founding a *Times* or a *Daily News* at Berlin. But for the German newspapers he has both contempt and hatred, as they have learned by a bitter experience. Yet hardly another statesman of modern times has used the press so systematically for his ends. My readers may have noticed in the reports from Berlin two or three weeks ago that when Bismarck was negotiating with Windthorst for the support of the Catholic party in the Diet, the latter required as one of his conditions the return of the "Guelph fund" to its lawful owner, the present Duke of Cumberland. The Guelph fund is the treasure of the late king of Hanover, which was seized by the Prussians in 1866, when they annexed that kingdom. The proceeds of that fund have since been used in a gigantic system of subsidizing and corrupting the press, whence its popular name, the "reptile fund," or the fund for the support of a lot of servile writers, who are fitly compared to reptiles. Journals which draw on the reptile fund are not likely to be very outspoken in criticism of the chancellor. Others are held in check by the laws, the police, and the courts, and an honest journalist in the Empire leads a hard life. Foreign journalists are rarely troubled. In my time a French correspondent was occasionally expelled from Berlin, and one Englishman had the same fate. But in the case of the latter there

was, I believe, some provocation, and the authorities always showed great reluctance to offend England by persecuting those who represented its press in Berlin.

More caution was necessary against men who tried to use the foreign correspondents for stock-jobbing purposes. One day a mysterious personage waited upon me with what he described as a most sensational and alarming piece of news, and which he offered to sell for a good round sum of money. But I declined of course to buy without seeing his wares, promising secrecy in case they did not suit; whereupon he announced in a discreet and solemn whisper that—the Khedive of Egypt has just made a secret contract with Krupp for a number of heavy cannon! He was politely shown the door. Later I heard of him hawking his news among the whole body of foreign correspondents, until one of them charitably explained to him that there was nothing in treaties, or in the relations of Egypt, to prevent the Khedive from buying all the guns he could pay for, which was not likely to be many. Another time a man wrote to the *Daily News* for my address, saying he had some very important facts bearing on a political scandal, which was then exciting the public. On getting it, he came to me with his facts, or rather statements. They proved to be of two kinds, first, those which had already been published and were known to be false; second, those which had not been published and were of no value. Opinions were what he really wished to give me, and these I knew he brought as an emissary of one of the parties to the scandal. Berlin, like every European capital, possibly not unlike some American capitals, was full of such characters. But they were usually easy to recognize.

My life at Berlin connects itself through two persons with the life at Cornell. The first was Bayard Taylor, for several years a popular lecturer here on German poetry, who came to Germany as American minister in 1878, and died after a few brief months of service. The funeral scene I recall as if it were but yesterday. It was both official and popular; for amid the brilliant representatives of the court, the diplomatic corps, and the army, appeared the more humble yet even more sympathetic members of the guild of German letters, who justly claimed Taylor as their own. In their behalf Berthold Auerbach made an address, short but

feeling and beautiful, and delivered under a pressure of emotion which the speaker could hardly control. It was a wintry day in December. The long procession of carriages filed slowly through the streets of the capital, amid crowds which reverently uncovered as it passed; at the suburban cemetery, or "God's acre," as the Germans touchingly say, another short service was held; and the body of Bayard Taylor, journalist, poet, teacher, diplomatist, was laid to rest.

After Taylor, came as minister another man of letters, and a closer representative of Cornell, Andrew D. White, of whose conduct of the Legation, I had, as I soon afterwards resigned my position and returned to America, but a short personal experience. But I know in other ways that it worthily continued the traditions established by a long series of able men. For me it will always have this value, that it was the occasion of an acquaintance which eventually brought me to Cornell, and opened a new chapter in my life.

Herbert Tuttle.

THE STORY OF A FAMOUS PICTURE.

ON a certain day during the Revolution of 1848, there was standing in front of a picture dealer's shop in Paris, a young painter looking at the pictures within the window. It would not be difficult to guess why he was there, for some of the pictures were his own. There was about his appearance, it would seem, something of awkwardness, for he was born to the life of a peasant and though several years had been passed in the great city, he refused to become sophisticated; though he was in Paris he was not of it. Since the year when he first left his native village and sought a career in the studios of the famous artists, there had been for him one long struggle. Not only was there the struggle for bread and clothes and paints—that had been desperate enough, yet many another had fared as hard as he and, were that all, he might well hope by energy and industry to win a recompense. There was another matter, one that caused him doubtless more anxiety, which was of a more subtle and difficult kind and which

was to a considerable degree the foundation of his more material difficulties.

He had been born to the life of a peasant and when he had determined to become a painter the sentiment of rustic life had become strong in him so that the first thoughts concerning his art were that he would learn to paint the country that he loved so well and to portray the simple life of toil by which he and all his kin had won their bread. And as these had been his first motives, so through all the years they had continued dominant in him. To follow these impulses was, it seemed to him, to give his career significance and vitality; to be turned from them was to render his art empty and vain. But though he had won the respect of some of his fellow workmen and probably had the assurance that he was coming to a mastery of his craft, the years had brought little other than toil and disappointment. The motives that governed the art of Paris were quite different from those that governed him. They were as foreign to him as was the city itself. And so when he painted his simple pictures of homely life some thought them odd and uncouth; others thought them vulgar. A few there were who thought they saw here new and valuable elements but they were for the most part men without influence,—some of them artists, themselves in the midst of struggles somewhat parallel to his own. Warm and true friends there were and now and then kind words were spoken. But his art! ah, that was the bitterness of it, to feel that it had no following, that to the public, even to the artistic public, it was without influence.

Sometimes he seems to have wavered in his purpose and to have seriously endeavored to bring his work into relation with that about him. He essayed classical themes and subjects from the nude. But it was of no use. He could not put his heart into these things. Finally he seems to have deliberately effected a compromise with himself. He must have bread. To see his family suffer was the keenest pain of all. And these things could be sold, not for much, but for something, and with this little they could live. The result of this compromise was far from being a discredit to him. The work is strong and sound, and a character less firm in its tendencies would have endeavored to make the most of the advantages to be derived from it. I can not find, however,

that it ever came to mean more to him than a makeshift. Such examples as I have seen are quite admirable, and are as far as possible from being seductive, or from possessing any questionable quality.

And now the Revolution has come and with it the demoralization of the city. Food is scarce, the buyers of pictures are gone, and with want staring his family in the face the artist stands in front of the shop-window looking at the unsold wares. "Do you know who painted that?" said one of two young men, who stood near him pointing to a picture of women bathing. "Yes," said the other, "a fellow named Millet who paints nothing but naked women." It was a bitter taunt that one would think fate might have spared him. When he reached home he told his wife the story. "Life will be somewhat harder, but if you will consent," he said, "I will paint no more of that sort of thing." And she answered, "As you will, I am ready."

I started to tell the story of a picture, and so far I have only been telling of a man. But the story of this picture, as I conceive it, begins long before the picture was painted. About the time of the Revolution, Millet's career was determined. Henceforth he would paint only what he desired to paint, and he desired to paint only what he knew and had sympathy for. Come what would, there should be no more trifling with his art. While the city was still in an unsettled condition, he managed to get away from it to the village of Barbizon, whither some of his artist friends had preceded him. At Barbizon he was near the Forest of Fontainebleau, and about him was the country once more. His resolution was fortified by all that he saw around him, and once here and at work, there never came a fit time to return to the city.

At first he was too elated for work and only explored that he might imbibe the new sights and sounds. And when he put brush to canvas he began the series of works that the world will know as peculiarly his. Gradually he established himself and came to have a following. But financial prosperity did not come, for his following consisted mostly of students and fellow artists, so that life, even the inexpensive life of the peasantry, was somewhat precarious. Frequently his friends had to intervene to save him from the bailiff.

Ten years of this life have passed with much hard work and some renown, when there stands upon his easel a small picture, recently finished. The idea had been working in his mind for some years, and various drawings show that simple as are the elements of the picture, their arrangement had been subject to much care and thoughtfulness. He showed it to some of his friends and they were enthusiastic. "It is the Angelus!" cried Alfred Sensier, Millet's friend and biographer, when he first saw it; and he hastened to Paris to arrange for its exhibition and sale, for everything, however precious, must be turned into money for bread and rent, and Millet, who could not drive a bargain, usually left these matters to others more skilled than he. And so the canvas that has yet been seen only in Barbizon and by the artist and a few of his friends, is packed off to Paris. A frame is chosen for it and it is hung for sale. What price shall be put upon it? All concerned feel that it is of rather unusual importance, and besides, the artist is in want and it is decided to make an effort for three thousand francs. Buyers come and look; some are enthusiastic, others indifferent. No one buys. Weeks pass and the canvas is not taken. It is worth praises, it would seem, but it is not worth money. Months pass and still the picture hangs in open market with its price upon it, and there is no purchaser. But Millet's creditors will not wait and the picture must be sold; so Sensier endeavors to negotiate a sale for the picture that no one wants. Finally, the Belgian minister, on Sensier's representation, and apparently as a semi-benevolent deed, decides to take the Angelus. The Angelus is sold—for three thousand francs?—no, for eighteen hundred francs—three hundred and sixty dollars.

Jean François Millet is dead. Life did not seem to have reached its completion for him, yet he lived long enough to see the ideas for which he had toiled, beginning to be triumphant. Even some good prices were realized for his works, and his pictures were no longer treated with contempt.

And now, since his death, every scrap of paper that he wrought upon is prized and treasured. All that he did has passed to the dealers and the amateurs, and become a regular element of trade, no longer to be had for a song or for the asking.

And the Angelus! It changed hands at a moderate price, and after a while an etching was made from it by a famous Frenchman. This gave a basis for photography, and as Millet's fame increased, cheap reproductions were scattered, until the two peasants at prayer were familiar objects in remote parts of the earth. When next the picture came up for sale it was known that a great price would have to be paid for it, as the two who conjectured that they would be the chief competitors agreed not to bid against each other, and having secured it at as low a price as possible, to cast lots for it. Under this arrangement they bought the picture for one hundred and sixty thousand francs, and the lot fell to M. Secretan, a well known Paris speculator—not in pictures but in stocks and securities. That was in 1881. Here it rested for a while, but it was in private hands and no one could tell when it would be for sale, or what its destiny would be. Certain Frenchmen were beginning to be anxious about it, and I remember reading a few years ago an article from a French journal, which affirmed that the modern American plutocrat was as certainly a robber and despoiler with his money, as was the Ancient Roman with his victorious arms, and savagely declared that an American millionaire had recently endeavored to rob the French of the Angelus for half a million francs.

In 1889 the picture came to the auction room again, and possibly for the last time. M. Secretan had endeavored to effect a "corner" in the world's copper. The task was too much for him, and when the copper trust went down his fortune went with it. So the little canvas came to sale without waiting for his death or allowing him to direct its disposal, and with the rest of his effects, was to be made over to the highest bidder. The circumstances attending the bidding for the picture were by all accounts extraordinary. Many of the wealthiest collectors were present, and all awaited eagerly the result. No one expected, however, that it would go into private hands. The real contest lay between the representatives of the French government, and of two American institutions. As the contest became close, interest developed into frenzy and the representative of the French government was urged, almost goaded to his bids. When the opposition gave way, the bidding had reached five hundred and fifty-

three thousand francs. As the contest closed and the picture was awarded to the French government, the excitement passed all bounds and the room was in confusion and uproar. On the easel was a little canvas representing a couple of peasants at their simple devotions, painted by one, himself a peasant and perhaps as humble in spirit as they. About the room all had been eagerness, excitement and anxiety, and now with most of those present there was elation, joy, tears and laughter and fervent embracing, as though a great victory had been won or a national shame avoided.

I do not know of a more bitter comment on the fallibility of the popular judgment than this. Among that audience there were many who had been alive and influential in Paris when the Angelus waited for a buyer and Millet waited for the bailiff. The very men who had passed his work with indifference or with moderate appreciation, when he was alive, and had done nothing to lighten the heavy burden of neglect and want, now vied with each other to roar the loudest to his memory. I suppose the time will never come when there will not be the danger that genius will pass with scant recompense, at the same time that mediocre talent is more than amply rewarded. This is specially likely to be the case when genius comes clothed in modest garb, not cut quite according to the mode. But I am not quite able to understand how a people should so entirely fail to do justice, and should so soon become superlative in their tribute of praise.

The other day I stood in front of the Angelus. It was hung alone, in the midst of a great wall covered with plush, and crowds came to admire, and stood in awe before it. Many, I suppose, admired it honestly and with intelligent appreciation, but some evidently were moved because they had been told it was a rare and precious thing. A few could not see anything remarkable in it and were honest enough to say so. It is a fine piece of property now and is advertised and boomed very much as any other show is. It is in America and this is said to be its final abiding place. The French government failed to make good the bid of its agent, so the tears and laughter and uproar went for naught after all. On some accounts it seems a pity that it should leave its native country, where are all the associations that made it possible. Yet I do not see how a Frenchman can have the face to raise an ob-

jection. At a time when Millet was most abused, or neglected at home, some of his warmest admirers were Americans, as were the majority of his patrons. If his most famous picture has come to us, we know that it has not come entirely because it is famous, or because it brought a great price. Millet's work had admirers here, when its cost was small, and when it could not be marked "famous."

Hiram S. Gutsell.

BEYOND THE PALE.

THIS way, this way,—nay, no scruples!
What, afraid of the mere sight?
There are things to see quadruples
Man's inherent virtue-mite.
Stuff? Believe me. Why, man, bless you!
Taints the soul each foul laystall?
Brush against a Cyprian's dress you
Get some lint-leavings, that's all.

This way then. . . . The bright lights dazzle,
Down the floor the waltzers go;
Fumes of hot-house flowers, sweet Basil—
Ah, the death's-head's near, below!
What? That "Danube" strain's entrancing?
Certes, sense reigns—right you are.
See that dark-eyed houri dancing?
She is Sense's queen—*devoir!*

Stay you—I was only jesting;
You are free to fawn or fleer.
Save your dignity's divesting
—If it's worth the saving—here.
We'll be gone soon. Yet a minute—
Look there, floating down the *bal;*
There's a face—you might have seen it
But this morning in the mall.

Lordly then and gracious—brutal
  Now you think it? But you err;
That's the gas-effect, inutile
  For a man's interpreter.
Judge it when God's light's attendant;
  Right you may be—no, not *must*;
'Chance the soul is yet ascendant—
  Souls are souls still, bodies dust.

Not your doctrine? Well, no matter,
  We'll not quarrel: men are men,
Souls *and* bodies, be the latter
  Soiled or sinless.—Look again
In that group there by the mirror,
  There's a girl might turn your head;
Gods, what beauty! Let's go nearer.
  No? You heard then what she said?

And your judgment—I can guess it:
  All her beauty now is null.
But is that fair? Burns a cresset
  The less brightly in a skull?
And this girl's soul, as you've read it,
  Mars her comeliness? Retract!
Give the body's beauty credit;
  All things can't be all infract.

No offense! But beauty's beauty,
  Flesh or spirit, masked or bare—
Soot can make the silver sooty
  Only on the surface.—There,
We'll go out now since it hurt you
  Just to hear that Phryne curse. . . .
Ah, this cool air's best for virtue,
  But has that air made you *worse?*

Gerald Newcomer, '88.

STUDENT SONG.

SONG has always flourished among students, though we can only trace it back to the great mediæval universities, to the time when thousands of vagrant scholars wandered in quest of learning from one end of Europe to the other. In the words of a Froidmont monk of the twelth century "they are wont to roam around the world and visit all its cities, till much learning makes them mad ; for in Paris they seek liberal arts, in Orleans authors, at Salerno gallipots,* at Toledo demons, and in no place decent manners." When we remember the frequent brawls at all the universities, between gown and town, disturbances in which sometimes half a dozen men were killed on each side, we do not wonder at the monk's fling at their indecent manners. But we are ready to forgive them everything, their grossness as well as their thievishness, for the sake of the delightful songs with which they enlivened their tramps. Some of these lyrics have been preserved in two old manuscripts. One is known as the Harleian manuscript,† and comprises a collection of Latin songs copied by a zealous follower of Simon de Montfort, the fiery champion of the English people in the thirteenth century ; the other has received the name "*Carmina Burana*"‡ from Benedictbeuern, a monastery at the foot of the Alps, where it was found in 1803, shortly after the sequestration of the greater number of convents and monasteries in Bavaria. Owing to the impious character of some of the songs, the book was kept behind lock and key for several hundred years ; but now, it has been transferred to the Bavarian State Library at Munich, where it is shown as one of the rarest treasures of that rich collection. The handsome, old, morocco codex contains about two hundred Latin and German poems, written in two or three quaint hands of the thirteenth century, and it is illuminated by initial letters and colored pictures. The rhymed verses, called *moduli*, are written like ordinary prose, to

*Salerno was a great school of medicine.

†Edited by Mr. Thomas Wright in 1841, under the title "The Latin Poems commonly attributed to Walter Mapes."

‡Published in 1847 at Stuttgart ; another edition in 1883, by Schmeller, at Breslau.

distinguish them from the so-called *versus*, or lines written in classic Latin metres.

These two chief manuscripts, * the English and the German, have to some extent a common stock of poems, but they differ in general tone. The first contains more, serious, satirical pieces against the clergy ; it may be said to anticipate the feelings of patriotic indignation in Englishmen, which appear later in Langland's nervous satire "Piers the Plowman," and which at last freed themselves in the Reformation. The element of graceful sprightliness in the "*Carmina Burana*," on the other hand, strikes a chord, which was to ring more powerfully in the Renaissance.

The first poem in the English collection : "*Apocalypsis Goliae Episcopi*"—"The Vision of Bishop Golias," was directed against the clergy, and enjoyed great popularity during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. It has been attributed with some show of reason to Walter Map, Archdeacon of Oxford from 1197 to 1210, for he is known to have written satires in prose and verse against the order of the Cistercians, his personal enemies. He has even been taken for Golias, the *archipoeta*, or patron saint of the order of *goliardi*, which is another name for the wandering students, *clerici vagi*, many of whom earned their bread as storytellers, minstrels, jugglers and even as sorcerers. In "Piers the Plowman" the *goliardeis* is called "a glotoun of wordes" and is made to speak Latin verses ; Chaucer goes even further when he says :

> "He was a Ianglere and a goliardeys,
> And that was most of sinne and harlotryes."

Together with their own poems this gives us a fair notion of Golias and his flock.

To return to "The Vision of Golias," it is enough to say that the poem is long and that the Latin is not particularly melodious. However, the description of Pythagoras, who unfolds the many vices of the Catholic Church to Golias, is so unique in its mediæval grotesqueness, that it would be a pity not to quote it. The following is from an English translation of the time of Elizabeth† :

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* Some important poems have also been published by Du Méril in his "*Poésies Populaires Latines.*"

† See Wright's appendix to "Walter Mapes."

"Pithagoras his shape in deede I did behold,
Withe divers kindes of art-i-painted well about;
But yet this sight, God wotte, by me canot be told
Whether it were in deede, in bodie or without.

Upon his foreheade faire Astrologie did shine,
And Gramer stode alonge upon his teethe arowe,
And Retheroick did springe within his hollowe eyen,
And in his tremblinge lippes did art of Logick flowe.

And in his fingers eke did Arithmetick lie,
Within his hollowe pulse did Musick finelie plaie,
And then in both his eien stode pale Geometrie;
Thus eche one of these artes in his owne place did staie.

In reason is conteynd morall philosophie,
And then upon his backe all handie craftes were writ;
At lengthe muche like a booke unfolded his bodie,
And did disclose his hand, and badd me looke in it."

There is an absurd resemblance between this student poem of the twelfth century and a modern college song, which describes the introduction of biennial examinations at Williams:

"Let's get from New-Haven that terrible beast
That will make of the Soph'mores a rich, dainty feast.

His body is Latin, pure Greek is his breast,
His skin is tough *Calculus;* but, what is best,
Blazing *formulae* stream from his mouth to the ground,
And he belches Greek roots from his nostrils around.

His ravenous jaws are terribly wide,
And with rows of sharp *synonymes* well are supplied;
They call him *Biennial,* and it is said
The name of the monster fills Soph'mores with dread."

What has done most to endear Walter Map to all jovial topers, is the famous drinking song: "*Mihi est propositum in taberna mori.*" It is the only one of all those early effusions which has come down to us by direct descent from mouth to mouth, being still sung by German and English students of to-day. Though the song has been attributed to Walter Map since the sixteenth century, it has become evident from the "*Carmina Burana*" that it was composed about 1165 in Pavia by a South German student. Originally it formed part of a longer Latin poem, "The Confes-

sion of Golias," in which the worthy bishop confesses to his sins. After owning up to gambling, flirting and general deviltry, he turns to the vice of drinking :

"Tertio capitulo
memoro tabernam.
Illam nullo tempore
sprevi, neque spernam,
donec sanctos angelos
venientes cernam,
cantantes pro mortuis
'Requiem eternam.'"

In the third place, let me call up the tavern. It is a haunt I never have shunned, nor will I ever do so, till the time when I shall see holy angels come, singing the chant for the dead :

"May he find eternal rest."

Mr. J. A. Symonds, in 1884, published the first English translations of some of these songs, with an excellent essay on mediæval students and their poetry, in a book entitled "Wine, Women and Song." From him is taken the translation of Golias' Drinking Song as it now stands in the German *Commersbuch :*

"Mihi est propositum
in taberna mori,
vinum sit appositum
morientis ori,
ut dicant quum venerint
angelorum chori :
'Deus sit propitius
huic potatori.'

Poculis accenditur
animi lucerna,
cor imbutum nectare,
volat ad superna ;
mihi sapit dulcius
vinum in taberna,
quam quod aqua miscuit
praesulis pincerna.

Suum cuique proprium
dat natura munus :
ego nunquam potui
scribere jejunus ;
me jejunum vincere
posset puer unus ;
sitim et jejunium
odi tamquam funus.

Tales versus facio,
quale vinum bibo ;
neque possum scribere,
nisi sumpto cibo ;
nihil valet penitus,
quod jejunus scribo,
Nasonem post calices
carmine præibo.

"In the public house to die
Is my resolution.
Let wine to my lips be nigh
At life's dissolution :
That will make the angels cry,
With glad elocution,
'Grant this toper, God on high,
Grace and absolution!'

With the cup, the soul lights up
Inspiration's flicker ;
Nectar lifts the soul on high
With its heavenly ichor :
To my lips a sounder taste
Hath the tavern's liquor,
Than the wine the village clerk
Waters for the vicar.

Nature gives to every man
Some gift serviceable ;
Write I never could nor can
Hungry at the table ;
Fasting, any stripling to
Vanquish me is able.
Hunger, thirst, I liken to
Death that ends the fable.

Nature gives to every man
Gifts as she is willing,
I compose my verses when
Good wine I am swilling.
Wine the best for jolly guest,
Jolly hosts are filling ;
From such wine rare fancies fine
Flow like dews distilling.

Mihi nunquam spiritus
poetriæ datur,
nonnisi quum fuerit
venter plene satur;
cum in arce cerebri
Bacchus dominatur,
in me Phoebus irruit,
ac miranda fatur."

Such my verse is wont to be
As the wine I swallow;
No ripe thoughts enliven me
While my stomach's hollow.
Hungry wits on hungry lips
Like a shadow follow,
But once I am in my cups
I can beat Apollo."

Many of us are so used to modern forms of verse, that we never hear the rich music in Greek and Latin poetry. It is only when the ear catches the accustomed jingle of rhymes and the gay beat of heedless rhythm in the low-Latin *moduli*, that we suddenly become alive to the tune and melody hidden in ancient tongues. No wonder that so many Latin songs, among them the two student classics "*Lauriger Horatius*" and "*Gaudeamus Igitur*", were composed within the last two centuries. How melodious the language is, may be judged from an impassioned panegyric of the ninth century, which contains these lines on the nightingale*:

"Implet silvas atque cuncta modulis arbustula
Gloriosa valde facta veris prae laetitia;
Volitando scandit alta arborum cacumina,
Ac festiva satis gliscit sibilare carmina."

With her tuneful notes the bushes and the leafy branches ring,
Swaying glorious in the sunny gladness of awakened spring;
On swift wings she climbs the dizzy treetops, there on high to fling
Forth her swelling voice in anthems such as only she can sing.

Such were, in the early middle ages, the sapphics on spring, which were to develop into the sensuous poems on love and flowers of the Provençal troubadours and the German *Minnesinger*. And the German songs of the "*Carmina Burana*", are as full of roses and linden-blossoms, of nightingales and maiden's tresses, as is German lyric poetry to-day. To the wandering clerk, however, spring was less dreamy than to his descendants; for him it meant that the long winter imprisonment in a cloister, or among gruff burghers, was over, that he could take to the road again and lead the roving life he loved so well. His joy at the re-awakening of the year is more simple and more touching:

* From Du Méril's "*Poésies Pop. Lat. Ant.*"

"Zergangen ist der winder chalt,
der mih so sere müte,
gelobet stat der grune walt,
des froet sih min gemüte.
Nieman chan nu werden alt,
vröde han ich manichvalt
von eines wibes güte." *

Agon is wynter colde
that yaf me crewel smerte,
blessed be the forest golde,
Crist, ioie is in myn herte.
No men now growe olde,
plesauns have I manifolde,
myn lady me doth glade.

"Tempus instat floridum,
cantus crescit avium,
tellus dat solatium.
Eya, qualia amoris gaudia!" †

Now cometh flowery spring,
The birds begin to sing.
Fair earth, thy gladness bring!
Heigho, what joys there are in love!

One of the prettiest is the following, in which the childlike love for birds is almost pathetic :

"Ich gesah den sumer nie,
daz er so schone duhte mich :
mit menigen blumen wol getan,
diu heide hat geçieret sih,
sanges ist der walt so vol,
diu zit diu tut den chleinen vogelen
wol." ‡

Never did I the sommer see
that semed so bewtéful. Perdè!
in many flowres al adorned,
and medwes drest ful merily.
y-fylled of twitter is the wood,
to litil fowles the sommer tyme is
good.

All are not so simple. With some, the rhymes are cunningly intricate, in a way to do honor to a Swinburne. So, a song, which has the distinction of being illustrated in the German manuscript by a picture of a lank youth, giving flowers to a languid maiden :

"Suscipe Flos florem
Quia flos designat amorem. ||

Take thou this flower, O Flower,
For a flower is true love's dower!

The oddest bit, perhaps, in the whole collection is the audacious poem :

"Were diu werlt alle min
von deme mere unze an den Rin,
des wolt ih mih darben,
daz diu chünegin von Engellant
lege an minen armen." ¶

Certes, were the wyde world myne
from the see, eek to the Rhine,
of al I wol me soon devester,
to clapse the queene of Engelond
to myn beeting breste.

The impudent spirit of these lines was reflected in our day by the German poet Scheffel in his song of "The Trumpeter of Säckingen." The hero of the epic is a lazy and poetical law stu-

* Carm. Bur.; ed. Schmeller, No. 102a.
† Carm. Bur., No. 88.
‡ Carm. Bur., No. 115a.
|| Carm. Bur., No. 147.
¶ Carm. Bur., No. 108a.

dent of the seventeenth century, who begins his career as a trumpeter by reeling one day from the huge wine tun in the vaults below the Heidelberg castle, into the presence of the Electress of the Palatinate. Falling on his knee before her, he sings a wild, amorous ditty in which he offers among other things to "hack the world to shreds for love of her" or to "bring her the stars of heaven strung on his sword like frogs." Next day he is promptly expelled from the university and sets out on horseback, cornet in hand, to see the world. The beautiful song with which he departs from Heidelberg has been inserted in the *Commersbuch*, together with other selections from "The Trumpeter" and from Scheffel's "*Frau Aventiure*," a clever imitation of mediæval student songs. However, the poet's most famous pieces in the *Commersbuch*, are the ballads on "Jonas in the Whale," "The Last Ichthyosaurus" and those on "The Count of Rodenstein."

The *Commersbuch*, by the way, is the song book used by German students at a *Commers*—their word for carousal—and is externally speaking a small, chunky volume bound in black, with five little knobs on either cover to protect it from harm when the table is swamped with beer. It contains over a thousand songs with their melodies; most of them simple folk songs; the rest are pæans on student life, on war, patriotism, the chase, drinking and love. Almost every German poet of any fame seems to have contributed his share, from early Walter von der Vogelweide down to Karl Stieler, who died but lately. All the numbers are favorite songs with the students; but the most popular, perhaps, are Horace's "*Integer Vitae*" the anonymous Latin *moduli* "*Trifolium*," or "*Dulce cum sodalibus*" and "*Gaudeamus*;" of modern verses, Goethe's "King of Thule," "*Ergo Bibamus*" and Scheffel's "Jonas in the Whale."

Owing to the different development of the universities after the Reformation, there is next to nothing that might properly be called a student song in Romance literature. Its place in France is filled by a wealth of charming lyrics on the Bohemian life of artists and authors in Paris. This kind of poetry begins with Villon, the connecting link between the wandering scholar and the garret-poet of the Latin Quarter, and it continues down to Béranger's "*Chansons*" and Henri Murger's "*Nuits d'Hiver.*"

Not so in England. The character of the mediæval school has in many ways been kept alive in Oxford and Cambridge, and the students cherish their old songs. In addition to "*Mihi est propositum*" and "*Dulce Domum*," there are at least three time-honored English songs that are sung as much as ever. One is Fletcher's rollicking roundelay "Come landlord fill your flowing bowl," another the poem of "The Leather Bottél", and the last, Jonson's creation out of the opening phrase of an epistle of Philostratos:

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine."

Analogous to Prof. Seyffert's "*Carmina Latina*" from German poems, two volumes of modern verse turned into classic Latin metre have been published at Oxford and Cambridge, of which this distich from Mother Goose is an amusing specimen:

"Hei didulu . . . m-at . . . que iterum didulum! Felisque Fidesque!
Vacca super Lunae cornua prosiluit."

But no well known song book like the *Commersbuch* or *Carmina Collegensia* seems to be in use among English students. Even collections of light verse like "Echoes from the Oxford Magazine," or the Cambridge "Cap and Gown" have not penetrated American colleges to any extent, and our knowledge of what the students sing is limited to a few numbers; for instance, "The Revelry of the Dying," a poem written by a young officer in India, shortly before his death, while the plague was sweeping away his comrades. The song seems to me unequalled, even by Anacreon or Omar Khayyám, in the passionate intensity with which it sounds the strain of "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." The first and the last stanza may serve to illustrate the whole poem:

"We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare,
As they shout to our peals of laughter,
It seems that the dead are there.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
I drink to our comrade's eyes;
Quaff a cup to the dead already,
And hurrah! for the next that dies."

STUDENT SONG.

"Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
Where the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest remain behind.
Stand! stand to your glasses steady!
'Tis all we have left to prize;
A cup to the dead already,
And hurrah! for the next that dies."

If contemporary student verses do not readily find the way across to us from England, we certainly have plenty of our own. Indeed, we may pride ourselves on originating a new variety of college song in our hymns of loyalty to "*Alma Mater*," "Fair Harvard," "Old Yale," etc., and in the class odes that spring up each year like mushrooms over night. All have one great merit, that of appealing to the hearty sympathy of those for whom they are made; a claim that can not be urged in favor of another kind of song, also written for the students rather than by them. I mean the Greek and Latin verses inserted in our song books. A few, to be sure, are clever productions, like Prof. Hollmann's,

"Τέκνον εἰμὶ φύσεως,
Τέκνον ὑγιείας,"

yet they scarcely have the right to exist, since they are neither made spontaneously nor generally appreciated. Between a version of the Lorelei in Greek, and Jonson's exquisite translation there is all the difference between playing at writing verses and making an immortal song.

But the poems of which we have the greatest number, and which also are the best that have been written by American students, are the lyrics written for college papers. It is a matter of surprise how many really good pieces can be found in the collected ballads of one publication like the Harvard *Advocate* or *Crimson*, the Yale and the Nassau "Lits," or the *Brunonian*. With a few notable exceptions, they belong to a light and breezy grove, whose chief divinities, as of old, are wine, women, and song, attended by the new god of tobacco. Of the smoking songs one of the most famous is "Floating Away," written by Judge Francis M. Finch,

the author of "The Blue and the Gray," and of the Yale hymn, "Gather ye Smiles from the Ocean Isles."

The songs, however, that are best known and come oftenest to the lips form a class by themselves. Odes to *Alma Mater* are little cared for outside of their home, and hardly a tenth of the songs made for the student press are really sung; but what college-bred man has not heard "Co-ca-che-lunk," "Bingo," "Rig-a-jig," "Its a way we have at old Harvard," "Saw my leg off," or "The Bull Dog?" These are the true American college songs.

Compared to literature or poetry as a whole, student song occupies a singularly inferior rank, the relation of the boy to the man. It has all the charm of gay, naughty boyhood, all the unconscious beauty of youth, but the character and the passion of maturer age are wanting. Great religious or national movements, which have upheaved the art and literature of a whole people seem to leave little trace on student songs. When the rest of Europe flocked to the crusades, and Gothic spires arose throughout the land, the *scholares vagantes* were singing ditties to rosy-cheeked maidens and to spring, or were avowing their purpose to die in the tavern. So in later years the Reformation and the English Revolution might just as well not have occurred, for all the change they wrought in this part of poetry. It is this constant and well-nigh exasperating levity of tone that makes an occasional minor note like "The Revelry of the Dying" seem so powerful; just as, *vice versa*, the light heartedness of such lyrics would lose its refreshing effect were it for the sober background of the world. To feel the full force of the word *igitur* in "*Gaudeamus*," one should hear several hundred German students, after the burial of one of their comrades in the dead of night, amid the red flare of torches on their caps and swords, intone the solemn chant:

"Gaudeamus igitur juvenes dum sumus."

Edwin Emerson.

LEGAL TENDER AND THE CONSTITUTION.

THE justices of the United States Supreme Court are in a position in which they can fully appreciate the literal force of the command, "Judge not, lest ye be judged," for, from the time of *Chisholm v. Georgia* down, they and their decisions have been the subject of unceasing criticism. Though this criticism may sometimes be just, it quite as often arises from a misconception of the position of the court.

Perhaps no case has been more misunderstood than the recent one of *Juilliard v. Greenman*, (110 U. S. 421). Much of this misunderstanding is due to George Bancroft. That case, decided in 1884, held, that congress had the power to make treasury notes a legal tender in payment of private debts, in time of peace as well as in time of war. This decision was such a shock to the venerable historian that it set the blood to coursing through his veins with all the heat of youth, and called forth a protest, the vigor of which is indicated by its title, "A plea for the Constitution of the United States of America wounded in the house of its guardians."

The passage in Mr. Justice Gray's opinion, which is quoted by Mr. Bancroft and which forms the basis for his attack on the decision is as follows :

"The power to make the notes of the government a legal tender in payment of private debts, being one of the powers belonging to sovereignty in other civilized nations, and not expressly withheld from congress by the constitution ; we are irresistibly impelled to the conclusion that the impressing upon the treasury notes of the United States the quality of being a legal tender in payment of private debts is an appropriate means, conducive and plainly adapted to the execution of the undoubted powers of congress."

Taken by itself this sentence was well qualified to rouse the just ire of Mr. Bancroft. It seems to indicate that the supreme court upholds the novel doctrine that the United States government is an imperial one, having all the powers of sovereign states not expressly prohibited by the constitution. Such was the interpretation which Bancroft gave it. Such is the meaning now commonly given, and we are gravely told that it is the present position of the

supreme court. In a lecture on "Paper Money and the Constitution," delivered at Cornell University, February 12, 1890, Professor Folwell, of the University of Minnesota, not only stated that such was the doctrine of the court, but that the court was to be commended for recognizing the principle that our constitution is a growth, and that no written words can or should bind courts or legislatures whenever an emergency arises which, in their judgment, requires an evasion of the written command of the constitution.

It is the purpose of this article to show that the supreme court has not given itself over to imperialism, and that the decision of *Juilliard v. Greenman* did not rest on the reasoning that the United States government has powers other than those granted to it by the constitution.

It is hardly necessary to cite cases to show that prior to *Juilliard v. Greenman*, the court had repeatedly held that the government has such powers only as were granted by the constitution. Mr. Bancroft cites several, such as this expression by Chief Justice Marshall: "This government is acknowledged by all to be one of enumerated powers. The principle, that it could exercise only those powers granted to it, would seem too apparent to have required to be enforced by all these arguments which its enlightened friends, while it was depending before the people, found it necessary to urge. That principle is now universally admitted." (*McCulloch v. Maryland*, 4 Wheaton, 316,405.) And in 1882, when, as Mr. Bancroft has pointed out, the supreme bench was composed of exactly the same men as in 1884, the court said: "Every valid act of congress must find in the constitution some warrant for its passage." (*U. S. v. Harris*, 106 U. S., 629,636.)

These and many other like utterances should be sufficient to put us on our guard against regarding a single loose expression as the overthrow of well settled doctrines.

Coming now to the case of *Juilliard v. Greenman*: It had been previously decided that congress has power to issue bills of credit in a form adapted to circulation, because it is a means conducive to the exercise of the power to borrow money, granted by the constitution. (*Veazie Bank v. Fenno*, 8 Wall., 533,548,555).* It

*Both majority and minority in *Hepburn v. Griswold*, 8 Wall., 603,616, 619,636.

had been held that the power of congress to provide and regulate the currency was complete. (*Veazie Bank v. Fenno; National Bank v. U. S.*, 101 U. S., 1.)

Reasoning from this, the majority of the court say, that, as congress has by the constitution the express power to borrow money, and the implied power to issue bills of credit therefor; and as it has complete control over the currency; the question is then reduced to this: Whether the making of the notes a legal tender is a means conducive to the exercise of those powers and not prohibited by the constitution. It is not necessary that the making of the notes a legal tender should be absolutely indispensable for the exercise of that power, but only that it is conducive to that end. (*U. S. v. Fisher*, 2 Cranch, 358,396.)

The court then discuss the use of this power by sovereign governments and by the states prior to the constitution, in order to show that it had often been exercised as a means adapted to the purpose of borrowing money. Their aim in using these illustrations was not to show that, as these governments exercised this as a power inherent in sovereignty, consequently this government could exercise it; but to show that they used it as a *means* for the exercise of the power to borrow money and provide a currency. Keeping in mind the purpose for which this reference to the practice of other states was made, while reading the decision, it will be seen that it is harmonious throughout, and that in that light, every expression has a clear and consistent meaning. Quoting from the opinion (p. 448): "The exercise of this power not being prohibited to congress by the constitution it is included in the power expressly granted to borrow money on the credit of the United States. . . . Under the power to borrow money on the credit of the United States, and to issue circulating notes for the money borrowed, its power to define the quality and force of those notes as currency is as broad as the like power over a metallic currency under the power to coin money and regulate the value thereof."

This, it is submitted, shows, that the supreme court based the power to make paper-money a legal tender, on the power to borrow money, and not on the general powers of sovereignty. Looking again at the paragraph to which Mr. Bancroft takes excep-

tion, can we not see that the reference to the practice of other states is for the purpose of showing that the means employed is one which has often been used as adapted to the end of borrowing money, and, being a means not prohibited by the constitution it may be lawfully exercised? The paragraph is: "The power to make the notes of the government a legal tender in payment of private debts being one of the powers belonging to sovereignty in other civilized nations, and not expressly withheld from congress by the constitution, we are irresistibly impelled to the conclusion that the impressing upon the treasury notes of the United States the quality of being a legal tender in payment of private debts is an appropriate *means*, conducive and plainly adapted to the *execution of the undoubted powers of congress.*"

Mr. Justice Field wrote the dissenting opinion, and his statement of the position of the majority is expressed as follows (p. 458): "The advocates of the measure have not been consistent in the designation of the power upon which they have supported its validity, some placing it on the power to borrow money, some on the coining power, and some have claimed it as an incident of the general powers of government. In the present case it is placed *by the court* upon the power to borrow money, and the alleged sovereignty of the United States over the currency."

Though *Juilliard v. Greenman* has not found favor with the majority of lawyers and economists, and one can hardly help feeling that it is a stretch of the constitution to a dangerous tension, still there is a vast difference between the actual position of the court and that which it is assumed to have taken by Bancroft and others.

Economists and strict constructionists may, with reason, regret the stand which the court has taken, but they are hardly justified in saying that the court has deliberately announced that our government may do anything that sovereign governments may do. Yet that is the statement that the writer has heard more than one economist make. To quote from Professor Folwell's lecture: "The government of the United States may exercise all those acts of government in accord with the usage of constitutional governments, unless expressly forbidden by the constitution, and the discretion when to exercise those powers rests with the legislature

. . . . The court has simply done what reasonable courts have to do. Our respect for the justices is increased that they decided as statesmen rather than as lawyers. They simply recognized the principle that our constitution is a growth. No written words can be made so strong that statesmen and lawyers cannot evade them when an emergency arises. Each new generation will adapt the constitution to itself." *

Had this been the doctrine of the court, it would certainly be true that they decided not as lawyers but as statesmen; but the degree of our respect for them might possibly depend on what kind of statesmen we most admire.

Edward Cornell.

HERE AND THERE IN THE LIBRARY.

"I WILL explain,' he said, 'and that you may comprehend all clearly, we will first retrace the course of your meditations, from the moment in which I spoke to you until that of the *rencontre* with the fruiterer in question. The larger links of the chain run thus—Chantilly, Orion, Dr. Nichols, Epicurus, Stereotomy, the streetstones, the fruiterer.' "

Probably everybody remembers this passage from Poe's "Murders in the Rue Morgue." I only quoted it as a sort of text to a good deal of rambling, for I seem unable to write on any one subject this month but am seized with the desire to wander on from one thing to another, to turn from one book to the next for reasons as slight perhaps as those by which the clever Dupin traced his friend's line of thought from the fruiterer to the little cobbler. But then I have been confined to my room of late and all my wandering has had to be in fancy, if there were to be any at all, so perhaps it's excusable.

* * *

It happened (to begin, after the above apology) that I was thinking of that excellent work "The Antiquary," for a purpose

* These are the statements of Professor Folwell as accurately as I could write them down in longhand at the time of their delivery.

that need not be herein set down at large and stated at length. I don't mean to say anything about "The Antiquary" except that I do not wholly agree with Ruskin who says of Scott: "But his romance and antiquarianism, his knighthood and monkery, are all false, and he knows them to be false; does not care to make them earnest; enjoys them for their strangeness, but laughs at his own antiquarianism, all through his third novel,—with exquisite modesty indeed, but with total misunderstanding of the function of an antiquary. He does not see how anything is to be got out of the past but confusion, old iron on drawing room chairs, and serious inconvenience to Dr. Heavysterne."

Among all these jests at antiquarianism the reader will doubtless recollect how the worthy Oldbuck enjoys himself by poking fun at his nephew Hector for his vigorous and unqualified belief in Macpherson's Ossian and his exceeding admiration for the works of that semi-mythical bard. The Antiquary's first feeling was wrath that anyone should believe in Ossian after his own discussion of the question with McCribb. "But Hector stoutly abode the storm; like many a sturdy Celt, he imagined the honour of his country and native language connected with the authenticity of those popular poems and would have fought knee deep, or forfeited life and land, rather than have given up a line of them. He therefore undauntedly maintained, that Rory McAlpine, [the regimental piper] could repeat the book from one end to another; and it was only upon cross-examination that he explained an assertion so general, by adding, "at least, if he were allowed whiskey enough he could repeat as long as anybody would hearken to him."

This was the first I ever heard of Ossian and for a long time the only piece of his poetry that I knew was Balclutha.

"The fox looked out of the window at Balclutha."

Not till to-day did I ever turn to the passage. It occurs in the poem entitled "Carthon" and is really, I think, a fine thing. "I have seen the walls of Balclutha," says Fingal, "but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls; and the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls. The thistle shook

there its lonely head; the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved round its head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina, silence is in the house of her fathers." So much, or rather so little, for Ossian. Having read "Carthon" I was at once led to read Matthew Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum" and so was carried away from Ossian too far to return just at present.

* * *

In "Sohrab and Rustum" as in "Carthon" the story is of a great warrior who, being brought up without knowledge of his father, seeks him, and finally, engages him in single combat, each ignorant of whom they are really fighting against, and so is slain by him. In each poem the situation is carefully and strongly wrought out. I am so modern as to prefer infinitely the work of the younger poet, without, I hope, undervaluing the work of the elder. Certainly in the final catastrophe the modern poem is superior. In "Carthon" the son throws his father down and is about to bind him when the old chief gives him the death wound from beneath with a dagger. There is something ferocious about that picture which does not seem to me poetical. In Matthew Arnold's poem, Rustum who is fighting with blank armor forgets his incognito and utters his warcry, his own great and terrifying name. Sohrab, with the reverence for his father that is woven most closely into his character, on hearing that name drops his shield for an instant and is pierced by his father's spear. The situation has a pathos, is beautifully wrought out in the latter part of the poem, that I would not exchange the simple power of such a phrase as "His words reached the heart of Clessámor, he fell in silence on his son."

* * *

As when a man beginning the study of a new language gradually finds, as he goes on in the chaos of grammars and texts and dictionaries, one thing after another which seems familiar from studies in the laborious past, notes forms cognate to others he remembers, sees inflections made by additions and changes akin to such as are already known to him, recognizes constructions through the curious syntactic sympathy which causes the same

labyrinthine puzzle to form itself with the strings of this new cat's cradle which he well remembers unravelling and making straight in some by-gone day when he was grievously studying some other now familiar speech* so, reader, was I well-pleased in "Sohrab and Rustum" to come across old friends. I was reading it for the first time since I had met with the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. Schumann wrote of his first reading Chopin's Op. 2. "But now it seemed as if quite strange eyes, flower's eyes, basilisk's eyes, peacock's eyes were gazing at me. Light dawned in places: I thought I saw Mozart's 'La ci darem la mano' entwined in a hundred chords. Leperello seemed to be looking steadily at me and Don Juan glided past me in his white mantle." And to me as I read the poem, there appeared before me figures not wholly strange:

> "They say the lion and the lizard keep
> The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep."

I thought as I read

> "As those black granite pillars, once high rear'd
> By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear
> His house, now mid their broken flights of steps
> Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side."

And when I came to the lines

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*This simile though carefully labored on by me will not be appreciated, I fear, save by some brother word-monger, some companion in linguistic labors. But those who condemn it from a literary point of view might read in "Sohrab and Rustum," beginning:—

> "But as a troop of pedlars from Cabool
> Cross underneath the Indian Caucasus,
> That vast sky neighboring mountain of milk snow;
> Crossing so high, that as they mount, they pass
> Long flocks of travelling birds dead on the snow,
> Choked by the air, and scarce can they themselves
> Slake their parch'd throats with sugar'd mulberries—
> In single file they move, and stop their breath,
> In fear they should dislodge the o'er hanging snows—
> So the pale Persians held their breath with fear."

Or else he may read anywhere in "Tom Jones."

"For now it is not as when I was young
When Rustum was in front of every fray:
But now he keeps apart and sits at home,
In Seistan, with Zal his father old."

I remembered Omar's advice

"Let Zal or Rustum bluster as they will."

* * *

And so in more instances than would be interesting to note here. Nothing very extraordinary of course. Both poems are Persian, both refer naturally enough to the great heroes of Persian romance, Jamshyd, Zal and Rustum, all duly celebrated in Firdousi. But then I am not well read in Persian poetry and so was pleased to come on what was familiar. This will explain why I turned to Omar Khayyám or rather to Fitzgerald.

Probably for one hundred readers of Fitzgerald's translation of the Rubáiyát there is one of his version of "Salámán and Absál," or rather *was*, before the publishing of the "Letters and Literary Remains."* We are told that in reading the Rubáiyát we enjoy Fitzgerald more than Omar. But with "Salámán and Absál" the reverse, I believe, must be true. The rugged form which Fitzgerald has given the Persian love story is at first reading rather repellant than attractive. Yet for all that there is much in the poem that captures the imagination and the interest.

The all-powerful Shah and the all-wise Sage, the cypress-like Prince Salámán, (his education, symmetrical as the young Gargantua's but Persian,—Horse-play and the Chase, Chess and the Song, Wisdom and Poetry and, along with all, Generosity.) Absál his idolizing nurse and his intoxicating mistress, the lover's sor-

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*I think Fitzgerald must have been a pretty nice man. I like a man who could write the following, and not be an insufferable puppy.

"I had a note from Alfred three months ago. He was then in London; but is now in Ireland, I think, adding to his new poem, The Princess. Have you seen it? I am considered a great heretic for abusing it. . . I feel almost hopeless about Alfred now. On the other hand Thackeray is progressing greatly in his line. . . He is become a very great man I am told; goes to Holland House, and Devonshire House; and for some reason or other, will not write a word to me." Tennyson and Thackeray both loved the man dearly.

row and flight, the Island in mid-sea (the Island "of Treasure and no Serpent"), the end of that delight and the blazing flame which consumed the mistress but left the man, the abasement of the Prince and the final revelation and reign of Zurah the eternally Beautiful,—all this makes up a story which I, at least, follow from beginning to end with unabated interest and sympathy. And then the apothegmatic fables which break the narrative are certainly most satisfactorily apposite and most charmingly quaint.

And it is all an Allegory, like so much Persian poetry, an Allegory that perhaps to many may make the Eastern love-story worthy remembering and thinking of more times than a couple.

* * *

But of Allegories of course we English-speaking folk always think of Bunyan and indeed no allegory is so good as his and never will be. I think so I suppose because I read it in that mythical period when I was a child.

Edward E. Hale, Jr.

NEW BOOKS.

The Poetry of Robert Browning.*

The volume before us has special interest as the last work of one of the great poets of the century. One can afford to put it thus mildly, since Browning can wait undisturbed now in Westminster—that shrine of great leaders—for the larger audience he has never sought, but may surely hope to gain. The recognition he has received from thinking people, the expression of which has been so hearty and so widespread the past few months, is surely a forecast of greater appreciation and wider influence. From these words of praise one may be sure, that those who know him best accord to his poetry striking originality, great power with words, marvellous concentration of thought, subtile power of analysis combined with the creative imagination. To the man himself, and reflected in all his work, belong a deeply-seated faith overcoming speculative doubt, a firm belief in the wholeness of life and in the spiritual value of its material environment. He is a realist, but not in the ordinary sense. His realism deals, not with the externals of man's condition, but with his mind and heart. His dramatic power is

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* *Asolando, Fancies and Facts.* Robert Browning. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York.

perhaps unequalled since Shakespeare, but otherwise there is little comparison, because of the different subject-matter, and its different treatment.

But praise may seem fulsome, unbalanced by judgment. What then are reasons for giving Browning a high place among the poets of this century? Wordsworth pointed out that the artist has a right to be judged from the stand-point of what he wished to accomplish, rather than of what he failed to do. Browning has had a theory of work. His subject has been the portrayal of motives, impulses, mental and spiritual states. The greatness of this subject, in comparison with form of any kind, has led him to disregard conventionalities in poetry, and build less upon the pleasure of melodious collocation of words, than upon the deeper significance of his thought. The poet as singer has given place to the poet as seer.

The choice has been deliberately made. There is little question of Browning's great power as a purely lyric poet. But is the choice justifiable? No one would claim Browning is free from mannerisms. It is clear also, that so far as these really obscure thought, or their harshness obstructs it, the poet will have blunted his purpose. To justify such mannerisms as does the typical member of Browning societies, also defeats its own end and disgusts the thoughtful. On the other hand, to regard these peculiarities as a great part of Browning, or even a very large part, is to be equally unjust, and to expose great ignorance of the poet. The justification of Browning's subordination of form to idea is not difficult when we consider the change that has taken place in poetry itself. Poetry is not written to be sung, nor to please the ear preëminently, but to express thought. The ballad has practically disappeared. The lyric has become more thoughtful. The real drama is too much burdened with the thought element to be in any true sense popular. The evident attempt to increase the sensuous element, as in Swinburne or Rossetti, does not meet with great favor from thinking people. Poetry is still chosen by the imaginative, idealistic, intuitive mind, because it still retains its adaptation to such minds. But it has been modified by a deeper sense of the import of life, by a broader view of man's relations to humanity, and a keener insight into nature and the world about him. The result is, greater condensation of expression. The sensuous is not lost, but it is subservient to the philosophic. Hence a poetry, the casual reading of which will not reveal its power or its beauty.

This last volume shows no changes in Browning's style or subject-matter, and is no pretentious addition to his poetry. But it may be said with truth that there is evident here no diminution of power, and there are some poems which must rank with the best he has written. The narrative element is perhaps a little larger than in some previous volumes, but there are indications of the same lyric and dramatic power as in the earlier pieces. Here is evident also his peculiar theory or art, as well as occasional "Browningisms." It would be interesting to quote largely. On the threshold is the lyric "Rosny," that calls to mind the stirring Cavalier Tunes. "*Summum*

Bonum" shows the passion of the poet unimpaired by age—that youth the poets always keep,—and he has written nothing more dainty.

"All the breath and the bloom of the year in the bag of one bee:
All the wonder and wealth of the mine in the heart of one gem:
In the core of one pearl all the shade and the shine of the sea:
Breath and bloom, shade and shine,—wonder, wealth and—how far above them—
Truth, that 's brighter than gem,
Trust, that 's purer than pearl,—
Brightest truth, purest trust in the universe—all were for me
In the kiss of one girl."

"Speculative" is one of the short pieces we find here and there in his works, inspired by his poet-wife. There is nothing better in the lighter vein of the "Jocoseria" than "The Pope and the Net." The best of the narrative pieces is "*Beatrice Signorini*," a pretty incident culled from some forgotten book about some forgotten painter, and touched up in Browning's own way. The best of his philosophy lies in the poem called "Reverie," quotation from which would unfortunately spoil it.

The most striking thing in the volume is the "Epilogue," written at a time when Browning looked for many years of life, but not less admirably adapted to be, as it is, the last word. It well deserves to stand beside "Prospice," and rank among the very best of his short pieces.

"At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, imprisoned—
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,
—Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel
—Being—who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were wors'ted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
'Strive and thrive!' cry 'Speed,—fight on, fare ever
There as here.'"

Oliver Farrar Emerson.

THE

CORNELL MAGAZINE.

VOL. II. MAY, 1890. No. 8.

EDWIN H. WOODRUFF, *Editor-in-Chief.*

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The Magazine is published monthly throughout the college year. Subscription price $2.00 a year. Single numbers, 25 cents.

FATHER CURCI.

DURING my recent stay in Florence, it was my great privilege to visit, in his suburban retreat, the Very Reverend Father Carlo Maria Curci, one of the most remarkable of Italian ecclesiastics now living—remarkable in himself, and remarkable by reason of the attitude he has taken since the Church lost her temporal power. He is now 80 years of age, having been born in Naples early in 1810. At the age of 15, he was admitted to the Order of the Jesuits, and was for more than half a century one of its most devoted members. He defended the Order against the attacks of Gioberti, in a work entitled "*Fatti ed Argumenti in risposta alle molte parole di Vincenzo Gioberti intorno ai Gesuiti*" (Facts and Arguments in reply to the many words of Vincenzo Gioberti, concerning the Jesuits), which was published in Naples in 1845. Gioberti retorted in several places in his "*Gesuita Moderno*," and Curci, in his turn, replied in two volumes, which were published in Paris, where he was living at the time. On his return to Italy, he established in Naples the "*Civilità Cattolica*," which after some time, he transferred to Rome. The Review having taken on a character different from that which he

originally designed, he severed his connection with it. His religious ardor, and his eloquence as a preacher, made him a prominent figure in the Church, before he became prominent as an advocate of a new order of things which he believed to be demanded by the highest interests of the Church, after the loss of her temporal power; by the new political condition of Italy; and by the general progress of the world.

Curci has been a voluminous author; but it does not come within my present purpose to notice particularly his larger Biblical works, exegetical, moral, etc., and his elaborately annotated translations of the New Testament and the Psalter, on which his reputation as a scholar and a theologian is based, and which have all met with the full approval of the Church, and have been in high repute in the learned and theological world. I wish to call attention to certain other specially characteristic works which bear upon the wants of the present time, and which have met with more or less opposition from the authorities of the Church. Of these, the more important are:

1. "*Il Moderno Dissidio tra la Chiesa e l'Italia*" (The modern Disagreement between the Church and Italy), Florence, 1878; 2. "*La Nuova Italia ed i vecchi zelanti*" (The New Italy and the old zealots), Florence, 1880; 3. "*Il Vaticano Regio, tarlo superstite della Chiesa Cattolica*" (The Regal Vatican, surviving worm of the Catholic Church), Florence, 1883. The author, pp. 6, 7, after an extended historical explanation of "*Vaticano Regio*," says: "In the present writing I mean by *Vaticano Regio*, the *Regal Court* and the *Regal Curia* instituted around the Roman Pontiff; and these are not only distinct from Church and Papacy, but may even fail to be in full accord with the one or the other." 4. "*Lo Scandalo del Vaticano Regio, duce la Providenza, buono a qualche cosa*" (The Scandal of the Regal Vatican, Providence the guide, good for something), Florence, 1884. This work is a sequel to "*Il Vaticano Regio*," having been occasioned by the reception the latter work met with from the ecclesiastical authorities. 5. "*Di un Socialismo Cristiano nella Quistione operaia e nel conserto selvaggio delle nazioni civili*" (Of a Christian Socialism in the Labor Question and in the savage element of civilized nations), Florence, 1885.

In 1877, before the publication of any of these works, Curci was expelled from the Order of the Jesuits, by reason of his liberal but, in no true sense, heretical views, and the attitude he took after the loss of the temporal power. That power gone and, indeed, being no longer needed, the Church which he advocated was that whose "Kingdom is not of this world"; whose true function is to draw all the world into those vital forces which alone conduct to eternal good.

The work which gave most offence, especially to the Jesuits, and to others directly or indirectly interested in upholding the temporal power of the Church, was "*Il Vaticano Regio.*" The author shows more distinctly and emphatically than they have been shown in any other work of recent times, the evil consequences which have resulted from confounding the Regal Vatican with the Church in its essential nature, the former having a complicated political character and ends quite distinct from the true spiritual ends of the Church; and to uphold the power of which, the members of the Papal Court, some honestly and others as unscrupulous politicians, have sought by all means within their reach, to keep the two confounded in the minds of the laity. But it is in confounding them, Curci especially aims to show, that the chief cause lies of the present troubles of the Church, in its relations with civil powers, especially in Italy; and that to differentiate them would do the Church, as a spiritual organization, the greatest service which could be rendered it.

But in spite of all the irrepressible tendencies of the times, the Regal Vatican has striven to persuade the people that the loss of temporal power is of but short duration; that that power must be recovered before the Church can fully be what it is her mission to be in this world; that sooner or later, the Church will be reinstated in her so-called rights. This state of *aspettativa* (Curci's word), strive as they may to maintain it, in the minds of the laity, cannot last much longer. Legitimism, the idea that the King never dies, is but a straw to cling to, in these days—a watchword of an order of things so swept away by modern politics, as to be forever relegated to the domain of past history.

The new political condition of Italy, which has resulted in a great increase of prosperity to the country, and a general progress

of which no other European country, in the same time, can boast, has secured the warm devotion of a large majority of the people, who cannot but feel the superiority of the new state of things to the old. One of the consequences of the expectancy (*aspettativa*) which the ecclesiastical authorities having vainly endeavored to keep up, the civil government proving itself all the while, conducive to the best interests of the country, is, that it has alienated from the Church a large number of patriotic citizens, and religious indifferentism and often positive unbelief, have resulted, for which these authorities may thank their misdirected zeal. There is a minority, a very small minority, composed mainly of conservative old families, many of them having ecclesiastical relationships of various kinds, who maintain a devotion to the Church, and support all her claims, and who are, consequently, not in sympathy with the new order of things. These show, more or less, a political indifference—an indifference, however, which does not affect to any extent the machinery of the civil power.

After the publication of "*Il Vaticano Regio*," Curci waited for the ecclesiastical authorities to pronounce upon it. Their long silence caused him to hope that the truth was at last obtaining a hearing, and might be understood. His book, which, to his mind, represented the orthodoxy of liberalism, was, he hoped, attaining its aim. But this hope was doomed to disappointment. "*Il Vaticano Regio*" was put on the *Index librorum prohibitorum*, and he himself was called before the Archbishop of Florence to hear read to him the decree of the Congregation of the Index. He asked to be allowed to read the decree himself; but this the Archbishop refused to grant, offering, however, to read it to him a second time, which he did. In the second reading, he felt sure he had heard only the word *prohibet* and not *damnat*; and as some sort of retractation was demanded of him, he said, "I reprove the book so far as it justly gives occasion for prohibition." This did not satisfy the Congregation of the Index, and he was in consequence, deprived of his functions as a priest, condemned to a ten days' confinement in a religious house, as a punishment of his stubbornness, and special spiritual exercises were imposed upon him, to all of which he cheerfully submitted.

In order that the public might not be misled in regard to the Decree, and desiring above all things to maintain the informing principle of his book, he sent to the *Rassegna* of Rome and to the *Nazione* of Florence, not a counter declaration, as he was accused of doing, but an explanatory card, requesting these journals to wait, before publishing it till the Decree should be made public. This they did not do, and the card was, of course, made public before the Decree. He was called a second time before the Archbishop, and strongly urged to reprove his book. This he refused to do unless its errors were pointed out and proved to him. This time he was told that the Congregation of the Index had discovered some in Chapter IV.

To digress here, a moment, he told me that in his retirement he could not easily find anyone in the priesthood, to whose judgment he could submit the work before publication, and who would be bold enough to express a candid opinion of it, so great was the terrorism exercised upon the priesthood of all ranks. He succeeded, however, after a time, in having it read by four eminent ecclesiastics. One of them, highly distinguished for his learning and piety, remarked, after having read it, "*Verità dura, ma verità*" (hard truth, but truth). Curci added, with a smile, "how surprised some would be to know *who* said that!" After its publication, he received a large number of letters from all sorts of people, thanking him for having lifted a great burden from their minds—people who felt it to be their duty to be loyal to the new political state of things and, at the same time, to be loyal to the Church. He also received many letters beseeching him to return to the Church, which he had not in any wise abandoned, but was, on the contrary, working for its highest good. A copy of the work was returned to him by a priest in India, all torn into shreds, with a letter heaping upon him execrations. A curious fact was, that the leaves had not been cut, and the priest could not have read it!

Desiring to conform as far as possible to what was required of him, without betraying the truth which, he was assured, he had set forth, he replied in the following terms, the Archbishop writing them down to send to Rome: "Since the Congregation of the Index sees in Chapter IV., errors of theory and fact, I, though I

do not know of them, out of respect to ecclesiastical authority, mean to reprove them." A short time later, he received a copy of the Decree passed by the Congregation and approved by the Holy Father. It was as follows: "If the priest Don Carlo Maria Curci do not, within eight days, *purely* and *simply* accept the condemnation published 30 April, 1884, of '*Il Vaticano Regio*:' if he do not withdraw and reprove his counter declaration published in '*La Rassegna*' (No. 143, 25 May) and in other journals; if he do not promise to withhold from publication the threatened pamphlet of *closing*, or *farewell*, of which he made mention before the Curia; if he do not bind himself to publish nothing in future without the approbation of the Ordinary, as the canonical rule requires; the interdict already served on him, in regard to his priestly functions, will, *ipso facto*, be converted into a formal suspension *a divinis*, to take effect without further notice."

This settled with him the question of obedience. He refused to condemn his book *purely* and *simply*, and allowed the menace of excommunication to take its course. This excommunication lasted some seven months, when ways and means were devised by which he was restored to favor by the Holy Father, who, it does not appear, was, at any time, in sympathy with the antagonism and decrees of the Congregation of the Index; but the pressure brought to bear upon him was too strong for him to resist. It should be said here that the liberal tendencies of Leo XIII., which he showed in the early period of his career as a priest, have been much thwarted by the Regal Vatican since he became Pope. Pius IX. also had liberal tendencies which the Regal Vatican thwarted.

The declaration Curci was asked by the Holy Father to make, was a matter of mere form, and substantially the same he had already made. The excommunication was annulled, the Pope reblessed him, he was reinstated in his priestly functions, and this for the 19th century, extraordinary persecution for honest and enlightened opinion's sake, was at an end.

I called his attention to the biographical sketch of himself, which he had not seen, in the new edition, now in course of publication, of Count Gubernatis's "*Dictionnaire international des écrivains du jour*," in which it is stated, "Le père Curci *a quitté*, en 1877, l'habit de la Compagnie de Jésus, reconnaissant pour l'

Église la nécessité de s'adapter aux nouvelles conditions qui lui sont faites par la politique italienne et s'en tenir au seul pouvoir spirituel." "I did not leave," he said, "and should not have left, the Order, of my own accord; I should have remained in it and worked for its conformity to the new order of things, and to the general wants of the times. I was *expelled* from it." He added with a smile, "two very happy days of my life were, the day I was admitted to the Order, and, under the circumstances, the day I was expelled from it."

Curci's writings are the fullest and clearest and most fearless expression of certain tendencies and their inevitable results—tendencies due to the enlightened spirit of the age; and the sooner these tendencies are understood, and conformed to, by the Church, the better it will be for her vitality, and for her consequent authority, as a spiritual power. For the time is near at hand when her authority will be in proportion to her spiritual vitality. An impetus has been imparted to the world at large, to which

> "All usages thoroughly worn-out,
> The souls of them fumed forth, the hearts of them torn-out,"

can present no obstacle. Terrorism is losing all its efficacy; and the Church must employ other means to maintain the filial devotion of her children. The time is at hand when she can no longer say to her children, "You take care of your bodies, and I'll take care of your souls;" which does not mean that she will lose her hold on them. They will have for her an enlarged and enlightened and more devoted attachment when she shows herself in full sympathy with all that is vitalizing and purifying in the forces of civilization,—with its science, its literature, its political economy, its advanced systems of education—with all that favors the uplifting of the people, the protection of their rights and privileges, and a just remuneration of their labors, and opens up new ways for their advancement.

Mankind *must* have a religion of some sort, good or bad; and the temple of religion will always, in one way or another, be dear to the people. It is easy to understand the attachment of a large portion of the people of the Catholic world, to their churches. They are pleasant and comforting retreats, more pleasant and comforting than are Protestant churches, which are locked and

bolted all through the week, and generally have the moral chilliness of painfully tidy parlors I have known, which were only entered once a week, by the mistress or the maid, for the purpose of *dusting!* Catholic churches are ever open for all who may wish to enter them; and their interiors, even of the plainest, have a certain poetic character, which, of itself, is something;—for religion and poetry are twin sisters. The poor who live in wretched quarters, in the dark alleys of European cities, find in the churches much that appeals to elements of their nature to which the toil and drudgery of their daily lives make no appeal. It would be hard to estimate the secret influence which must be shed by an old church, with its beautiful architecture, exterior and interior, the product of an age of genuine architectural inspiration; its masterpieces of painting and sculpture, its music, its historical associations, and its tender memories. But these are not, of themselves, sufficient for edification, in the deeper sense of the word; for the building up of the temple of Christ within the soul. They are all very well as outside appeals; but when they take the place entirely, as they too often do, of inward light, a spiritual atrophy more or less results. There are thousands of priests, even, most sincerely punctilious in their observances of all that the Church enjoins upon them, who are suffering from this atrophy. And it it here, as Curci shows, more convincingly than any other author of the present time, that the Church is found wanting. A punctilious observance of whatever is enjoined by the Church, may, in itself, afford, does often afford, both to Catholics and Protestants, a certain self-satisfaction, and may take the place of loyalty to the soul itself.*

Curci's advanced views of education, especially of the priesthood, it would be well for all who are interested in, or have the direct management of, the New Catholic University at Washington, to avail themselves of. He is in sympathy with all knowledge, and he has shown very forcibly and conclusively how the present systems of education, in the Catholic world, fall short of what is demanded by the times—systems which *must* give way, are long, be-

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* For a forcible embodiment of this truth, see Trollope's novel "La Beata."

fore the more vigorous and philosophical systems which have been developed, and are more and developing, in the educational world.

The time has come, too, he thinks, when the laity should be encouraged and educated to stand more on their own legs, and to depend less blindly on authority and on mere rite and ceremony, and outward observances in general, and more on the light which is within their own souls—a light which it is the duty of the Church to brighten. The Church, in losing her temporal power, and the sincere devotion of a large number of her more intelligent children, has aimed after the opposite of all this.

While there is nothing in any of his writings (not excepting those which gave most offence to the ecclesiastical authorities) against the Catholic faith (a faith to all the tenets of which he himself devoutly adhered), he wants this faith, while remaining unchanged in its essential nature, to keep pace with the liberalism of the time (the orthodoxy of which he has endeavored to show)—wants it freed from the childish usages of a past age. Among his charges against the Regal Vatican are, the worldly spirit by which it is actuated, the terrorism it exercises over the lower clergy, the obstacles it puts in the way of their proper education, the unworthy ignorance resulting therefrom of a large portion of the people, especially in Italy.

The laity in these days of general enlightenment, require something more for their spiritual nourishment than babes' milk ; and unless they get something more, they will seek that nourishment outside the gates of the Church. All the forces of our present civilization tend toward individualism. The religious education of the people must proceed, more and more, *ab intra*, and less and less, *ab extra* ; in other words, it must proceed from the passive to the spontaneous.

This is, of course, true of every kind of education. In its earliest stages, outside rules, etc., must be, more or less, imposed and passively observed ; in its later stages, these outside rules come to be spontaneously and unconsciously observed.

The Church cannot maintain a hold upon the sturdiest of her children, by her old methods—however effectual those methods may have been in the past. But the Regal Vatican has, unfortunately, other ends than those for which Curci is striving. He

shows how lamentably true spiritual interests are extinguished in those about the Pope—fanatics who work for the ecclesiastical power in itself considered, regardless of that Kingdom which is not of this world,—whose zeal, stimulated by self-interest, has benumbed the heart of the Church—has tended to destroy true religious devotion, the constant decline of which they have sought, more and more, to conceal under an increased variety of empty practices—by the introduction into the Church of new Saints and new Madonnas—by the revival of long-forgotten saints and of pilgrimages to long-forgotten shrines—by announcements of new miracles and new revelations, with which the Church journals in Italy are filled. "These," Curci says, "are, indeed, sores, grievous as the 'five wounds' which Rosmini exposed (*le cinque piaghe della Chiesa*); and they are the greatest affliction Christian Italy suffers from at the present day. As for me," he adds, "if the multiplying of Saints and Madonnas should cause me ever to forget Christ, let me rather forget all Saints and Madonnas, and cling to Christ, without whom there would be, forsooth, neither Saints nor Madonnas, and I myself could not be a Christian."*

Great as may appear, to the cursory reader, the contrast presented by his later to his earliest writings—his defence of his Order, and the support he gave to the temporal power before it was lost, Curci cannot be regarded as, in any fair sense, a turncoat. He indeed has shown the entire consistency of his later and his earlier self. To judge aright of his defence of the temporal power, before it was lost, the history and wholesomeness of that power, for a long period, and the obligations the Pontiffs and the Episcopacy were under to support it, must be understood. Like any legitimate sovereign the Pope (*Papa-Re*, Pope-King) and his ministry were bound by oath to defend the states of the Church, as any King is bound to defend his dominions. It was on this principle that Curci stood by the temporal power; and not till that power was absolutely lost, did he advise submission to the new state of things—and not only submission, but a cordial cooperation with it, as he saw, he says, in the new state of things,

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* "*Il Vaticano Regio*," *Cap. VII. § 12. Per troppe pratiche anche insulse, fu dimentico G. Cristo.* The whole of this chapter is especially important as setting forth Curci's attitude toward the existing state of things in the Church.

the hand of Providence. He lived then in Rome, in the midst of what he calls "the flower of pure legitimists." To his representations of the unfounded hopes in which they indulged, of a speedy restoration of the temporal power, they replied, "Yes, yes; you would be right if five, eight, ten years had passed. But one only has passed. It would be treason to the Church, to the Regal Vatican, to submit."

The last service Curci rendered the temporal power, was the getting up of a paper and obtaining thereto the signatures of 27,600 Romans, declaring an unswerving devotion to the Holy Father, as the head of the Church. He meant thereby, as he says, only to give the temporal power a Christian burial—to deck its tomb with flowers, as it were ("*ne volli quasi circondare di fiori la tomba*").

Curci's voluminous works exhibit, in their chronological order, the healthy progress of a great and honest mind, which has gladly accepted the truth as it has been revealed to it, against all opposition from those whom organizations, which should ever be provisional, have become ends to themselves, and in the service of which they have forfeited their individual independence and integrity. It is the Church as an organization which Curci has endeavored to reform; not the Church whose essential life is preserved in the souls of faithful followers of Christ, and in these alone. The Church as an organization, he regards as a great and complicated machine which gets out of order, and needs to be repaired, as time goes on. He has contended against those who wish the old machine to continue to do the same kind of work it has for centuries done, regardless of the kind of work which this 19th century calls for, and who are unwilling that this machine should undergo any repairs, or have any modern improvements worked into it. He regards himself, and should be so regarded, as now truer to the Church than he was, when, a devoted member of the Order of the Jesuits, he stood forth in defence of that Order, to some extent as an Order, against attacks which had been made upon it.

His works, which are all in Italian, have been extensively translated into German; but I am not aware that any translations have been made of them into English. A volume in English might be compiled from his various writings, which would

meet the exigencies of the times better, I am persuaded, than any other writings which are now before the English-reading Catholic world. It is to be hoped that some one sufficiently capable will undertake such a work. The best material for it could be gathered, I think, from the three works which the Jesuits succeeded in having placed on the *Index librorum prohibitorum!* namely, "*La Nuova Italia*," "*Il Vaticano Regio*," and "*La Scandalo del Vaticano Regio.*"

It is a well-known fact that the members of the Congregation of the Index are, as a general thing, men of mean ability and of little learning, and entirely incapable of pronouncing upon works submitted to their examination, such works being, for the most part, produced by superior minds. But it seems that their incapacity constitutes their capacity.

The *Unione tipografico-editrice Torinese* purchased, last July, stereotype plates of his works, and is now republishing them, revised and, in some cases, enlarged, at a much cheaper rate than they have been sold heretofore—an evidence of their increasing popularity. I find that the Italians are great readers, and I am inclined to believe, from what I have myself noted, and from what I have learned from others acquainted with the interests of the reading public, that the working classes read more substantial literature than is read by the working classes in America. This may be a startling statement; but such is the impression I have derived from a four months' stay in Italy, during which I have endeavored to acquaint myself with the new interests of the people. The classical Italian authors, even Dante, Tasso, and Ariosto, are published in *dispense* (two or three sheets at a time), which are sold for five or ten centesimi (one or two cents), and these, I have been told, are extensively read. The form of the publications and their cheapness, are of themselves, a sufficient testimony to this. Much is to be hoped from the general eagerness for knowledge which is shown by the people.

Curci occupies an old and somewhat neglected, but a very interesting and beautifully situated villa at Careggi, a suburb of Florence. A short distance to the north, is the celebrated villa Careggi, a favorite residence of Lorenzo the Magnificent; to the south are orchards of olive trees whose faint grey leaves impart a dreamy tone to the landscape; and the grounds command

charming views of the villa-dotted heights to the east, the most prominent being that on which the ancient Etruscan city of Fiesole is situated. A lovely retreat, shut in by old moss-covered and vine-draped walls. Here the aged padre lives entirely alone (except that he is attended by a man-servant who has charge of the land attached), not for the purpose of secluding himself from the world and its concerns, but in order the better, in his advanced age, to devote the time he has yet to live, to an expression and promulgation of opinions with which he feels it to be his mission to leaven, as far as he can, the general mind of the Catholic world. He is in the fullest sympathy with all the present vital forces of the world at large. He rises every morning at 4 o'clock ; says mass in a little private chapel adjoining his bedroom, in which hangs a portrait of Leo XIII. presented to him by his Holiness, and after a frugal breakfast, sits down to his desk. In addition to some new work he is engaged upon, and an extensive correspondence consequent upon the large interest, in the Catholic and outside world, in his teachings, he is seeing through the press the new edition of his works I have alluded to.

He is slightly built and below the average height. He would be a noticeable man anywhere. His features are finely cut, and exhibit a rare union of spiritual sensitiveness and refinement and intellectual power. He impresses one immediately as a man constituted to detect the subtler forces of the time before they manifest themselves to the general mind. That he has done this, his writings bear abundant testimony. He saw in good time what was demanded for the welfare of the Church to which he is so much attached ; and having the courage of his convictions, he fearlessly declared what was demanded, and paid the usual penalty.

But he is superior to the consequences of his bold speaking—bold, but characterized by the calmness of the true philosopher, and without any of the vulgar emphasis of the mere partisan. Partisan he is none. He is on a plane above all enfeebling jealousies and rancours, and is doing faithfully and reverently the work which he feels has been assigned him to do. I have never met a man whose personality impressed me more.

Hiram Corson.

THE MARGUERITE.

SHE hath in her hand, the village maid,
A marguerite, plucked from the meadow;—
Would I had heard what the poor thing said,
When first it lay in the maiden's hand,
No longer to wave and be gently fanned
By breezes that blow o'er the meadow.

What saith it now to the village maid
As she talks to it there in the meadow?
I can see by her looks she is half afraid
To count the leaves of the marguerite
Lest the answer they give her be not as sweet
As the swain she once met in the meadow.

"But five leaves more," sighs the village maid,
As she lies in the grass by the meadow,
"He loves me, so far hath the flower said,
But at last saith 'No,' there, I knew it was so"—
She cries as she gives the flower a throw,
And lingers no more by the meadow.

For shame, for shame, fair village maid,
To trust to the flowers of a meadow;
Hadst thou the voice of thy heart obeyed,
That he loved thee well, thou hadst surely known,
And hadst given thy swain the flower thrown
In the stream that flows through the meadow.

Courtney Langdon.

BIRD-LIFE ALONG FALL CREEK.

IN the farthest corner of the University museum, there stands, or used to stand, a case where sat in silent meditation representatives of most of the oldest families of Ithaca. All these years with sleepless vigils have they watched each other, nor lisped a word. Yet were it in our power to breathe life and voice into each little feathered songster there, what a maze of rippling melody would greet us. How of a sudden those faded wings as they flashed to and fro in the sunlight would become brilliancy itself, dazzling our eyes with scintillations of all the rainbow colors. That would indeed be an oratorio well worth climbing the stairs to hear. Yet how few appreciate, that with less effort than the stairs require, we may any pleasant afternoon in spring attend a matinee of those same singers, and if they're not all there, others are there to supply their places.

We glory in the beautiful surroundings of our Alma Mater ; the walks and drives, the lake and valley, the ravines and gorges, nor of all these do we count as least, the picturesque path to Forest Home.

How like many a happy young couple that has gone over it, do path and road pursue their way. As quiet and sedate as can be along by the campus and open places ; but once within the shady covert of the wood and how each follows its own sweet will, now rambling over the knolls, now wandering off among the trees, now skipping together for a moment, and then away again, now demurely crossing an open, only to chase each other again along the bank, or play hide and seek behind the low undergrowth. With every point yielding new and changing vistas, each vying with the last in beauty, of gorge and fall, pond and island, grove and meadow, is the way not well deserving of the praise bestowed on it?

Yet after all, cannot anyone see all that and at any time? They are the fixed features of the landscape ; and though the artist's eyes may find twice as much as the untrained layman's, still in a general way we all see and admire those features. But to those

who look for it, there is a living landscape. Have you never noticed what a haze of lucid song ever floats upward from the lowlands of the creek? How all the trees are festooned with glancing bits of iridescent sunlight, as though a rainbow had fallen cobweb fashion over the wood, unseen until swayed by the breeze, when we discover tiny sunbeams, like many-hued, tight-rope walkers, running along their invisible threads? "But," you say, "can not all these be found anywhere in the depth of the forest?" Yes! but have you ever gone plunging along for miles over logs and stumps in the vain endeavor to catch a glimpse of some fair singer whose wisp of song ever woos you on? If so, you will appreciate being able to stand and have the birds flit about you, as unconcerned as though you were a statue on a lawn. It is that that makes the walk to Forest Home the most favored of places to observe our feathered friends. For winding as it does through their wildest haunts, there is yet such constant travel, that the birds have partly lost their wildness, so that you may study them to your heart's content in their own home and without fatigue. The squirrels, instead of scudding away among the topmost branches, will chatter at you from one side of a tree-trunk as you brush past the other side. The little titmouse, with his skull-cap of black velvet, hops about among the bushes within reach of your cane; or, on a limb (you can almost touch him with your hand), is a wee wren, lifted tail, head tipped to one side, and scolding away as though he were as big as all the rest of the world. We can only go one step further in diminutive size. But shall we call it bird? Nay, it is but a flitting vision, a speck of dazzling motion, yet the tamest of them all, and we call him humming bird. But to name over all the birds would only tire you. Let it suffice to mention some of those whose morning greetings, or vesper songs run through my memory. There were several sparrows, from the self-important little Englishman who, like so many of his fellow-countrymen spends all his time commenting on the country with his "cheep, cheep," to the tiny bundle of song that, from the swaying summit of some young tree, sends heavenward a flood of harmonies, the song sparrow.

The robin is an omnipresent bird from the opening of spring, being nearly always in sight; nor does his brilliant cousin, the

oriole, fall much behind in that respect. Brilliant did I say? Yes, and he is when compared with most of his neighbors; but perhaps good fortune will favor you and you will rub your eyes and cry: "Was that a bird?" A wandering bit of flame would be commonplace beside him. The scarlet tanager is only an occasional visitor in those parts, and you are lucky if you see him. And what is the other extreme? All together—"crow". He is there, nor will you have to seek to find him. Then between, is the little group whose color names them, the black-bird, blue-bird and yellow-bird. I have lain on my back for hours, watching hawks taking advantage of some ascending current of air, go circling upward as though climbing round and round an invisible hill, and when at the top, with screams of delight, go coasting away until they became specks on the horizon. But for real, genuine fun, the yellow-bird will beat them all. Can it be that that is only his way of getting about? Why you almost see the rolling air billows up which he climbs, now he's at the top—a little trill of triumph, and he goes sliding down the other side, then climbs up again, just like some happy boy in a scow.

As we would look for the black-bird in the direction of the islands, so occasionally one will hear from the same direction, the quail's low whistle; or from a bush at our feet, the partridge may inform us, incidentally, that he is going away. I wonder if he ever looks behind him to enjoy the momentary panic, his information is apt to cause.

On the creek side, we will most likely see that doughty little knight, crested in his coat of drab or purple, the king-bird, as like a runaway bit of zigzag lightning, he and some dragon-fly, resplendent in burnished armor, flash back and forth across the lists in dizzy chase; or as he boldly assails a wandering crow. Then, too, down by the creek, you will always hear "Phœbe," or "Pewee," and their song gives each its name, and with these sweetest notes of woodland will mingle the "Yank, yank" of the nut-thatch.

The touches of meadow at places along the path open to us the haunts of the field birds,—the sombre cow-bunting, the brown thrush, just like his cousin, the robin, only he dresses in shaded browns; the meadow-lark who, as he flies away, seems to be keeping

up a continual flirtation with those tantalizing white feathers of his. Then there is that saucy cat-bird, singing away, imitating some neighboring prima donna, until he sees us, and then—well, he deserves his name. There is another one, I suppose we shall have to consider him,—the bobolink. It is not the hard work he makes of flying that bothers us, we could forgive that; nor the clothes he wears, we might overlook those, even if he does appear like a black-bird that some one had dropped whitewash on; but that song of his, how shall we describe it? He just makes pi of all the singing-books, and then gathering them up by handfuls, he scatters abroad a perfect torrent of song. Here indeed is a quartet voice, aye, a double quartet, and it will be necessary to add a dozen more, singing all sorts of variations, to begin to keep pace with him; and then it would have but a faint resemblance to this rollicking gymnast in melody.

Taken altogether, is not that a matinee well worth attending. Nor have I mentioned all the chorus, but have purposely left half as many again of the most interesting for you to spy out for yourselves. This too, like some more pretentious shows, has its little after concert, usually held near the now historic hospital, just after nightfall. It opens with a full chorus in which everything from cricket to tree-toad, by internal machinery converts common air into noise. Should you take a lucky night, a wide mouthed judge will step out, and in tones clear as a bell, and in the most vindictive manner, begin to pronounce sentence on some poor mortal named Will. Quick and sharp the notes cut the night air, "Whip′-poor-will′, Whip′-poor-will′," going faster and faster, until some one wakes up a little ways off, and sleepily asks "Whoo," just as though he hadn't heard. The first bird stops, and the latter then demands "who" we are. With a promptness born of the recitation room, we tell him. He seems satisfied, and we hear nothing more from him, until we faintly hear him asking someone over on the next road, the same question. Gradually the frogs tire out and subside, and finally silence broods over the scene, broken only by an occasional "peep," as awakened by his dreams, some mite of a songster disentangles his toes, get a new grip on the limb, and sinks into oblivion again.

George H. Ashley, '89.

TENNIS.

THE origin of the modern game of lawn tennis can be traced, in a general way, from some old ball games of the middle ages, notably one of great favor in France called *paume*, in which the hand, at first bare, afterwards covered, was used in batting a light ball back and forth over a net several feet in height. As to an earlier origin, authorities on the subject disagree very materially. It is enough to say that the modern game is the outcome of an infinite series of ball games which, for all we know, may have originated in Eve's tossing the apple to Adam.

The game of *paume* was introduced into England from France in 1222 and was very popular in both countries during the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries. It was the accepted sport of the nobility and gentry and filled the place of modern horse-racing and prize-fighting as a betting medium. Bats appeared in the 15th century and from these, in course of time, came the present racket. The game in fact received the name of "racket" in England. Although its sister, or rather parent, game gradually lost caste in France, it continued to flourish in England till it finally gave birth to its very complicated offspring "court tennis," an intricate and difficult game which is still played. It requires a rectangular court with side walls, and the ball can be batted against the walls in crossing the net to make the stroke more effective.

Although it is usual to give the above mentioned games as progenitors of lawn tennis, it can hardly be said that the modern game owes much to them beyond its name, main idea, method of scoring, and a few minor points. Lawn tennis was introduced into England by one Major Wingfield of the British army. Where he got his idea from is not certain, but in 1874 he first brought the game to public notice. His game differed considerably from the present one and the players who became interested in it, mostly old "racket" players, immediately observed difficulties and suggested improvements, such as changing the shape of the court from that of an hour glass to a rectangle; moving the

service line nearer the net, lowering the latter, and limiting the powers of the server. Being somewhat eccentric, Wingfield refused to accept these alterations. He thus dropped out of notice and the improved game, which was taken up in a year's time by the All England Club and still further bettered, continued on its road to perfection, till we see it as played at the present day in the United States, Canada, England, Ireland, Australia, India, and other countries.

Having sketched the origin and growth of the game, various matters connected with the play may be considered. In what follows, a general knowledge of the game is assumed, though anyone without such knowledge can obtain it by watching a game in progress and asking a few questions. Published accounts may be profitably read.

In single tennis there are three styles of play, viz., back game, volley game and a combination of the two. The first was the original style, being used almost exclusively until within the last six or seven years, since when the other styles have forced it into the background. The player using this form always keeps at or about the base line and rarely if ever takes a ball on the volley. Standing as he does so far from his adversary, especially if the latter also plays a back game, the player has ample time to run forward or backward as the case may be and get the ball on the bound and in the manner he desires, that is, high or low. This is essentially a driving game and, though placing the ball well is of great value, it is not of such vital importance as is the volley. When both players use the back game the rallies are frequently very long and exhaustive for the nerves and muscle of the players, however interesting for the spectators. One now-a-days prefers "to do or die" without so much "sparring for an opening," and, as a consequence, this style of game is nearly obsolete.

The so-called volley game is much more difficult to play than the one just mentioned. It was originated, by the great English player William Renshaw, and has been in vogue for a number of years. Its best days are over however, and with the continual development of accuracy in placing, its disadvantages are strikingly shown. In this game the player immediately on serving the ball runs up to the service line of his court and there awaits the

return, which if made anywhere near the centre of the court, falls right into his hands and in many cases can be "killed" then and there by a moderately swift "place." He keeps this position (except when occasionally driven back) through every rally and takes all balls on the volley if possible. If both players use this game a very short range cannonade takes place till, by an effective "place" or mis-stroke, the point is won or lost. As will be easily seen, the rallies are generally very short, for so many chances are offered that a weak spot soon appears. The disadvantages of this game are: the openings necessarily left along the side lines which an accurate "placer" can find at almost every stroke, the necessity of lightning rapidity of action combined with accuracy, the minor danger of a low "lob," and the disagreeable feature of getting balls all around the feet, this generally resulting in an easy return or none at all. A player using this game has a big advantage over a back player unless the latter is very accurate and swift in his placing. He can keep him running from one side of the court to the other, so tiring him, and he is in a much better position to "kill." This game is not so tiresome as the back game in that it requires but little running about the court. Springing from side to side is about the only violent part of it, but this must be done to perfection if the game is to be played at all well. A tall active player shows off best in this game as reach is absolutely necessary. The "lob" is of great value here as indeed in every game where a player is tempted to the net. If played rightly this stroke is just as effective as the "smash" under such circumstances. It should be played just over the opponent's reach and aimed for one of the corners. In general it may be said this game has been tested and found wanting for the reasons above stated.

The last and best style of game is that formed by the combination of the two styles just given. The player on serving waits to ascertain exactly where the ball is to be returned and then starts for it, using the volley or bound, as seems best. On returning it, he quickly places himself in the middle of the court and at a sufficient distance from his adversary to guard against the possibility of a side line "place" (say 45 ft.) He keeps about this distance and changes his position as does his opponent, being careful to close in

if he finds an advantageous moment to run him down. He tries to keep well to the net and drive his opponent back, but differs from the volley game player in not obstinately refusing to give way. In other words, he plays all over the court and should be just as good in a long side line drive from the back of the court, as in an effective "smash" at the net. He plays volley and bound equally well, and can take all possible advantages against a volley or back game player without being thrown off his game. The "lob" should be cultivated as much as the other strokes, as it is no longer considered "juvenile" to made an easy return when it is done for a worthy purpose. Frequently a delicate, easy player can throw a "driver" completely off his nerve by using gentle well placed "lobs" only.

We now come to the double game in which, though two styles may be mentioned, the common style, or volley game, is alone worth considering, the man-at-the-net game having completely died out as the result of perfection in accuracy and speed.

In the volley game the server's partner keeps well to the net on the "alley" side for the first serve, which, if good and returned, he tries to "kill," provided it comes within his reach. If out of it he acts as below. If this serve is a fault he falls back quickly to the service line and his partner runs up immediately on serving to the same line in the adjacent court. Here they stand and make all returns unless by a "lob" one or the other is forced to run to the back of the court to make the return. He runs up again as soon as possible, joins his companion, and by their united efforts, they try to force their opponents back and by swift and accurate placing make the deciding stroke, keeping a sharp lookout for "lobs" which are surely most treacherous strokes requiring in their return excellent team work, often great activity, and always good judgment.

The great feature of this game is the guarding of the right and left courts respectively by the right and left players. Each man keeps his side during a rally and makes no encroachments, unless for some reason, sides are changed. To accustom themselves the better for this work, the partners in receiving keep the same side continually. The receiver's partner should keep well back towards the base line on the first serve to guard against a "smash"

or place, in the event of his partner's accidentally returning it to the man at the net. On the second serve he takes his regular position at the service line, his opponent diagonally opposite having fallen back.

The volley game in doubles remedies to a large extent the great disadvantage of the single volley game, *i. e.*, the impossibility of a single player's covering 27 ft. In the former each man has 18 ft. to cover and of course his chances of covering it well are much greater. About the weakest place in the double game is along the middle line running lengthwise of the court. Neither player is sure whose place it is to receive a ball so returned, especially if coming hard, and it frequently happens that both or neither try for it, with a result that may be imagined. Sometimes the easiest possible return is missed on the bound through each player supposing the other was going to return it. Such a circumstance is very damaging to the nerve, team work, and moral development of the players. This form of double game is universally in use among the best players and has evidently come to stay.

It is scarcely necessary to speak of the several strokes used; they are however, the plain fore and back-hand strokes, the cut fore and back-hand strokes, the fore and back-hand volley, the half volley, and the "smash."

There is one fore-hand stroke which lawn tennis has introduced. In consists in taking the ball at the last of its bound, with the arm and racket perpendicular and straight, and giving it a lift, so to speak, together with the drive. It is thus given a "drop" twist which makes it fall quickly after crossing the net. The result is similar to that of the "Lawford" stroke but is not made in the same way and is perhaps not so decided; it is certainly not so labored. It is a hard stroke to return on the volley as the ball must be hit underneath to counteract the effect of the twist. A back-hand stroke corresponds. The "cut" stroke is one taken from court tennis and was formerly much more common than at present. The ball is cut around from top to bottom and thus given a twist exactly the reverse of the "drop."

What are the requisites of a good server? That he should have speed and good placing abilities. Contrary to the opinion of many people, notably novices, that the serve is everything, it really does not count for very much among good players. The

most important requisite is speed and this, when backed up by good placing, will prove very useful and occasionally win a point, though as a rule an opponent has little trouble in returning any serve ; his placing it may be difficult. The second serve should not be a risky one for there is nothing so exasperating as a double fault. There are all kinds of styles in serving, the most popular being that in which the ball is taken above the head generally at arm's reach. From this position it can be driven at speed with the best chances of being good. It may be struck squarely with the face of the racket or "cut," in which case it will perhaps "break" a little on the bound, but generally very little. It is well to acquire three or four different styles in the serve, as variety disconcerts the receiver. The server should stand at the middle line in singles, well toward the 4½ ft. line in doubles. Beware of foot faults.

Form : this is a rather difficult subject to treat of, owing to its indefiniteness. The manner or style in which a player makes his plays may be said to constitute his form. At first, tennis was played in all styles, that is, the now-called good form did not exist. The game had not developed a recognized superior form. Now, however, though style varies with the players, the best always observe certain principles of form. "Good form", to quote Dr. Dwight, the father of the game in this country and its closest student, "is the production of the greatest effect with the least friction." It is acquired by watching and receiving instruction from the best players as to how all strokes and motions should be made, and it thus really includes everything in the way of sound advice about playing tennis.

As to some of the minor points the following may be said. The style of racket now almost universally accepted as correct is the oval one with equally curved sides, such as the "Sears," the "Beechman," "Slocum," "American Tate," and others. The weight should be from 13 to 15 ounces, according to the strength of the player and the grip should be taken anywhere within an inch and a half from the end. Some players change their grip and accommodate it to circumstances, but this is not usual.

To play the game well much practice is required and this should be of the right sort. Never play with an inferior player if possible, but select one equally as skillful or more proficient than

yourself, for then only are you getting good practice. Don't play the game for the sake of beating, as some novices do, or you will select players who will do you no good and from whom you will learn nothing. Never "play off," as the expression is ; it is productive of much harm. If possible, regular practice should be taken two or three hours daily in favorable weather and if unfavorable, or during the winter, batting against a wall is excellent practice, if an inside court is not accessible. Two players volleying to one another across the net is good practice, except for development of accuracy in placing.

Tennis like all athletic sports should be taken up in childhood that the most may be made of it. It is the young players who are coming rapidly to the front and in a few years time the best players will be still in their teens.

It may not be out of place to give a short account of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association and the Intercollegiate Lawn Tennis Association with their several functions, and to mention a few prominent players.

The first named association was organized in 1881. It is a general association of clubs and smaller associations and numbers in the aggregate eighty or ninety clubs from all over the country. Its function is to make all laws governing the game and amendments if necessary ; hold yearly tournaments for the championship singles and doubles ; and in general, give authority, dignity, and prestige to the game in this country.

The Intercollegiate Association has been instituted now some eight years and has held as many tournaments. From the efficient players it has turned out, it is regarded as the most important branch of the National Association, and indeed all players of national repute, with two exceptions, are college men. In the eight matches held, Harvard has captured the singles four times (thanks to the Sears combination) and the doubles five times ; Yale has won the singles and doubles three times ; and Trinity, the singles once.

Among the prominent players of Great Britain may be mentioned William Renshaw, the champion from 1881 to 1887, in which latter year he defaulted owing to a sprained arm ; Ernest Renshaw, his twin brother, who captured in 1888 the position the

former dropped ; H. F. Lawford, the winner in 1887 and inventor of a peculiar stroke ; W. J. Hamilton, the Irish champion ; E. M. Lewis and H. Grove.

In this country we have R. D. Sears, champion from 1881 to 1888, who, like Renshaw, finally defaulted from physical disability ; H. W. Slocum, Jr., the champion since that time ; Dr. James Dwight, who with Sears won the championship doubles five times ; H. A. Taylor, who together with Slocum is the present winner of the doubles, and who won the All Comer's Prize at Newport in 1884 ; J. S. Clark, President of the U. S. N. L. T. A. ; Q. A. Shaw, Jr., O. S. Campbell, V. S. Hall, P. S. Sears, younger brother of R. D. Sears, and many others.

And in conclusion, a word as to Cornell's tennis prospects. Cornell is not favored as a tennis centre. The rolling nature of the country makes it hard to secure good courts without considerable expense in grading, and expense is everything here as is shown by the poor financial support given athletics. Moreover, we are not near enough to the large colleges to make frequent competition practicable. Our prospects are brightening, however, and the large number of courts erected last year indicate a step in the right direction. We have entered the Intercollegiate Association, thus gaining recognition in tennis circles, and in course of time we may hope to compete closely with other universities in tennis as well as in other sports. Our own association is endeavoring to get on a good foundation and perhaps in a few years we may be able to play really good tennis.

Lawn tennis is a game which has taken such deep root in the soil of this and other countries that its chances of eradication are slight. It is said to number in this country more players than any other sport. Mr. Slocum has been led to question in one of his later articles whether it will not follow in the steps of its predecessor croquet, and in the course of another decade become obsolete. At present such a thing seems practically impossible. It is well to remark that at present the game is free from professionalism and it is hoped will never descend to it. If its phenomenal growth and present vitality can in anywise signify, we may predict for its future unprecedented popularity.

Willard C. Jackson.

ONE LETTER A YEAR.

"O Lion don't !"—but Lion did.

"Ugh ! Confound that stupid dog !"

"How dare you call my dog stupid ! He's the most knowing—"

"Knowing ! He doesn't know enough to come in when it rains !"

"Well," archly added the first speaker, a girl of sixteen, "He knows enough to prevent your —" she stopped short. He said tauntingly, "Well, why don't you finish ? You are afraid to —".

She drew herself up to her full height, which wasn't very much in spite of the aid of heels nearly as high as the rest of the shoes ; as she retorted, "Why, John William Jones !"—giving him his full name, as girls usually do, when angry—"No such thing ! He knows enough to—to—prevent you kissing me—there ! Afraid, indeed ! Why should I be, pray ? Is there anything out of the way in a brother kissing his sister ; and you know, I always regard you as a brother—".

"Oh, Nell ! always ?"

"Well—Lion drop it, sir !"—and away she ran ; but what Lion was to drop was never quite clear—not even to Lion himself.

Ten minutes later, Jack was playing her accompaniment, while she sang :

Little Maid of Arcadee,
Sat on cousin Robin's knee,
Thought in face, and form and limb,
Nobody could equal him.
He was rich and she was fair,
Truth they made a pretty pair ;
Happy little maiden she,
Happy Maid of Arcadee—

"Don't ! I can't see the music."

"Go on, my little Maid of Arcadee."

She smiled a little and went on :

Moments sped as moments will,
Rapidly enough; until
After, say a month or two,
Robin did as Robins do,
Fickle as the month of May,
Jilted her and—

"I won't sing any more. How can you like that horrid song? Robin did as Robins do, indeed! Nice Robins don't. You wouldn't, would you Jack?

She called him Jack, when she wasn't angry; because—well, because she liked Jack. He looked indignant.

"Oh, Nell! Of course not!"

"Oh, of course not," amusedly echoed a kindly gentleman of about fifty-five. The dog had heard him enter, no one else.

"Papa! how you startled us!" exclaimed Nell; and Jack—well, Jack took it out of the piano.

"Jack, my boy, here is a letter for you from your father."

"Thank you, sir." Had he known what the letter contained, Jack would have grasped it less eagerly.

The deep glorious red of a country sunset, as it beamed through the branches of a lofty sycamore upon a boy and girl, suffused with a warm glow their mingled locks of brown and gold. Perhaps it was this same red that made their owners' cheeks seem so flushed as they came near together—it must have been. The early summer evenings are said to be quite cool in England. Perhaps that energetic action of his arms, as he and she sat huddled together, was to keep them both warm—it must have been. Perhaps it was curiosity, that made a big dog poke his black nose between their faces, just as their lips were making a soft mysterious sound. Perhaps it was—ask Lion. It might have been mischievous meanness, you know.

"What on earth are you two doing?" said a man's voice as a man's grey head peered through the branches.

"Looking at the sunset, papa. Isn't it glorious?"

"Well, daughter, it seems to me, you are looking the wrong way to see it, unless you think each other transparent, or prefer to see it in each other's eyes."

"Oh papa!"

"Don't 'Oh papa' me. Come into the house and spoon; it's too cool for you here."

She remembered that children should obey their parents; so they went into the house—and spooned.

They had been boy and girl together. He was nineteen, she was sixteen. In his seventh year, his father, had departed for America to seek the livelihood he had been unable to gain at home. Unwilling to expose his motherless lad to the hardships of life in a strange country, and wishing to give his son an English education, he left the little fellow with a dear friend, Joseph Chester. That is how Jack and Nell became playmates, when he was seven and she was four.

It was their first real parting. Jack was to start for America that day in accordance with his father's wishes. Only a few hours before, they had been taking their evening stroll together, not dreaming they would ever be parted. Only a few hours later he was on his way to America, the tones of her voice ringing in his ears, singing "The Little Maid of Arcadee," his favorite song—favorite like most of our favorite songs, not because of the music itself, but from association. It was the first song she had sung to him, after he began to think himself in love.

When he first read the letter, Jack declared he would not go; but Mr. Chester had said, "My dear boy, your father has been working hard all these years to earn a fortune for you, denying himself your companionship—for he has only been able to visit us a few times—in order that he might spare you the pains of poverty, he himself suffered. Can you hesitate, now that he calls you to share the fruits of his toil?" Jack yielded. So it was their first real parting. Just one hour the sweethearts had; and like all people on such occasions, whether sweethearts or friends, with countless things of serious import in their minds, they talked about nothing but useless commonplaces. "What big paws Lion has; do you remember what a cute little puppy Lion was? dear Lion! he knows you're going!" These and many similar exclamations constituted the burden of their conversation. Old Lion had been their helpmate in sport many years. He always accompanied them, wherever they went. At first, they took

childish delight in his society. In later years, however, they could not make Lion understand the old saying—never out of date with sweethearts—that "Two's company, three's a crowd." And though their conversation was all about Lion now, I shouldn't be surprised, if that was their feeling; but Lion had too strong a sense of propriety. He understood too well the duties of a chaperon.

The time was almost over; and at the last moment, they tried to pour out their whole souls into a few disjointed sentences, with the usual result. He whispered softly, "America is said to be a beautiful country, dearest. Try to forget my dreadful name in the thought of my great love, and be my wife."

They had talked about marriage for many years; but Nell had always declared, she never could change her pretty romantic name of Elinor Chester to the horrid one of Mrs. John Williams Jones. "Mrs. Jones," she would repeat to herself. "Then it would get to be Mrs. Bill Jones—and oh Jack, I never could endure to be spoken of as Nellie Jones!" This allusion, at such a time, to what she had always playfully maintained, seemed to hurt her.

"Oh Jack," she said reproachfully, "how can you suppose that I am thinking of such trivial things at so serious a moment! I should love to go with you to America as your wife."

"Then do."

"If papa would only consent!"

The appearance of "papa" put an end to all speculations on his probable answer. When Jack put the question, he looked at the eager boy and girl, smiled, then said kindly but firmly: "My dear boy, you are both too young, much too young. This may be but a childish fancy. You think you love now, but what will your thoughts be a year hence."

"Oh papa how little you know us!"

"How little you know yourselves. Wait until you do know your own minds, your own hearts. Elinor dear, fetch Jack his things. It's time for him to start. You are going out into the world my boy, for the first time. I must see how you bear yourself before I trust my little girl to your care. You think me cruel now; but if the law forbade a man to marry under thirty, a woman under twenty-five, there would be less unhappiness in the world.

A man usually has half a dozen "real undying" love affairs before he is twenty-five; and the girl who marries a boy must take tremendous chances. A man can burn out almost any past, and emerge from its ashes to a new life; but God help the poor woman who tries to do the same. Besides, you ask her to give up all the pleasures, the freedom of girlhood, when it has scarce begun, for the cares of wifehood which so ties a woman down. The sacrifice is not equal on both sides. Boys so often fancy themselves in love, so often find out their mistake. Wait until you have had your half dozen fancies of youth. Come to me, if you are still in the same mind, six years from now; and we will talk it over."

Here Elinor, almost blinded with tears, returned with Jack's things.

"I will write every day, darling," whispered Jack as he kissed her good-bye.

"No; once a year is all I will allow," said the obdurate father.

"Well, then, I will crowd a year's letters into one. You shall have a perfect folio. Good-bye!"

II.

A young girl of seventeen rushed into a large room in an old-fashioned English mansion, breathless with excitement. She opened a very bulky letter, and read:

"My own dearest, darling, angel Nell,

What is my pet thinking of now? You know who I am thinking of, dear. Well, my precious little maid of Arcadee, here I am in America. Father has a large country place near New York City. It is jolly—green trees, green grass and you know I never could describe anything. I wish you were here to see for yourself. What is our home like? Guess! You never will. It is the exact counterpart of our old home in England. Father built it to please me. People think it odd, and say father is crazy. There! what do we care what other people say. We think only of each other. Every day I roam our long halls, and everything I see reminds me of you. You alone occupy my thoughts. The people here are jolly good to a fellow, only they insist upon showing me all their confounded "sights" just

when I want to be alone, thinking of you. And then I feel like saying what I did when Lion first poked his ugly—I mean beautiful nose between our faces just as I was taking my first kiss. You remember what I said, no you promised to forget that there was such a bad word, it shocked you so much. Ah my precious, how I—" this much she read to her father. The "little" postscript, which was about seven times the length of the rest of the letter—she kept to herself.

The old year was slowly dying. Its last afternoon was drawing to a close, as the bright light of the fireplace revealed the anxious face of a maid of eighteen. She was waiting—waiting, oh so anxiously for a letter. A smile lit up her girlish face, as she softly murmured to herself: "It is the last day of the year. The letter will surely come to-day. I suppose he has waited until the very last day, in order to crowd as much into the letter as possible. Poor fellow, what an effort it must have been!—for dear Jack was patient. Patient, oh how hard it is to be patient, sometimes! How shall I pass the time? Oh I know! I'll imagine Jack is here; and that I am singing him his favorite song. Dear Little Maid of Arcadee! Jack used to call me his Little Maid of Arcadee." She gave the music a little kiss, and softly sang:

Little Maid of Arcadee,
Sat on cousin Robin's knee,
Thought in face, and form and limb,
Nobody could equal him.
He was rich and she was fair,
Truth they made a pretty pair;
Happy little maiden she,
Happy Maid of Arcadee.

She paused for a moment. Tears came to her eyes at the remembrance of what occurred at that place, the last time she sang to Jack, and blotted from sight the music.

"Moments sped as moments will,
Rapidly enough; until
After, say a month or two,
Robin did as Robins do,
Fickle as the month of May,
Jilted her and ran away—

"The letter, the let—!" She rushed out of the room.

As she glanced at the letter her face wore a look of disappointment that deepened into dread. Was it not the missive expected. Yes, it was certainly Jack's hand; but it weighed so little. "Can Jack be ill?" she muttered. By this time she was once more near the fire in the old room; and the letter was still unopened. At last she broke the seal—Jack's seal. She glanced tremblingly at the pages before her, the letter fell from her hand unheeded, she gazed blankly into the fire, uttering no sound, giving no sign of life.

What an amount of heart-ache, we could spare ourselves in this world, by exercising a little care beforehand. Perhaps this applies mostly to friendships. So and so is a charming acquaintance. There is a gulf between you that will prevent you from ever becoming more than pleasant acquaintances. You know it. You will only enjoy his casual companionship for a few years, before your ways in life separate. A school acquaintance, that is all. Why should you deny yourself his society? There is no danger that you will grow to love him as a friend. So you think; but you do insensibly perhaps grow to think of him that way. Then, too late, you hope that friendship will close the gulf. You hope, —but you feel it cannot. He has not seen the gulf. When he does, there will be a crash. You await the crash silently. It comes, and how easily you might have avoided it, once. If this is so of friendship, it is infinitely more so of love! The crash there is never expected; two people never find out until too late, they were unsuited to each other; or that the one has made a mistake, for which the other must suffer.

Gradually the poor girl came to. Gradually she realized she was not dreaming. "Poor Jack," she said, with that sweetness given only to woman—a man never possesses it—"Poor Jack! it was not your fault. You couldn't help yourself. I must write and tell him, I too regard it as a boy and girl fancy. He must never feel any gnawings of reproach." She sat down and wrote the letter; but the tears mingled with the ink, and blotted out the words.

"Ah, the old story," said her father as he read Jack's letter, "A boy fancy—loves for the first time—this time sure of himself—

they always are, 'this time'—will be your friend forever, etc., etc. Well, my poor girl, cheer up. You, too, shall see the world. We will travel. You are only eighteen. You may not know your heart either. Who knows—with new scenes, new faces, new friends—perhaps a new love."

III.

"Does Mr. Joseph Chester live here still?" asked a middle aged gentleman of the servant.

"Mr. Chester died some years ago, sir."

"Does his daughter live here now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is she in?"

"Yes sir, what name shall I give?"

"Say an old friend would like to see her."

"Yes sir. This way, sir."

"Gracious! How little this room has changed since we used to romp here with Lion! I wonder how she looks. Very different, I suppose, from the golden haired girl, I left twenty-five years ago."

Thus mused the "old friend." He had changed indeed. Though only forty-seven, the curly brown locks of the boy were gray now. The boyish face was hardened with lines made by sorrow and care. Something on the table attracted his attention.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "the locket I gave her with my picture in it! She has kept it thirty years, just like a woman!"

At this moment Elinor entered the room. Time had dealt more gently with her than with him. Only a few gray hairs had crept in among the gold. There were no lines of care in her face. These few gray hairs were the only witnesses that she had once suffered. Time had brought back the roses to her cheeks; but it could not make those tell-tale hairs golden again. She did not look a day over thirty-five; and the pretty girlish face was now womanly and noble.

"She is more beautiful than ever," he exclaimed. In another moment, they were shaking hands as only two dear old friends could.

"I hardly thought you would be glad to see me, after my letter of twenty-six years ago," he said hesitatingly.

"Oh, as I wrote you—"

"I never received any letter from you after I told you of my intended marriage."

"No? Now that is too bad. It cost me so many struggles to write it. Ah, that letter of yours made me very ill. They thought I would die; but I didn't. Time worked the usual cure. So you have been married?"

"Twice," he said softly.

"Twice?"

"Yes; the first was an unhappy match."

"Another fancy?"

"Yes!"

"Why, I thought you were quite sure 'this time.' Oh you men, or rather you boys!"

"We separated. After a few years, I married again. I was thirty-five then."

"And you really loved that time?"

"Yes, but she died. But never mind me, let us talk of old times. I see you still have my locket."

"Yes; I was looking at it to-day, and thinking of old times."

Then they sat and talked for an hour of their childhood days. In time, they got to the Little Maid of Arcadee. What memories it recalled! Once more, he accompanied while she sang:

Little Maid of Arcadee,
Sat on cousin Robin's knee,
Thought in face, and form and limb,
Nobody could equal him.
He was rich and she was fair,
Truth they made a pretty pair;
Happy little maiden she,
Happy Maid of Arcadee!

Moments sped as moments will,
Rapidly enough; until
After, say a month or two,
Robin did as Robins do,
Fickle as the month of May,
Jilted her and ran away.
Wretched little maiden she,
Wretched maid of Arcadee!

To her little home she crept,
Then she sat her down and wept.
Maiden wept as maidens will,
Grew so thin and pale and ill—

"I remember how I wept, and how ill I was when you—you—"

"When I—" he ran his fingers over the keys softly ; and both fell into a reverie.

Says Lord Lytton in his "Richelieu," "Man must love something." Could that old battered heart love again? The fire of half-forgotten passion was still smouldering. "I am so lonely," he thought. "How good it seems to see her again ! I wonder, if she would accept me now after waiting all these years? Love may be dead within me, but I could offer devotion, respect—"

Sounds of coming footsteps startled him from his reverie. Elinor's face lit up with a look he had never seen before, the full deep love of a woman illuminated it, and dazzled him. The door opened, and a good looking middle-aged man entered.

"John dear, this is my old friend Mr. Jones, my first sweetheart. Mr. Jones, this is my husband. Do you remember, how I used to say, I couldn't bear to change my pretty name to such a common one as Jones ; and to think, after all, I married a John Smith !"

"Then you have been married—" gasped Jones.

"*Once*," she said archly. "I had a wise father, who kept me single, until I was old enough to know my own heart."

Married ! Had the girlish eyes that looked into his so tenderly revealed love's secret to another—they had. Had those lips thrilled at another's touch—they had. He hummed bitterly to himself :

Grew so thin and pale and ill,
Till another came to woo,
Then again the roses grew.
Happy little maiden she,
Happy Maid of Arcadee.

Why should he feel bitter? He had made a mistake—that was natural. He was only a boy of nineteen, but she—well, she was sixteen. Couldn't she make a mistake, too? Well, a man resents a woman's doing what he thinks only human nature when he does it himself.

"Oh mamma!" and a little golden haired girl of four came running into the room.

"The living image of her mother, when I first saw her," said Jones to himself.

"Nellie, darling, this is mamma's first playmate. Give him a a kiss. Oh—why—he shall be your playmate now; for, of course, old friend, you must be that mysterious unknown, who has troubled Mrs. Grundy so much, the traveller, seeking quiet in our neighborhood, who is to take John Brown's house. A mysterious unknown by the name of Jones, how funny! You must make one of our circle of friends. We are famous hands at ecarté. Come and see us often. Little Nell shall be your sweetheart, your little Maid of Arcadee."

The next day, Nell and her new sweetheart were on the floor playing on all fours. And his heart that had experienced the passionate dream of boyhood, the passionate fancy of youth, the passionate love of manhood, found rest at last in the passionless love of a little child.

Robert Owen Meech.

HERE AND THERE IN THE LIBRARY.

ITHACA, in spite of many excellencies as a transient place of abode, is just a little out of the world in some respects and hence doubtless it is that the MAGAZINE should be so behindhand in calling the attention of its readers to the ballads and stories of Rudyard Kipling which (it is safe to surmise) have been interesting the magazine readers of England throughout the past winter. Still it is better to confess one's failings than to attempt to gloss them over and I hope such frank avowal will save me somewhat in the estimation of the readers of this department when I admit that it was not till a week or so ago that I just became acquainted with the writings of a man whom I have since learned greatly to admire.

The said writings consist to the best of my knowledge of five stories and four ballads to be found, all but one, in *Macmillan's*

Magazine between the months of November last past and this present May. Such striking work from a new hand has not appeared in English or American magazines for a long time.

* * *

Who Rudyard Kipling is, I am sorry to say I do not know, but suppose him to be a man of a good deal of experience in Northwestern India. To that part of the world at any rate does his work transport his readers if ever printed words (other than railroad tickets) can transport people anywhere. Northwestern India and Afghanistan are places of very considerable interest to the world nowadays, or at least were a year or two ago. It is here that the Russians in their gradual push toward the Southeast and the English in their extension toward the Northwest have already come into collision and may again. It is not long since the names of Herat the Khyber Pass and Peshawur were names well known to newspaper readers even in America. It is this country that is the scene of most of Rudyard Kipling's work. We get glimpes of the English army, of the wild Border tribes, of the fierce Afghans and throughout hear dim mutterings of the grey-coated Russian. It is I believe distinctly a new field, in fiction at least, and one evidently well worthy of exploration.

* * *

We get fine dashes of local color in the beginning of "The Ballad of the King's Jest."

> " When spring time flushes the desert grass,
> Our kafilas wind through the Khyber Pass.
> Lean are the camels but fat the frails,
> Light are the purses but heavy the bales,
> As the snowbound trade of the North comes down
> To the market-square of Peshawur town.
>
> In a turquoise twilight, crisp and chill,
> A kafila camped at the foot of the hill.
> Then blue smoke haze of the cooking rose
> And tent-peg answered to hammer-nose ;
> And the picketed ponies, shag and wild
> Strained at the ropes as the feed was piled ;
> And the bubbling camels beside the load
> Sprawled for a furlong adown the road ;
> And the Persian pussy-cats, brought for sale,

Spat at the dogs from the camel bale;
And the tribesmen bellowed to hasten the food;
And the camp-fires twinkled from fort Jumrood;
And there fled on the wings of the gathering dusk
A savour of camels and carpets and musk,
A murmur of voices, a reek of smoke,
To tell us the trade of the Khyber woke."

It is this country, or near along at hand, that is the scene of most of these ballads and stories. And romantic as is the country, equally so are its inhabitants and their prowess. They appear before us, drawn simply, with an almost classical firmness of touch, characters that, save for a strange Eastern something, might have stepped out of some old ballad or mediaeval romance. Read, for instance, "The Ballad of East and West." A horse thief and a cavalry captain, in some hands, would be commonplace enough, in Rudyard Kipling's they become heroic. Kamal rides off with the Colonel's mare, and the Colonel's son rides after him. Here is the chase:—

"Its up and over the Tongue of Jagai as blown dust-devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.
The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bar as a lady plays with a glove.
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn,
The dun he went like a wounded bull, the mare like a new roused fawn."

The dun falls and throws her rider. Kamal comes back and lifts the Colonel's son to his feet. Then comes a dialogue that for spirit and romantic feeling could hardly be paralleled in any romance of chivalry, the whole ending with the four lines,

"*Oh East is East and West is West, and never the two shall meet*
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great Judgment seat.
But there is neither East nor West, border or breed or birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth."

These lines lift the ballad from the place of a mere romantic tale and bind it in the memory and the heart as a real poem, as the worthy expression of a noble idea. By virtue of these lines, too, one would say that their author might claim a place with every generous reader.

It would greatly enliven these pages if I could go on to give some idea of "The Ballad of the Last Suttee" and of "The Ballad of the King's Mercy," the last particularly interesting from the ominous grumbling of the four refrain like verses.

" Abdur Rahman, the Durani Chief, to North and South is sold.
The North and South shall open their mouth to a Gilzai flag unrolled,
When the big guns speak to the Khyber peak, and his dog-Heratis fly,
Ye have heard the song—How long? How long? Wolves of the Abazai."

But I fear I must leave the poetry and turn to the prose.

* * *

The five stories are diverse in character and have many various qualities. They all show a good deal of humor of conception, a frequent quaintness and freshness of expression, a sure feeling for the romantic, and a power of narrative that carries the reader right along, often he knows not how or whither or whence. "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney" resembles in its ridiculous working out of a preposterous idea, a recent school of fiction of which, I suppose, the best known names are Anstey and Stockton. "The Courting of Dinah Shadd" while it has the same setting (it is told chiefly by that delightful Irish private Mulvaney) turns finally into a somewhat idyllic tale which interests one, though it fails in some respects to touch just the right sympathies. More powerful is "The Man that Was," although it is not at once that its significance is perceived.

The author winds into his story in a way rather charactsristic; characteristic, at least of all his stories that I have seen. First some description of Dirkovitch, who, having been given up "as a hopeless task, or cask," by the Black Tyrone, foregathers with the White Hussars at Peshawur. Then come the characteristics of the White Hussars, a body of men pleasing to most of the world but greatly disliked by "a few thousand gentlemen of Jewish extraction" who "answered to the name of Pathan," with whom they have come into official communication and who return the civilities of the Hussars by stealing their Martini-Henris. A slight excursus (apparently) as to carbine stealing leads up to the dinner given for the victory at Polo over the Lushkar Light Horse, where the story really begins. The introduction is characteristic but more than that almost every one of

these seemingly rambling remarks is in its place for a particular purpose as appears later. Not till near the end of the Polo dinner do we come to the incident in which the story is built, the return of the "Man who Was" which is carried strongly through to its conclusion, after which the story ends with a few words at first sight unimportant but really as significant as any which have gone before. The incident of the story in itself is rather slight but the power of the story is great for the whole tone and atmosphere is striking and of interest. It is as good an epitome of the border feeling between England and Russia in Afghanistan as I can imagine,—no less striking because the idea is not pushed forward, but appears as it were only by play and circumstance. It may best be seen in the two quotations following.

First the speech of Hira Singh the native officer,—

"'Thus far for sport!' He dropped one hand on his sword-hilt and his eye wandered to Dirkovitch lolling back in his chair. 'But if by the will of God there arises any other game which is not the polo-game then be assured, Colonel Sahib and officers, that we will play it out side by side, though *they*,' again his eyes sought Dirkovitch, 'though *they* I say have fifty ponies to our one horse.'"

Next read the speech of drunken Dirkovitch himself, delivered apropos of the man escaped from Siberia.

"'Fellow soldiers glorious—true friends and hospitables. It was an accident, and deplorable—most deplorable." Here he smiled sweetly all round the mess. "But you will think of this little, little thing. So little is it not? The Czar! Posh! I slap my fingers, I snap my fingers at him. Do I believe in him? No. But in us Slav who has done nothing, him I believe. Seventy—how much—millions peoples that have done nothing—not one thing. Posh! Napoleon was an episode. Hear you, old peoples, we have done nothing in the world—out here. All our work is to do; and it shall be done old peoples. Get away!' He waved his hand imperiously, and pointed to the man. 'You see him. He is not good to see. He was just one little—accident that no one remembered. Now he is *that*. So you will be, brother soldiers so brave—so will you be. But you will never come back. You will all go where he is gone, or'—he pointed to the great coffin-shadow on the ceiling and muttering, 'Seventy millions—get away, you old peoples,' fell asleep."

Compare with the veiled allusion of the Indian and the drunken eloquence of the Russian, the Englishman who hides the whole matter under a triviality and a jest.

* * *

"For One Night Only" in *Longman's* for April is an English story with only vague allusions to India. It is in many respects different from the stories in *Macmillan's*. On first reading it I laughed so heartily (and loudly) as to render myself an object of rage, contempt, or solicitude to the other persons then in the Library according to the occupations which happened at the time to be engrossing them. Several of my friends hastened to see what was the cause of my unseemly disturbance. When I showed them the story one of them said that it resembled my own productions and the other that it was half crazy. Despite the complete agreement of these statements both were erroneous, for the story is one displaying much genius. That it seems obscure will be considered nothing to the contrary by any admirer of the best modern English poetry. Still the story is one of which it is difficult to write comprehensibly, an excellent reason for saying no more about it here.

* * *

In reading for the first time the work of any man of real power we feel as though we were catching glimpses of some new world, or rather of some unknown parts of this same old world heretofore hidden from us. So it is with Rudyard Kipling's writings. Not alone is the *mise en scène* strange to us,—strange, romantic and fascinating,—but the world of feelings and ideas seems new, but, as well as the local color, romantic and fascinating. It is hard to analyze the general tone of this new moral sphere. It is a world where incidents are stirring and emotions powerful despite a veil of Eastern calm and English stolidity. It is a world where minor trivialities are swallowed up in opportunity for actual prowess and realization of genuine ideas. It is a world where the life blood runs hotly and strongly albeit perhaps rudely and with a coarse health. It is a world where the atmosphere has more oxygen than there is in our own air of Ithaca,—where the natural condition is one of exhilarations that to a Tompkins county man would seem to border on intoxication.

Edward E. Hale, Jr.

THE

CORNELL MAGAZINE.

VOL. II. JUNE, 1890. No. 9.

EDWIN H. WOODRUFF, *Editor-in-Chief.*

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The Magazine is published monthly throughout the college year. Subscription price $2.00 a year. Single numbers, 25 cents.

VETERINARY EDUCATION IN EUROPE.

AS usually understood Veterinary Science restricts its sphere to the treatment of domestic animals in disease, but in reality it bears a far wider significance embracing as it does all that belongs to such animals, their preservation and utilization. In this wide sense Veterinary Science takes cognizance of the genera and breeds of these animals, their adaptation to soil and climate, their improvement so as to secure a higher return from their products or a better adaptation to purposes of luxury, and finally their dietetics, hygiene, sanitation, medicine and surgery. Veterinary Science, therefore, has at different times and in various countries been held in greater or less esteem according to the value of the domestic animals to their owners. Among nomad races, with a boundless range for pasturage, and flocks and herds in countless numbers, there was less incitement to such study, than in a country of enclosed and cultivated farms, covered with a dense population, where the high price of meat, milk, wool and other animal products enhanced the value of the individual animal and made the losses more severely felt in case of deterioration, disease or death. Thus the instances of veterinary treatment depicted on Egyptian monuments, and inscribed in the writings of the Hin-

doos, Persians, Assyrians, Greeks and Romans, are in the main in the direction of general hygienic care and racial improvement only. The medicine of man was still crude and fanciful, a chaos of superstitious beliefs, and magical arts, and that of animals was no better. The barber surgeon for man and the ferrier surgeon for animals were the natural products of those ages. Yet even before the birth of the Jewish nation, we find Jacob acquainted with the natural causes of variation and availing of them for his own material aggrandizement.

It is true that the ancients resorted to the dissection of animals at a time when public opinion forbade the use of the human body for such a purpose. In this way medicine was nursed by veterinary lore, as it is now matured, extended and strengthened by the contributions of this science, especially in the fields of embryology, development, physiology, therapeutics, pathological bacteriology, and sanitary science. Thus history repeats itself. In the time of Hippocrates, Veterinary Science was the handmaid of the physician, and now again the aspiring physician or surgeon turns his attention to the lessons to be derived from the study of animals.

It was not, however, the help to be obtained for human medicine that proved the main factor in the creation of veterinary colleges; it was rather the benefit to state and people that was attainable through the preservation and improvement of the live stock.

The mutual jealousies of contiguous nations, the maintenance of immense standing armies, and the great importance of the cavalry and artillery services made the monarch and war minister quick to appreciate whatever would enhance the value and efficiency of that branch of the service, and thus when Veterinary Colleges were established each commonwealth provided for the support and education at public expense of a large number of students who would be bound to devote themselves to veterinary practice in the army. Apart from the profit to the State through the better medical and surgical treatment of the horses, this fostering of veterinary education and research was often of signal advantage during a campaign. During the Franco-German war of 1870, so small a matter as a screw calkin for use on icy roads, contributed in no small degree to determine the result in favor of the Teutons. In

case of a sudden extreme fall of temperature the German soldier could in one minute replace the old and worn calkin by a fresh sharp one, and could thus keep himself in constant readiness for action, whereas the French cavalry and artillery could only be put in motion after a prolonged and laborious process of unshoeing, heating, sharpening on the anvil, and reshoeing.

A main cause of the demand for Veterinary Science and the creation of Veterinary Schools was the immense impetus given to the improvement and perfecting of the races of domestic animals for the purposes of war, luxury, and general utility, and the high values at stake in the individual animals and in the aggregate of the live stock. The fabulous values of an Eclipse, a Herod and a Matchem, and of their peerless progeny, demanded the best available means of preserving such sources of national wealth against loss or destruction. The development of improved races of cattle, sheep, and swine, and the rapid increase of such improved races, demanded a like extension of intelligent and rational care in the conditions of health and disease.

But more than all other factors, the ruinous propagation of animal plagues, and the consequent paralysis of stock-growing and of agriculture, tended to show the need of rational and scientific treatment of the great wealth of live stock.

Among cavalry horses, glanders alone swept off its 60 victims per 1000 every year, the total mortality reaching three times that number, while Rinderpest and lung plague claimed their millions of victims annually. Sheep were decimated or worse by sheep-pox, scab, liver-rot and foot-rot. Swine were slain by erysipilas, swine plague and parasites. All animals fell victims to anthrax, foot and mouth disease and other contagious maladies, and with the 350,000,000 domesticated herbivora and omnivora, and the constantly increasing values represented by the improved breeds, a great and permanent individual and national loss was threatened unless a check could be put to the animal scourges. By the Veterinary Sanitary boards since established by the different governments, these great sources of loss have been largely done away with, and the teaching institutions have demonstrated their right to exist, in preserving the countries from pecuniary losses incomparably greater than the appropriations devoted to their support.

Under such stimuli as the above mentioned, the first Veterinary College was founded at Lyons in 1762, under the presidency of Claude Bourgelat, who had made the diseases of animals a special study. His perusal of the works of physicians and equerries, who had written upon the care of animals, and his consultations with the most esteemed veterinary practitioners of the time, had shown him that much of their pretended knowledge was but a tissue of errors. He aimed to sift the real from the counterfeit, to tabulate the former and to provide for its preservation and further improvement by committing it to the custody of students as well skilled in rational principles and practical knowledge as circumstances would admit. To this object he sacrificed his life and private fortune, and the time being opportune, this first essay was speedily followed by the establishing of government schools of Veterinary Science in nearly every country of Continental Europe.

In 1776, Bourgelat was appointed director of the newly established Veterinary College at Alfort, Paris, more munificently endowed by the Government, and destined under the labors of such men as Chabert, Huzard, Colin, Bouley and others to be for a length of time the leading college of Veterinary Science in Europe. Lyons had at first but two professors, Bourgelat and the Abbot Rozier, while Alfort started with three. From such small beginnings these schools have each grown to ten professors, and as many assistant professors and instructors, besides a considerable staff of administrative and subordinate officers. In the School of Alfort there is a large area devoted to the production of forage plants, and illustrating the different methods of culture, and to botanical gardens where special attention is given to the medicinal and poisonous flora. In the hospital stables there is accommodation for about one hundred horses, with special stables for the victims of contagious diseases. For cattle and sheep there are special buildings, and representatives of the most approved breeds are kept on the premises for purposes of education. The kennels too are extensive, and special places are provided for the subjects of contagious diseases, and iron cages for rabid animals.

Alfort possesses one of the finest and most extensive veterinary museums in the world and the laboratories for Anatomy, Physiolo-

gy, Microscopy, Biology, Pathological Anatomy, Chemistry and Physics, Botany and Pharmacy, all fully equipped and well-appointed. There are besides, the various lecture rooms, a library, a large riding-school, and a shoeing-forge where students are trained in farriery. At the end of the quadrangle where clinics are conducted is an ample operating theatre with suitable equipments and ascending tiers of seats for the students.

The institution further contains houses for the director and other officers, and a large dormitory and refectory for the students, all of whom are accommodated within the college walls. The students are under strict military rule, must wear a distinctive uniform, and, excepting on Sunday, none may leave the college without a special pass from the director.

To matriculate, a student must pass an examination in the History of France, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Physics, Chemistry, and Elementary Botany, Zoology, and Geology. Or he must furnish an equivalent certificate from a government school or university. He must be not less than seventeen nor more than twenty-five years of age, must present a physician's certificate that he has had smallpox or has been re-vaccinated within three years antecedent, and a certificate of good character from the principal of the last school he attended, or from the *Maire* of his district. The entrance examinations are graded on a scale of twenty and no one obtaining less than nine is eligible for admission.

The course of study covers a period of four years and the student who pursues this satisfactorily is entitled to examination for a degree. With the frequent advances in medicine and sanitary science however, and the constantly increasing demands upon the student, it is found that year by year an increasing number of aspirants have to spend an additional year in the institution before they can successfully pass the ordeal and secure their diplomas.

All French Veterinary Schools have the same curriculum. The subjects for the different years are summarized below :

IST YEAR.

Physics, Chemistry, (lectures and laboratory work), Botany (lectures and laboratory work), Zoology (lectures and laboratory

work), Descriptive Anatomy, Dissections, External Form (lectures and practical work), Age as indicated by the teeth, Forging and Shoeing, French Literature, German, Gymnastics and Fencing.

2D YEAR.

Descriptive Anatomy, General Anatomy, Histology and Micrography, Laboratory Studies of Microscopic Preparations, Physiology (lectures and laboratory work), Teratology, Chemistry, (lectures and laboratory work), Forging and Shoeing, Botany, Zoology, Materia Medica (lectures and laboratory work), Geology and Mineralogy, French Literature, German, Gymnastics and Fencing.

3D YEAR.

General Therapeutics, Practical Pharmacy, Internal Pathology, General Pathology, Pathological Anatomy (lectures and laboratory work), Clinics, Forging and Shoeing, Hospital work, External Pathology, Hygiene, Equitation.

4TH YEAR.

Contagious Diseases and Sanitary Police, Commercial Veterinary Jurisprudence and Legal Medicine, Inspection of Butcher Meat, Studies at Abattoirs and Rendering Works, Microscopic work on Parasites, Contagious Diseases and Butcher Meat, Reports on Sanitary Police and Veterinary Jurisprudence, Conferferences on Contagious Diseases and Effects of Vaccination, Internal Pathology, Surgical Pathology, Topographical Anatomy and Operative Surgery, Obstetrics, Shoeing, Surgical operations by students, Clinics, General Zootechny, Special Zootechny, Agriculture and Hygiene, Equitation.

The college year extends over ten months, the vacation falling in August and September. In summer the clinics begin as early as 6 a. m., and between the strict discipline of the school, and the exacting nature of the studies the student is closely held to duty. For the earnest student the opportunities and encouragement are ample, yet relaxation and amusement are not entirely excluded; for the institution furnishes its own music (brass band), while for those who go out on the director's pass, there is abundant choice of entertainment in Alfort and Charenton, and in the city of Paris.

For the three Veterinary Colleges of Alfort, Lyons and Toulouse the French government provides 70 bursaries and 140 semi-bursaries, tenable for one year by indigent students, who have proved their ability in the entrance examinations or in college work, and renewable at the end of the year if the holder has maintained his course with credit in the interval.

The material for clinical teaching is secured in great abundance from Paris and suburbs, and subjects for dissection and experiment are furnished as needed at government expense.

The examinations at the end of each college year, determine whether the student will be allowed to enter upon the studies of the succeeding year, or will be compelled to take up again the studies of the year just past. This repetition of the studies of one year is only allowed once in the course of the curriculum, and a second failure entails dismissal from the school. The final examinations leading to graduation, are oral, written and practical, and are conducted in the presence of the Inspector-General of Veterinary Schools, and the diplomas are delivered with much formality by the Minister of Agriculture in person.

The French Veterinary Schools have furnished a number of eminent men of whom Henry Bouley, President of the Academy of Science, the no less accomplished A. Chauveau, Toussaint, who was cut off by tuberculosis in the course of a series of most valuable experiments on that subject, and the veteran physiologist Colin, may be especially named as prominent recent examples.

The Veterinary College of Alfort may be taken as a type of all the institutions of the same kind on the Continent of Europe. All are government institutions and under strict official control. Of the 35 Veterinary Colleges in Europe, France furnishes 3, Germany 7, Austria 1, Hungary 1, Russia 5, Italy 6, Holland 1, Roumania 1, Denmark 1, Sweden 1, Belgium 1, Portugal 1, and Spain 4. This is at the rate of one Veterinary College for every 10,000,000 domestic animals of the families of herbivora and omnivora. In the ranks of the teachers are found many men who are recognized leaders in comparative medicine and who have especially contributed in late years to discoveries in bacteriology in its relation to diseases. Of the different colleges, those in the large cities, are particulary attractive to the foreign visitors and

student, by reason of the renown of their teachers, the fulness of their equipment, and the extent of their clinic. In this connection the schools at Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Lyons, Dresden, Milan and Turin may be specially named.

The course varies in length in different countries; thus in Austro-Hungary it covers three years, in Germany and Switzerland three and a half years, in France, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Sweden and Russia four years, and in Roumania, Spain and Portugal five years. The apparent difference is however lessened by the fact that more knowledge is usually exacted for matriculation in those schools having the shorter courses, and less in those which extend the studies over five years.

James Law.

SURVIVAL THROUGH CHARITY.

IN one of the recent New York illustrated papers, appeared a picture of "Paul and Virginia," two colored street-arabs, gazing with bulging eyes through the window of an orphan asylum. Within a crowd of hungry orphans are seated at a bountiful repast. "Say, Ginny," says Paul slowly and longingly, "done yuh wish poppy an' mammy go'n' die?" Besides the mere humorous effect, the picture contains a moral. Whether or not this instance be a case wholly in point, it is yet often true that the lot of the recipient of charity becomes from some standpoints fairly enviable, and the kindness that seeks to be helpful becomes an actual temptation to improvidence and idleness.

Though the organized charities of our great cities are often not wide-reaching enough, yet, in another sense they perhaps include far too much. Suffering and destitution are sometimes relieved indiscriminately by any method whatever, without stopping to think whether or not evil is encouraged and character degraded thereby. The attempt is made to destroy the tree that produces such growths by cutting off the branches. The process seems often to have been carried just far enough to serve as a pruning; and the result is a more vigorous growth of indolence, vice and misery. Sentimentality has too often taken the place of charity

and true compassion. Caring more for the alleviation of our own feelings than for the good of society and the true bettering of men, we falsely assume that all pain is evil and should have no place. Accordingly we refuse to let it work out its appointed ends in the chastening of character, and relieve genuine misfortune and remove the wholesome penalties of wrong action indiscriminately. Thereby we degrade character and promote a slavish spirit of animal dependence.

The danger of our cities is made even more serious. The vicious and improvident feel that, come what will, they will be taken care of "somehow"; and consequently the natural restraints to thriftlessness, intemperance, and crime are thrown away. Under present conditions no power can check the growth of the city. The problem of numbers admits of no solution; but it ceases to be a problem if the average character of the individual citizen can be determined. Hence whatever degrades character aggravates the difficulty and the policy pursued as to charity will have a vital bearing.

The result of this universalism in charity has been a dissatisfaction with the workings of charity, a dissatisfaction which many have felt but few have had the courage to declare as a principle. Yet it variously crops out in practical issues. This discontent has been mainly directed against the false charity above considered; but by an easy transition it has sometimes included the very principle of all charity. Mr. Sampson Low writes*:

"To relieve distress . . . . is a healthy natural instinct . . . . which in a rude and simple state of society might probably be indulged with safety. But . . . . as social arrangements become more complicated, ..., our characteristic impulses cannot always be followed without injury or danger. To relieve misery is not always to mitigate it. Success in our object is only attainable when we shall have taught suffering and destitution to prevent themselves—when the cure shall have been found in the natural operation of the malady itself." The contest shows that this is a protest only against the wide-spread abuse of charity—the work of

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* "Noxious and Beneficent Charity," *Westminster Review*, lix, 62.

an undiscriminating machine that rains blessings alike on the just and unjust. But others have given the principle a wider application, and objected to all charity as uncharitable.

Malthus, in his work on "Population" says, "If the society does not want his [the pauper's] labor, [he] has no claim of right to the smallest portion of food, and in fact has no business where he is. At nature's mighty feast there is no cover for him. She tells him to be gone; and she will quickly execute her orders, if he does not work upon the compassion of some of her guests. If these guests get up and make room for him . . . . the report of a provision for all that come immediately fills the hall with numerous claimants. The order and harmony of the feast is disturbed; the plenty that before reigned is changed into scarcity; and the happiness of the guests is destroyed by the spectacle of misery and dependence in every part of the hall, and by the clamorous importunity of those justly enraged at not finding the provision they have been taught to expect. The guests learn too late their error in counteracting those strict orders to all intruders issued by the mistress of the feast, who, wishing that all her guests should have plenty . . . . humanely refused to admit fresh comers when her table was already full." Dr. Chalmers also, is spoken of as regarding these sentiments with some approbation.

Malthus' remedy was, after due notice, to absolutely refuse help to the suffering, thus removing the prospect of "happiness destroyed by the spectacle of misery," and precluding any apprehended scarcity in the great trough of nature, at which her human swine are fed.

Few would go to such lengths as this; but the question is asked (at least practically) whether the spirit of the times, relying on the authority of Christianity, has not given too great a bias to our charitable feelings. Has it not interpreted too literally the definition of James, of "pure religion and undefiled," and the injunctions of Christ and Paul to love others as ourselves, and to "bear the infirmities of the weak?" Doubtless the *abuse* of these injunctions has helped to the wrong application of charity above noted. More than that cannot be affirmed, for this same Christianity declares, "If any refuses (οὐ θέλει) to work, neither let him eat." But the question is further pressed, "Is not the spirit that prompts

to charity at variance with the self-preservative instinct on which the survival of the fittest depends? It is true that side by side in our nature are the instincts to compassion and to self-help; but is not charity a mere abuse of the former feeling?" But the question assumes still another form which alone it is necessary to answer; for in the light of reason the motive underlying the survival of the fittest undergoes such a change, that, as a mere blind and unconscious instinct, it is almost wholly transcended; and if it appear that the highest and truest interests are subserved by charity, reason will effect a secondary readjustment of the motive accordingly. "But is there not a conflict of results, by which the survival of the fittest and the consequent up-building of the race will be defeated, and actual deterioration result? Of such artificial propagation of physical, intellectual and moral weaklings, a gradual degradation of the race would seem to be the natural outcome. Those who look beyond the present must therefore take higher ground and oppose charity."

But would it then necessarily be a gain to solve the problem by thus cancelling out the lower integers of the race, instead of lifting the race as a whole upward? The result is the same indeed—the removal of detritus and rubbish; but having reached the goal by this royal road, the race would not have had the discipline of working its way, and hence would not be fitted by struggle for the place gained. If, as nature tells us, the survival of the fittest is through struggle, perhaps wrestling with this problem is part of the very struggle by which the race shall be purified. It would be an easy problem, perhaps, provided we could thus cut the Gordian knot, and do away with all struggle; but the survival of the fittest is not through ease, and nature furnishes no parallel to progress which comes otherwise than by conquering difficulties. True, the development of the race might still continue, but it could only be as the result of other forces.

But this opposition to charity seems to rest on one or two fundamental errors. It assumes—or at least takes for granted that charity must assume—that the end of life is simply pleasure, whereas "the *great* object of organized charity is more and more seen to be the development of character." The basis of charity may indeed be in a love for our neighbor equalling that of self;

yet because we are too ready to spoil and pet ourselves with pleasure to the neglect of character, it does not follow that charity is to seek the mere pleasure of the recipient, but must rather obey the spirit of the Golden Rule, and treat him as we would treat ourselves if we but had the strength and will to do the right. For as the object of life is to build character and not to give pleasure, so is the object of true charity, which is nothing, except as it furthers the ends of life. Nature strives ever after quality but is wantonly wasteful where mere quantity is involved. With this end steadily in view she gives all an equal opportunity and the survival of the fittest is the result. So charity must apply to all; but must also ever seek this end of betterment rather than preservation only.

Perhaps this clearer definition, that charity is for character building, solves the problem theoretically; yet there are those who in practical cases believe or hope that the law of charity does not at all apply. The Africans and Chinese (they say) are inferior races; it is best that they should disappear before civilization as the Indian has done; and since the gospel would be apt to vitalize and preserve them, the evangelization of heathen lands is a mistake. It is not so very long ago since an article from the pen of Gen. Robert Toombs declared extinction to be the inevitable and *fitting* destiny of the negro race in America. But we must follow nature and affirm the universality of the law that true charity must recognize all men as deserving at least a trial and the hearty proffer of help.

Besides, experience does not tell us that charity defeats progress, for the race is actually improving. It is said that physical strength has increased, but that is the smallest gain. Far more important is it, that personal and national coarseness has given way more and more to refinement both of the intellect and of the heart; morality stands higher both in act and feeling; and men are better than in former times even if still far from the ideal.

A second mistake is in regarding charity as a mere mechanical subtraction from one individual to another, and a mere composition of the results into the conglomeration or aggregate of society. It views it as a subject dead and motionless upon the dissecting

table, and in discussing its form fails to find life. But society is an organism bound together by a sort of sympathetic nerve system, and charity is organic coöperation. As one part of the body in helping another ultimately strengthens itself, so, too, of the members of society. There are none who remain forever both in want of nothing and in possession of nothing extra. All need help of some kind at times, and those who are helped will, even though unintentionally, give help in return and with interest. Hence lack of coöperation does not simply strike out the lowest and weakest members of the social series, and thus increase the average of strength ; but it weakens all alike. But what of those who probably never can make any return, such as the insane and hopelessly sick ; may we still cast them off? No, for the object of life was seen to be character, and not quantity of accumulated wealth. If it seem at first sight an insubstantial reason, it is, nevertheless, true and cogent, that actions have a moral as well as physical effect in this morally constituted world. Nature herself has implanted compassion in the heart ; and to turn a deaf ear to every cry of suffering and woe, and thus to sin against humanity and the constituted order of things, will (even to pass by the ultimate sweeping punishment of national sins) bear its fruit in a heart seared to tender and noble feelings and a nature debased to brutality. Even if there be no external penalty for violated social affection, shall we be able to escape from ourselves?

But even if all this were otherwise, it would after all be found impossible to prevent the propagation of the weak. For even if some were destroyed, that very act of destruction would put others by regress into the same places. Fifty millions of people would have their share of paupers as surely as would sixty millions. Children would still be brought up in loathsome quarters, in vice and poverty, stunted physically, mentally and spiritually.

And yet, do we not make a further mistake in fearing too much the propagation of the poor? Leaving out of consideration the elevating influence of true charity, mere shielding of the weak does not interfere with the law of survival. Protection alone does not protect. Ultimately the surest way to destroy a people or class is to shield them from struggle to the extreme, and thus perhaps false or merely sentimental charity carries in itself its own

remedy, and it is explained why even such charity has not evaded or annulled the law of the survival of the fittest. It is want of struggle even more than want of power that kills. It is the wealthy families, who are in effect protected not only from suffering but also from struggle, that more often die out (not from inherent necessity; but the temptation to ease is strong, and if yielded to, the violated law demands its penalty). Struggle and danger only are safe; ease and security only are truly dangerous. It was wrong then to be alarmed at the fact that the poorer and lower classes are the great feeders of population. Their struggles have knit their strength, and it is a real survival of the fittest. We are too prone to unconsciously regard the lower classes as mere animals, whose very capacity for finer sensibility and nobler feeling, both aesthetic and moral, has been crushed out of them. It is not a man's untoward circumstances so much as what he does against them that develops his soul-worth; and the children of such a man, if they but receive a fair chance, will show the same human longings, the same aspirations after better things that dwell in other hearts; and it may be a deeper and truer sympathy because sorrow and want have come closer to their lives. The problem then is by a wise system of charity to alleviate their social condition and better and purify their surroundings, thus opening to them avenues of progress.

Again even the propagation of the diseased is not a serious cause for alarm, for either they or their decendants will be restored to health or sterilize and die out. If it be objected that human ailments seem quite too prevalent to agree well with such an assertion, it will nevertheless doubtless appear on due consideration that these are not really ascribable in any appreciable degree to inherited weaknesses. Against these, nature, in the vast majority of cases, makes strong and constant headway, and in practically all remaining cases protects herself by a decree of ultimate extinction. Such ailments are rather due to petty indulgences and infractions of law of all sorts, against which nature is compelled to maintain a constant and exasperating warfare. "There can be no doubt on what side vigor is chiefly threatened. It is sapped mainly by indulgence; [and that] not merely in well marked and revolting degrees. . . . Were every unobserved ex-

cess. . . . to cease, life, bodily and mental, would reach an energy at present hardly conceivable, and maintain it with increase, though the medical profession disbanded half its force."*

One of the most serious objections made against charity is, that on this basis the increase of population will be more rapid, and already the question begins to suggest itself, "When the limit is reached, what?" We can hardly give the easy answer of some, that "we won't be here then;" for others to whom we owe the same regard we pay to ourselves will be here. Yet a vindication of charity does not peculiarly need to solve the problem, for over-population assails no theory or system exclusively, but must come in time under any circumstances whatever. Indeed, it might well constitute a more serious problem for a system which, not having developed methods and habits of organic coöperation, will find over-population a sorer evil when it does come. If it be true that population will increase more rapidly under charity, it is also true that the capacity for population is enlarged even more than the ratio of increase.

Over-population with weakness will result more from a non-charity system; for as we saw, charity strengthens. To say the least, since the race is actually found to be growing stronger under charity, if it is desired that the very strongest should triumph, it is best to defer the conflict, instead of driving the weak to bay now, and let the strong gather more strength—especially since wisdom and devotion to moral ideas are also increasing, and men will therefore be both more willing and more able to use their strength justly and beneficently. Besides, if the dreaded conflict must come, it will come to a close sooner when both sides must turn at bay.

Yet after all we need look no further than the nature of man for the vindication of charity and mutual helpfulness, for side by side in the heart are implanted compassionate feeling and the instinct of self-preservation. It cannot be alleged that this compassion finds its true application in contemplating and providing for the far off destinies of the race, for, as a simple matter of fact, compassion is directed upon present suffering and has absolutely

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*Martineau's "Types of Ethical Theory," Vol. II, bk. 1, ch. VI, § 2.

no application to such provision. Into that enters only wise and careful calculation. Hence he who stifles human sympathy as certainly gives the lie to nature as he who disregards his own life. Charity is only the logical continuation of this principle of the good of the individual realized in the good of the whole, and the good of the whole in the good of every individual.

There is, then, a kind of charity, falsely so-called, which defeats its own ends by its indiscriminate lavishness, both degrading the recipient and increasing shiftlessness and misery, though even then it cannot defeat the law of survival. But there is a more genuine charity also, which is as true to the principle that what a man himself soweth that ought he to reap, as it is to the rule of altruistic affection,—nay, because it is true to the one it is true to the other also, and looks rather to eternal interests than to weak sentiment. And because nature's law of the survival of the fittest strives after fulness of life rather than mere extent—after quality and character more than after multitudes of whatever sort, true charity in no wise breaks the law, both because its principle is in harmony with the deeper life of society, and because the spirit that prompts it is fitted to survive. For righteousness, gentleness and mercy—these are they which are worthy to triumph, and right is stronger than might.

Robert J. Kellogg.

AT THE NORTH STAR MINE.

THE night engineer of the North Star mine, which lies way back in the San Juan mountains, in Colorado, had been dismissed in disgrace. The superintendent had discovered him, the night before, intoxicated while on duty ; the great air pumps that force fresh air down the shaft to the men in the lower levels, out of gear, and the boilers dangerously near the explosion point. With his own hands the superintendent had quickly set the air pumps in operation, and banked the boiler fires ; and then had sternly ordered the unfaithful engineer, Luke Wilson, to leave the camp at once. He would not have such dangerous men as he about the mine, he said. The lives of a hundred men depended

upon the skill and intelligence of the engineer, and no man who drank was fit for the place. He'd sooner have no engineer at all, and close the mine. That was his way of doing business; and if anyone didn't like it he knew what he could do. Pull his freight, sir, that's what.

The disgraced man had slunk away into the darkness, scowling and muttering, and swearing, under his breath, that some day he would pay back the superintendent for this insult. To all of which talk the superintendent paid no attention whatever, but merely bade him make haste away, for if he were found in the camp at sunrise he might get into trouble. And so the man disappeared, and the superintendent began to look about him for another engineer.

And here he was puzzled, for he could not think of a man in the camp who was competent to fill the position. The duties were very difficult and exacting; not only must the man possess a steady hand and a cool head, but he must have unusual skill as an engineer. He had to keep all the delicate machinery at the mine in perfect order and adjustment; he had to watch the boilers, and see that the firemen did their work carefully; he had frequently to visit the water pumps, that, at the bottom of the shaft, a thousand feet under ground, were forever at work, forcing millions of gallons of water to the surface every day in the attempt to keep the mine dry. Then the air pumps needed the most incessant and careful watchfulness, for the least accident to them, the want of a drop of oil upon an axle, or the slight loosening of some screw, might throw them out of adjustment, and thus imperil the lives of all the men in the drifts below.

And then, in addition to all these duties, the engineer must be always ready to run the great hoisting engine, that raised and lowered the "cage" in the shaft; now swiftly lifting a car of ore to the surface, now carefully letting down some miners to their work in the drifts. So you see it is not altogether surprising that the superintendent had some trouble in finding a man for the place.

As he was seated in the rough board shanty, which he called his office, turning the situation over in his mind, be became suddenly aware that some one had entered and was speaking to him. He turned aud saw Phil Terrel, one of the boys who worked

around the shaft house in the day shift; and who did all sorts of odd jobs, such as oiling the machinery, shoveling out the ashes under the boilers, helping the blacksmith, and carrying messages for the superintendent here and there in the mine. He was a powerfully built, pleasant faced young fellow of seventeen; not a lad who said very much, but one who was never idle. And above all he was as honest as the sunlight. You could see that in his eyes. As he entered the office he doffed his old hat, covered with clay and candle grease, and stood waiting for the superintendent to speak to him.

"Well Phil, what do you want of me?" said the other, gruffly.

"I'd like you to give me the job of night engineer, Mr. Morris," said Phil, coming to the point at once. That was one of his pecularities; he always did come to the point at once.

"You! Night engineer!" said the superintendent, surprised. "I guess not! It's no place for a boy. Have you ever run a hoist or a set of pumps?"

"Yes sir, I have," said Phil. "When I was working with the night shift sometimes I took the engineer's place for an hour or so. I'd like very much if you'd try me, sir. Hugh Davis, the night boss, sir, says if you'll give me the job he'll stay with me till I've learned the business; and he says he'll go bail I can do the work."

"So Hugh Davis wants you to get the job, does he?" asked the superintendent. "Well, I'll think it over. Hugh's a good man. Send him to me here, I'll talk to him about it."

Evidently the interview between Hugh Davis and the superintendent was satisfactory, for Phil was told he might go to work as the night engineer at once.

"We'll try you for a week, Phil," said the superintendent; "and if you do well you may have the reg'lar job. No, no, don't thank me," he hastily added, as Phil began to express his gratitude. "Thank Hugh Davis. I'd never have given you the place but for him. That's all. Report at the shaft house at six."

And so Phil Terrel became the night engineer at the North Star mine, on trial. He was very young for the place, only a boy in years, and at first he had to work very hard indeed to master his intricate duties. He had to be in a dozen places at once. Now at the air pumps; now inspecting the steam gauges of the boilers;

now testing the valves of the water pumps, and in all the duties being constantly interrupted by the clang of the huge gong over his head, sounding the signal for him to raise the cage with its load of ore or humanity.

Still, he learned very quickly; he was of a mechanical turn, and under the patient instruction of Hugh Davis, the best and truest friend he had in the world, Phil soon became a thoroughly qualified engineer, and then he received the regular appointment to the place. Phil knew that he would never have achieved this honor but for Hugh, and he resolved that some day he would repay him for the time and trouble he had taken.

For several months after this, matters went very smoothly at the North Star, and as Phil became more accustomed to his work he found it easier and pleasanter. It was just after midnight on the 15th day of September, that Hugh Davis, having completed his customary round of inspection above ground, stepped into the little room where the hoisting engine was, and called Phil to him.

"Just come here a moment, boy," he said. "There's somethin' 'bout the air pumps I want you to do."

The two walked over to where the pumps were located, Phil carrying a lantern.

"Hullo!" cried Hugh, suddenly. "What's that?"

He darted forward as he spoke, and seized in his powerful grasp a man who was bending over the pumps with a wrench in his hand. He seemed paralyzed by the sudden appearance of the others, and at first was unable to speak.

"Now then," cried Hugh, shaking the man as if he had been a piece of paper. "Who are you, an' what are you doin' round these pumps this time o' night, eh? I'm blest if it aint th' old engineer!" he exclaimed, as the rays of the lantern fell full on the man's face. "Now then, speak up. You was noticed off these here premises once. What brings you back now I'd like to know? No good, I'll swear."

"Don't be so rough," said the man, in a whining voice. "I meant no harm. I'm very poor; the night is cold; I had no place to sleep; a man must sleep, even a man who's as poor as me, an' so I jest crawled in here. You don't begrudge me a little sleep, do you?"

"Were you a walkin' in yer sleep, when you was a standin' over them air pumps with a wrench in yer hand, eh?" said Hugh angrily. "I rayther guess not, my friend. 'Sides, this aint no hotel. You come here fer some sort o' mischief, Luke Wilson, an' the best thing you kin do is to mosey down the gulch, short meter. If any of my men was to catch you around you wouldn't git off so easy. Come now, git!"

And Hugh shoved the man, who was partly intoxicated, out of the door, and started him down the road. "I reckon he wont trouble us agin, Phil," he said. Then, after giving directions about what he wanted to have done to the pumps, Hugh stepped upon the cage, and signalled to lower away.

"If he ever comes 'round here again, boy," he shouted, as the car began slowly to descend, "just you fire him over the dump. D'ye see? Let me down to the thousand foot——"

The rest of his words were lost as he disappeared down the shaft.

One o'clock, and the work at the mine went on with never varying regularity. Once every ten minutes the cage descended empty, and then rose with a car of ore. The big pumps, invisible to Phil from where he sat, maintained their steady, monotonous motion; while in the mine, a thousand feet below, were sixty men at work, drilling and digging their way through the solid rock. And so the time sped on; and soon it was two o'clock.

So busy was Phil that he had almost forgotten about the strange appearance of the disgraced engineer two hours before; and he was thinking only of his work when he stepped to the door of the shaft-house a moment to get a breath of fresh air, and look out into the night. The atmosphere outside was chill with the frosts of September that come so early at this great elevation; there was no wind, and the stars overhead shone out against the black sky with unnatural brilliancy. No sound could be heard save the low hiss of steam, escaping through the safety valve, and the regular, monotonous strokes of the pumps. As he stood there, looking off down the gulch, the sound of the gong called him back to the engine; three strokes were sounded sharply, and by this he knew that there were some men below who wished to come to the surface. He stepped quickly to the lever of the throttle valve, but

before he could move it he was thrown heavily backwards by the shock of a tremendous explosion, that seemed to tear the lightly constructed building to pieces, and rendered him partly insensible.

Yet he was almost instantly on his feet again, and then he realized that a dynamite cartridge had been exploded in the shaft house and had wrecked the building and machinery. Why it had not instantly killed him he could not understand, but there was no time to reason about the matter just then. The explosion could not have been accidental certainly; no dynamite was ever kept in the shaft house, but in a magazine, at a safe distance away. And he concluded that it was the work of the disgraced engineer, who had taken this dastardly means of revenge.

As Phil staggered to his feet, still dizzy and sick with the shock of the explosion, he saw a yellow blaze at the farther end of the house. The building was on fire! He knew there was no way to save it from destruction. It had got to burn to the ground, for there was no water that could be used to fight the fire with. What he must try to do now was to get all the men safely out of the mine. There were sixty of them at work in the drifts and slopes below, and every one was in deadly peril, for the air pumps were stopped, wrecked by the dynamite, and in a short time they would suffocate. Phil instantly understood that their salvation depended upon him alone. He must stand by the engine till the last man, (somehow he felt that the last man to leave the mine would be old Hugh) was safe on the surface.

Suddenly the thought came to him, suppose the hoisting engine has been wrecked by the explosion, like the pumps! Still, there was the ladder. No, the ladder did not reach below the nine hundred foot level, and old Hugh and a dozen more were at work in the thousand foot. All this passed through his mind with the rapidity of lightning, and he was roused to action by three quick sharp strokes on the gong, followed by the emergency signal. The men in the drifts below had discovered their danger, and were calling him to the rescue. Phil sprang to the throttle and pulled the lever. It was with a feeling of intense relief that he saw the huge drum, about which the heavy steel cable was coiled, begin slowly to revolve. Thank God! The engine was not injured. He would save Hugh and his men yet.

Faster and faster the big drum whirled as Phil gave the engine more steam ; and the cage shot downward with tremendous velocity. Quickly it reached the bottom, and then, crowded to its utmost capacity with ten men, began its race for the open air under the skillful guidance of the young engineer. As the cage reached the surface, the miners, blinded by the smoke and half dead with suffocation, staggered through the door out into the cold night.

And then, once more Phil sent the cage rushing down into the mine for another load. Only ten men could get upon the platform ; there were sixty in the mine, he should have to raise at least forty men in the cage, for the twenty men in the upper drifts were already escaping by means of the ladders. With thirty men left below, Phil saw there was no time to be lost, and the fire was drawing swiftly near him. The dry wood of which the house was made burned like tinder, and the smoke was already stifling. While the car was making its second rapid descent Phil seized two towels that he kept in the engine room, and soaking them in a pail of water that stood near, quickly tied them about his mouth and eyes ; and then emptied the balance of the water over his clothing.

Outside now he could hear the cries of the men from down the gulch, who had been aroused by the explosion and fire, and were hurrying to the rescue. Above all others he could hear the voice of the old superintendent, as he directed the men in their labors. But they could not save the building. It was doomed to complete destruction; and all they could do was to rescue the men.

The cage was at the bottom now, and three strokes on the gong once more gave the signal to hoist away. Safely this load reached the surface, and the exhausted, blinded men were quickly dragged out into fresh air by the relief. The only one who remained in the burning building was Phil, who still sat by his engine, enveloped in the stifling smoke and heat, his eyes and lungs smarting with the unusual strain upon them. It was only by the sense of touch that he could run the engine. The fire was approaching so rapidly that the lever of the throttle valve was painfully hot.

"All right, Phil, my lad !" shouted the superintendent to him from without. "Stick to your engine boy, and we'll save 'em all. Lower away now. There are two loads below yet."

Quickly the cage descended and returned, bearing to safety as many as could crowd upon it; and now there were but eight men left, all in the lowest level. By this time the entire building was ablaze, and the solid wooden frames that supported the cable pulleys were on fire. If the cable had not been of steel it would have been burned through long before. The air was so hot and the smoke was so dense that Phil could hardly breathe, and twice he felt himself reeling, half suffocated, by the side of his engine. But the voice of the superintendent roused him.

"God bless you, Phil, my lad!" he cried. "Hold fast a little longer. Hugh Davis and seven men are still below in the thousand foot drift. Save them if you can. By God, boy, you must!"

And Phil vowed to himself that he would, if it cost him his life.

Once more the cage went rushing down the shaft to the lowest level. It seemed to Phil that the signal to hoist away would never come; but at last he heard the bell wire overhead pulled, though so feebly that the gong itself was not sounded. But the signal was sufficient.

Ah, how the cage went rushing up the shaft with its precious freight, towards the blessed pure air above! It had never gone so fast before. And there was good need for haste now, for the whole building was one huge, blazing mass of fire. The roof had fallen in several places, and poor Phil seemed to be completely encircled by fire. Yet still he sat at the throttle of his engine, guiding it with a firm, brave hand and steady nerve. He must not fail now, he thought, for Hugh's life depended upon his courage. As the cage rose to the surface for the last time a dozen men dashed through the burning door-way, and dragged out the rescued miners to safety. And not one minute too soon, for they were hardly clear of the building when the timbers that supported the cable burned through, and the cage and pulleys went crashing down the shaft in hopeless ruin. Instantly thereafter, the roof of the house fell in, and the building collapsed.

A few days later, as they were clearing away the ruins the men found the charred body of the drunken engineer. It was plain that he had been caught by the fire. A fit punishment for his crime, they said around the North Star mine.

What's that? Oh, what became of Phil Terrel, you say? Come this way a moment. There, look through this window. Do you see that man in the office, seated by the desk at the left? You do? Well, he's the new superintendent of the North Star mine. Eh? Who is he? Why Phil—Phil Terrel! He's the superintendent now. And the man who is standing by his side is Hugh Davis, foreman of the mine.

You want to know how he escaped? There he is. Ask him.

Forbes Heermans, '78.

AN ANCIENT GREEK IN AN AMERICAN CITY.

THE contrast between the appearance of one of our pushing American cities like New York or Chicago and ancient Athens would undoubtedly be so great that if an inhabitant of the old city should find himself in the new he would not recognize any resemblance whatever between them. And if this visitor from antiquity—a proud old Greek, say, of the time of Pericles, fresh from the traditions and glories of his age—should stroll down one of our bustling business streets, he would quite likely attract more attention by his staring and gaping at the strange sights around him than does the proverbial countryman from the backwoods.

We imagine that the first place for which he makes inquiry is the Market Place, the center of the city to which he had been accustomed, where the citizens lounged, talked politics, held assemblies, listened to orators, and transacted business of every description. We can picture the look of expectation which lights up his countenance as he recalls the scenes of stirring life that he had daily beheld in the Agora. The scene upon which his eyes now rest is different indeed; the streets, the buildings, the dress and speech of the passers-by are wonderfully changed. All this he has to accept from the testimony of his senses; but, though the people look and talk strangely, they will not necessarily act so. Their elastic steps and animated countenances naturally lead him to suppose that they have in the usual fashion regaled themselves with a bracing breakfast of wine and bread, and like

wide-awake Greeks have paid the barber a morning call and got the news of the day. And surely, such persons must have a place of rendezvous, where buyers and sellers, borrowers and lenders, men of business and men of leisure, and, in short, all the members of the body politic can brush against one another, and give full vent to their feelings and opinions. The Athenian's mind can not be dispossessed of this idea even by all the unusual sights about him. A city without an Agora! Impossible as a city without inhabitants. Indeed, the Market Place was nearer to the Athenian's heart than was his house, and this was true, not necessarily because he had a scolding wife or an imperious mother-in-law, but on account of the social and political customs of the day. His house he looked upon merely as a place in which to eat and sleep; the Agora together with its complement of temples and baths was essential to his daily happiness and engrossed the greater part of his time and attention. There he went to replenish his finances from the resources of the bankers when he was hard pushed by his creditors, or otherwise required to raise a large amount of ready cash. The other parts of the city were cramped and dirty, but the Market Place was roomy and clean. Athens was the ancient Hub, and the Agora, resembling in this respect our modern Boston Common, was its most important part. It was, too, a literal as well as a figurative Hub, for from it extended in every direction the roads of Attica, over which hundreds of peasants daily carried to market the products of their farms.

Such is the picture that would be formed in the imagination of the Greek. But what a surprise would be in store for him if by chance he should succeed in finding his way to one of our modern city market places. He would surely think he was in the wrong place, when he cast his eyes about in search of the marble columns which divided and bounded the square; and the beautiful statues and temples, and inviting shade trees to which he was accustomed to resort during the heat of the day. Unsightly towering fronts of brick or stone with dark, uninviting openings filled in and about with fruit, poultry, vegetables, and a thousand and one other articles whose use the Greek could not guess, would be found in the place of the splendid colonnades where the Athenian

citizen luxuriously lounged by day or even slept at night. In many respects, the ancient order of things is completely reversed. The Greeks kept the Agora clean, whatever might be the condition of the other parts of the city; but in an American city it is difficult to find a more unsightly spot than the market place. As for temples, statues and trees, there is nothing which, by the most violent stretch of the imagination, can be made to correspond to them and if he could get the attention of a bystander long enough to ask him why there was nothing of the kind he would undoubtedly be told that "we have no use for such things."

Another source of wonder, and likely of curiosity also, to our Greek friend would be the lofty, pointed church spires which so frequently meet the eye in one of our modern cities. It would be difficult indeed for him to see any resemblance between the Greek temples with their sculptured colonnades and flat roofs, and the structures surmounted by these tapering steeples. Can those immense spires which seem to pierce the clouds be an evolution from the marble column which had been such an important element in the ancient temples? It does not seem reasonable; and yet, to the casual observer, the columns and steeples furnish the only resemblance between the Grecian temple and the modern church. Where the Athenian looks for fluted columns he finds four great walls of stone or brick. But his quick perception soon enables him to discern the fundamental difference between the Christian church and a temple like the Grecian Parthenon. The purpose of the former was to secure utility and massive grandeur and express spiritual aspiration; that of the latter was to express rationalism and symmetry of form. Indeed the temple was the highest type of Greek art; in it the work of the noblest painters and sculptors was united and harmonized, and upon it was stamped the personal and individual character of a people of most sensitive and refined tastes. To form an adequate conception of its external aspect there must be the bright sun and pellucid atmosphere of Greece to bring out by lights and shadows the delicate outlines of the chiseled parts and the pure whiteness of the Pentelic marble. We must surround it with a girdle of mountains whose dull irregular proportions bring out the more distinctly its dazzling brigh t-ness and faultless symmetry. This structure stood upon a naked

rock which towered above the surrounding city. In such a situation defects would be painfully conspicuous, but defects there were none. Not the slightest detail was amiss. The skill of the architect went so far as to correct the natural errors of vision by inclining or enlarging the columns, and by giving to the horizontal lines the graceful curves which were seen in the outlines of the sea and landscape.

Our high walls of sombre stone would ill comport with the Greek's idea of a temple of worship. Not only the columns but the artistic details of the frieze and pediments would be absent. There he saw depicted the myths and legends of remote antiquity, scenes which stirred his soul and roused his patriotism. The priestesses of the goddess, the victims destined for the sacrifice, the chariots, the combats of the Lapithae and Centaurs, the fabulous beginnings of Athens, and the legends of Athena, which were wrought in the entablature were cold marble to be sure, but to the Greek they preached as eloquently as could the most gifted lips.

Our friend would be still more mystified if he should be conducted into the interior of one of our dim cathedrals, and be informed of the new worship which would be found to claim votaries as ardent as did the old religion. He might be reconciled to the change which had been made in the architecture of the temple but would it be so with the new faith? He had known not one but many gods; and they were not above humanity and the material world, but possessed of human attributes, and concerned in all the processes of nature. They were not perfect, but like men were swayed by their passions; when propitious, they sent health and plenty; when angry, they spread pestilence and disease, or terrified offending mortals with lightning and tempests. To the Greek, everything in the universe about him was the manifestation of a deity; his constant desire was to be in harmony with the Infinite, and to it his thoughts went forth at the beginning of every new day, before each meal, at the opening of the assembly, at sacrifice, in short, at every step of his daily life.

The chimneys on every housetop, as well as towering over every factory would also surprise our newcomer. Would those odd shapes, rising from roofs, not low and flat like those to which he

had been accustomed, but of every style and height and formation, sending up clouds of smoke and steam, be intelligible to him? Perhaps his ready wit would guess their use and conclude that in this instance at least an improvement had been made over the good old times when the smoke was allowed to escape as best it could through a hole in the roof. He might also think it strange that some of the Greek ingenuity which had been expended on unsatisfactory smoke collectors had not resulted in the invention of so simple a contrivance as the chimney.

The streets too would be so different from those which he had trod. Instead of a narrow, crooked, dirty way, overhung by the projecting second stories of dwellings, and rendered dismal and almost prison-like by the dead stone walls with their single, ground-floor doors, he would see broad, straight, cleanly streets like Euclid or Commonwealth Avenues, paved with asphalt, penetrated by great sewers, and flanked with shade trees, and lawns made luxuriant by playing fountains. As for the residences, instead of insignificant, two-storied, flat-roofed dwellings of sunburnt brick or wood, crowded closely together, he would be greeted by the bright, roomy, comfortable dwellings of the middle classes, or the more elegant and imposing stone fronts of the affluent. We imagine, too, that he would experience a relief in walking along the street without being in constant dread of having a door swung out into his path by some one in a hurry to get down town. The immense business blocks with their ten or a dozen stories would be another marvel, and it would certainly puzzle the ancient sight-seer to make out what object there could be in appropriating five or six times as much of the upper atmosphere as had been used in his day. The horse-car would without doubt commend itself to his practical mind, unless, perchance, he might notice too closely the puny physiques of many who were aboard, in which case he would be almost sure to conclude that it was a contrivance for airing invalids by wholesale. The electric street-car, with no means of propulsion except a little wheel running along on a wire, would undoubtedly lead him to suspect that the laws of nature, also, had yielded to the spirit of the times and undergone more or less of a change. He would certainly be confirmed in this belief when he came to see night made day by the white, hissing lights blazing from store fronts and pole tops.

The hurry and bustle of the crowd, the constant roll of multiform traffic, the odd vehicles, the broad sidewalks, and immense decorated show windows—everything in fact upon which the eyes of the Greek would fall—would convince him more and more that the modern city was not in the nature of an evolution from the ancients, but a new and strikingly different affair. The mighty revolution wrought by steam, water power, electricity and modern mechanical inventions would leave little except human nature to remind the Athenian of his native city. He would not find sights and surroundings which would be familiar, until he had left the din and confusion of the town far behind, and reached the peace and quiet of rural scenes where nature could be found neither changed nor embellished by man; and then, unless he were a philosopher who thought in the future while living in the present, he would conclude that all the wonders which he had witnessed and tried to understand were but the unreal and impossible creatures of a dream.

Frank H. Callan.

HERE AND THERE IN THE LIBRARY.

WHEN a man inspects a whole term's work the night before the examination, he is apt to find so much left undone that in the very multitude of things to be accomplished he does nothing. That is I seem to remember experiences of that sort.

So here coming to the end of the year there are a number of things that I am sorry I haven't written about in these rambling articles, by courtesy that the editors of the MAGAZINE kindly put into type for me. And there being so many I fear I shall write little about any one. Now I wanted to write about Charles Baudelaire and his cats. He doesn't seem to me to have been a very nice man nor to have written very nice poetry, but he was very fond of cats. Read the "Fleurs de Mai" and you will see them stepping in and out silently, great, beautiful, silky cats. But they'll have to remain still in their hiding-places for all me. And then—to pass from the ultra-trivial to the really interesting—I wanted to write something about Walt Whitman, because most

of the people I talk to about his poetry and prose think it sad stuff and I wanted to differ with them. But these things and others will never be done now, for I shall never again find such a lenient set of editors as those of this MAGAZINE, who let me ramble through any number of pages with the greatest courtesy.

There are two things, however, that really ought to have been found here and there in the library, this winter,—namely, Ibsen and Marie Bashkirtseff. I feel as though I had done wrong in saying nothing about either. Not only been wrong but behind the times, which is worse.

* * *

There is an interesting article in a recent *Atlantic* by Agnes Repplier about Literary Shibboleths. She means those touchstones that literary people have for testing each other's literariness. Ibsen has been of late a sort of literary shibboleth, and Bashkirtseff, too. People ask "What do you think of Ibsen" and label you more or less according to your answer. Or some would substitute Marie Bashkirtseff. In Boston they have a new literary shibboleth every year; you can see a picture to that effect in a recent *Life* wherein a young maiden of Boston is burning incense before the altar of Ibsen who looks like some East Indian deity. Below are thrown away previous idols, Tolstoï, Edwin Arnold, Mohini and the rest. (But *Life* hasn't got enough discarded idols; there really ought to be a good many more,—Turgenieff, Charles Egbert Craddock, Henri Greville, etc., etc.)

Now, I grieve to confess it, but such things seem to me very irritating. It is trying, to have people always saying, "Have you read such and such? Oh, you must read it, you really must," and to be given to understand that everybody of really excellent taste invariably enjoys it greatly but that the common run don't appreciate it. "When we read," says Miss Repplier," that 'just as Spenser is the poet's poet, so Peacock is the delight of critics and of wits'; or that 'George Meredith writing as he does for an essentially cultivated and esoteric audience, has won but a limited recognition for his brilliant group of novels'; or that 'the subtle and far-reaching excellence of Ibsen's dramatic work is a quality absolutely undecipherable to the groundlings,' who can

resist tendering his allegiance on the spot?'' Fully in sympathy with Miss Repplier, I must reply, "I can, and generally do, often thereby depriving myself of something excellent,'' for such an appeal always creates in me a wildly unnatural prejudice against the author in question. This may be merely contrariness or it may be that the things which can interest only a select few are not of the most absolute value. So as to Ibsen and Bashkirtseff, I have felt small desire to ally myself to the select few that could appreciate. Of Ibsen I have read but one short passage which, to do it justice, appeared to me excellent, and of Bashkirtseff, among other things, many passages that were quite the reverse. Then to find I have written nothing about them; but now when it is too late I rather wish I had.

* * *

But joking aside, it seems to me rather futile to attempt to criticise the Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff. Not that it would be very hard to write what might seem a smart or striking review on the subject. Archdeacon Farrar has an interesting article on Literary Criticism in the May *Forum*, in which he says, "The critic is often sorely tempted to be 'smart'; to sacrifice justice to epigram; to crack lively jokes at the expense of the author, but also of their own conscience; . . . to abuse the writers for opinions with which they do not agree, but in which the author may be absolutely right and themselves absolutely wrong; . . . to attack him for not saying what he did not even choose or intend to say; to overlook everything that he has achieved and taunt him with trivial defects in outlying corners in which he has failed . . . In all this their standard is selfish and contemptible; they follow suit with the poorest tendencies of the world.'' And in like manner by selecting only the striking or attractive, one may readily cast a roseate atmosphere about something that is in the main very stupid.

I believe I never saw a book that might more readily be made sport of than this Journal. One could easily pick out dozens of quotations and string them along so that the reader would be on the continual smile in wonder that such a ridiculously conceited fool could interest anybody but herself. And on the other side,

one could sink that and present only the strongly artistic and keenly sensitive nature. One has written in speaking of Marie, of "a whole world that is often blank and inert to one dull sense, but that to her was luminous, plastic, and full of revelation;" that "visions of beauty beckon and invite her, lovely sounds woo her, and on all sides she is called out to the infinite," etc.

The thing to do with Marie Bashkirtseff is to read a bit of the Journal. If you don't like it, don't waste more time over it. There is more excellent fooling elsewhere. If you do like it, if you sympathize, love, pity, the unfortunate and gifted girl, why you have just so much the more in your mental treasure-house. But it would be futile for me to write *about* the book and I don't mean to try.

* * *

It is a change, to say the least, to turn from Bashkirtseff to FitzGerald, whose charming letters have but this winter arrived at this part of the world. The "Letters" may be more or less attractive than the "Journal"; FitzGerald may or may not have been a greater genius than Bashkirtseff. But leaving aside such questions, it is hard to think of a greater contrast than the nervous, sensitive Russian, hungry for fame and grinding her life out in the fruitless struggle, and the quiet and calm Englishman, hardly belonging to the present day, careless of himself or his own reputation, reading what he liked and writing what he liked and letting the rest of the world go on about as it liked.

He lived a quiet life did FitzGerald, mostly in Sussex, on cordial terms with men who were really great, Carlyle, Thackeray, Tennyson, Lowell, but on closer friendship with lesser lights, Frederic Tennyson, Professor E. B. Cowell, Charles Norton, little heard of himself by the great world and caring little to hear of it. He read much and read as a rule only what he enjoyed. When he enjoyed something exceedingly, he wished to have his friends share his pleasure. So he collected in "Polonius" the sage aphorisms that had struck his fancy. So he made a selection from the poetry of George Crabbe hoping that it might thus be more widely read. And so in reading Persian, Spanish, and Greek, he made free translations of the master-pieces and published them, generally anonymously, for the breath of fame was

not the breath of life to him. One cannot help comparing the fretting worry of Marie Bashkirtseff when she didn't get the medal, with the calm carelessness with which FitzGerald regarded the fate of his own publications. He was almost too modest and from the beginning of his letters to the end, one cannot detect a single realization that he had ever done anything very much out of the common run. So he lived—he must have lived a cheerful, happy life, comforted by the best books of the world and loved by some of the best men in England or America and succeeded really in his quiet way in making a great many people very happy. Fitz-Gerald's letters are a good quieter to the lust for fame.

* * *

I think that this is the last paragraph I shall ever write "Here and There in the Library." I am sorry to think so, though I must fear that my regret may not be widely shared. But everything, it may be supposed, must come to an end sometime and so must my articles for the MAGAZINE. There are, as I have just said, many things that must be left unsaid. I cannot go on to discuss FitzGerald's Translations as I should like to do. I must leave with only a bare allusion to "The Lamentable Comedy of Willow Wood" by Rudyard Kipling. But there is not room in this number for everything. I must shut up my Commonplace Book and leave such things to get on as best they can without coming out to take the air in the CORNELL MAGAZINE.

Edward E. Hale, Jr.

NEW BOOKS.

Lawton's Euripides.*

Ability to read Greek rapidly is seldom the outcome of a collegiate course in Greek. If the end of the Sophomore year sees the better part of the syntax garnered in, only a few clusters of the luxuriant vocabulary have been plucked. The average student does not try to gather any more : he thinks that his wine would be had at the cost of too much labor.

If he ever makes an intimate literary acquaintance with the Greek classics, which implies the rapid reading of large quantities of Greek, it will be

* *Three Dramas of Euripides.* By William Cranston Lawton. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York.

by the help of translations. Perhaps a very literal prose version is the best for him, provided he uses it as an aid to understanding the Greek text. If the Greek is persistently read after this fashion the version will become always less necessary, and may finally be discarded. If there were more editions like Professor Palmer's Odyssey (text and version on opposite pages) more students would go on from law to grace, from philological to literary study of the ever-living Greek.

Those, however, who have to rely wholly upon English for acquaintance with Greek literature should avoid literal (if that means *unidiomatic*) versions, and likewise (in general) unmetrical or at least unrhythmic versions of the poets. Such translations as Buckley's of Euripides do not belong to literature but to mechanics, and will surely repel a reader of taste, unless he can see through the unidiomatic English to the Greek original.

Happily, most of the Greek masterpieces can be had in versions, accurate as to matter and less misleading as to form than the "literal" versions. These constitute a most precious part of our literary treasures, and should be represented in every library numbering more than two volumes. What better foundation can the collector lay than Shakespere, the Bible, and Homer?

Unhappily, these translations do not play the part they might in the culture of English readers, because their existence and value are not very well known. They are found in fact mostly on the shelves of classical students.

Now it is a deplorable thing, even for one who has access to Shakespere and to Milton, never to enter into the everlasting beauty and sublimity of the Greek masterpieces; never to admire in Nausicaa the very flower of maidenly grace, sense and spirit, and feel one's own soul expand to almost Titanic dimensions through sympathy with the chained triumphant Titan on the Scythian rock. And if Chautauqua has done no other good deed, it has advertised to thousands of culture-seekers the fact that the great Greeks are accessible through interpreters. Without mastery of the Greek tongue, itself one of the most marvelous and precious of Greek creations and the only adequate vehicle of Greek thought, the best knowledge of the literature is most certainly not attainable; but equally certain is it that whoever will immerse himself daily for five years in translations of Homer, Sophocles, Aristophanes and Plutarch will become a far better Greek (and better man) than any amount of baking in philological ovens can make him. Of course, the study of the language as distinguished from the literature is valuable on grounds additional to that of its Hellenizing influence. And of course every sensible instructor makes some effort at a literary treatment of his author; while in many universities (*e.g.* Cornell,) the work of at least the Sophomore year is predominantly literary. It cannot be denied, however, that it is done under difficulties so long as confined to the Greek text.

A remarkable exception to the above statement that most of the great Greek writers are accessible in good translations is the case of Euripides.

Euripides has always been a favorite with readers of Greek. The terrific ridicule of Aristophanes did not prevent his being popular at Athens in his life time, and extraordinary stories of his popularity outside Athens have come down to us, one of which Browning has worked up in "Balaustion's Adventure." "Poetry" says Mommsen "influences the course of history in proportion as it is able to anticipate the spirit of the age, and in this respect Euripides was unsurpassed. Thus it happened that Alexander read him diligently; that Aristotle developed the idea of the tragic poet with special reference to him; that the latest poetic and plastic art in Attica as it were originated from him; and that the more the old Hellas gave place to the new Hellenism the more the fame and influence of the poet increased, and Greek life abroad, in Egypt as well as in Rome, was moulded in the main by Euripides." He has held a prominent place in the school and college curricula of England, and is at least as much read in our own colleges as either of his great rivals. Yet the latest literary version of his complete works was made in the last century, while only a few translations of single plays have appeared, the most noteworthy being that of "Alkestis" in Browning's "Balaustion's Adventure," and of "Herakles Mainomenos" in his "Aristophanes' Apology".

It is difficult to account for this neglect. Since A. W. Schlegel, it has been the fashion, until lately, to disparage Euripides. But his detractors have not denied him extraordinary genius, poetic and dramatic. Perhaps we must lay the blame on Accident; and a deplorable accident it is that has denied Euripides a competent translator, for he is one whom we can by no means spare, equal in interest historical, dramatic and literary to either of his oft-translated rivals. "The poet of the decadence," in Schlegel's phrase, "the virtual founder of the romantic drama" in Jebb's, he at any rate surpasses Aeschylus and Sophocles in his love of natural scenery, his pathos, the human interest attaching to his personages, his portrayal of feminine character, his power of dramatic narrative. The pupil of Anaxagoras and the friend of Socrates, Euripides is uniquely interesting as an exponent of the thoughts of thoughtful men in an age when old faiths were passing and the sophists were abroad.

Mr. Lawton's book is welcome for two reasons: first, because it adds something to our scanty stock of readable versions of a great poet-dramatist, and again because it is likely to attract the interest of many who have never before attempted Greek literature. From the former point of view we could wish that Mr. Lawton had chosen some other play than the "Alkestis." Still, many may read this book to whom Browning is a name of terror; and no play is so likely to win for Euripides the goodwill of a new reader as the "Alkestis." The other plays treated are the "Medea" and the "Hippolytus." The earliest of the extant eighteen, these three serve as well as any for a first study of Euripides, being at once interesting and unlike each other in subjects and treatment.

The translation, everywhere respectable in point of accuracy, euphony, strength and metrical appropriateness, rises at times to positive excellence, especially in the choral odes. Is there any reason for printing these odes in the Italic character? Suggestive of intense or mystic meaning or of a poetical far-away-ness, it gives a pleasing effect in "Jabberwocky" or in Morris' "Idle Singer of an Empty Day," but at least adds nothing to the effectiveness of these odes.

But the translation is only half the book. The rest is exposition. "The writer's appeal is not to Greek scholars. His chief desire is to make this group of ancient dramas intelligible and interesting to the wider circle of men and women who are lovers of good literature. "The present volume aims to present in English dress a group of Euripidean plays, with only so much of explanation and comment as may put the reader essentially in the position of the original Athenian auditors; at least so far as our fragmentary knowledge of the antique world still renders this possible." This praiseworthy design has been in the main well executed, though Mr. Lawton has certainly not confined himself to the "only so much." He has been generous. The comments and explanations may be brought under four main heads: necessary preliminary information of various sorts, hints as to stage "business," exegesis (mainly psychological) and criticism of Euripides as an artist.

Since no acquaintance with the Greek drama on the reader's part is assumed, the endeavor to make the plays intelligible requires the statement of a great many facts; and skill has been shown in so presenting these facts as not to defeat the coördinate purpose of making the plays interesting. An introductory essay on "The Origin and Spirit of Greek Tragedy" gives a good general view, while many important facts, especially those of a technical nature, are not stated till needed in the course of the play. The hints as to the "business" of the drama are numerous and helpful. There is seldom need of grammatical exegesis—the sense of the words is usually clear; but the point of view from which they are uttered, the probable attitude of the author toward his characters' sentiments, their probable effect upon an Athenian audience, are topics which receive frequent and suggestive if not conclusive discussion. His treatment of the author as a dramatic artist is that of Symonds, Mahaffy and Jebb. He points out what, from an absolute standpoint, are serious defects, but is disposed to lay them less to Euripides' account than to that of the external restrictions under which he had to work.

In the last chapter Mr. Lawton expounds his own art-creed, and applies its tests to Euripides. The dramatist "must attempt completeness and artistic unity within a well-defined frame. He must thoroughly know real men and women. But far beyond and above all, he must portray and make vivid for us whatever is most glorious in human accomplishment or aspiration." "Perhaps Euripides is not always faithful to the highest of these

truths, but he surely never would have attempted or wished, as does a living school of realists, to deny or reverse them."

The book deserves a kind reception from that large class to whom it is addressed, "the lovers of good literature."

Frank M. Bronson.

Newton's Dr. Muhlenberg.*

A few years ago in the (Episcopal) Church of the Holy Communion, New York City, there was held a private meeting of a few clergymen as an initial step to work towards the re-uniting of the Christian churches. On the walls of the room was hung a portrait of the first rector of the church in which they met, of the first leader in the cause for which they worked—the Rev. Dr. William Augustus Muhlenberg.

Christian Unity has been a public movement for only a few years, but the first formal effort in that direction was made almost forty years ago, when at the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, held in New York City in 1853, Dr. Muhlenberg and some ten other clergymen presented a memorial to the House of Bishops. The object of this memorial, to use Dr. Muhlenberg's own words, was "the emancipation of the episcopate and the unsectarizing of the church," both being means to the ultimate end in view, the re-uniting of the churches of Christendom. Dr. Muhlenberg was a practical man. It was the continual wrangling of the divided denominations, utterly hindering any successful fulfilment of the injunction laid on them all, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," that was his principal motive power.

The Protestant schisms have had their use—to stamp upon the individual churches their right to judge of doctrines, forms of worship and such sensuous or intellectual clothings of the truth for themselves. Now, the sects must learn to judge for themselves *only* and to realize that, however clothed, the truth everywhere is one. Two doctrines, held by different bodies, may at present *seem* to be exactly contradictory and wholly incompatible; nevertheless it may be that the fable of the gold and silver shield can be appropriately applied.

At that time, Dr. Muhlenberg could not work, as reformers can now, through various denominations. A more liberal feeling must come first, a realization of the fact that Christ was not a Methodist, nor a Presbyterian, nor a Congregationalist, nor an Episcopalian. The river must rise and flow smoothly over all those little ruts and channels which now boast separate streams. In this work Dr. Muhlenberg began at home. He tried to lead his church up to such an unprejudiced freedom that union with others would be possible. In preparing his church to take her stand, his first measure was to emancipate the episcopacy—to authorize the bishops to or-

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**Dr. Muhlenberg.* By William Wilberforce Newton. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston and New York. (American Religious Leaders.)

dain ministers whether these applicants conformed to all the lesser requirements and opinions of the Protestant Episcopal Church or not. As recent events have proved, the question of orders is the most difficult point to settle. Ordination by means of bishops is the only kind that is universally accepted. Because a Presbyterian, for instance, can recognize an Episcopalian's orders and welcome him to his pulpit; but the Episcopalian is unable to do the like since his church cannot conscientiously recognize the validity of any but Episcopal orders. If then the religious bodies were to accept the Episcopal method of ordination, not as being any better than their own but as the most conscientiously possible to all, the greatest remaining obstruction to re-union would be removed and the road, so long worked upon by religious pioneers, would be cleared.

Probably the best known institution with which Dr. Muhlenberg was connected is St. Luke's Hospital, New York. This was started by him in 1846. He went from the bed-side of a poor, sick parishioner to his church on St. Luke's Day (Oct. 18). During the service he quietly announced that one half of the collection on that day would be annually set aside for a fund to build a hospital. Only thirty dollars and a few cents was the one half, but with this small start he succeeded in building, nine years later, one of the best hospitals in the city.

Another institution which was started by him is the village of St. Johnland on Long Island. He had intended it to be an industrial community, based on an ideally Christian civilization. It was not the fruit of any fantastic theory of his but a single hearted effort to aid some few of the poor working class with whom he was brought in contact. As a home for the aged and the young it has been wholly successful, but as an industrial colony it has not yet satisfied the hopes of the founder who at his expressed wish was buried there in the little cemetery that overlooks the village, April, 1879, at the age of eighty-three.

Dr. Newton's biography of Dr. Muhlenberg is very conveniently and systematically arranged. The book, dealing with Dr. Muhlenberg's character from some special point of view or in connection with some special branch of his work, brings out the moral strength and genius for leadership of the great reformer and philanthropist whose spirit ever aimed to draw things into a more practical working state. At a time like the present when people are confidently waiting to see in what way Christian Unity will be effected there is a special interest in the story and study of a man who early in the present campaign fought his whole life long for this end. And not only for members of Protestant churches as being alone directly concerned but all others as well. It is one war. The great work of Christian re-union must go on, first gathering together the scattered sects of Protestantism, then embracing all Christians, deists and atheists, until all are bound together in one perfected church, the brotherhood of Mankind.

William Chauncy Langdon, Jr.

Minor Notices.

There are some books that, while pretending to be literature, are yet mechanical enough to be the subject of patent rather than copyright. On the other hand on subjects in mechanics there are books that may well be classed as literature. Of this latter kind is Professor Thurston's little book on "Steam Engine Philosophy," issued by John Wiley & Sons. The work was, as its introduction states, prepared mainly from a paper presented by the author to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and is consequently of interest chiefly to the technical student. To him it fills a valuable place, as it is concise history of the development of the practical theory of the steam engine, from the experiments of Count Rumford to the recent work of Cotterill and Hirn, and of those others who are still laboring for the perfection of the science. The history of the science Professor Thurston divides into three periods: first, the early fundamental investigations; second, the development of the theory of the ideal steam engine, including the invaluable work of Rankine and Clausius; and third, the development of the theory of the heat engine, including the works of Cotterill and Hirn. A considerable portion of the book is devoted to an interesting account of the experiments of the recent investigators for the purpose of determining the most efficient ratios of expansion for engines working under various conditions. This subject is, at present, of foremost interest to steam engineers, and, in consequence, Professor Thurston's concise treatment fills an important want.

Jeremiah Curtin's collection of the "Myths and Folk Lore of Ireland," published by Little, Brown & Co., must interest every scholar and student of humanity. Whatever else may be said of the Irish people, it cannot be said that they have been a silent factor in the world's history. The Irish race is one which has always attracted to itself more of the attention of the world than would seem to be due to a little island with from four to nine millions of unfortunate inhabitants. While the Irish themselves point with pride to the long list of statesmen, scholars, soldiers, artists and musicians which they have given to other nations, yet their greatest pride asserts itself when they speak of Erin's ancient glories. Traditions and myths, of the age when Erin had kings of her own, preserved in the Gaelic language, have been handed down from generation to generation, and recited in their own original metre at the fireside for countless centuries. It is with a collection of these traditions that Mr. Curtin has enriched literature.

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OCTOBER, 1889.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE.
A Vagabond Volume,	*Professor Crane,*	1
General Grant and the French,	*Theodore Stanton, '76,*	9
The New Japan,	*Muneyuki Ibaraki,*	26
A Monetary Question,	*John Ford,*	33
A Kanaka Spoilsman,	*Walter S. Dole,*	39
Here and There in the Library,	*Professor E. E. Hale, Jr.,*	42
New Books,		45

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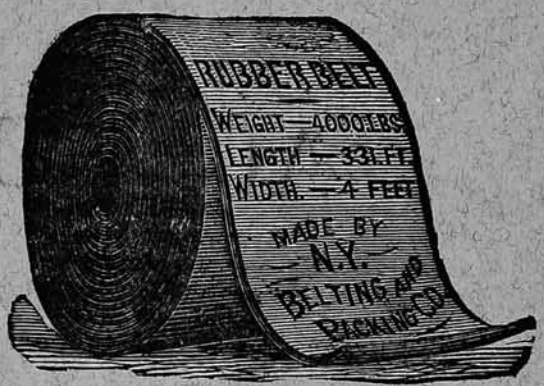

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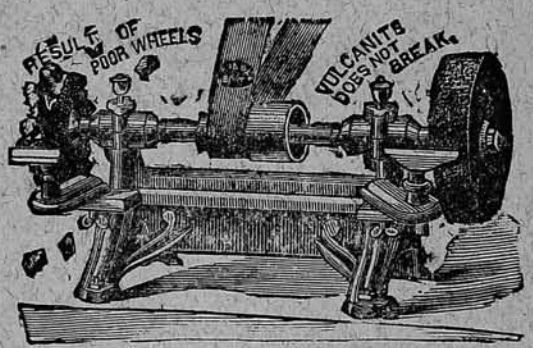

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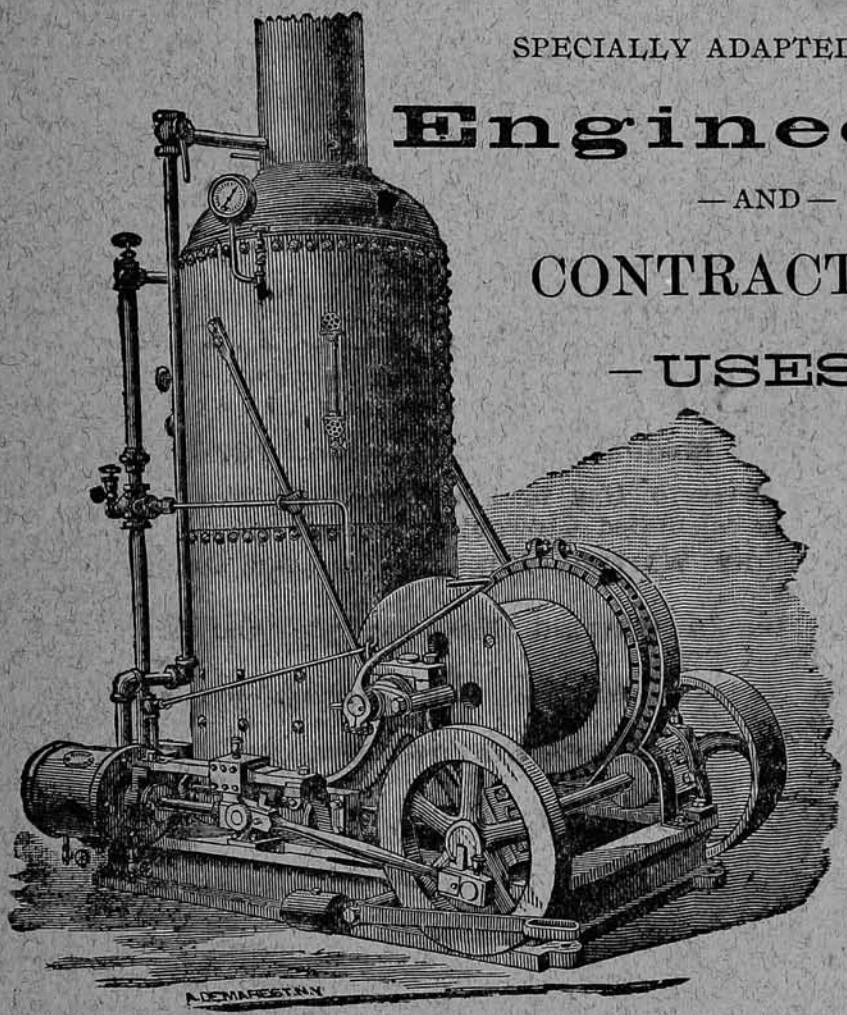

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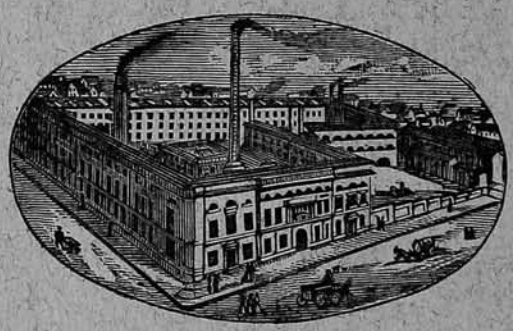

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VOL. II. No. 2.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY NOV 1 Library

THE CORNELL MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1889.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE.
Savonarola and His Biographers,	*Professor Burr*,	47
Social Views of Henrik Ibsen,	*Ernest W. Huffcut, '84*,	59
Transeunt Omnia,	*Gerald Newcomer, '88*,	68
Impressionism in Painting,	*George H. Emerson*,	69
Burial on All-Saints' Eve,	*George A. Ruyter, '88*,	72
A New Marking System,	*Robert O. Moody*,	73
Here and There in the Library,	*Professor E. E. Hale, Jr.*,	77
New Books,		82

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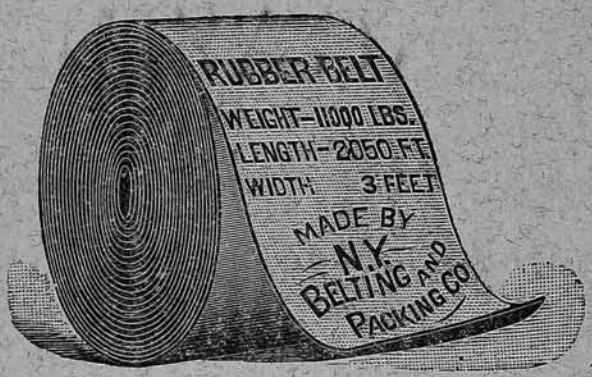

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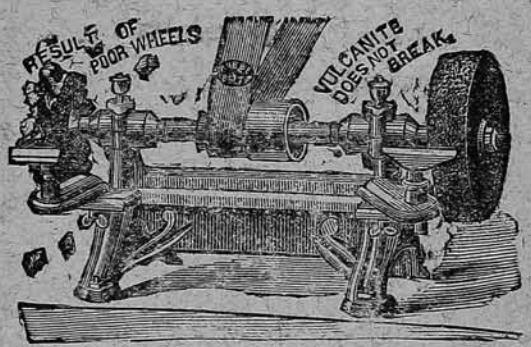

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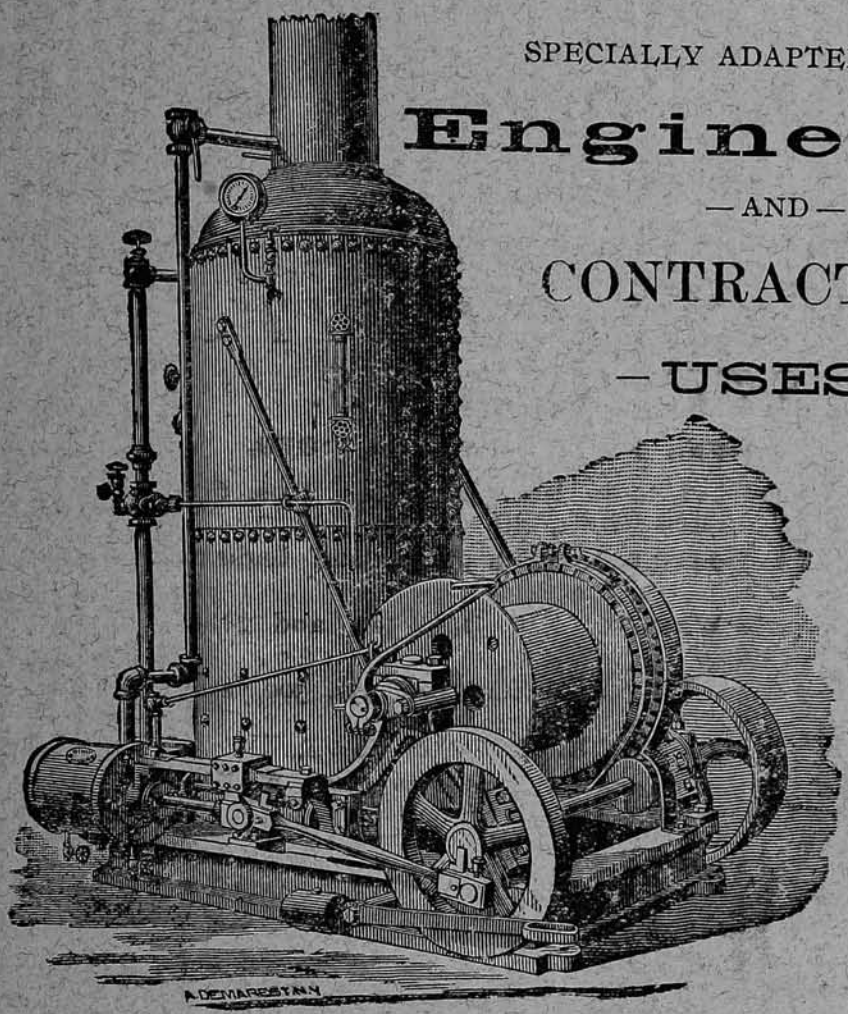

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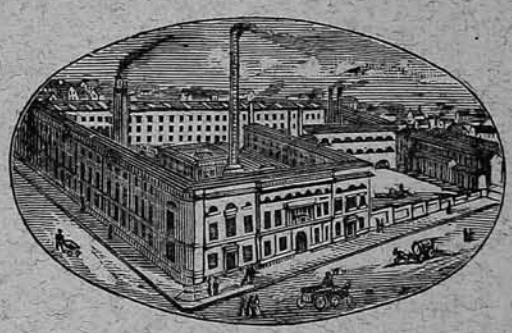

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CORNELL UNIVERSITY,
MAR 19 1889
Library

THE CORNELL MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1889.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE.
A Plea for Biblical Scholarship at Cornell,	*Professor Schurman,*	87
Political Education in Colleges,	*Lee J. Vance, '80,*	95
Aristotle's Poetica and Lessing's Hamburgische Dramaturgie,	*Kennedy F. Rubert,*	103
An Old-Virginia Gentleman,	*John Wilson Battin,*	108
A Lost Dream of De Quincey's,	*Walter C. Bronson,*	113
Here and There in the Library,	*Professor E. E. Hale, Jr.,*	119
New Books,		124

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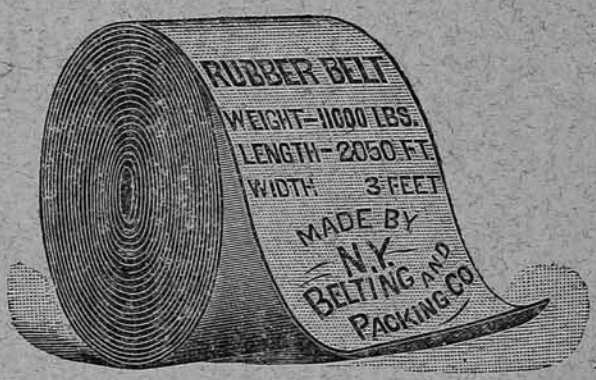

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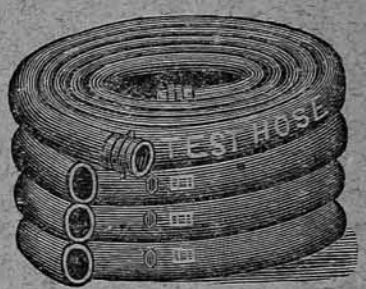

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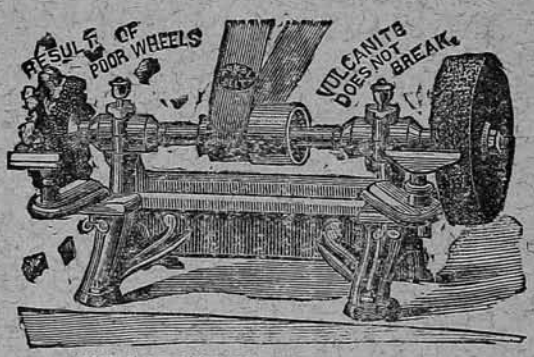

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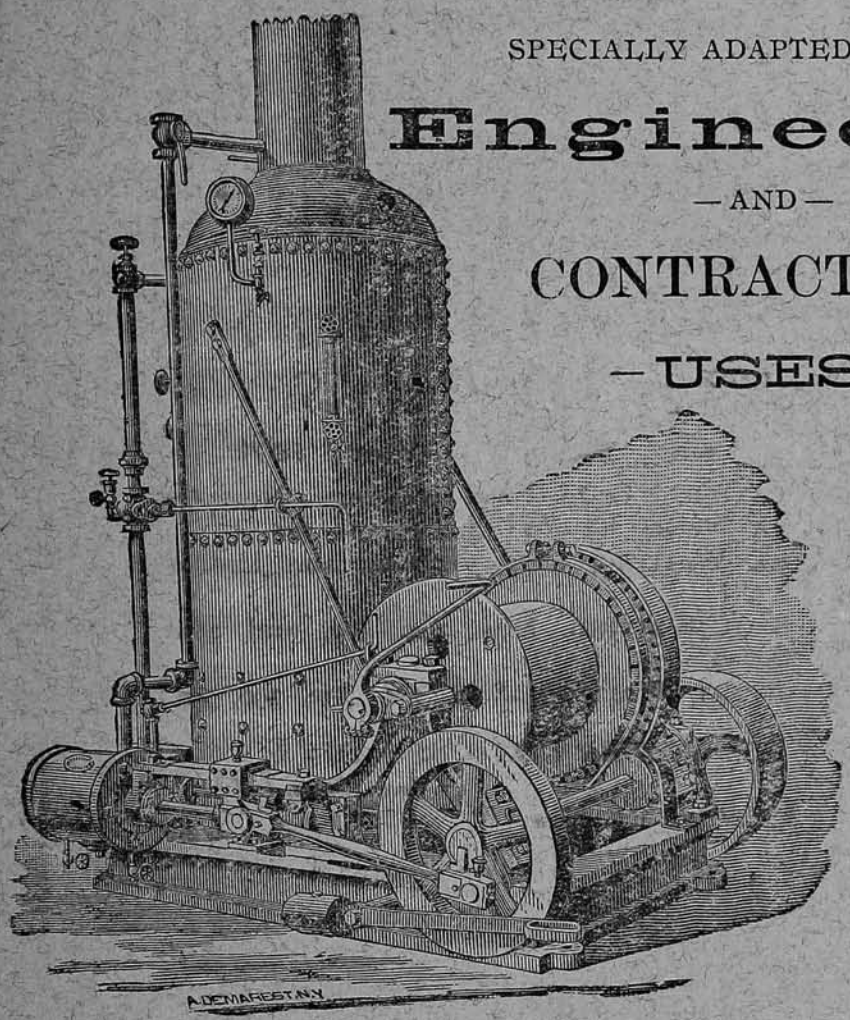

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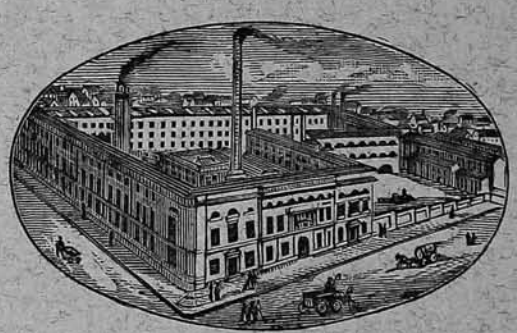

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CORNELL UNIVERSITY,
MAR 19 1890
Library

THE CORNELL MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1890.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
Life in the United States Army,	*Lieut. H. E. Tutherly, U.S.A.*,	127
Ode on a Winter Night,	*Edwin Emerson*,	138
Reading in College,	*George H. Fitch, '75*,	139
The Renaissance in Architecture,	*F. L. Robinson*,	143
University Annexes for Women,	*Alice L. Priest*,	151
Note on "A Monetary Question",	*Professor F. M. Burdick*,	159
Here and There in the Library,	*Professor E. E. Hale, Jr.*,	161
New Books,		167

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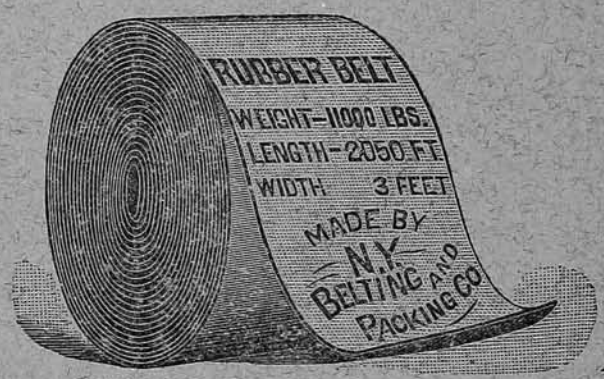

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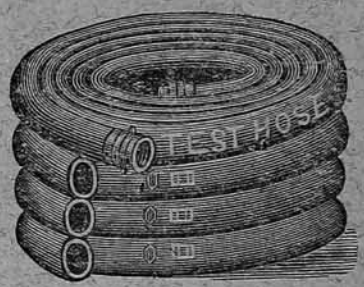

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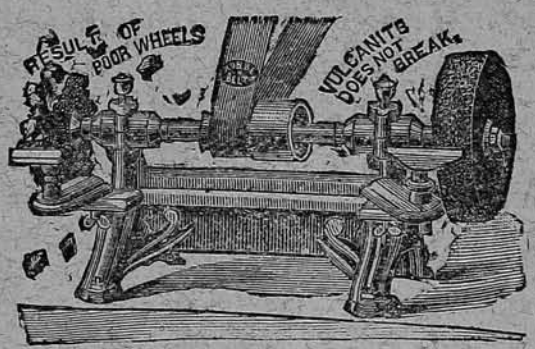

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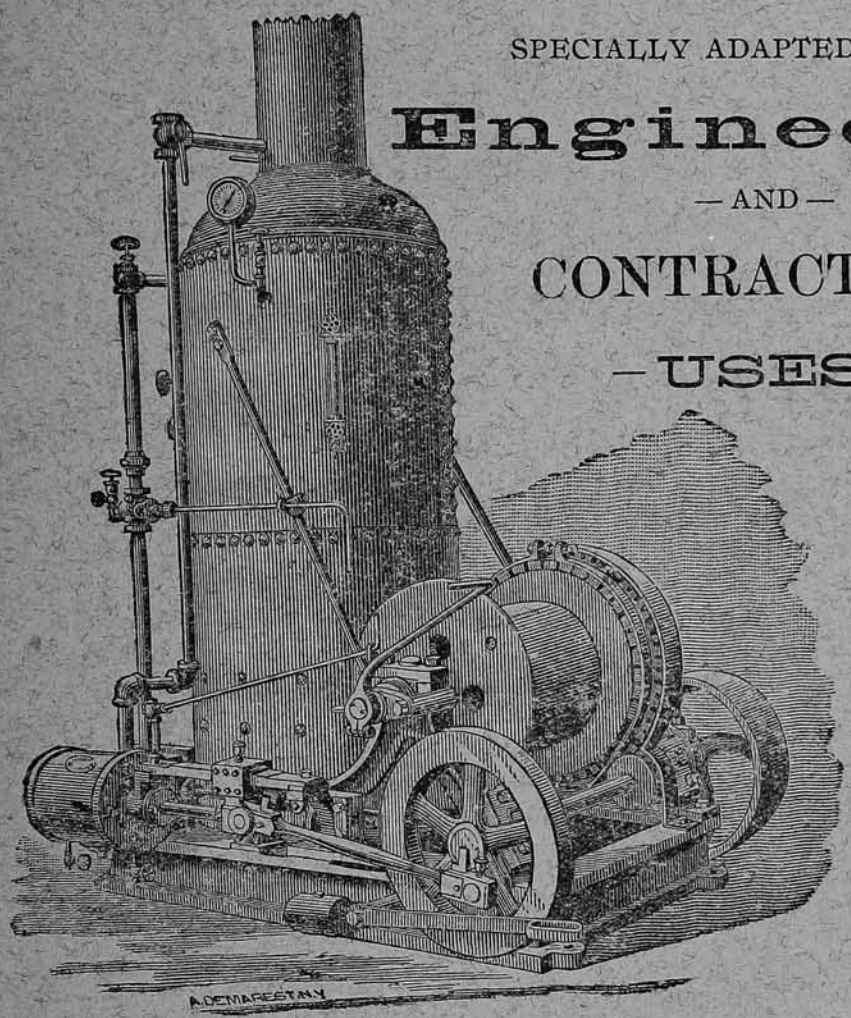

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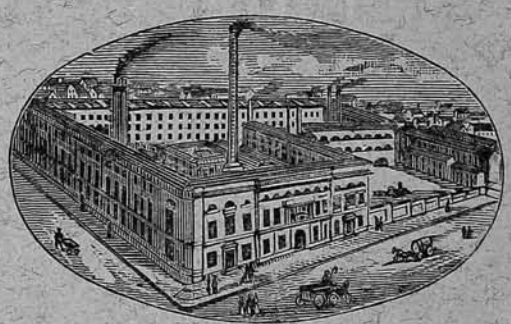

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THE CORNELL MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1890.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
How the "Princess Royal" was Won,	*Professor Thurston,*	171
The Benediction,	*G. A. Ruyter, '88,*	182
Professor Hartt in Brazil,	*J. C. Branner, '74,*	186
The Catholic Church and the Labor Question,	*J. M. Gorman,*	193
The Earliest American Novelist,	*E. L. Phillips,*	200
Here and There in the Library,	*Professor E. E. Hale, Jr.,*	205
New Books,		209

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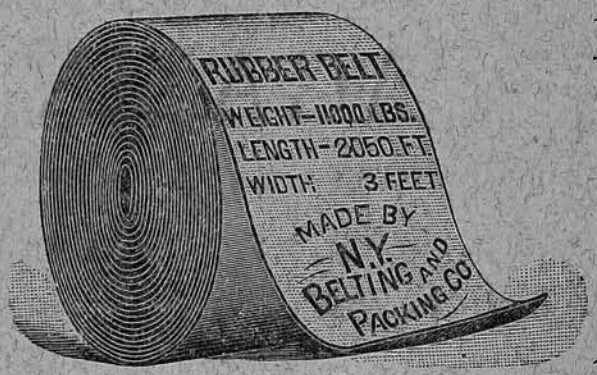

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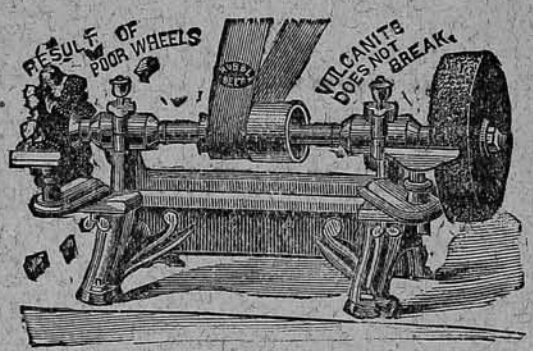

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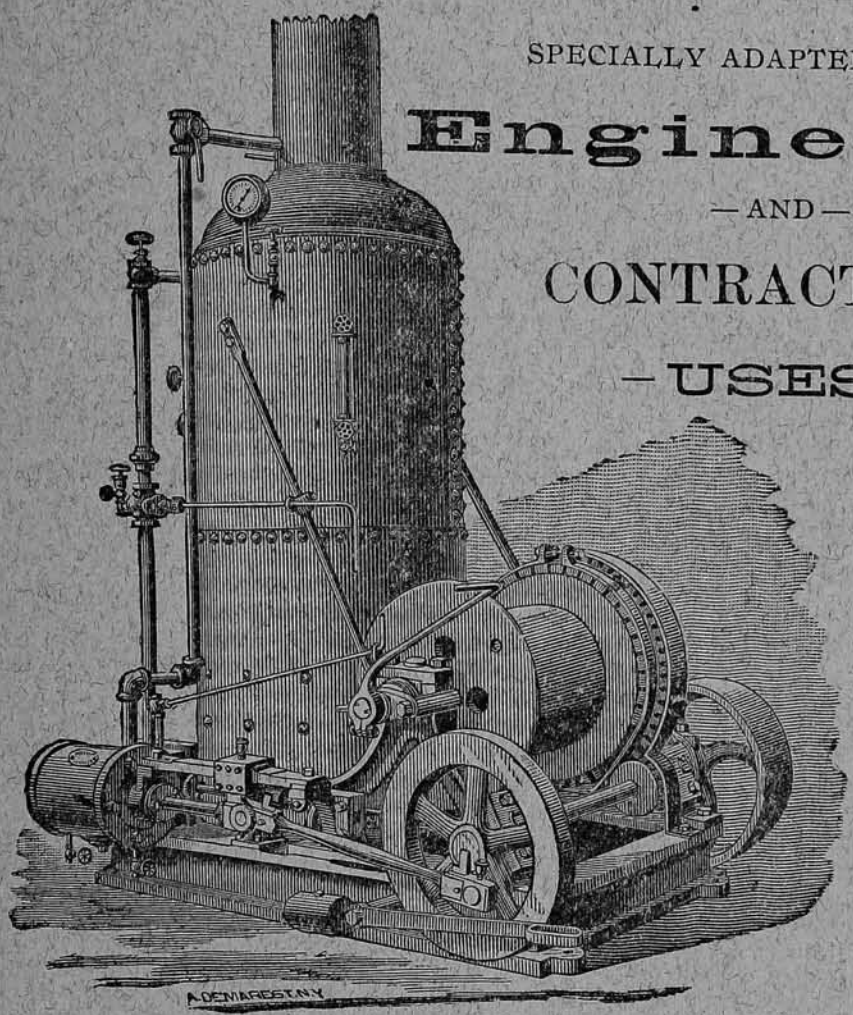

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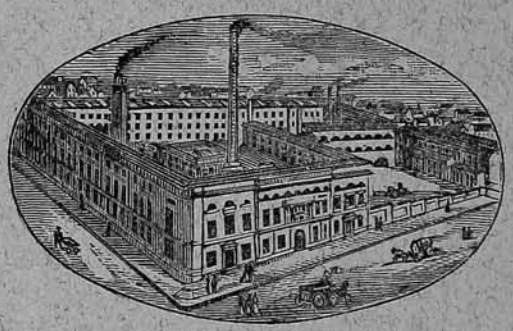

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THE CORNELL MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1890.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
How the "Princess Royal" was Won,	*Professor Thurston*,	211
As Others See Us,	*J. D. Adams, '82*,	220
A Singer,	*H. E. Millholen, '89*,	225
Owen Lovejoy,	*J. L. Elliott*,	226
Doctor Benassis and Doctor Stockmann,	*F. O. Bissell*,	236
Here and There in the Library,	*Professor E. E. Hale, Jr.*,	240
New Books,		245

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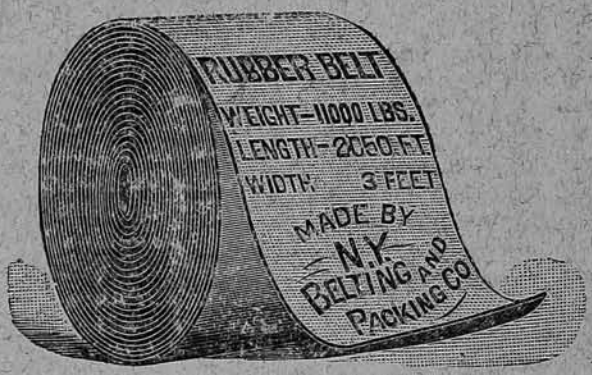

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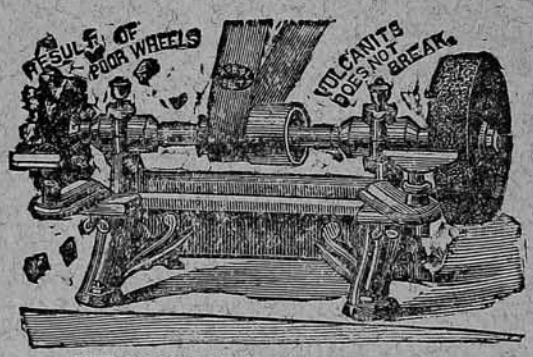

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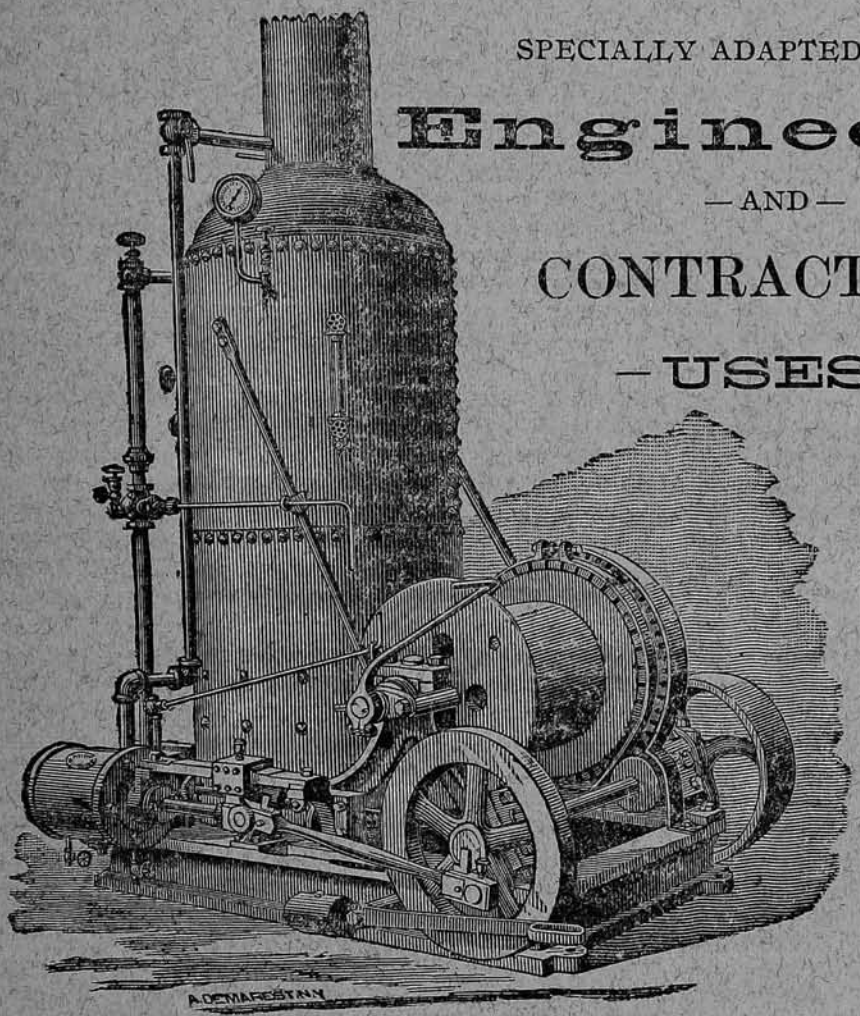

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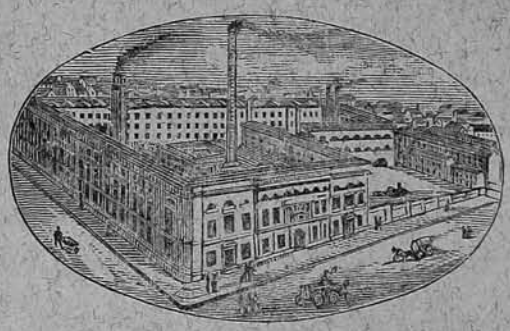

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VOL. II. No. 7.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
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THE CORNELL MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1890.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
The Journalist Abroad,	*Professor Tuttle,*	251
The Story of a Famous Picture,	*H. S. Gutsell,*	261
Beyond the Pale,	*Gerald Newcomer, '88,*	267
Student Song,	*Edwin Emerson,*	269
Legal Tender and the Constitution,	*Edward Cornell,*	279
Here and There in the Library,	*Professor E. E. Hale, Jr.,*	283
New Books,		288

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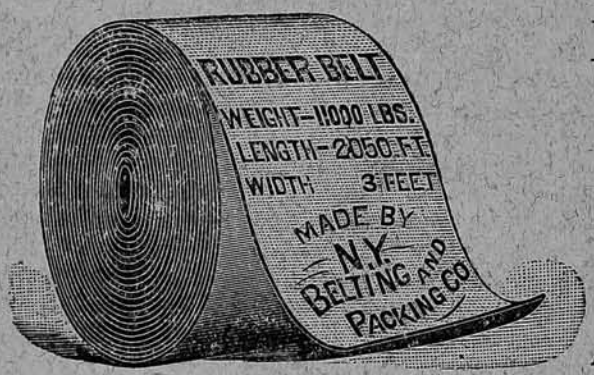

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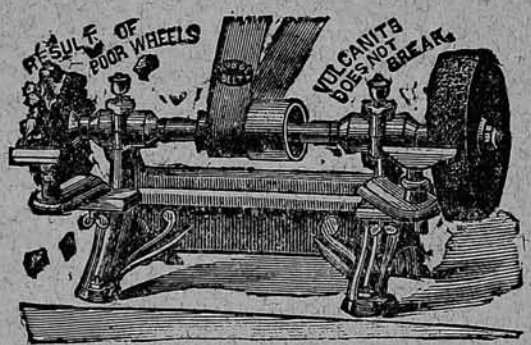

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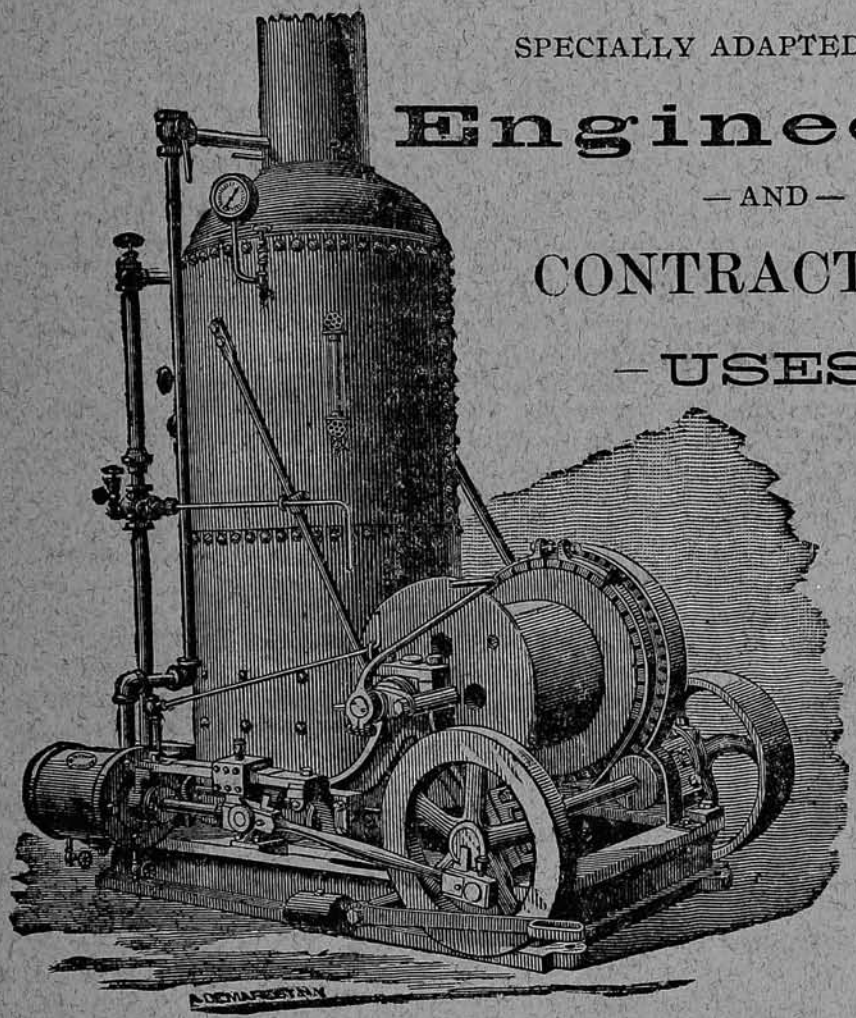

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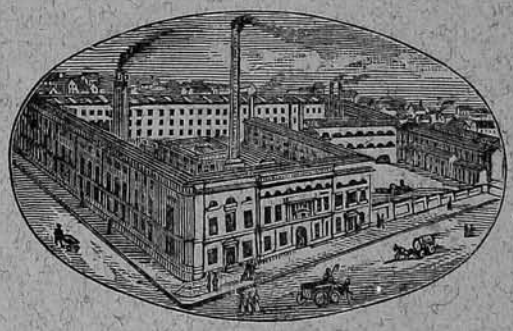

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VOL. II. No. 8.

THE CORNELL MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1890.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
Father Curci,	*Professor Corson,*	291
The Marguerite,	*Courtney Langdon,*	304
Bird-Life Along Fall Creek,	*G. H. Ashley, '89,*	305
Tennis,	*W. C. Jackson,*	309
One Letter A Year,	*R. O. Meech,*	317
Here and There in the Library,	*Professor E. E. Hale, Jr.,*	327

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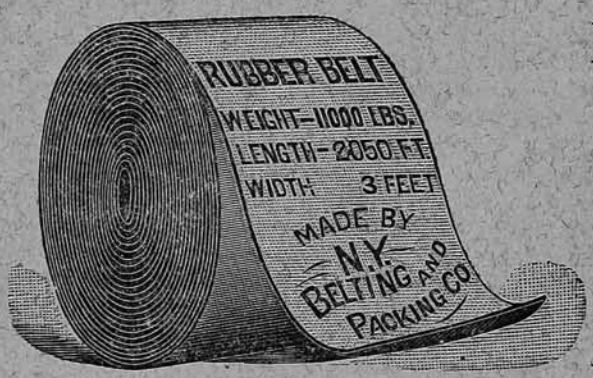

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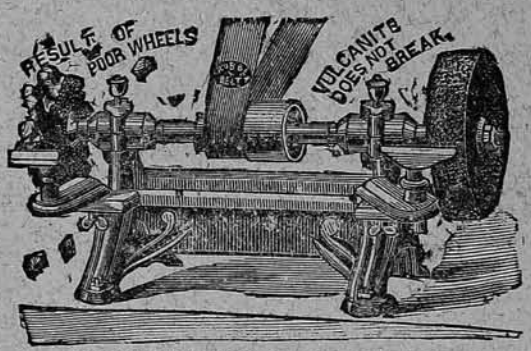

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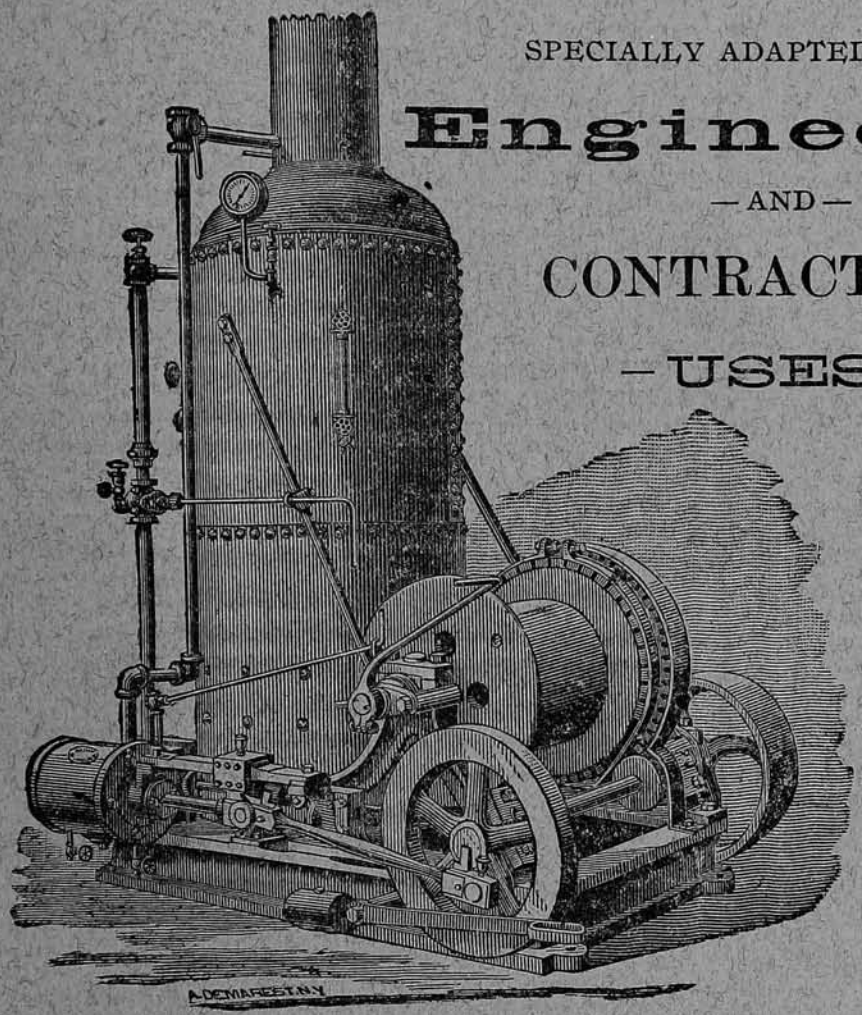

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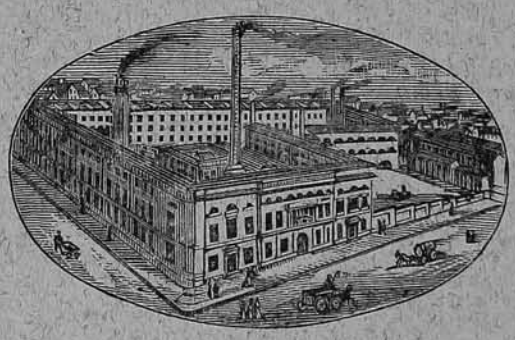

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VOL. II. NO. 9.

THE CORNELL MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1890.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
Veterinary Education in Europe,	*Professor Law,*	333
Survival Through Charity,	*R. J. Kellogg,*	340
At the North Star Mine,	*Forbes Heermans, '78,*	348
An Ancient Greek in an American City,	*F. H. Callan,*	356
Here and There in the Library,	*Professor E. E. Hale, Jr.,*	361
New Books,		365

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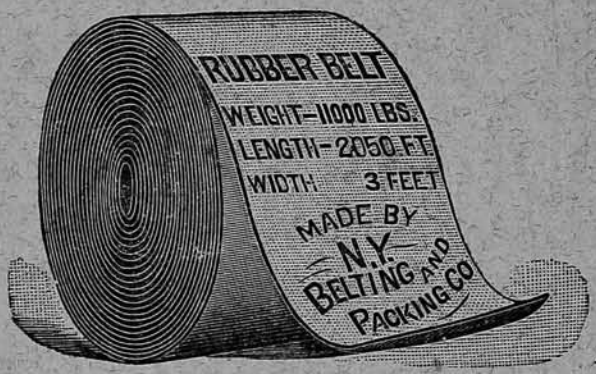

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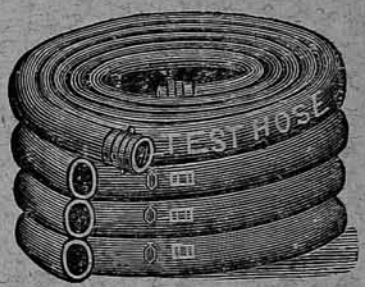

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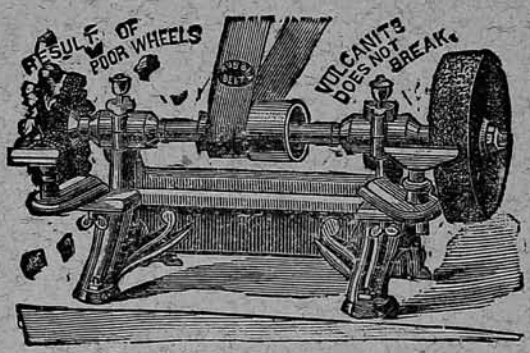

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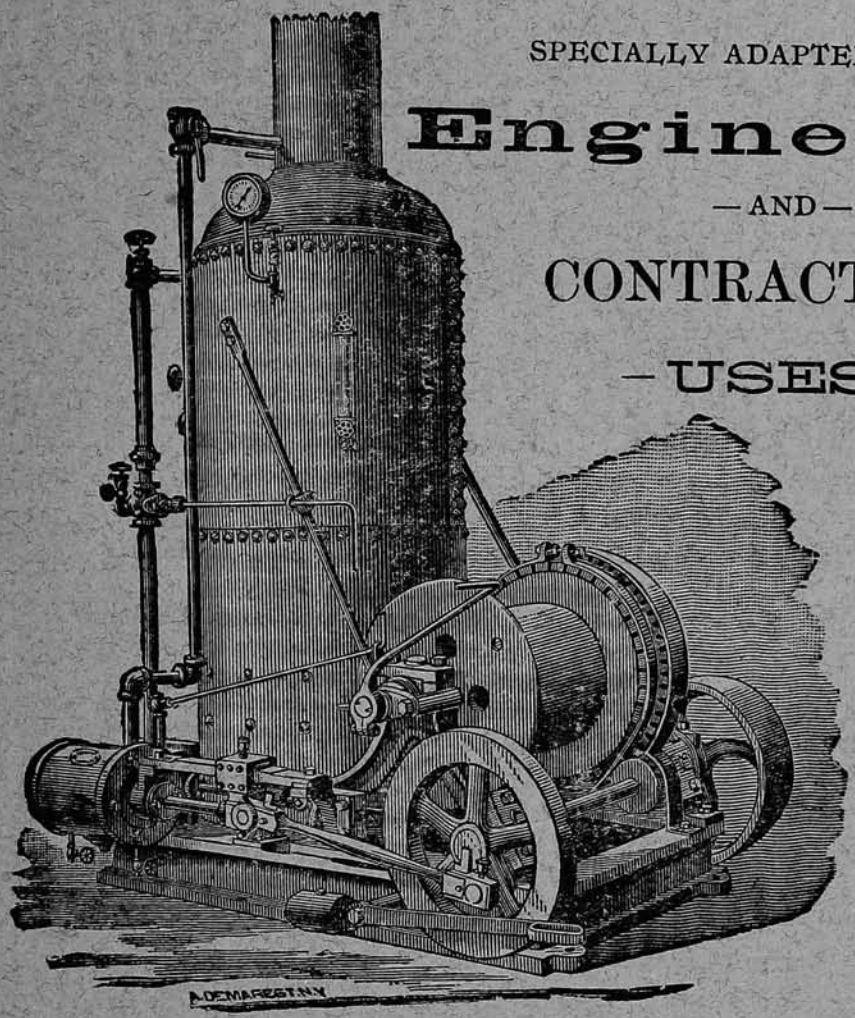

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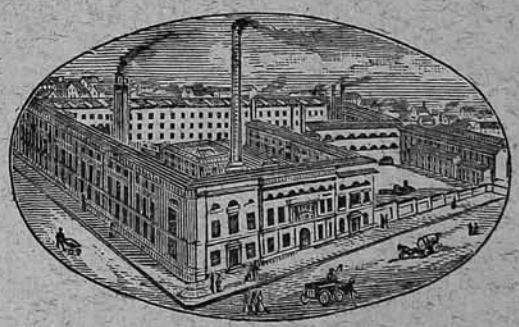

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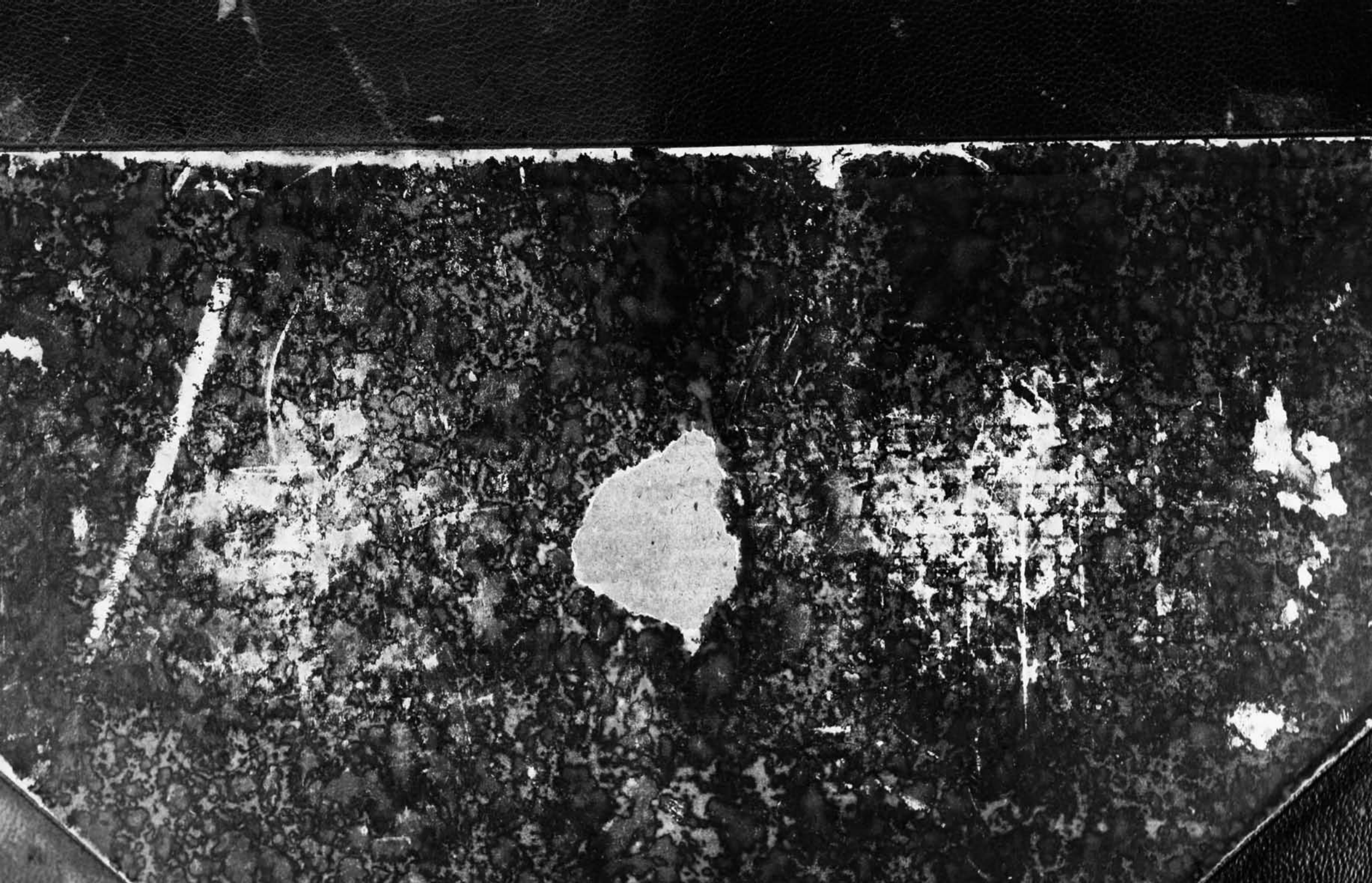
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