

The Independent.

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"EVEN AS WE HAVE BEEN APPROVED OF GOD TO BE INTRUSTED WITH THE GOSPEL, SO WE SPEAK; NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD WHICH PROVETH OUR HEARTS."

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A LYRIC.

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

OR worsted or bettered
In the combat of wit,
By lettered or unlettered,
I cheerfully submit;
For, bumpkin or cit,
You must not think me cruel,
If winning this duel,
I parry with my poniard your misdirected wit.
For the weapon that I wear
Is *le sabre de mon père*,
Who fell at Quatre-Bras,
And was mangled by the paw
Of the gory British lion,
In sight of Waterloo, a happy field to die on,—
In the rainy afternoon
Of that awful day in June,
To the foolish old tune—
I can hear it still afar—
Of Malbrook *s'en va-t-en guerre*,
With its sonorous refrain,
That was never heard in vain,
Of "Mironton, Mironton, Mirontaine."

NEW YORK CITY.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

HIGH lifted on the island cliff
Its lantern fronts the sea,
And sendeth forth a fine, straight ray
Of dazzling light to me—
A slender line of shimmering shine
Across night's mystery.
It is the path set for my eyes
To travel to the light
And warm their darkness in the blaze,
And be made glad and bright.
None other may catch just that ray,
Or have the self same sight.
And yet, a hundred other eyes
Bent on that central blaze,
Find each its separate, shining path,
Its line of guiding rays;
And all eyes meet in concord sweet
By all these differing ways.
No voice shall say: "The Light is mine,
All other eyes are dim!"
No hand the glory hold or hide
Which streams to ocean's rim,
None claim or seize one ray as his
More than belongs to him.
O Light of Truth, which lighteneth all,
And shineth all abroad,
What favored soul or souls shall say,
"Mine is the only road."
Each hath his own, to him made known,
And all lead up to God.

NEWPORT, R. I.

MISS EDWARDS AMONG US.

BY PROF. JOHN A. PAINE, PH.D.

THERE was no help for it. Miss Edwards must visit America. By her delightful creations in the world of poetry and literature—the realm of the idea—she had won so many friends who wanted to see her; by her charming descriptions of rambles and tours about this very real world of ours she had gained so many followers who wished to hear her voice; by her achievements in science she had found so many admirers who desired to do her honor, all eager to greet her, if not by the hand at least by their presence and applause, and thus turn a literary acquaintance into a personal one, that she must have felt the attraction quite across the sea, at first a gentle one, then subtle, then strong, and finally quite too powerful for resistance—until now she has come.

Already many of them have met her, at Boston, at Vassar College, and at New Haven, and by this meeting alone have obtained some light on the mystery of her wonderful versatility.

In conversation Miss Edwards is her real self—the poet, musician, novelist—a lady of middle age and stature, endowed with a most unusual countenance, clear and fair,

delicate in feature, yet open and innocent as a child's, lit up by the brightest of eyes and qualified by a mouth of most mobile expression, in every turn molded with grace and overflowing with good-will. It would be difficult to decide which element predominates in this wide-awake face, intellect or sentiment; but it is not at all difficult to perceive how easily the spirit that lies behind it might invent all those scenes and plots and characters, with which her works of fiction abound, and then put them in writing just as graphically as if real. It is also in the freedom of her talk that she gives rein to an impulse of humor and a sparkling wit which one would never suspect from her photograph of downcast look, but which characterize her criticisms and novels. Agreeable, affable, dignified, commanding every resource as well as art of speech, as may readily be imagined she is most charming company.

In her lectures Miss Edwards is her second self—the scholar. Here she unfolds her treasures, acquired by study, voyage and indefatigable toil. Probably she is the first woman who, since the ancient language of Egypt ceased to be spoken, has mastered the hieroglyphic system of writing. Several years ago a lady named Miss Fanny Corbax investigated biblical subjects connected with Egyptian history and literature in a scientific and able manner, and at the present moment it must be true that Madame Naville has some acquaintance with the language whose characters she has copied so well for a recent publication; but neither one of these ladies, in length of time devoted to this pursuit or in breadth of investigation as well as acquirements in Egyptological lore, can be comparable to Miss Edwards.

From the beginning her motive has been the salvation of the remaining monuments of Egypt, whose destruction has been going on more rapidly in modern times than ever before. She is familiar with every inch of the Nile, or rather with every one of those "thousand miles," from the sea to Nubia she has so vividly depicted; and having been the originator and inspiration of the Egypt Exploration Fund, she knows positively all it has accomplished. Whatever she says, therefore, she says as an authority; and she speaks from a stock of information which is so great as to require no less than nine divisions for its proper treatment—divisions whose titles indicate at once a philosophic analysis and the wide range of her survey—the Writing and Language of Ancient Egypt; its Literature and Religion; Egypt as the Birthplace of Greek Art; the Origin of its Portrait-sculpture; its Portrait-painting illustrated by the gallery recently discovered in the Fayûm; the Women of Ancient Egypt; its Buried Cities; the Explorer in his search for monuments; and the contents of an Egyptian mound yielded by excavation—architecture, objects of art, inscriptions, coins, etc., etc. Having thus a complete command of her theme, she addresses her audience with entire self-possession and ease of manner.

Still, in her lecture, whose aim is to inform, Miss Edwards cannot separate herself from her literary virtues. She has none of the haste that marks American speakers, but pronounces slowly enough for the distinct articulation of every word, often of syllable; she never declaims with flourish of rhetoric or gesture, but she does throw into her words all the earnestness of her soul impassioned by its one high thought. At the same time, her voice is not only sweet and soft, but finely modulated and capable of depth as well as power enough to reach the limits of the largest auditorium; and this she wields so effectively to express her never-repeated meaning and ever-varying shades of emotion as to charm such hearers as may attend less for the topic than the spell of the vocalist.

She cannot refrain, too, even on the platform from giving more or less play to her inborn pleasantry, which gives so much flavor to her conversation. None of us will quarrel with her on account of its indulgence on the stage; in fact, this is always the chief mean of sympathy and thorough accord (would that we had the French word *rapproch* in our own tongue) between lecturer and listener whatever the subject-matter may be, and of this Miss Edwards has no lack; it is seen, heard, felt at once, and by its use the willing captivity is maintained to the end. This rare gift shows us how the Cruikshank incident of her early life, which all her biographical notices tell us about, was natural, and raises the wonder that the tempting offer of that famous caricaturist was not accepted.

This witchery indeed enlivens much that she says, rather than little, and by most unexpected turns. It would be impossible to put into print the pathetic drollery with which Miss Edwards, in her first lecture in Brooklyn, described her efforts to collect, at first seventy and afterward five hundred pounds sterling specially to bring over from the site of Bubastis the beautiful lotus-bud capital, and the exquisitely finished Hathor-head, and the classical representation of a Roman lady, for the decoration of the Egyptian rooms of the British Museum, only at last to find that they had landed in Boston and are now embellishing the entrance to its Academy of Fine Arts.

Her extraordinary services and sacrifices to carry on the Egyptian Exploration Fund she threw into such form as the following: "I have worked steadily for this purpose for many years, and I assure you the task of a galley-slave is not to be compared with his or her work who undertakes to extract a guinea from the pocket of a Britisher."

Having thrown upon the screen the photograph of a cellar belonging to the house of Bakakhuin at Tanis, almost filled with his statuettes, deities, bronzes, alabaster and granite vessels, she added, "seven waste-paper baskets full of *papyri* (letters, scrolls, documents, etc.), which were worth the cost of the whole expedition."

But, the chief object of her fire seems to be the Pharaoh Rameses II, for she lets no opportunity slip to launch against him her merciless invective for having spoiled more monuments and, to gratify his overweening vanity, destroyed more historical records of his predecessors than all the Arabs have ever done. If he were living he certainly would quail before her righteous archeological indignation. "He was the greatest usurper in the world," she burst out at one point in her address. "Wherever you go you find old and valuable inscriptions defaced and Rameses's hieroglyphics in their stead."

Among her lectures some, notably those having for their topics the first and fourth above mentioned, are intended to be quite as entertaining as instructive.

Yet all who go to be entertained by Miss Edwards will not fail to be pleased, and all who go to learn will not fail to be taught; in fact, such as go for instruction will be amused and the solely curious will go away profited. No one can come in contact with her without being elevated by the influence of her noble purpose and without sharing her enthusiasm for its attainment. Judging from her first efforts on our shores, a complete success awaits her. Wherever she goes throughout our extended domain, perchance within the Dominion, on our border, also, Miss Edwards is sure to capture all hearts.

May she have strength and health to hold up under all the engagements she has made; and as she has already received more requests to lecture than she can possibly fill in one winter's season three or four times over, there seems to be only one way of satisfying such popularity—to remain with us, to transplant "The Larches" from Westbury-upon-Trym to the banks of the hospitable Hudson.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.

THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF THE TEACHER.

BY EX-PRESIDENT JAMES M'COSSH, D.D., LL.D.

THERE are some professions whose daily work tends to do good, to spread happiness or promote morality. All human occupations are not of this character. He who keeps a drinking house or a gambling house must at times be visited with the reflection that what he does is fostering and in the end producing misery. Some employments, legitimate in themselves, may incidentally gender evil. The lawyer, obliged to defend the accused in all cases, may at times be protecting the villain to the injury of society. On the other hand, there are professions whose habitual employments produce only good, and this whether those who engage in them are or are not conscious of it. The physician, in curing disease, is lessening pain and promoting health and happiness. The minister of religion, if he be faithful to the trust committed to him, is elevating the character and adding to the peace and joy of all who allow themselves to be swayed by him.

Such facts should be considered and weighed by young men and women in choosing their life work. It is a

great encouragement to a person with any moral perception, and may save him from much temptation, to know that every act he does is fitted to promote the good of man and woman, boy or girl, and thereby adding to the sum of human enjoyment.

Now the teacher has the gratification to allure him on in all his labors. In his daily employment he is increasing the intelligence and thereby augmenting the felicity of those who are under his instructions. He should not think of this in a self-righteous spirit as if the merit belonged to himself, whereas it is due to Him who has arranged the consequences of things and not to those whose main motive may be to earn a livelihood. Still it is a pleasant thought—and he is entitled to cherish it—that in all his work he is promoting the best interests of young people, which will live when he has to leave this world.

The work of teaching is in itself an elevating one, bringing the teacher into connection with young and fresh minds. He who is engaged in it feels as if he were doing something worthy of himself and of the talents which God has given him. No doubt he has not the same opportunities of earning money as the merchant, the lawyer or banker. But to counterbalance this he is in a more independent position than many others; he may have an income sufficient to support him, and should not be liable to the reverses, culminating it may be in poverty or bankruptcy, to which members of the other higher professions are exposed. He has commonly the evenings at his disposal and may employ them in improving his mind, or making himself happy in deeds of benevolence.

There are some young men and women who should not become teachers; they have no aptitude for the work and would, therefore, become failures should they attempt it. There are those who have no interest in young people and so cannot be troubled with them and cannot attract them. Such persons would never have the heart and courage to meet the waywardness of children and the self-sufficiency of young men and women. Again there are those who have no power of expression or exposition and cannot make a difficult lesson comprehensible to the juvenile mind. Once more there are those who have a bad temper which they are unable or unwilling to control; these are sure to be constantly irritated by the impudence of boys or the pettedness of girls, and they had better betake themselves to some less annoying occupation. But young men and women of fair natural ability and who are not hopelessly hindered by such weaknesses as these should seriously consider whether they might not have a happy as well as a useful life in the high work of training the rising generation.

A person inquiring whether he should seek the office of teacher ought to look carefully at the duties required. The first of these is to secure obedience on the part of the pupil, and the second is like unto it, to see that the lessons are thoroughly learned. Where this is not done all higher instruction, moral and religious, must be valueless, perhaps even injurious, as tending to prejudice young people against what is good. I have noticed that the schoolmaster or professor who is ever preaching piety, but who cannot keep order, is of all teachers the most likely to turn away his scholars from religion. On the other hand, it is equally certain that a mere disciplinarian or formalist, strict as a Pharisee, is not likely to rear the highest style of pupil. A thorough instructor must aim at something higher than coming up to the requirements of the State Superintendent or his Board of Trustees. He must seek to attract the interest and, if possible, to gain the affections of those whom he would lead and guide. Mere discipline, however perfect, will not generate a living and lively school. With nothing else there will be a want of attention on the part of the scholars and a consequent dullness and stupidity in the work executed. It is not enough to have system, there must be life superadded. The teacher who would make lively pupils must himself be alive. It needs fire to diffuse heat. The dull teacher produces dull scholars. Almost all the great teachers I have known have been distinguished for life. Some of them have been lively to excess, and been absolutely without common sense; but they were able to carry on their pupils by the stream of their enthusiasm.

The instructor should set before him a higher aim than merely to exact lessons and impart knowledge. This I fear is the standard adopted by many of our State teachers—he must not only teach in the narrow sense of the term, he has to train the child. He should aim not merely to secure good conduct, but to instill good principles. For this purpose he must labor to form good habits, habits of diligence, habits of truth-speaking, habits of civility to all, habits of kindness—if possible habits of benevolence. In short, he must seek to mold the character, and thereby determine the future conduct and life. It is only so far as he succeeds in this that he can himself draw the highest satisfaction and receive the highest enjoyment from his work—enjoyment from seeing that he is doing good. To accomplish the highest ends of education, there must be—what God shows to us who ought to be his disciples—love mingled with law, love to stimulate and law to restrain. Every one who knows human nature will be prepared to acknowledge that the teacher cannot secure these ends to the fullest, except making his pupil religious, and this, I may add, he cannot expect unless he himself is religious.

He who would aspire to be a successful teacher must realize that the method of instruction is advancing, both in the higher and lower departments. I can testify that the highest colleges and universities are alive and in motion—at times I think going backward, as when they prescribe a curriculum which tempts the student to take the easier and not the more solid subjects, and allows him to have a degree without having studied the branches fitted to brace and enlarge the mind. But, upon the whole, they are going forward—as freely admitting new branches of learning and insisting on a thorough mastery of the subjects taken. Elementary teaching is also making progress in its methods and in its results. The teacher who would rise in his profession must be prepared to advance with the times. He must be ready to join the teachers' associations, and read the teachers' journals which explain and criticize the new methods proposed, and he has in the exercise of good sense to guard against accepting a new method because it is new, or rejecting an old subject because it is old.

But it is said that he who becomes a teacher will have his difficulties, his disappointments and his sorrows. Nowhere are these described more graphically or more tenderly than by Walter Scott in the language ascribed to Mr. Pattieson, schoolmaster at Gandercleugh, in the Preliminary to "Old Mortality." Scott there writes as sympathizingly as if he had been, which he never was, a schoolmaster himself. He speaks of the teacher who, "stunned with the hum and suffocated with the closeness of his school-room, has spent the whole day (himself against a host) in controlling petulance, exciting indifference to action, striving to enlighten stupidity and laboring to soften obstinacy, and whose very powers of intellect have been confounded by hearing the same dull lesson repeated a hundred times by rote and only varied by the various blunders of the reciters. Even the flowers of classic genius with which his solitary fancy is most gratified have been rendered degraded in his imagination by their connection with tears, with errors and with punishment, so that the Eclogues of Virgil and Odes of Horace are each inseparably allied in association with the sullen figure and monotonous recitation of some blubbing school-boy."

There are other and coarser troubles to which the teacher is exposed. There is the scolding mother not satisfied with the attention or the position allotted to the son or daughter or offended with the penalties imposed for misdemeanors. There is the boy or girl spoiled at home and ready to work mischief in the school by violence or cunning.

But let the would-be teacher remember that all other trades and professions have also their annoyances. Customers complain of the goods of the storekeeper and of the articles manufactured by the mechanic. Clients are not satisfied with the way in which the lawyer has conducted their case. Friends are disappointed with the doctor because the patient has not recovered. It is true emphatically that "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." All engaged in public work are exposed to suspicions, and may have scandals propagated against them. It is in the midst of such disturbances that man's sagacity is called forth and the manly, independent and upright character formed.

People see their own troubles because of their proximity, not those of their neighbor because of their distance. How often have I found the sons of ministers declining to follow the sacred profession of their father, because they saw the hardships to which he had been exposed in finding sustenance for his family, and rushing into other walks of life where their temptations have been greater and the respect paid to them much less. The best public defense of a man is his character, and his inward support the consciousness of acting righteously.

Over against his trials the teacher has more encouragements than are found most walks of life. They may surely have great and pure gratification when they see this pupil and that pupil growing like the plant in knowledge and in all that is good. There will be fathers and mothers showing deep gratitude for the care taken of their children. It is well known that children are not apt to have as much affection for their parents as their parents have had for them. In like manner, it is scarcely to be expected that the scholars should love their teachers as their teachers have loved them. Still there will be numerous cases in which the pupils through life cherish an affection for their old masters and show them a respect which is not paid in almost any other profession. In all cases the fruit of a faithful instructor will remain and go down to the generation following. The good which he has done will thus spread throughout the whole region in which his pupils are scattered.

It has to be admitted that the teacher has not always had the position in society which he ought to have from the important nature of his office and work. In ancient times the work of educating the children of a family was often committed to slaves. In modern times the teacher has not always so high a status allowed him as the other learned professions. But I am sure that the status of the instructor of youth will advance with the advance of civilization. In this as in so many other cases, he who would mount up must climb; he cannot be lifted up by another. I am persuaded that the time is not distant when teachers of youth, lower and higher, will rank with the lower and higher grades of ministers

and lawyers. The teachers should remember that their success in this commendable enterprise will depend on their gentlemanlike and ladylike bearing.

My readers would feel it to be an omission if, in speaking so fully of pedagogy, I did not mention that most of them are apt to have characters of their own—some of them eccentricities and oddities. Their peculiarities are apt to be produced by the nature of their work. They are rulers in their domains. The Queen of England and the President of the United States have no such absolute power. The teacher questions all his subjects and is questioned of none. The consequence is that he is commonly independent and is apt to show his independence. We have all known teachers who have been noted for their opinionativeness—that is, they had opinions of their own, and were sure to obtrude them in season and out of season. Our men and women of sense take pains to restrain this tendency. As they rise in the scale of society their sharp points will be rubbed off and we shall have fewer of those Dominie Sampsons who have so amused us.

It is to be understood that these remarks apply throughout not only to the schoolmasters but to the professors in our academies and colleges. These last feel that they are educating and swaying the highest juvenile minds of the country and preparing them for influential positions as teachers, doctors, ministers, magistrates, judges and statesmen who may each in his own place help to form the character and direct the energies of the country.

I cannot close this paper without stating that my highest enjoyments have arisen during all my public life in teaching young people in the critical age when the character is formed. As a minister of the Word I had always 100, sometimes as many as 170, young men and women under me whom I instructed in high biblical knowledge. For the last thirty-seven years I have had the privilege of instructing every year at least 150, and latterly upward of 200 students, in a branch which I believe is fitted more than any other academic study to enlarge and elevate the mind. My tastes, and the talents which God has given me, have tended and flowed all along toward mental philosophy. At the age of sixteen I read—I acknowledge prematurely—Thomas Brown and David Hume. I cherished the affection when I was studying theology under Chalmers in the University of Edinburgh. Without neglecting my parochial work among 1,400 church-members I indulged the taste in secret, knowing that there was a prejudice against metaphysics. I have to thank God and man that in my years of full maturity I have been put in positions to gratify my deeply seated inclination and to turn it to noble ends. I first got the means of fully gratifying my cherished passion when the eminent statesman, Lord Clarendon, had a copy sent him, without my knowledge, of my first work, spent the whole Sabbath in reading it, forgetting to go to church, and during the week appointed me Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the newly established Queen's College, Belfast. In Princeton College, to which I was appointed without any application on my part (on the suggestion, I believe, of Dr. Irenæus Prime), I have had the fullest opportunity of gratifying my natural and acquired propensity, and as it brought me into close relationship with a large body of the students, I have found it not inconsistent with my other duties as President of the college. I have found the injunction a wise one, *Doce ut discas*. The answering at the recitations, the difficulties felt, the objection taken by the students have compelled me thoroughly to comprehend the better the profound philosophic themes which I taught. I can now rejoice in the thought that I have pupils exercising an influence for good in the Irish province of Ulster, through a large part of the United States, in India and in China (where I have Sir Robert Hart). I know that there are thousands of other instructors in our upper schools and colleges, who have had a like experience, with their marked tastes for other branches, for literature, for classics and the now innumerable branches of science, theoretical and practical.

PRINCETON, N. J.

ENGLISH NOTES.

BY JAMES PAYN.

I READ in the papers lately that the heads of Mr. Gladstone and Cardinal Manning now adorn Chester Cathedral; but this, tho I had been living in the country ever so long, I declined to believe. In the dead season I give myself up to the imagination of the journalists, and revel in their discoveries, but this was really a little too much. I felt like the old lady at the Coronation who allowed Theodore Hook to persuade her that the Bishops were the Peereses in their own right, but who refused to credit that the Lord Chancellor was Cardinal Wolsey. And yet there was a foundation of fact, it seems, in this monstrous story. The sculptor has carved the gargoyles of the Cathedral into likenesses of these eminent persons, and also of Lord Beaconsfield and Dr. Kenealy. Why they should all be gargoyles, considering how very various were their gifts, seems strange; but the artist no doubt intended to be humorous. They had all the gift of eloquence; they were spouters. It is certainly a most economical plan of conferring immortality upon eminent personages, and combines usefulness, ornament, and the admiration of posterity in a very unusual manner.